

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Northeast Wind.

BY CHARLES KINGLEY.

Welcome, wild Nor'easter! Shame it is to see O'er to every zephyr. 'Tis a one-way breeze: Welcome, black Nor'easter! O'er the German foam, O'er the Danish moorlands, From thy frozen home, Tired we are of summer, Tired of soft evening, Showers of soft steaming, Hot and breathless air, Tired of restless winter, Through the lazy day: Jovial wind of winter Turn us out to play! Sweep the golden reed-bed; Drive the lazy day; Scatter the mossy mat; Hunger into madness Every plumping pike, Fill the lake with wild fowl; Fill the marsh with snipe; While on dreary moorlands Lonely coveys pipe, Through the blue forest, Through the harsh and dry, Shattering down the snow-drops Off the emerald sky; Hark! the brave Nor'easter! Breast-high lies the veer, On by hill and headland, Over health and ease, Hungry as a dog, Through the street and snow! Who can over-ride you? Let the horses go! Chime, ye dappled darlings, Down the roaring blast; You shall see a fox die Ere an hour is past: Got and rest to-morrow, Hunting in your dreams, While our skates are ringing O'er the frozen streams. Let the lucid south-wind Breathe in lover's sighs, While the lark's gallant Back in ladies' eyes. What does he but soften Heart-axe and pen? 'Tis the hard gray weather Breeds hard English men. What's the soft South-wind? 'Tis the ladies' breezes, And your home their true loves Out of all the seas. But the black Nor'easter, Through the snow-storm hurled, Drives our English hearts of seed; Seaward round the world! Come! as came our fathers, Heralded by the wind, Conquering from the eastward, Lords by land and sea; Come, and strong within us Stir the Vikings' blood, Bracing brain and sinew; Blow, thou wind of God!

modern-sized front, but the back of which remains as it did years ago. Beneath the centre of the building there is an arch—a right of way sufficiently wide to allow carriages to pass, and leading to a large public school, as well as to another and populated part of the town. This was much frequented by the public.

So was the Dolphin. But then there were two reasons for this. First, the two daughters of old Martin Dacre were acknowledged to be the prettiest girls in Guilford. That was saying a great deal, too, for the girls of Guilford are all pretty—very pretty. But, oh, dear! Martin's two daughters, Phoebe and Naomi, were prettier than the prettiest in the town, perhaps in the county.

They were of the Saxon type—fair-haired, blue-eyed, vermilion-lipped, rosy-checked, and skins as white and transparent as alabaster; and that skin looked so smooth and so soft, that one's very fingers ached to touch it. Oh, gracious! They were very so pleasant in their manner, so winning in their ways, so cheerful, obliging, complaisant, innocent, and modest, that they won the favor of all who visited the house; and they were many.

That was the reason why the Dolphin drove a roaring trade, and that those who loved a pretty face, and good, round, wholesome cheer, all went to the Dolphin. The ages of Phoebe and Naomi were respectively twenty and eighteen, and, of course, they had plenty of admirers. All kinds of flattering speeches and rustic compliments were paid to them; and, whenever they handed change, it was a wonder if the excited recipient didn't try to squeeze the sweet, soft fingers that presented the dirty money. But they took no heed of all these smart sayings and tender looks; they thought that every one was singularly kind to them, and they endeavored to respond to it by making themselves as agreeable and as chatty as they possibly could. Indeed, some conceited pumps, who styled themselves gentlemen farmers, but were actually very uncouth bucolics, imagined, because they received a cheerful answer and a smiling glance, that they had made an impression. Nothing of the sort! They were forgotten as soon as they were away, although they did give a knowing nod to a companion, perhaps, and say, "I must be on there; a' can make it all right there!" a supposition as foreign from the truth as it is possible to suppose.

The fact was, that they were too constantly and closely occupied to pay any attention to the side-winded remarks, direct compliments, and somewhat impudent leers, to which they were subjected. There were so many to serve, so many demands to honor, so many wants to supply, that they had as much as they could do without adding to their task the nuisance of listening to the rubbish which would have been poured into their ears, if they had had time to listen to it, or had given the opportunity for it to have been done.

