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September 11, 1858 3mos

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Columbia Nov. 6, 1858.

Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

From the French.

Broken from the parent bough,
Withered leaf, where goest thou?—

Oh, I know not—thus it spoke—
Since the Storm King rent the oak,
I have lived a homeless thing,
Roaming on the Zephyrs wing;
Wafted by the North-wind's breath—
Thus I wander until death.
From my native forest shade,
I am borne to sunny glade,
Mountain steep and valley fair,
Plaything of the fickle air!—
Knowing neither fear nor woe,
Going whither all things go—
Whither all things find repose.
Leaf of laurel, leaf of rose.

D. C.

For the Columbia Spy.

From the Italian.

(METASTASIO.)

Oft the Serpent and the Bee,
Sipping self-same sweets we see,
But the fragrant banquet o'er,
Changed the food forevermore.

Flowers, 'neath the Serpent's breath,
Turn to venom fraught with death;
While the busy Bee goes home,
Singing o'er her honey-comb.

D. C.

Selections.

Aunt Margaret's Wedding.

"I shall never forget the day when I first heard the story of "Aunt Margaret's wedding." I was one of those thoroughly wet days in autumn when the rain comes pattering against the window panes, and the dead leaves fall around in all directions, making everything look so dreary. I was about fourteen years old, strong and active, and so fond of out-door life that a rainy day was a terrible trial to my patience. To add to my gloom on this occasion I was away from my own pleasant home, on a visit to "a very nice family" in the country. That the quiet of their house would prove a strange contrast to my lively home, full of romping brothers and merry sisters, had not struck me at all unpleasantly when I was pleading with mother to let me go, for I had bright visions of *living out of doors*, of roaming over green fields and through quiet groves, of gathering wild flowers beside running brooks, and listening to the bird songs which always filled my heart with delight. How could I be lonely amid such scenes, what could I want of company there?

I knew that it rained *sometimes* in town, but it never even occurred to me that it might rain while I was in the country; but yesterday it had "poured," and to-day it pattered incessantly. My *good* hostess assured me that I would catch my death of cold if I went out, so I sat still until I had read all the stories in the almanac, (the only "story book" the house contained.) Then I watched Mr. Brown sleeping so soundly in his arm-chair, and listened to the click of Mrs. Brown's knitting needles during what seemed an eternity to me. I could not endure it any longer, that stillness broken only by those monotonous sounds! Half beside myself, I ran out of the back door and across the corn fields to the house of Annie Green, a lively little girl with whom I had been so fortunate as to form an acquaintance. "Oh, I am so glad you have come!" was the pleasant greeting I received; "we have company, my aunt and cousins; come right in the parlor and see them. Mother and my sisters are there, and they have all been telling such nice stories: come!"

Company and pleasant stories, delightful! but I was ashamed to go in, for my shoes were heavy with mud, and my hair, in my hasty flight, had blown every which way; but Annie soon applied a brush to that, and lending me a pair of her own slippers, I was made quite presentable. The ladies were making fancy articles for a Fair, and Annie and I determined that we would each make a *pincushion* for the same occasion. Pretty pieces of silk were needed, and so Annie and I were sent to the garret to bring down certain bags in which her mother had been accumulating such things "for ages," at least so Annie said. Well, we turned them all out upon the parlor carpet; I selected a *piece of crimson* for my cushion, while Annie said hers should be of green and gold, because she was a country girl and loved the green fields and yellow harvests of her rural home. As we were putting the other things back into bags, the little pet sister Bess caught up a bit of rich white brocade, exclaiming, "oh, mother, mayn't I have this to make my doll a party dress?"

"Let me see what it is, dear" said her mother.

"Why, child," said her aunt, "that is a piece of my aunt Margaret's weddidg dress; put it away again." The young lady daughters and neices looked up in surprise; "your aunt Margaret, mother?" and "yours and mother's aunt Margaret?" they exclaimed.

"Yes, *our* aunt Margaret."

"Why, I didn't known *she* was ever married!"

"Nor was she, though she came so near it *once* as to be all dressed in what she thought 'perfect bridal robes.'"

"Why, aunt, I never heard of that before! What prevented the wedding—do tell us! Was her lover drowned in attempting to reach *her*?"

