

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

AMT. L. 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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## Poetry.

### Spring.

A flush of green is on the boughs,  
A warm light gleams in the air,  
And in the earth a heart-pulse there  
Through underneath her breast of snows.

Life is astir among the woods,  
And by the moor, and by the stream,  
The year, as from a torpid dream,  
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds;

Wakes up in music as the song  
Of wood and wild and lonesome rill  
More frequent from the windy hill  
Comes greening forest-trees along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen  
Of woodland pool the gleams receives  
Through leafy flags, or over braced leaves,  
Of broken sunlight, golden-green.

She sees the outlaw's winter stay  
While, to gather after him,  
Snow robes, frost-crowns and diadem,  
And then in soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well,  
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;  
So near awhile on her young brow  
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns her loving to the sun,  
Uphaves her loon's, swells to his,  
And, in the joy of his first kiss,  
Forgets for aye that winter came.

Old winter's pledge from her he leaves—  
That icy cold, though glistening fair—  
And zephyr with a green eyer,  
And golden round her brow with leaves;

The primrose and wood-violet  
He tangles in her shining hair,  
And teaches effa breezes fair  
To sing her some sweet carol.

All promising long summer hours,  
When she in his embrace shall lie,  
Under the broad dome of bright sky,  
On mossy couches starr'd with flowers,

Till she smiles back again to him,  
The beauty beaming from his face,  
And, robed in light, glows with the grace  
Of Eden-pledged cherubim.

O earth, thy glowing loveliness  
Around my very heart is there—a  
An undimmed joy and all its own,  
And shall as o'er with happiness.

Dublin University Magazine.

### Sunset After a Shower.

Over the hills, fold upon fold,  
Like blood-red and brown within the sky,  
Blended with crimson and fringed with gold,  
In a sea of amber the clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slumbers trace  
Down heavily jewelled with falling rain;  
And a spicy evening, tremulous breeze  
In whirling crosses the benedict grain.

The rippling rills, like silver gleams  
Through dreary valleys that melt and fade;  
And the sunlight, falling in slanting beams,  
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest's shade.

On distant uplands the lonely pine  
Stands with purple and bound with fire;  
The stone in the churchyard glances and shies;  
And the wattle-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,  
Shouts out of the hill, where study reveals  
The rocky ledge, and the head appear  
Like spots of color within the field.

And the broad banner of cloud are seen  
To foster horns, with sudden shame;  
While the vale below and the hills between  
Are drowned in a yellow mist of rain.

And a farmer's boy, all glow with light,  
Looks over the cliff where the reds are seen,  
And shades with his hand his hazel staff,  
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,  
And the earth and sky seem to shout with him;  
A peal of arch is the hawk's foot wing;  
And the swiftest landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-wind a cottage shies—  
The hollow westward wales and glow—  
It nestles under its sheltering eaves  
Of green-tinted ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—  
Her slender figure lies arms outstretched;  
While two doves in the dove-cote kiss and coo,  
And rattle their necks of green and gold.

## Selections.

### Married for a Dinner.

The down train from London had just entered the great Cokerhampton station, the hour was 5.30 A. M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Cokerhampton, the railway traveler is allowed to leave his carriage for a few minutes, in order to snatch a hasty cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows the custom at Cokerhampton to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the report is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite towards the refreshment saloon was a straight, long-limbed, handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting-jacket, brown moustache, and a wide-awake that had seen service. This was my friend Raffaele Smith, of Cliphstone street, London, landscape painter, journeying in search of back-grounds, fore-grounds, and other "bits" of nature, as he termed them, for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general reader, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to annual custom, the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on this particular occasion, that although Raffaele Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvases, colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast. Breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokerhampton, some sixty miles from London, with a most acute sense of

emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten minutes, gent!"

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition, such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveler usually seeks the Cokerhampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the railway table, gave promptness to Raffaele Smith's movements, and caused that young luminary of art to be among the first of those who sought refreshment at Cokerhampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly the pressing injunction of the guard had scarcely been uttered, when my friend found himself at the most plentifully garnished portion of the table. The Cokerhampton waitresses are no less neat handed than my friend, and Raffaele Smith's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question interrupted his predatory order for "Soup!"

"Is there a gentleman here called Smith?"

The artist scrutinized the faces of his fellow travelers, in order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of the; and as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."

"I'm! but I am unknown to a single inhabitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom, "That is the reason why I am sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me!" repeated Smith, in great astonishment,—"By whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me," continued the mysterious groom, "I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private."