Martin Dacre was very fond of his girls, not alone because they were of such valuable assistance in his business, or that they performed their duty so cheerfully and so entirely, but because they were deprived of their mother, a most excellent woman, whose own kind disposition and estimable qualities had done so much to make them what they were.

Master Dacre did not so often hear the praises of his daughters' beauty sounded, but that he knew they were pretty girls, and that the heads of half the young fellows of Guilford were turned by their charms. He knew the girls to be innocent and guileless, and he resolved to do his best to keep them so, as far as he could, and without appearing to exhibit any harsh or unnecessarily stern control over them. His face was as smiling as theirs, and when any soft word was uttered to the ears of one of the girls, if he happened to catch it, he, with a chuckling laugh, generally made it public property, so that the utterer usually got preciously jeered and joked by his companions for it.

Then the girls were always stirring with the lark, and they always retired very early, and this regulation saved them from much which might, to put it in its best shape, have proved disadvantageous to them. Then the sun of prosperity smiled and shone on the Dolphin, and, but for occasional regretful remembrances of the wife who was gone, as he hoped, unto that better world which might, to put it in its best shape, have proved disadvantageous to them. One Monday afternoon a young man, apparently just over that important era, his majority, entered the inn. It happened to be quite the slack time; the girls had gone up to dress, and Martin Dacre was seated in the parlor, reading the paper and smoking his after-dinner pipe. As the stranger advanced, he looked inquiringly at Martin, and stood surveying him without uttering a word.

Martin put down his pipe and his paper, and said in his customary way, "Now, sir; what can I do for you?" "Shake hands with me if you will," returned the young man. "You remember Gerard Earle, don't you?" "Well, I should rather think so. A tallish, light-haired, scraggy boy, with a lay-down collar."

"I am he." "You?" "Yes."

It was very certain that Gerard Earle, who, in past years, had been very fond of little Naomi, was now over head and ears in love with her. There was nothing surprising in that—it had been so with us, had we been there; but it was not so certain that she returned it. She did not pay him so much attention as Phoebe did; and, if there were others in company, it appeared as though she spoke more readily and freely to them than to him. He saw it, and felt it.

He was to have another evidence that she did not care so much for him as she did for others. He was startled, on the Saturday evening, just after Phoebe and Naomi had retired to bed, by perceiving a most painfully handsome young fellow enter the house, and, without ceremony, present himself behind the bar. He carried a black polished leather bag, and a great coat.—He had just come from London.

"Well, dad!" he said to Martin, who stood him warmly by the hand. "Got down to-night, instead of to-morrow, at dinner-time. Want a long day to-morrow.—Where's the girls?—gone to roost?" "Glad to see you, my boy!" cried Martin. "Yes, the girls have subsided, as old Rigby, the parish clerk, says, when he begins to enjoy his glass of grog at the bar, when they have all gone.—Oh, I beg your pardon! Allow me to introduce you, Harry, to a son of a very dear old friend of mine, who has come here to spend a few weeks with us.—Mr. Gerard Earle, Mr. Harry Villiers!"

The two young men looked into each other's eyes, with a sort of "What the dickens do you want here?" air, and looked stiffly. They were left together, to get on as best they could, for Martin was obliged to attend to his customers. They smoked together, drank grog together, talked of the affairs of the day; were, in fact, very civil, but not very friendly towards each other.

"This fellow," said Gerard to himself, "is certainly down here on a match-making business, he is dressed so carefully. Oh, that I knew which he was after!" He's darned handsome!"

Said Harry to himself, "Where the father of sin did this chap tumble from? He's after Phoebe or Naomi, of course! How I should like to know which! He's abominably good looking, and has been carrying on a nice game here all week."

On Sunday morning all breakfasted together. The girls were quite at home with Harry, especially Naomi, to whom he was, in Gerard's eyes, ridiculously and offensively attentive.—As to her, she seemed to look and talk to nobody but him.