"No, he was there, but he had come with a false heart. Aunt Margaret did not discover his deception until everything was ready for the wedding, and so she took her own way of punishing him."

"Oh, do go on and tell us all about it, you can tell a story so beautifully."

I thought then, as I set on a cricket in one corner of the room, shaping and stitching my cushion, that the girls were trying to flatter that kind old lady a wee bit, but as she settled her spectacles on her forehead, and leaning back in her chair, gave us the following tale, I changed my mind and came to the conclusion that she was a most wonderfully interesting story teller, and that there had been no flattery whatever, scarcely even enough of praise in what they had *said to her*:

"Margaret S—— was never the one to linger in her bed after the sun was up, but one bright morning in spring she rose even earlier than usual, for her mind was too active to let her sleep, and she wished to have a nice quiet time for thought before any of the rest of the household were astir. It was her thirty-fifth birth day, and as she sat at the open window, and saw the sun rise in cloudless beauty, her heart was full of quiet happiness. She looked at the gilded hill-tops in the distance, and inhaled the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the large tree just below her window, which she had loved from childhood, and as she reflected that she had attained one-half the number of years usually allotted to man, her *thoughts* wandered back to her past life. She glanced at her happy childhood. Then her school girl days rose up *before her*. She remembered how often she had been inclined to diligence by the reflection that she was the eldest of the family, and that she was to study, not for herself alone, but that she might impart her knowledge to all those young brothers and sisters, and thus relieve her sickly mother. The duties and the pleasures of her student life were cut short by a summons to the death bed of that dear parent. Her last words were 'God comfort you, my daughter, and help you to become a mother to the other children. Study poor father's comfort, too.'

"Thus a heavy burden of responsibility and duty was laid upon her child's heart, and under its influence she became a woman. Other girls, many years her seniors, were still sporting in blissful unconsciousness of the cares of life, or with light hearts and *[illegible]* while she went quietly and cheerfully about her daily tasks without a thought of beaux or conquests. She looked back that morning with a quiet smile of wonder at her perfect exemption from all those anxieties and rivalries and coquetries which keep some young girls in such a fever of excitement.

"Then she recalled those dark days when poverty had laid its depressing hand upon them, and her heart grew light at the thought that then she had been of use and comfort to those she loved best of all in the world. She felt so grateful that she had always been able to look upon the bright side. When her gray haired father came home one night, and in broken accents said that they were ruined, that the friend for whom he had endorsed, failing to meet his liabilities, had fled, and that they must give up their pleasant home to pay those claims, she had felt so strong in her power to labor and to endure, that the natural order of things were reversed, and the father leaned upon her for comfort. In the humble home to *which they removed*, her once delicate hands performed all the household labor in order that 'the children might be educated.' Then prosperity came again, and they returned to their old home. Her sisters grew up, went into society, and one after another married and left their father's house with the blessings of their 'mother sister,' as they sometimes called her, resting upon them.

"Her brothers had gone forth into the world with high aims for themselves, and high thoughts of woman's character and mission.

"She had been like a mother to the children, and when they needed her *no longer* she turned all her energies to the last part of her dying mother's request: 'Study your *poor father's comfort*.'

"For years she nursed and soothed him in his feebleness, and then he passed away, leaving her the consolation that she had 'done what she could' for him.

"A few days after this event Aunt Margaret came into possession of a large amount of property. No one deserved it more than she did, and no one was better fitted to use money well and wisely. She felt that through it her influence and her means of usefulness were enlarged, and so she went on her way dispensing blessings to the needy. The trials and cares of her life seemed to be over now, and her thirty-fifth birth-day saw her, as we have said, full of quiet happiness. She said to herself with a smile, 'my nieces pity poor aunt Margaret because she is so old, but young people little know the pure enjoyment we may taste after the fitful fever of youth is passed. Then she thought of the households of her sisters, of their home-ties and home attractions, and for a moment a sense of the loneliness of her lot came over her.