A sudden misgiving took possession of Raffaele Smith. "Come, gentlemen," he said, addressing his fellow travelers, "Is it a practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to atone it at once, and to allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain."

In answer to this novel summons, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity imposed on the stomach a delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, informed his traveling companions that he would return in a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom, who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin and when they were in the street, said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having a laugh at them gent! They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to lunch there."

"I'll tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense—I shall not leave you without a sound thrashing" (the groom bowed respectfully) "for causing me to lose my lunch and miss my train."

"Ah, sir, I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable groom, "No, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokerhampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa."

The last phrase, though not more comprehensible than the other portion of the groom's conversation, somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Fare I am expected to dine by your master?"

"You'll be good enough" to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the groom.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well," cried Raffaele, flickering off the dust from his boots with his handkerchief, "all that is not very alarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn. Once more," he added, speaking to the domestic, "are you quite certain that it is to me, Raffaele Smith, Cliphstone street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You are the very gent, sir," answered the groom, readily; "and here's the note she sent you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith," although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle, but to crown the mystery the note was anonymous and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed on his alacrity and discretion."

Now, this was an adventure that commenced in too charming a fashion not to be followed up. Raffaele at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokerhampton, and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to "go on."

"It is not two minutes walk," answered the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist, "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity."

But, on suddenly turning a corner of the High street, Raffaele saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaele had learned nothing from his interrogation of the groom. He threw himself back on his seat, and resigned himself to await the denouement of his traveling adventure. "Ah, ha!" he said to himself, and the brougham dashed along the road, "the whole thing resembles an incident in a play, and I am at this moment performing the part of a fashionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate, it will be a good story to tell my friends—that is provided the play does not terminate in a lugubrious fashion. One thing is certain," he continued, "which is, that I don't know a single individual in Cokerhampton. Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge?—No, that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going. None of my chums know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good bye by letter, after I had put fifty miles of railroad between us."

The horses still maintained their fast pace and Raffaele threw himself back in the carriage giving, free reign to his imagination.

"I have it!" he cried, suddenly slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the enigma. I'll wager that this is the work of Thompson or Magpie. I don't know which, but I have a dim recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokerhampton. That's it!—Either Thompson or Magpie is ratiocating down here—has seen me get out at the railway station—and (sublime idea) has sent me an improvised invitation. A clever and discreet groom—a mysterious note—I am carried off—I alight at the avuncular door—delightful surprise—the solution—good dinner—capital little party—orange wine—conversation. And a good night!"

Raffaele had not time to utter a syllable to the driver, before he thrust his head out of the window. He was resolved to put his idea at once upon an authentic basis, by extracting a few contradictory replies from the groom.

"Hi, coachman! just pull up a moment. Young man," he continued, addressing the groom, "I want you to answer me a question."

The coachman pulled up his horses; the groom was at a stand in an instant.

"Your master's name is Thompson?" inquired Raffaele.

"The groom touched his hat. "No, sir," "Then you are in the service of Mr. Magpie?"

"Don't know no person of that name, sir," replied the laconic groom.

Raffaele fell back in his seat, thoroughly routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along the road. Raffaele pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed his arms, and felt like a general whose elite corps, sent forward to turn the tide of battle had just been repulsed—annihilated. At the end of ten minutes the brougham stopped before a little green gate, which was immediately opened. The artist descended, and mechanically followed a servant, who led him across a garden. After proceeding along a trimly-kept gravel walk, he reached the back entrance of a country mansion.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the domestic, "but mistress thought you would not mind coming into the house through the kitchen, as you might not like to be seen by the company till you had changed your dress."

"Don't mention it," replied Raffaele, casting a glance at the great fire, the spit and the bright step-pans. They crossed the kitchen, and the servant, opening the door, led the way up the narrow staircase.

"Hush! be silent as you can; sir; we are on the private stairs of the house, leading to your apartment. Pray take care, hold on by the rail—follow me!" Raffaele ascended on tip-toe. This is your room, sir. Will you please take a seat while I go and inform my mistress."

Raffaele dropped into a chair, once more entangled in an inextricable maze of supposition.

There is evidently some mistake here. It is quite clear that I am mistaken for some one else. When the lady of the house discovers that I am a total stranger—well, I shall be politely shown to the door, amidst the laughter of the company, that's all! Come the affair is taking a tragic turn.—That splendid repast, on which my imagination dwelt, is being whisked from under my nose, like Saueho Panza's dinner. But if it turns out so," muttered the enraged artist between his teeth—"if I am ejected from this house, my unappetized appetite will drive me to half kill that villainous flunkey who has brought me into this scrape. Hark! I hear footsteps! They approach! The catastrophe is now at hand!"