They went to church together, and Naomi took Harry's arm. He was about to offer it to Phoebe, but Naomi seized it, and marched off with him in triumph. George took Phoebe, and sat with her in the family pew. Harry sat next to her, and Naomi outside. It seemed to be a preconcerted arrangement that she should not sit next to Gerard, and the consequence was, that his mind went to rambling.—He held his book upside down twice, and let it fall four times. Once Phoebe pinched him, being at the same moment inwardly convulsed with laughter; and he covered himself, while the sermon—which happened to be rather a prosy one, mumbled by an elderly divine—was going on, engaged in the act of whistling, with the most plaintive pathos. "Mary, I believed thee true!"—a performance which greatly scandalized some of the very vinegary serious old maids in the vicinity, who, in speaking of it afterwards, tossed their heads, and said, "However, they ought not to be surprised at anything that came from those girls at the Dolphin!"

During that afternoon Gerard contrived to have a little talk with Naomi. He thought she looked on him kindly, but yet with reserve. "I see how it is," he thought; "she remembers how fond we were of each other—that is, how I doted on her—when we were boy and girl together, and promised to be constant in that love. I have been. She did not know her own mind until this founded Harry came, with his darned good looks; and now she's afraid to be free and pleasant with me, for fear I should think that she still loves me."

Once or twice his arm—she couldn't help it, poor fellow!—stole round her waist.—Each time he did so she turned, and looked him in the eyes. She was, certainly, not angry, but it was a sort of inquiring look, which seemed to him to ask what he meant by thus proceeding; and, though the contact had been inexpressibly delicious, he let his arm fall, and drew it away.—Accidentally, too, while talking, his hand fell on hers, and the thrill of ecstasy which went up the sleeve of his coat to the left side of his waistcoat, it would not be possible to convey.—He fancied there was a softer look than usual in her eyes, as they looked into his, and he almost imagined there was a tremulous movement of her eyelids; but this foolish conceit was knocked at once out of him, by Harry addressing her with a tender speech, to which she, laughing, returned an equally tender reply, and, at the same time, hastily snatched her hand away from his, and his heart went down in his very boots.

That evening Martin Dacre contrived to do without the services of the girls, and the young men took them out for a walk; but, as before, Naomi walked with the provoking Harry Villiers, and seemed to enjoy his

company in the most annoying, unbecoming and offensive manner. Not that she laughed louder, or talked more than at any other time, but she seemed to be so comfortable with him, that every look or movement of hers, as a point of affection to Harry, acted like mortal stabs upon the heart of poor Gerard, who began to look quite woe-begone, although he strove to be hilarious with Phoebe.

As they passed through a field of tall, waving corn, towards a plantation at some short distance off, Phoebe said to Gerard, "Naomi has grown a nice girl since you were here, Gerard, hasn't she?"

Gerard's heart trembled on his lips. "She is perfectly lovely!" he said. "Isn't she?" replied Phoebe, with a gaze of admiration at her sister's slight form.—"So all the young men say that come to the Dolphin!" she added.

Gerard groaned. He cast his eyes on "that" Harry. "I presume," he said, "she is engaged?" "Phoebe looked in the same direction, too; then she turned her eyes upon him archly, and said, "Well, I may say no, and may say yes. At all events, if she is not quite engaged, there are, to me, pretty strong signs that she very soon will be!"

And she burst into a merry laugh as she concluded. Gerard laughed, too, but it was not with pleasure. Harry turned his head round, as he heard the ringing laugh, and he stopped.

"Come, come," said he, "you two seem precious jolly together. I should like to have a little of that jollity placed to my account!" "Selfish beast!" thought Gerard.

"Here," continued Harry, withdrawing her arm from Naomi from his, and handing her over to Gerard—"here, Mr. Earle, just take care of dear little Naomi, will you? I just want to have a little advice from Phoebe!"

"Advice!" laughed Phoebe. "I should like to see you take advice from me. Naomi is your adviser-general, don't let me take her office away."

"We will confer, if you please, Phoebe.—None of your nonsense with me! You know I won't stand that," cried Harry; and seizing her arm, he hurried on, walking at such a pace that they were far into the wood before Gerard and Naomi entered.

What a way they walk on in silence, to be sure! At last Gerard broke it, and said, "What, Harry?" exclaimed Naomi. "Al! he is, indeed; everybody likes him."

"You do?" "Me?—oh, very much indeed!" Gerard coughed. His heart was full of pain and sorrow.

"Ah, yes—yes!" he murmured; to be sure—of course!" They walked on in silence until they came to a bend in the rivulet which ran into the Wye.