"But the dark cloud only *passed over* the face of the sun; it was not permitted to *rest* there and darken her pathway. Like the clear shining after the rain, she felt in her heart that her destiny had been ordered in infinite wisdom and mercy, and that it was right. Then as she rose and went to the mirror to arrange her still glossy hair, she said to herself, 'My destiny was settled long ago; no one can doubt that who knows that I am thirty-five years old, and that I have had less experience in love affairs than some of my young lady neices of five and six,' and with a placid look upon her face, and the feeling at her heart that if all the sisterhood were as happy as she, the terms 'old maid' and 'spinster' need not conjure up such terrible visions to young girls as they then did, she left her chamber and descended to the breakfast room.

"A few hours later on that same day and aunt [Margaret] again sought her chamber as as a place of refuge from the spring tide of new emotions that was welling up in her heart, and with its rapid current carrying all before it.

"Her step was quick and light, there was a strange flush upon her cheek, and a light in her eye which had never been seen there before. She approached the mirror and studied her face, feature by feature, and then the expression as a whole; a very unusual thing indeed for aunt Margaret to do, for she had never in all her life before seemed to care whether she was a beauty or a fright. But something still more strange has just taken place. On this, her thirty-fifth birth-day, she had received her first offer of marriage. A gentleman whom she had known for years as a friend called, and, requesting a private interview, told her that he had long loved and admired her, and that he needed her presence to *make sunlight in his home*; and her love to make sunshine in his heart, and urged her to bless him by the promise of a speedy union. Aunt Margaret was herself too honorable to suspect another of unworthy motives, and this man stood high in the regards of a large circle of friends, and so she believed him when he told her that he *stood in need of her love*. That night she sat in the same chair by the same open window as in the morning, and again she inhaled the sweet fragrance of those apple blossoms, and watching the lights and shadows which the moonbeams cast among the foliage, she gave *herself* up to this new source of happiness. In the morning she had the fullness of peace, and now the fullness of joy seemed added thereto.

"Her full woman's nature was expanded. She had not known that she redreamed of the *[illegible]* and of which her own depths was capable; but the consciousness that she alone of all the world was *essential* to the happiness of a noble man, that his path would be dark without her love to lighten it, awakened the most delightful emotions within her.

"Her sisters shed tears of joy over her happiness. 'Did we not tell you dear Margaret,' they said, 'that the best part of your life was yet to come, and you see that we spoke truly.'

"Every one was anxious to lend a helping hand in the preparations for the wedding, and all 'went merry as a marriage bell.' The last day came; aunt Margaret was to be married in the evening; the cakes had all turned out just right, the dresses fitted beautifully, and every one was in the best of humor. The bridegroom elect had sent for an intimate friend of his, with whom he had spent two years in foreign travel to come and stand up with him. He came, dined with us that day, and was presented to aunt Margaret and the bridesmaid. After dinner the gentlemen withdrew to the balcony to enjoy a cigar, leaving the ladies in the front parlor. How well I remember just where each one sat, for I was then nearly as old as Annie or her little friend there. Some one sent me to a little spare room at the back of the house to bring something which I could not find; I went back and reported that it was not there.—'Yes, it is, you blind little puss,' said aunt Margaret, laughing, 'for I saw it there this morning, and the room has not been opened since; it lies on the lounge by the back window.'

"'Indeed, auntie, it is not there,' I said.

"'Then it has fallen under the lounge,' she said.

"'But I looked under it.'

"'Ah, let us see whose eyes are youngest now!' she said, springing up and running through the long hall. I bounded after her. It was not on the lounge, that was certain. She stooped down and drawing it out from under it, looked at me as if about to exclaim again 'You blind little puss!' when a voice on the balcony arrested her, but the shutters were closed, so that those outside were invisible to us as we were to them.

"'So this is the lady of your choice!'

"'This is the lady of my choice,' responded a voice whose lightest tone was music to aunt Margaret.

"'And you have forgotten the pretty little Miss T——, with whom you were so madly in love last winter. You have left her for one twice her age, and—'

"'I can never forget the sweet face of Minnie T——,' broke in the other speaker: 'but you see, man, she is poor; the old gentleman has'nt a sixpence to give her, and I'm hard up just now. Those debts of which you wot will be made known if I do not find some means of liquidating them. This lady is rich, rich as [Crœsus, and generous and unsuspecting, and it is her gold that I am about to wed.' The speakers passed on, They seemed to have been leaning against the balcony for that moment, believing themselves at a distance from all the inhabited portions of that old house. I looked at aunt Margaret as the sound of their footsteps died away. She sank down with her head against the lounge, and murmured, 'O, God he told me that he loved me, and that he needed my love to cheer him!'

