

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

### A WISH FOR AUGUSTA.

I'll ask not for the purest gems,  
To wreath in thy dark hair,  
Nor seek for robes of countless worth  
To make thee seem more fair:  
I will not wish thee lands nor wealth,  
Nor jewels from the mine—  
A rarer, richer gift, I ween,  
I would that it were thine.

I'd give thee Friendship, pure and true,  
To bless thy present life;  
A home of Love and Happiness,  
Afar from sin and strife;  
I'd wish thy heart could ever be  
As guileless as the dove,  
And innocence forever set  
Her seal upon thy brow.

And thus thy pathway e'er should be  
Strewed with life's sweetest flowers,  
White muscades of Hope and Faith  
Would wreath the fleeting hours;  
Then, as a star, when morning dawns,  
Fades from our earth-dimmed eyes,  
In glory thou shouldst pass away,  
To beam in fairer skies.

WENNY WOODBINE.

York, March 1857.

### KORNER'S "PRAYER IN BATTLE."

The following beautiful translation of Korner's "Prayer in Battle" is from "Leisure Hours with the German Poets," by A. C. Hendrick.

Father, I call to thee!  
Rearing enraptured me in the din of battle;  
Round me like lightning leaping shots rattle;  
Leader of battles, I call to thee!

Father, thou lead me!  
Father, thou lead me!  
Lead me to victory, lead me to death;  
Lead, as thou wilt lead, so lead me!

God, I acknowledge thee!  
God, I acknowledge thee!  
God, I acknowledge thee!  
As when the leaves of autumn are shaking,  
So when the thunders of battle are breaking,  
Father of grace, I acknowledge thee!

Father, thou bless me!  
Father, thou bless me!  
Father, thou bless me!  
Into thine hand I my being resign;  
Thou dost bestow it—to take it be thine.

Living and dying, O bless me!  
Father, I honor thee!  
Father, I honor thee!  
Not for earth's riches unseemeth me the sword;  
'Tis our hearts we protect; 'tis thy temples, O Lord!  
So, falling or conquering, I honor thee!

To thee, God, I yield me!  
To thee, God, I yield me!  
To thee, O my God, do I yield me!  
Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

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Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

Father, I call thee!

visions, in almost every important occurrence

of her life; and notwithstanding her repeated failures, held her faith in them unchanged.

It might, indeed, have been supposed, that Anne lived for the mere purpose of dressing

As she had never been married—her unluckily dreams having, she said, always come in the way just as she was on the point of contracting a matrimonial engagement

—she had for many years resided with her sister Antoinette; thus, however, escaping only a few of the cares of matrimony.

The two females had been for sometime sewing in silence, when Antoinette, pausing in her work, suddenly observed in a melancholy tone, "No, no, I have no hope, Anne; my poor Jean will not get a good number. His father and I have always been unlucky, and we shall be so to the end." And the old woman shook her head despondingly.

"Ha! Antoinette," replied Anne, with a mysterious solemnity, "if Jean had only listened to me he could have consulted Mademoiselle Leporand before she died, and then we should have known what number he was to get, and whether he was to be a soldier or not. But no; he always said it was throwing away money. Young people don't believe in anything now-a-days."

And Anne shook her grey head even more sadly than her sister.

"If I were only dead they could not take Jean from you," said a low, broken voice, which proceeded from the bed in the recess.

"Did you speak, Mathieu?" inquired Antoinette, going up to the couch of her paralyzed husband.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, without making a direct reply, "Heaven help us; our poor Jean has no chance."

"Ay, he has no chance," sadly repeated his wife, resuming her seat.

Mathieu and Antoinette Giraud had been married for many years, and had begun their wedded life with every prospect of happiness. In one sense they had indeed been perfectly happy; but so far as worldly matters were concerned, they had to endure all the trials of poverty and misfortune combined.

After struggling for some time against the difficulties which surrounded them, they had at last been obliged to give in, and leave their neat and comfortable fruiterer's shop in the Rue St. Honor for one in the suburbs of the city. Scarcely had they removed to their new lodgings, when Mathieu became paralyzed.

