

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office in Carpenters Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

DR. HOFFER. DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust.

Harrison's Columbian Ink. Which is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen.

Another New Arrival. We are opening this day a beautiful line of Ladies' Gents and Boy's wear.

Housekeeper's, a Word! JUST received a full stock of bleached and unbleached Muslin, Tickings, Checks, etc.

LAWNS, LAUNDRY, LAUNDRY. LADIES' well and see our beautiful 12 cent lawns.

HOOPED SKIRTS. A NEW and splendid style of Hooped Skirts, just received.

FOR SALE. 1500 Sacks G. A. Salt, 100 Sacks Ashton Salt.

NOW FOR BARGAINS. WE have just received another lot of all-wool De-laines and plain Mountaineers.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE—For the cure of all eruptions and pimples on the face.

NOTICE. THIS advertisement would give notice that the inmates of the prison at this place, and will be allowed a credit of 25 cents.

SALT SALTS! JUST received, at their store 100 Bags Ground Alum Salt.

GLASS, GLASS, GLASS! JUST received, from the manufacturer, a large lot of Glass Ware.

TO THE LADIES! WE would call your special attention to a new and beautiful line of Dress Goods.

Tom Thumb About Again! AT Fisher's Tin and House-Fitting Store.

2500 Pieces Wall Paper. OF our best styles and quality, yet on hand.

WE have just received a new and beautiful line of Dress Goods.

DR. CUTLER'S Improved Chest Expanding. A new and improved method for expanding the chest.

CRANBERRY, or Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspepsia, and Arrow Root Crackers.

SALADINO'S PREPARED GUM. The want of such an article is felt in every family.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES. A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books.

OUR FIRST ARRIVAL. HAVING just received our first lot of NEW SPRING STOCK.

ROBEY, ROBEY. LADIES' Gents' Misses' and Boy's Wear.

FISH! FISH! MACKEREL, by the barrel, half barrel and quarter.

COGNAC, COGNAC. LADIES' Gents' Misses' and Boy's Wear.

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Poetry.

Autumn Pictures.

THE GRASS is dark with twilight dew; The sky is throbbing thick with stars— I see the never-parted Twins.

NO FOOT upon the quiet bridge— No bird sits in the covert walk; Only the wailman in abroad.

THE HAZEL leaves, black velvet now; Rise patterned 'gainst the twilight sky; The restless swallow sleeps at last.

I know above my lamp-light room The kindly angel stars are watching; O'er the long line of dark-ridged roof,

MORNING. With hope renewed with fresher love, With heart, more true and brighter eyes,

THE ROBIN on the mountain ash; His morning-hymn sings sweet to me; High on the tallest pine alone.

ONE ROSE, on the gray autumn day; Blooms with a wistful flame; Like other flowers in slow decay.

THE LIPS are on the ivy-bloom, Blush as in April time; The gathering swallows on the roof.

SELECTIONS. Mary Thorne's Cousin. "Mary, I am astonished!" Of course, the grave elder sister was astonished.

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden.

Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary, a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward.

"My father!" said little Mary, "it's a cigar!" A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black, wavy curls.

"Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors he's mistaken!" Tom!

"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom!" she ejaculated, "don't stare off toward the cabbage-beds!"

"Of course I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?" "Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me?"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and besides, aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days.

"I don't care!" said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; I feel just like a bird with the leaves fluttering against my face."

"Mary Thorne are you crazy? Come down this instant!" "I shan't, upon my honor," said Tom. "Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—"

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"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible rump!" "I wish you weren't too big to be shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed!"

liston! And Mary sat there, watching the jolly curls blowing to and fro on his broad white brow, and the long, black lashes almost touching his olive cheek.

"Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I'll show you the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with butter-cups when we were children."

"What a tiny, insignificant, little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin. And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—"

"A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm. "The awful professor!" she whispered.

"Where is the professor?" questioned Miss Mary. "He was not at the depot," said Ruth.

