

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of

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PATENTED, 1858, A NEW Preservative for perfectly white, more

LARGE stock of all kinds of Drugs, Chemical

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COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon

Borhaves's Holland Bitters, The celebrated Holland Remedy for Diseases

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FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, STATEMENT OF THE Assets of the Company on

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LOSSES BY FIRE, \$301,038 84 By order of the Board, Attest CHARLES N. BANCER, President, Directors—Chas. N. Bancroft, Tobias Wagner, Samuel G. Smith, Geo. W. Richards, Mortimer D. Lewis, David S. Brown, Isaac Lee, Edward C. Dale, THOS. LLOYD, Agent, Columbia, May 2, 1857.

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STAUFFER & HARLEY, Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Warehouse, No. 100 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

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AND STILL ANOTHER CARD, As it has become customary for the Mer-

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LIONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 51 Gold Street, New York, December 26, 1857.

ANOTHER SUPPLY OF SPRING GOODS, We have just received and opened our

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, Such as Fancy and Black Silks, including many desirable styles, of the latest Importations; Delaines, Chiffons, and other light and elegant fabrics; Calicoes, &c., all of which have been selected with great care and will be sold at greatly reduced prices.

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, In this line our stock is complete and cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city. We have a large assortment of the following: Bedsteads, Dressing, Shaving, Cheek, Tucking, &c., will find it to their advantage to give us a call, as we have everything in this line that is good and we are determined not to be under-estimated.

GROCERIES, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Herring, Salt, &c., a large stock, at the lowest prices.

WALL PAPERS, \$20,000 Prices New York Wall Papers, of new and superior designs, ranging in price from 10 cents and upward. As we get our goods direct from the manufacturer, we can sell them at very low prices. We have several hundred different designs on hand, and we feel confident that a selection can be made from our stock, with greater satisfaction to the purchaser than can be given by any other store in the city.

CONCLUSION, We would say our Stock is FULL & COMPLETE IN EVERY BRANCH, and we offer great inducements to purchasers, in the price and quality of our goods.

GIVE US A CALL, Lowest Street, directly opposite the Bank, Columbia, April 17, 1858.

DROBLY'S Subtil, Prouty's Double Michigan, and other goods, at the lowest prices.

CO-PARTNERSHIP, The undersigned having entered into partnership, under the firm of Shreiner & Son, desire to call the attention of the public to their fine

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY, Their stock has been selected with great care and is of the most superior quality. Every article is warranted to be as represented.

ASK YOU INSURED? West Branch Insurance Company, This Company was organized in June, 1855. None but the safest business has been done, and the prosperous financial condition of the Company is a proof of its standing.

WE SPEAK THE TRUTH! If you don't believe it call and see for

NEW SEGAR STORE, Front Street, above Locust, Columbia, Pa.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, SNUFF, GERMAN SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.

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Poetry.

The Pleasures of Love is in Loving, For the Columbia Spy.

I come not to wage a war with the Sage, His maxim I vain would believe, For all have been taught to treasure the thought, 'Tis better to give than receive.

To love and to trust, as loving hearts must, To hide in our hearts the joy love imparts, The purest, the dearest we know, We're selfish to do—So I wouldn't would you? Enjoy all the rapture above.

A weary world this, not made up of bliss, Ah, when our joy is so few, Oh, never would I to my dear one deny The pleasure of loving me too.

The Ladder of St. Augustine, For the Columbia Spy.

That of our vices we can frame A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame! All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end, Our pleasures and our pains— Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The longing for ignoble things, The strife for triumph more than truth; The handiwork of the heart, that brings Irreverence for the dreams of youth; All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds, That have their root in thoughts of ill; Whatever hinders or impedes The action of the nobler will; All these must first be trampled down Beneath our feet, if we would gain In the bright fields of fair renown The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar; But we have feet to scale and climb By slow degrees, by more and more, The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone, That wedge-like cleave the desert air, Who never seen, and better known, Are but gigantic flights of vain; The distant mountains that appear Their solid bases to the sky, Are crossed by pathways, that appear As to a higher level rise.

The heights by great men's minds and kept Were not attained by sudden flight, But were attained by plain and steady, In the highest fields of fair renown The right of eminent domain.

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The clock tolled again, and the gardener,

aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw yourself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? Oh, Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburned youth, his long lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said: "I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

"The sacristan sprang from his seat. "Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan. "I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?" "Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villain, the double-dyed scoundrel! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert!—Come for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed toward the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living!" "Oh God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? Oh that we may not be too late!"

The keys were found in the old man's pocket, and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dead excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

"God! he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help one word from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer: "Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"I haven't managed it well?" asked one. "Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"Oh, no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until—"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Otkar, you and I may well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meanwhile, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and kissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener,

aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

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