This unhappy event cast upon his wife the sole burden of attending to the shop and supporting the family. To this task, notwithstanding her strenuous efforts, Antoinette would have proved wholly inefficient, but for the aid she received from her only son, then a youth of fifteen. Jean Giraud was scarcely out of his apprenticeship, though he had the heart and courage of a man; he was a locksmith by trade, but on account of his youth, did not earn, with all his industry, more than a few francs a week. On this scanty sum, and the little that Antoinette and Anne made by their sales in the shop, and their exertions in the shape of needle work, the whole family continued to live; no easy task, considering that old Mathieu's illness was very expensive. Still, they did live, and, as Antoinette often proudly observed, "without owing a single sou to anybody."

The French working-classes have, generally speaking, a deep and wholesome horror of debt.

As Jean grew older, his earnings increased and some comfort began to reign in the little family. A few hundred francs even went to the savings' bank; but this was only a provision for the approaching time when Jean would probably be snatched from his parents to enter the army, according to the laws of the French conscription. The fatal epoch had now arrived; Jean was twenty-one; and on the next day he was, with the other youths of the neighborhood, to proceed to the mairie; and there in the presence of the mayor, to draw forth from an urn a roll of paper on which a number was inscribed. If the number was a low one, such as 12, 25, or even 40 or 50, Jean Giraud must bid his parents farewell, and become a soldier; but if it was a high one, as, for instance, 80, 90, or 100, there was little or no chance of his ever being called upon to fight for his country, and he might quietly remain at home. Had he moreover, been a widow's son, or afflicted with any awkward deformity, this would have sufficed, whatever number he drew, to exclude him from the service. This was why Mathieu, regretting his own useless life, observed, with a groan, that his poor Jean had no chance; whilst Antoinette, thinking of her son's muscular and well-knit frame, echoed with a sigh, "Ay, he has no chance."

A melancholy silence had followed these last words, and Antoinette was in the shop attending on a customer, when Ma tante Anne, mysteriously drew a pack of cards from her pocket, and muttering to herself, began dealing them out, and spreading them on the table before her. For a time she eyed the cards with apparent satisfaction.

"All goes on well Antoinette," she eagerly said, addressing her sister, who now came in from the shop; "just look; here is an ace of diamonds, which signifies good news; then here are plenty of clubs, which mean money; and now see if the ace of I am going to turn up is not a good one!" As she spoke she laid the ace of spades upon the table.

"Oh!" she cried in consternation, "the ace of spades! why, I can have no hope after this! But 'tis all of a piece. I dreamt of a rat last night. Ah! poor Jean, and she

rocked herself in her chair with every token of despair.

"What! has anything happened to Jean?" inquired a low and tremulous voice behind.

Anne and Antoinette both turned round somewhat hastily; but, more, however, to greet the newcomer than to testify their surprise at her unexpected appearance.

She who thus anxiously inquired after Jean was a pretty brunette, about eighteen, with glossy black hair smoothed under her little white cap, and very brilliant dark eyes.

Her dress, though remarkably plain and simple, had that indescribable air of neatness which characterizes the better class of Parisian grisettes, and added even a new charm to her attractive little person. Marie, for such was the name of the pretty grisette, was a *gilette*, or waistcoat maker, and being an excellent work-woman, sometimes earned no contemptible sum by her industry. She resided in the same house with the Girauds, and, if the truth must be told, had for the last six months been betrothed to Jean, whose parents loved her almost as tenderly as the young man himself. Marie, of course, took great interest in the question of Jean's coming fate, as the two lovers had agreed to postpone their marriage until all was over. If he was so fortunate as to draw a good number, the wedding was to take place in less than a twelvemonth; if, on the contrary, he became a soldier, Jean and Marie would have to wait eight years before the fulfilment of their happiness.

