

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

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COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1861.

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(12 lines) one week, 50
three weeks, 1 00
each subsequent insertion, 25
Larger advertisements in proportion.
A liberal discount will be made on quarterly, half yearly and yearly rates, who are strictly combined with the business.

DR. HOFFER,
DENTIST,--OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store, Columbia, Pa. [August 21, 1858.]
Photography Gallery.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.
[September 28, 1857.]

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.
Callicott's room, made in Lancaster and York Counties, Columbia, Pa. 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1850.

S. Allee B. Olin, D. D. S.
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.
Office, Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1850.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.
Which is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and in every city and town in the United States.
Columbia, June 9, 1850.

We Have Just Received
DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expander
Superior and Shoulder Braces for Children and Parents, Skirt Supporter and Brace for Stomach, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall.
[April 9, 1850.]

Prof. Gardner's Soap.
We have the best of every kind for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man, it is pleasant to the skin, and soft like grease, and from Woolen Goods, it is the best to use in washing, and the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1850.

GRAHAM, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers, for Infants and children--new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 10, 1850.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.--The want of such an article has long been felt by every mechanic, and it is now supplied; for mending furniture, and mending, ornamental work, toys, &c. there is nothing superior. We have got up a number of new articles which have been useful for months. You can see them at the Family Medicine Store.
[April 9, 1850.]

IRON AND STEEL!
THE Sublime and Wonderful Soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man, it is pleasant to the skin, and soft like grease, and from Woolen Goods, it is the best to use in washing, and the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, June 11, 1850.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Iron and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Croup, &c. For sale at the Golden Monitor Drug Store, Front st. [July 2, 1850.]

Ayer's Compound Concentrated Extract
A Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh article. Just received and for sale by
WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Sept. 24, 1850.

FOR SALE.
200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash. Price \$25.00.
WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia, Sept. 24, 1850.

Dutch Herring!
Any one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at
Nov. 19, 1850. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

LYONS' PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY
and PURE WHISKY, for medicinal purposes, at the Family Medicine Store, Columbia, Pa. [Jan. 25, 1850.]

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street.
March 10, 1850.

GARDEN SEEDS.--Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, and guaranteed to succeed.
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust street.
March 10, 1850.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A Large lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purse, at the new and low price of 25 cents each. It is a quarter and News Depot.
Columbia, April 11, 1850.

A Few more of those beautiful Prints
sent, which will be sold cheap, at
SAVYOR & McNEALS, Columbia, Pa.
April 14.

Just Received and For Sale.
1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at
MAY'S, GO. Warehouse, Canal Basin.
MAY'S, GO.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.--For the cure of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MONITOR DRUG STORE, Front street, Columbia.
Dec. 8, 1850.

Turkish Prunes!
FOR A SIZE rate article of Prunes, you must go to
Nov. 19, 1850. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.
Just received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of various kinds, and of the best quality. For sale at the new and low price of 25 cents each. It is a quarter and News Depot.
Columbia, April 11, 1850.

FRESH GROCERIES.
We continue to sell the best "FRESH" Syrup, White and Brown Sugar, Coffee and Cocoa, &c. For sale at the new and low price of 25 cents each. It is a quarter and News Depot.
Columbia, April 11, 1850.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.
A lot of first rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will only be sold at the new and low price of 25 cents each. It is a quarter and News Depot.
Columbia, April 11, 1850.

Selections.

Madame De Vermont.

I had brought old Suetette intelligence of the death of the mistress she served in her youth, and never went on a more unwilling mission. The deceased Countess had been a benefactress to Suetette and her family. The farm and cottage they owned on the pleasant banks of the Seine, where it flows down clear and narrow from the hills of Burgundy, were her gifts. Every New Year's day, her steward had a standing order to present the entire household with new dresses; and Suetette herself had an annual pension of a thousand francs from the Countess ever since her marriage, which happened some forty years before.

The old woman sat spicing at her out-gate-door, with white linen cap and handkerchief, russet gown, and blue striped apron, in which I had seen her arrayed summer and winter for many a year. I told my sad news with all the ceremony and circumsppection it seemed to require, but to my amazement, Suetette made no demonstrations of grief, heard me to an end tell how madame had died almost suddenly, after a very short illness, at her residence at St. Petersburg, without word or motion, except that she turned the wheel more slowly, looked recently out on the soft spring evening, which was now falling on the farm and vineyard, as if the far past came with it, and said with an expression of more bitterness than sorrow: "She's gone at last, then."

I made no response; it was my firm conviction that Suetette's senses were leaving her. Perhaps the old woman guessed my thoughts. She continued to spin silently for a few minutes, with her eyes fixed on her apron, then stopped her wheel, looked me full in the face, and said: "You have often wanted to know why madame always lived abroad, and why I didn't go with her; I'll tell you, now that she's gone. You're a friend of the family, and won't talk about it; and I should like you to know why I won't mourn for the Countess."

"It was the first maid that ever the Countess had. My mother had been *femme de chambre* to her mother, Madame Valere; and when Mademoiselle Clarise went to the convent of St. Ursula, where all the ladies of her family got their education, she sent me with her to be a good girl, and never part from my young mistress till I got a good husband. The convent of St. Ursula stood in a valley shut in by low hills, in the heart of the wine country; where grapes ripen under the long summers of Champagne. The vineyards belonging to it stretched up the hills as far as one could see. The nuns were kindly, and not over-strict. I can tell you there was little fasting or penance done in that convent. They took few scholars, and those only of the best families, gave them the best teaching, kept all the fetes, and made a feast more or less on every saint's day. I had leave to play with my young mistress, to keep her things in order, and to pick up scraps of learning beyond most girls of my station. Mademoiselle and I grew up almost like sisters; and she never kept thought or act of hers from me; not that she wanted advice, though I was the eldest by three years. The nuns used to wonder at the sense she had--never in a scrape, never out of discretion; the rest of the scholars called her nothing but Madame le Sage.

