

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 3.1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1857.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,408.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Northern Central Railroad Company's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription. One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1 50

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Advertisement Rates. One square (6 lines) one week, \$1 25; three weeks, \$3 00; one month, \$10 00.

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Poetry.

From "Porter's Spirit" Address to the Comet.

By GEO. W. CHAPMAN.

Almighty Comet whoso'er you travel, With course erratic, through ethereal space, Hold up a minute, and the poet unrave,

Now, canst you "come in" in the month of July? For 'tis to thee that I come in June, And under such aspects as present you lie,

But Mister Comet, since you are so high up, Relate some marvel of you engendered race; Drop a few hints as you are glancing by.

You've passed the Moon, and doubtless are acquainted With that young man, the warden, Luna, keep! Pray, is his prize as ugly as it's painted?

CHAPTER I. The Reconciliation. A mild May morning, fresh and pleasant, and bright; the soft air full of the songs of happy birds;

It was a lovely day—a day to be happy in; and yet a saddened look was visible on the sweet face of Faith Egerton.

Her home—the home of her husband and children—was a pretty brown stone cottage, overlooking with vines, and surrounded by beds of fragrant flowers.

Two women! the one fair-haired and soft-eyed, with a meek and quiet face, on whose features contentment and home happiness

usual, when I happened to mention Miss Allewynne's name. He started up and turned white—but here he comes, Faith, and you can see for yourself how strange he is.

"Faith, is it true—is she in this house?" he asked wildly. "Miss Allewynne is here, Walter," she replied.

"But why, Walter?" asked Faith, clinging to him as he turned away. "Have you ever met before?"

"Faith, dear Faith, is it you?" said Gertrude. They were clasped in each others arms at once. Faith wept bitterly, but Gertrude

CHAPTER II. Walter Roscoe, turning away from his sister's home, thought sadly of the many days that must elapse before he entered it again.

"He is the last time, Gertrude, that I shall see her," he murmured, as he looked up at the vine curving window, where a lamp was still burning.

"What was his name?" The tone was sharp and impatient, but the speaker's face was turned away from Faith.

"Don't ring; I shall be better soon," she said in a low voice. "And, Faith, for the sake of the old time when we were school girls together, say nothing of my illness to any one, and ask me no questions now—

"Oh, merciful heavens! The unhappy man staggered, and caught at his brother's hand to steady himself. Alfred looked at him a moment, and then said soothingly: "Walter, it will not do for me to stay here a moment. But go in and see Faith; she will comfort you."

"What are you doing?" he asked, looking up at the half-finished note before her. "Writing to her brother to come to her," replied Faith.

"I did not know that she had one, Faith," he said. "Oh, yes. I never have seen him, but she sent me his portrait once. You know," she added with a faint blush, "it was quite a dream with us when we were girls—that is, she wished me to marry her brother, and I wanted her to marry mine."

"Oh, Walter, I would almost give my life if I could only see you happy together." "Faith, Faith, how little you know of what you talk! That woman has embittered my life; she has destroyed my confidence in every human being; she has deceived and betrayed, and disgraced me.

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"And I—oh, what a fearful doubt was mine! I wronged her deeply, and she was too good to forgive me. Will she ever do it, Faith?"

"I have been a terrible mistake, but let us trust that all will go well. I see it all now. Not till to-day did she know that you were my half brother—not till to-day did she dream that Walter Roscoe and you were the same. Oh, how much she must have suffered!"

"I should say, my dear Faith, that the sooner those two are brought together the better," replied Mr. Egerton, when his astonishment allowed him to speak.

"I know what you would say so!" exclaimed Faith. "Walter follow me, and you, Alfred, wait here; I will be back in a few moments."

"I shall be back in a few moments," he said. "Now—with this moment," he replied, rising, and seating himself beside her. "You shall hear all—your debt to me."

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