Marie's spirits were not cast down by this alternative. She was an orphan, and had been early taught self reliance and trust in Providence. Hope had indeed become so habitual to her, that she would have indulged in it even under desperate circumstances. In this disposition she was upheld not only by the buoyancy of youth, but also by her natural good sense, which led her to contemplate even misfortune under its most advantageous aspect. Besides, as she sometimes philosophically observed, "God was for all—for both rich and poor." It must, however, be confessed that notwithstanding her philosophy, Marie felt no little anxiety to know the result of Jean's trial on the next day. Eight years was a long period to pass without perhaps seeing him more than once or twice! And even less selfish considerations led her to fear the result when she reflected on the unhappy condition to which his absence would reduce his parents. As she entered the back room on this evening, and heard Aunt Anne mention the name of her betrothed in a tone of despair, Marie, therefore felt some uneasiness; and receiving no reply to her first question, she anxiously repeated, "Has anything happened to Jean?"

"No, Marie," sadly replied Antoinette; "his only old story: to-morrow is the day."

"Ay, to-morrow is the day," sorrowfully echoed Anne; "and depend upon it poor Jean will go. I did not turn up an ace of spades or dream of a rat, for nothing."

"Oh! is that all?" said Marie, somewhat relieved; "he has still a chance, I hope."

"A chance!" doubtfully answered Antoinette; "have we not always been unlucky? No, no, we have no chance. If even Jean was lame, or wanted a few teeth, or—"

"Well," interrupted Marie, laughing in spite of her real grief. "I am not sorry, for my part, that he is not exactly as you would wish him to be. But" added she more gravely, "you must not get into low spirits, Madame Giraud; though you have not been very happy as yet, it is true, still a day comes at last for the poor as well as for the rich."

Here Mathieu sighed audibly, and Marie approached the old man's bed.

"How are you this evening, Monsieur Giraud?" said she gently.

Mathieu gazed on her tenderly, but made no reply. He had known and loved Marie for years; for when he first fell ill, his wife and sister-in-law being sometimes compelled to leave him alone, the young waistcoat-maker would then come and sit by his bedside with her work, cheering him with her pleasant laugh and merry song. It is, indeed, quite characteristic of the grisette that she always sings, and she has even prettily and poetically been called "the lark of Paris."

Never, surely was there a merrier lark than Marie. From staying occasionally near the old man, she at last came to spend with him a few hours every day; this was mostly in the evening time, when Jean came home from work. The young man would then sit at the head of his father's bed, whilst Marie was working at the foot. It was thus their courtship began, to the great delight of old Mathieu, who was never happier than when he could thus see them together, and who now dwelt with bitter grief on their approaching separation.

"If I were dead," said he, mournfully gazing upon her, "you could be his wife."

Marie's eyes filled with tears; but striving to hide her feelings, she observed with apparent cheerfulness, "And why not whilst you are alive, Monsieur Giraud?"

"Because Jean will have a bad number," replied the old man in the same desponding tone.

"Well really," exclaimed Marie with some impatience, "you all seem quite determined that it should be so. Aunt Anne has turned up an ace of spades; and of course Jean must be a soldier; Madame Giraud says she is poor and unlucky, and that there is no chance for him; and even you, Father Giraud," she added in her most caressing yet

reproachful tone—"even you must needs put in that, if you were dead, I should be his wife! Really this is too bad. I came here to seek for a little comfort, and not only find none for myself, but cannot even afford any. I suppose," she pettishly continued, "Jean will be as bad as the rest of you when he comes home."

As she spoke thus, the door leading from the shop to the back room opened, and Jean entered.

Jean Giraud was, indeed, as his mother had averred, not so fortunate as to be afflicted by any personal deformity. Far from it. He was tall, well-made, and good-looking; and his curly chestnut hair, dark-blue eyes, and fresh color, proclaimed him to be long to the real Frank race of his country. But on this evening a cloud sat on his usually open brow, and notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his feelings, the restless glance of his eye, and the occasional nervous twitching of his lips, betrayed his secret anxiety. Jean Giraud was as much of an hero as any of his countrymen; he certainly was not of a timid disposition, and personal apprehensions had nothing to do with his present feelings. His only thoughts were for his parents. What were they to do when he was gone? Who was to support them in their present helpless condition? For Antoinette and her sister earned very little, and what the shop brought was barely sufficient to pay the rent and taxes. Jean's mind brooded on these thoughts until he was well nigh distracted. Though he loved Marie most tenderly, still it was not the prospect of parting from her that now saddened him; she was eighteen, and he twenty-one; they were both young, and might wait even eight years and yet be happy. But his parents! He strove to think no more of this subject, but in vain.