"The years passed quickly away, as they do when people are young. Her education was finished, and we went home to Madame Valere's house in Paris. The family had been among the best in France, and never forgot their birth and station; but the revolution had left them neither land nor fortune. Madame Valere was a widow, with a great old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a small pension allowed her by the King, Louis Dix-huit, when he got back to his throne; so Mademoiselle had no chance but to get well married or become a nun, as she often told me; and I used to say she was sure to get a good husband, being so pretty. I thought my words like to turn out true before we were three months at home, for a young officer, who happened to be the son of an old friend of madame's, called to see the ladies one morning, and never kept out of the house after. His name was Victor Florian. He was just the man for her--brave and handsome with such fine dark eyes and hair. My young mistress thought so too. There were rings and letters between them unknown to madame or anybody but me. Victor was a great favorite with the old lady; she used to tell his exploits. How he had served in the last of the empire, and how it was through giving most of his pay to support an aged grandmother, and two aunts that he was so poor; for Monsieur Florian had no fortune but his sword. She had had a thousand more fine things to tell of him. My poor mistress heard them all, and I suppose he told her the rest; but just when they were so deep in love as two young people could be, Count de Vermont saw Mademoiselle get a ball. He could not be called old, being little above forty; he could not be called ugly, though his features were large and his look heavy. Compared with Victor, he was nobody at all; but the Count was rich; he had lands in Burgundy, a fine house in Paris, and money in the bank. Well, he saw Mademoiselle, danced with her, asked leave to visit at the house, and proposed for her to Madame. It was a capital match; the old lady was like to dance

for joy, and expected Clarise to do the same. Of course she did not; but the sense the nuns used to admire in her confounded me when I came into the dressing-room, and finding her all in tears, began to cry too, saying that Monsieur Florian would break his heart, and that the best thing they could do was to run away.

"No, no, Suetette," said she; "he has no fortune, neither have I; we could not live as becomes our station. Waiting would do us no good; he will never have more than his pay. My mother expects me to marry the count, and I won't get such an offer every morning."

"I could not think her hard-hearted, she cried so much about it. Madame Valere must have guessed something was wrong; but high born ladies have a great deal of discretion, and she took no notice. I was sent with all his gifts and letters to Monsieur Florian one evening quietly, and I thought the poor young man would have lost his senses. However, the *trousseau* was got ready, and my young mistress became Madame de Vermont.

"I went home with her to the Count's fine house, and must say he was not a bad husband. She wanted for nothing that a Countess could or should wish for; of dress, jewels, and company, she had enough and to spare. The Count was kind to Madame Valere, and would have had her to live with them, but she stuck to her old house, thinking it was now falling on the farm and vineyard, as if the far past came with it, and said with an expression of more bitterness than sorrow: "She's gone at last, then."

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"The years passed quickly away, as they do when people are young. Her education was finished, and we went home to Madame Valere's house in Paris. The family had been among the best in France, and never forgot their birth and station; but the revolution had left them neither land nor fortune. Madame Valere was a widow, with a great old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a small pension allowed her by the King, Louis Dix-huit, when he got back to his throne; so Mademoiselle had no chance but to get well married or become a nun, as she often told me; and I used to say she was sure to get a good husband, being so pretty. I thought my words like to turn out true before we were three months at home, for a young officer, who happened to be the son of an old friend of madame's, called to see the ladies one morning, and never kept out of the house after. His name was Victor Florian. He was just the man for her--brave and handsome with such fine dark eyes and hair. My young mistress thought so too. There were rings and letters between them unknown to madame or anybody but me. Victor was a great favorite with the old lady; she used to tell his exploits. How he had served in the last of the empire, and how it was through giving most of his pay to support an aged grandmother, and two aunts that he was so poor; for Monsieur Florian had no fortune but his sword. She had had a thousand more fine things to tell of him. My poor mistress heard them all, and I suppose he told her the rest; but just when they were so deep in love as two young people could be, Count de Vermont saw Mademoiselle get a ball. He could not be called old, being little above forty; he could not be called ugly, though his features were large and his look heavy. Compared with Victor, he was nobody at all; but the Count was rich; he had lands in Burgundy, a fine house in Paris, and money in the bank. Well, he saw Mademoiselle, danced with her, asked leave to visit at the house, and proposed for her to Madame. It was a capital match; the old lady was like to dance

for joy, and expected Clarise to do the same. Of course she did not; but the sense the nuns used to admire in her confounded me when I came into the dressing-room, and finding her all in tears, began to cry too, saying that Monsieur Florian would break his heart, and that the best thing they could do was to run away.

"No, no, Suetette," said she; "he has no fortune, neither have I; we could not live as becomes our station. Waiting would do us no good; he will never have more than his pay. My mother expects me to marry the count, and I won't get such an offer every morning."

"I could not think her hard-hearted, she cried so much about it. Madame Valere must have guessed something was wrong; but high born ladies have a great deal of discretion, and she took no notice. I was sent with all his gifts and letters to Monsieur Florian one evening quietly, and I thought the poor young man would have lost his senses. However, the *trousseau* was got ready, and my young mistress became Madame de Vermont.

"I went home with her to the Count's fine house, and must say he was not a bad husband. She wanted for nothing that a Countess could or should wish for; of dress, jewels, and company, she had enough and to spare. The Count was kind to Madame Valere, and would have had her to live with them, but she stuck to her old house, thinking it was now falling on the farm and vineyard, as if the far past came with it, and said with an expression of more bitterness than sorrow: "She's gone at last, then."

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