"Shall we sit here?" he said, pointing to the bank. "I am not tired," she answered. "We will go on, then," he said. She looked up in his face. "You look pale, Gerard," she said; "perhaps you are tired. Let us sit here for a little while."

He was pale, and he felt wretched. He determined, too, to know his fate at once, for he loved the girl now so intensely that suspense was death to him—worse than the certainty that she loved him not, and was about to become another's. He went at it headlong. Taking a deep breath, as she seated herself by his side, and threw pebbles into the stream, he said, "Mr. Villiers came down here to contract a marriage engagement, did he not?"

She looked at him with surprise, and her face became the hue of crimson. "Yes," she replied, "he did." "He has been accepted, I presume?" "Oh, yes!" "And the lady loves him?" "With her whole soul," cried Naomi, with emphasis.

Gerard bowed his head upon his knees, and sending tears forced their way through his eyelids down his cheeks. He could not repress them, nor a groan of agony which burst from him. Naomi bent over him. "Good heaven, Gerard!" she exclaimed. "Are you in pain?" He threw up his head. "A spasm!" he said; "somewhat severe. I confess; but, should it come again, you, at least, shall be spared witnessing the mortal throes I must suffer."

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November 23, 1857.

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Columbia, May 3, 1856.

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HONEY! Just received, a small lot of Superior Honey, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

SAFONIERI! at reduced prices, for sale by the pound or case, by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

TOILET SOAPS.—The largest assortment in Columbia; call and examine at R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

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CORN Starch, Farina, Rice, Flour, Tapioca, Sugar, Oat Meal, Arrow Root, &c., at R. WILLIAMS' Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Sept. 26, 1857.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, Colic, a little of Cap. Sago and Pure Apple Cider, Farina and Corn Starch, at R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Sept. 5, 1857.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Bachelors', Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair just as desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Columbia, Pa. May 10.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine, which is highly recommended as a substitute for Sassafras, Sarsaparilla, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store, Front St. Pa.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions.
May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.
Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, December 20, 1856.

HOOGLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nut, &c., just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S.
Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union Sts.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters of New Depot.
Columbia, April 18, 1857.

CELESTRA Family and Superior Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

When the Christmas Bells are Ringing.
Oh, lad, come at my side, Let up your gentle looks, I read their piny like a page From some fond poet's looks, But some was never so sweet As thy tender voice; I fear again to see them ringing.
I knew a maiden long ago, And her eyes were blue as thine, As a tenderly her loved words Made music to my ear, Her hair was spun of finest gold, Her cheeks were like the dawn, And her feet sprang lightly o'er the snow As a silver-sneaked fawn.
When the Christmas bells are ringing, Bend near to me, lad, I can see your eyes, But I can feel your gentle hand, And hear your low replies, I've given love, those foolish tears— They are not shed for her, But only for the wasted years, I was her worshipper.
Do you hear the sweet bells ringing? They rung upon her bridal morn— I heard them as I stood Beside the altar where she knelt In some quiet maidenhood; And when she rose a wedded wife, I saw her tremble, sweet!—I know She quailed beneath my look, While the Christmas bells were ringing.
She is not dead, but dead to me— I hear the silver tones Of laughter breaking from her lips, More sweet than music; You'll see her in the street to-day, With jewels on her breast, You'll know her by her cold, pale brow, Her dark eyes will weep, When the Christmas bells are ringing.
I can see your eyes now, lad— They're dim with tender mist; Smile, sweet, make rainbows of the tears, Like waves by sunshine kissed. Ah, she was fair, and false as fair— God took her from my way, And sent His angels, beloved, To term my night to day, And our bridal bells are ringing.

Selections.

Those Girls at the Dolphin.

From Blackwood's Magazine
The town of Guilford, in Surrey, is one of the most romantic, characteristic, and singular throughout the country. Its origin is of ancient date, for it was one of the residences of the West Saxon kings, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen to the southward of the High Street. It has many old-fashioned buildings, some of which, in former times, were residences of note, or were built for some public uses, but are now residences of tradesmen, or are converted to purposes never contemplated in their erection. Among them is the Dolphin Inn—a large, old-fashioned building, with a somewhat