As he entered the back room, where the little family and his betrothed were seated together, Jean, however, endeavored to assume something like cheerfulness. He whistled a tune with more than usual glee, and Marie good evening with a merry joke, and sitting down at the head of his father's bed, declared he had never been so hungry for supper. Antoinette rose silently, and assisted by Marie, began laying the things on the table. The supper was a frugal one, consisting merely of some bread, cheese, and wine. They all sat down to it in silence, Jean in vain endeavoring to appear cheerful, in order to induce his mother and aunt to imitate his example. Scarcely was the meal over, when Antoinette, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears.

"Why, *maman*, what is the matter?" exclaimed her son in astonishment.

"Ah, Jean! what were you whistling?" she sorrowfully replied.

Jean started, for he had been humming the tune of the *Parisienne*, a favorite military song.

"Ay, ay," said Anne mystically, shaking her head, "tis only another token. I did not turn up the ace of spades for nothing."

"Well, and let us suppose, after all, that he should get a bad number," resolutely observed Marie, "he will not die for it—nor shall we, I hope. I know what you are going to say, Jean," she quickly added, noticing her betrothed's sorrowful look as it rested on his mother; "but I feel very dull in my room up stairs; what if, when you are gone, I should lodge here? Madame Giraud could take care of my money for me, and I am sure that would be a great relief; for though I do not earn much, still sometimes I don't know what to do with it, little as it is."

"Marie!" exclaimed Jean in an agitated tone: "I won't be interrupted," peremptorily said his betrothed; "besides, Monsieur Jean, this does not concern you, for it is all to be whilst you are away; your only business will be to write us such amusing letters as may make us laugh heartily."

"And if he goes to Algeria?" observed his mother in a faltering tone.

"Well," replied Marie with a faint attempt to smile, "he will perhaps catch Abd-el-Kader, and become Marshal of France."

But, unable to control her emotion any longer, she buried her face in her hands, and fairly burst into tears.

"Marie!" cried Jean, reproachfully—but he also could get no further; and leaning his brow upon his hand, he looked very fixedly at the table.

"Well, well," said Marie, after a brief though sad pause, "all is not desperate yet. God is for the poor as well as for the rich, and perhaps he will leave us Jean."

The next morning was as bright and fair as one as was ever seen in spring, and the sun shone quite merrily into Madame Giraud's shop, where, with Ma tante Anne, Antoinette was engaged in arranging everything, though the thoughts of both were certainly but little engrossed by their mutual occupation.

"Antoinette!" suddenly said Anne, "do you know what I dreamed of last night?"

"No," replied her sister, slightly starting; "what was it about, Anne?"

"I dreamed that Jean had a black spot on his forehead."

"Well, and what does that mean?"

"That means that he will have a bad number."

"Heaven has mercy on us!" sorrowfully observed Antoinette; but perhaps, sister, you are mistaken!"

"Mistaken!" echoed Anne with undisguised wonder; would, indeed, I were; but you know, Antoinette, I was never mistaken yet in a dream; "besides," she muttered to

herself, "I shall try the cards by and by, and then we shall know all about it."

"I wish!" said Antoinette, "here is Jean; it is of no use to sadden the poor fellow."

Jean, indeed, entered the shop dressed, and, as his poor mother declared, with a faint attempt to smile, quite spruce. Though not looking particularly merry, he did not seem to be very sad; he was calm and composed; for if he felt acutely, still his pride would not allow him to betray any unbecoming emotion in the presence of his comrades who were to accompany him to the mairie. After greeting his mother and aunt, Jean entered the back room, and sat down by his father's bedside. The old man was asleep, but he soon awoke; and taking his son's hand between his own, gazed upon him with melancholy tenderness.

"Jean, my boy," said he in a low, tremulous voice, "think of your poor father whilst you are away, and of your mother, too; perhaps you will never see them again. Ah! this will be a sore blow to Antoinette," he added, in a mournful tone.

Jean rose, and walked about the room: all this was truly hard to bear.