"She was so white and cold that I thought she was going to faint, and ran for water. Before I came back, she rose up and went to her own room. I caught one glimpse of her pale face, and it frightened me, but she locked the door after her and would not let me in. Two hours later she sent for me. I ran to kiss her, and she tried to smile, but her face was white as marble. 'My child did you hear—' She could not finish the sentence.

"'Yes, aunt, I did hear that man say that he was going to marry you because you were rich and he needed —'

"'Promise me that you will never breathe what you have heard! I shall not be married, but I don't wish to expose him. Give me your solemn promise that nobody shall ever know from you what has happened.'

"'Oh, auntie, dear auntie!' I cried in great distress, 'it is too late to obey you now, I have told mother and uncle and ever so many of them! I was so angry that I couldn't help it. You may cut my tongue out if you please, but indeed I could'nt help it, and everybody in the house is so indignant at him.'

"'Everybody!' she repeated, 'everybody knows it; then I must devise some other plan. Go now and I will ring the bell when I want them to come and dress me.'

"When her friends were summoned to asher with her toilet she was no longer pale, but a bright red spot burned on either cheek while her eyes sparkled and flashed as if the fire of some strange purpose was blazing in her heart. She looked perfectly beautiful then, but there was something in her manner that awed and kept silent all who approached her.

"She had received many pretty bridal gifts, the handiwork of her numerous nieces, and among them, conspicuous for its beauty, was a long silken purse of the purest white, surmounted with rings of silver. To the surprise of every one, when she stood up for the marriage ceremony she held in her hand that purse, but it was no longer empty. One side of it was crammed full of bank bills, while in the other side pieces until there was not room for one more. Many whispers of wonder went around the room as to what this strange addition to her toilet meant. But the mystery was soon unraveled. When it became her turn to respond to the question, 'Dost thou take this man to be thy wedded husband, and dost thou promise before God to fulfil to him the duties of a loving wife?' her lips were sealed, but she raised the hand which grasped the well-filled purse, and held that out to view, gazing intently upon it as if she expected speech or reply from it. The clergyman, thinking her strange manner might proceed from some strange embarrassment, repeated his question in a still milder tone. Again aunt Margaret extended the purse, and looking first at it and then at him, replied, 'See it does not speak!'

"'Madame!' said the gray haired man, in a tone of grave rebuke. Some of the guests whispered, 'Surely the lady has become deranged!'

"The clergyman looked steadily at her for an instant and then said, 'Shall we go on with the ceremony, madame?'

"'The question does not rest with me, sir,' said aunt Margaret, gravely.

"'Surely, madame, it is for you alone to say whether you will be *wedded or not*.'

"'No, reverend sir, it is *not for me* to speak, but for this money which I hold in my hand. This man has declared in my hearing to-day that it is not me whom he seeks to wed, that he has only *need of my* gold, and if this gold will speak to take the marriage vow upon itself, it is well, and he shall have it all. Speak, money, speak, dost thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?' and again she shook the purse. The gold gleamed through the open meshes of the white silk; but it was packed in too tightly to make even the faintest clinking sound, and so aunt Margaret sat down—so nearly married, and yet a maiden still."

The Outlaw Dog.

Charles Nodier the eccentric writer, went so far in his admiration of the canine as to say, what consoled him for the short life of a dog was that certainty of meeting with him in the next world. This is a paradox; but certainly the intelligence of this animal is at times superhuman, and those who read the following fact, recorded exactly as it happened, will find it but add, we are sure, to the just admiration of this noble animal:

It was in the pleasant town of Nice, which lies so lazily at the foot of the Apennines, while bathing its feet in the warm water of the Gulf of Provence, that, in the year 1846, there lived a dog and his master. The dog's name was Leloup, and he was four year's old. He belonged to that powerful race with which the Greenlanders hunt seals and white bears in the Polar regions. The master's name was Fayolle. He was young, handsome, and of excellent character, and lived quietly with Leloup, upon the income of a small property and the profits of a place in the *intendance*, of the province. There was a warm friendship existing between the two, and this is how it come about.