The servant entered, and whispered to Raffaele:

"Here is my mistress!"

At the same instant a lady entered the apartment. She appeared about fifty years of age. Grave, self-possessed, and perfectly lady-like, her deportment reassured the bewildered painter. The lady requested the servant to wait outside, advanced, and held out her hand with a smile, in which there was just a shade of elegance and well-bredness.

"I am glad to see you," she responded to the painter, who was looking several bows at an attempted aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. "The lady appears to look upon me in the light of a friend. I wonder what reason she will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir!" began the lady, "we have been awaiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety. It appears that Charles has not accompanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate we have received you." (Another smile on the part of the lady—giving her, in Raffaele's eyes, the most Sphinx-like attributes.) "I am sure you will agree with me when I say that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe you?"

"Owe me, madam! I am sure—yes—ah!" replied the young painter, judging that in such a reply there was nothing to compromise him.

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the imperious motives which have caused us to act in this abrupt manner; and these strange and exceptional circumstances will, I trust, completely excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate friend of my son—a friend whom he has known since boyhood; a gentleman in whom we could confide as in him—such a person only could we admit to a complicity in our plot. The eulogium which Charles passed upon you, in his letter of yesterday, informing us of your immediate departure from London, has fully satisfied us. My dear sir, I am certain we shall never have to repent having repudiated our entire confidence in you—of having confided to you that which we hold dearest in the world; and I beg of you to rest assured that you will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the honor of Charles and ourselves."

"I am certain of it, madam," answered Raffaele, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch.

"But the time draws near. You are somewhat late," continued the lady, "all the company are assembled in the drawing-room. Charles wrote to inform us that he had arranged everything with you. I can assure you we have neglected nothing. Ah! I see you are in your travelling dress, and, in your haste, have forgotten your luggage at Cokerhampton. You will find in that wardrobe some clothes of Charles'. He wrote to us that you were both of the same stature—I see that you are a little taller. However, that is not material. Pray attire yourself as quickly as you can. In a quarter of an hour my brother, the Major, will come here for you. He will introduce you to the family and to our friends. Alas, for the present, then, my dear sir—I may almost say my dear Smith," said the lady, holding out her hand, with another of her elegant but most inexplicable smiles. And she went leaving my friend in a condition bordering upon complete stupefaction.

"Well, well," he said, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "if this is a farce, it is not a bad one. I must admit that the matron of the piece plays her part in the most captivating manner. But I think I may be allowed to call her a most puzzling old lady. Ah! if I only understood a single word of this affair! If I only knew her son who is called Charles, and her brother, the Major, who is to come to conduct me to the assembled company, to introduce me, and to offer me—something to eat, I hope! But I must hasten to put on the clothes of Charles—my most intimate, though unknown friend! The lady said they were in the wardrobe. Ah! this is capital! Coat, waistcoat, cravat, patent leathers, all here; and on the dressing-table oils, brushes, cosmetics. Charles is evidently a swell of the most resplendent character!"

In a very short time Raffaele Smith was transformed into an elegant cavalier. While he was contemplating himself with some satisfaction in a glass, and taking in, by several holes, the band of that article of attire which envelops the neither extremities, with a view of silencing the murmurs of his stomach, an individual entered the apartment, and Raffaele heard behind him, in a deep bass voice—

"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready?"

A glance at that tall, meagre, military form, that hooked nose, that white moustache, told the painter that it was the Major. Raffaele was by no means comfortable in spirit as he turned towards the old man.

The latter, however, seemed to view him from head to foot with an air of satisfaction.

"I am glad to find that Charles has not deceived you. I must admit that you are a smart young fellow, and not ill-suited to the business we have before us. Your hand, Mr. Smith. We are not strangers, although we now see each other for the first time. I hope you haven't forgotten the instructions given you by Charles?"

"On that point, my dear sir," replied Raffaele, you may be quite easy. I can assure you that I have not forgotten one word of what Charles has told me."

"Very good. You will recollect that my niece's name is Emily, and that it is absolutely essential, in order to save her in the eyes of my old cousin Lucy's friends—it is imperative, I repeat, in order that our proceedings may not appear strange, unbecomingly and abrupt, that you should pretend to have made the acquaintance of my niece while she was staying with her mother in London, a year ago. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Major, perfectly."

"Then let us