He found it harder still when he sat down to breakfast between his mother and Marie, whose red eyes and pale cheeks testified that she had spent a sleepless night. The meal was a silent one, but it was nearly concluded when Anne entered the room. She was more than usually grave, and shook her head in a most prophetic and Sybil-like manner.

"What is the matter, Anne?" tremulously inquired Antoinette.

"I have just been dealing out the cards in my room."

"Well," anxiously inquired the poor mother, "what about Jean?"

"I have seen the number he is to get."

"Ah! which is it?" eagerly asked Madame Giraud.

"Jean will get number 27," replied Anne solemnly.

"A bad number!" faintly echoed Antoinette.

"Maman," almost angrily exclaimed Jean, "can anything so foolish affect you thus?"

"Foolish!" cried Anne indignantly; "had young people don't believe in anything now-a-days. I only grieve for you, Jean, that I am in the right; would indeed I were wrong—and that you were not to get that ugly number 27!"

Jean knew his aunt's obstinacy on this head, and unwilling to irritate her uselessly, he dropped the subject.

When the breakfast was over—and a cheerless one it was—all arose, for it was time for Jean to depart. He first went to his father's bedside. Old Mathieu caused himself to be raised on his couch, and in a low, broken tone muttered a heartfelt benediction over his son, whilst the weeping Antoinette stood near him. From his parents Jean turned to Aunt Anne, who very affectionately embraced him, but muttered somewhat at the same time about his unfortunate incredulity, and number 27. Marie alone seemed collected and calm, and though she was sad, a smile of hope played round her lips.

"De good cheer, Jenn," said she, giving him her hand; "God is for us all, for the poor and the rich. Be of good cheer; should even the worst happen we will strive to bear it patiently."

"And you, Madame Giraud," playfully said the young girl, turning towards Antoinette; "don't you think we poor folks are sometimes as happy as the rich, if not a great deal more so?"

"Ay, and ten times as happy," warmly replied Antoinette, who was now quite merry.

"No, not ten times," smilingly observed Marie; "for you know God watches over both rich and poor."

The sequel need scarcely be told. In less than a year Jean and Marie were married, and old Mathieu, though still paralyzed, declared himself so happy at the event, that he expressed his readiness to die; which has not, however, prevented him from living ever since, and repeating the same wish on the birth of his son's first child, which, being a girl, she had no merry song to cheer him. Then there were two or three old neighbors who occasionally peeped in and out with woe-begone features, holding mysterious conferences with Aunt Anne, and startling her poor sister by dismal tales of many a young and handsome conscript whom they had known, and who had fallen, poor fellow, in his first battle. In short, they were all as comfortably miserable as they could be, when Marie, unable to bear her impatience any longer, left her work, and going to the shop door, looked out into the street. It was vacant, and no token of Anne or of Jean was to be seen. With a sigh she once more entered the back room; she had scarcely, however, reached the threshold, when she suddenly paused, and turned pale: a loud shout echoed at the farthest end of the street.

"The conscripts!" said Antoinette in a low tone.

"So soon!" answered Marie with seeming indifference; "don't you think it may be something else?"

"No, no," replied Antoinette in a feverish voice; "it is the conscripts; I hear their music."

The merry sounds of a fiddle might, indeed, as she spoke, be heard at the end of the street. Supported by Marie, for she was nearly overcome by emotion, and followed by her sister, the poor mother proceeded to

the front door, whilst Mathieu prayed fervently in his bed.

"When they looked out, the conscripts still stood somewhat far down the street. Their hats were ornamented with tri-colored favors and the number each had drawn, whether good or bad, was fixed in his hat band, and visible even at a distance. But Antoinette and Marie vainly strove to distinguish Jean in the crowd."

"I see him!" at length cried Marie, turning pale.

"Ha! where is he? what is his number?" simultaneously exclaimed the two sisters, less clear-sighted than their young companion.

"There—there beyond: he looks round this way; but I can see nothing of his number."

"Ay, ay, I see him now," eagerly remarked Aunt Anne; "and alas! poor boy, I can see his number too. Ah! I knew it—27!"

"It is