The first owner of the dog, the master of a vessel, died in the port of Nice. The mate, who took his place, detesting the animal, ordered it to be drowned. Luckily for Leloup, the sailor who had received the *instruction*, not finding it in his heart to kill the animal, set it on shore. The vessel sailed, and the dog became a wanderer about the streets of Nice. By accident he met with Fayolle, who had just left his father. Some strange instinct induced the dog to follow him home. The man at once took to the animal. Thanks to the master's care and affection, the dog soon became a superb specimen of his race. His strength and beauty delighted all who saw him, while his intelligence was almost superhuman. The dog became the delight of Fayolle's home, his companion, his friend. Their affection was mutual. Fayolle had no friend he preferred to Leloup. The dog's love was not doubtful.

Three years passed—three years, during which Fayolle would have sworn that Leloup had not a fault. Unfortunately, he in reality possessed two terrible vices; he was madly fond of raw fish, and he hated the cassock of the priest—why or wherefore, nobody could ever tell.

It so happened that Leloup, who spent a large portion of his time wandering about the streets of Nice, became so inveterate in his love of fish that not a dealer in the article escaped, while a day scarcely passed without his biting a piece out of the cassock of some unfortunate priest. Now Nice is celebrated for its fish market, of which Leloup soon became the scourge.

The dog was in the habit of following his master every day to his office, at the door of which they parted, the master telling the dog to go home quietly. Away flew the dog, as if to obey, but when round the first corner off he was to the fish market.—Once upon the scene of action; the cunning animal examined the stalls, selected his prey, and now slyly making his capture, at another time boldly seizing it, and disappearing like magic, he regularly made off with the finest fish in the market. He then retired into a corner, and consumed his prey. This done, he went home; and if, on the road, he could only tear a priest's gown, he was supremely happy.

The victims of the piratical Leloup took some time to find out his profound calculations. The bustle of business twice running. In the bustle of business his thefts often wholly escaped notice. But at last one or two very audacious acts attracted attention, and the whole fish market was at once banded against him.

But Leloup at once saw through their designs. Public opinion was manifested too loudly for him not to understand the meaning. He was on his guard; he changed his hours, stopped away a day or two, and then crawled in behind a group of buyers, ran between them, and, despite sticks and stones, still contrived to get the finest fish in the market.

"Wolf! wolf!" would cry a fishwoman, and before any one could prevent it, a great shaggy head would be seen upon the stall, and a turbot, or sturgeon, or salmon, would vanish.

"Thief! thief!" repeated her fellow-sufferers.

But ere the words had passed their lips, dog and fish had vanished.

They tried to poison him. The dog was not to be caught, and the rage of the honorable corporation knew no bounds.

The numerous and powerful clergy of Nice began also to complain. The sum total of gowns torn, of cloaks torn off backs, of calves bitten, became at last formidable. Scarcely a priest escaped.

It was impossible to be borne, and a league was formed against the animal and his very innocent master, who certainly had heard certain rumors as to the malpractices of his favorite, but who cordially believed them to be the offspring of malevolence. Suddenly, however, he was summoned before the commissary of police.

Now, Fayolle had never had any difference with anybody. In politics, he was, of course, of the same opinion as his superiors—an essential requisite in France. He knew of no enemies. He was, therefore, exceedingly surprised at the summons, which, however, he hastened to obey. The agent of justice received him in a very cool manner.

"Sir," he said, "you are the owner of a very dangerous animal, about which I receive complaints daily. I am, at all events, surprised that you should leave him to follow his ferocious instincts freely. This state of things has lasted too long. I wished to save you all personal disagreables, but I give you until this evening to kill the animal. After that I shall know what to do."

"A dangerous animal! I kill my dog!" cried Fayolle, reddening with emotions; "what does all this mean?"

The head of the police saw that the young man was really in happy ignorance of the dog's misdeeds. In a gentler tone, therefore, he began a narrative of facts, which Fayolle listened to with stupefaction. He heard half of them with stubborn incredulity. Suddenly a loud clamor was heard without. A group of exasperated people cried for instant vengeance. Here a fishwoman complained of a fine turbot having just been stolen—a turbot designed for the governor's table; then the arch diacre of St. Marie Nouvelle told how his frock had been torn to ribbons, and his leg bit; there stood a police-constable who had interfered; and who bore the severe marks of a fray. All accused Leloup, and asked for the head of the guilty animal.

All this was unanswerable. Fayolle saw that defence was useless! He solemnly assured them that it should not happen again, and left the office. What was he going to do? Kill the dog? He never even thought it possible; while to chain the poor animal up was equally inadmissible; he would certainly mope to death. In his dispair, he thought of leaving Nice—of retiring to some distant spot where there were no fishwomen and no priests. But his heart failed him. He had never been further than Villefranche; his life was linked with the small spot of earth he called his own; those dear to him were buried there, while every association and habit made Nice indispensable.

When he reached his little country-house he had not made up his mind. There lay Leloup in the warm sun before the door. He was digesting his turbot. He bounded joyously to meet his master; but noticing at once the agitation of his manner, his joy ceased, and he followed him to his room, his tail hanging between his legs, with an uneasy and watchful glance.

"Well, Leloup," cried Fayolle, "it is no use scolding, but we must part. How we shall live separated, I don't know; and what am I to do with you, I cannot say."

With a sad and tearful expression, he looked at the affectionate animal, which laid its great head upon his knee, and looked keenly up in his face.

When his master was silent he raised his paws, stood on his hind legs, and embraced him; he then began to bark furiously, checking himself only to lick away the tears which Fayolle could not restrain. The deep sorrow, contrition, and grief of the dog could not be doubted. It is certain the animal must have known what was passing in his master's mind.

While this scene was taking place between the master and the dog, the captain of a vessel, an old friend, called to bid him adieu. He was returning to Nantes. He was astonished at the evident grief of the two friends, and inquired the cause. Fayolle told him a few brief words.

"Well," said the captain, "there is but one way out of it. You know yours, which is a magnificent animal. Give him to me. I have a country house at Paimbœuf—a country house where he will be totally unable to follow his peculiar instincts, and where, during my absence, he can guard the wife and watch the little ones. I start this evening. It will be impossible for Leloup, after a sea voyage of seven hundred leagues, to find his way. He shall have every care and attention; and every passage I will tell you all about him. Come, can you think of anything better?"

"I accept your offer with all my heart," said Fayolle. "I feel like a reprieved malefactor; for had they come here to kill him, I am not at all sure of what might not have happened."

"Come along, then, at once," continued the captain, "and dine on board."

Away they started, and Leloup after them, expecting it was a fishing excursion.

After dinner, the captain went on deck to weigh anchor. Fayolle remained behind, and after several hearty caresses, said to the dog:

"Lie down, I will be back directly."

He then closed the door, shook hands with his friend, leaped into his boat, and watched with aching heart the vessel as it got under weigh.

Fayolle had never deceived Leloup.—When told to lie down, the dog had quietly obeyed. Suddenly he felt the motion of the ship. He rose uneasily, and barked loudly to summon his master. No one came. He turned angrily round the cabin, smelt every aperture, and at last, as if convinced that Fayolle was gone, flew at the door and began to tear it with his teeth. But the wood was both thick and hard, and when he had torn a hole open, through which he could pass, and rushed with bleeding mouth on deck, night had come—the land was no longer in sight. The dog gave one long look and then, as if convinced of the folly of resistance, became quite calm, and even obeyed an order to go below and sleep.

Next day Leloup appeared in excellent humor. He encouraged the advance of the captain, played with the equipage, and eat with avidity the fish which was purposely selected for him. He did the same every day, took his siestas, and became evidently fatter. The captain was actually disgusted at the dog's indifference, comparing it, as he did, with the sufferings of Fayolle. Little did the dog care for his disgust. He had his plans.

After a pleasant journey the vessel arrived in sight of Paimbœuf. A tug took it charge, and they entered the Loire. Leloup watched the manœuvre. He smelt the land and grew very excited. A little above St. Nizaire, he saw that everybody was busy, and seized the opportunity. He leaped overboard and quietly gained the shore.

At Nantes the dog was inquired for, but no dog was found. After some inquiries, a general opinion prevailed that the dog had fallen overboard and had been drowned.—The captain, grieved and disappointed, knew not what to do. He dared not write to Fayolle, who thus remained in total ignorance of the accident.