"You told me you were cousin Tom?" "So I am cousin Tom; that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating earnestness.

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And Tom, now, if you'll never, never breathe a word of this—"

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crease the already large number of illustrious ladies of the house of Villeroi, who had attained the highest honors of the church.

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The princess and Eugenio shuddered when they heard this intelligence, but recovering their presence of mind, the princess wrote a few lines on her tablets, and then ordered her valet to make way for them through the crowd.

Never had a more brilliant assembly of royalty, nobility, and persons of varied claims to distinction, been gathered together on such an occasion.

"Turn those footmen out!" cried a nobleman, in a very loud voice; but they were already departing.

"Sister," said he, in the kindest tone, "what is your age?" "She is nineteen," cried her aunt.

"You will have to answer me, madame, by-and-by," replied the archbishop; and he put the same question to Henriette again.

"In what diocese did you receive the white veil?" "In the diocese of Toul," exclaimed the archbishop, in a very loud voice.

"How in the diocese of Toul?" exclaimed the archbishop, in a very loud voice. "The seat of Toul is void; the bishop of Toul has been dead these fifteen months, and no one there can be authorized to receive novices."

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But here her conscience struck her. Father Petrus was the last Roman Catholic priest, and a celibate, while Melchior had done womankind a good service—was the father of eighteen children—she was his third wife, and if he hadn't married her, she might have remained an old maid forever.

On seeing the ghost, the pious man began to pray, and while he prayed, Lars sank slowly into the ground, "Who are you?" asked the parson. Receiving no answer he prayed once more, when, sinking to the west, the man cried out, "Master, it is I, Lars."

"You heart, from which proceeds your sin, is already untrouled. Then, giving the wretched scolding-man a crack on the head with his prayer-book, he sank beneath the earth—turned into a flagstone. The peasants erected a cross on the spot, and there it still stands.

"She was buried in the church-yard of Hutanu, yet her corpse cannot turn to dust, though her coffin and winding-sheet have long since mouldered away. Not only so herself will not decay, but the arm of her brother, which lay next to her coffin, became hard as a stone, while the rest of his body fell to powder. You may be sure that when the family (not my friend's, but a former priest's) heard this tale, the sepulchral flagstone was sent to its own place that very day before nightfall.—One Year in Sweden.

A CURIOUS STORY.—The Bank of England, says an English paper, possesses some singular traditions and experience. We heard, the other day, an anecdote from an authentic source, although it related to something that happened many years ago—before the lifetime of the present generation.

"The directors received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion room. They treated the matter as a hoax, and took no notice of the letter. A more urgent and specific letter failed to arouse them. At length the writer offered to meet them in the bullion-room at any hour. They then communicated through the channel he had indicated, appointing some 'dark and midnight hour' for the rendezvous. A deputation from the board, lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion-room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent.

"Punctual to the hour, a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor were without much trouble displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the midst of the astonished directors! His story was very simple and straightforward. An old drain ran under the bullion room, the existence of which had become known to him, and by means of which he might have carried away enormous sums. Inquiry was made. Nothing had been abstracted, and the directors rewarded the ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent—a working man who had been employed in repairing sewers—by a present of eight hundred pounds.

REMARKABLE LAKES IN PORTUGAL.—On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when it is stormy. It is, therefore, probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up, though almost forty miles from sea. There is also another extraordinary lake in that country, which, before a storm is said to make a frightful, rumbling noise, that may be heard a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called Ferventia, about twenty-four miles from Cambrina, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, &c., which sink to the bottom as never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Estremes, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter is perfectly dry.

WHOM TO WRITE TO AT WASHINGTON.—IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.—As there are many persons who wish to communicate with the different bureaus of the War Department, a memorandum of the proper persons to address may be useful to our readers:

All letters relating to pay of soldiers on furlough or in the hospital, should be addressed to Gen. B. F. Larned, Paymaster General. Applications for back pay and the \$100 bounty of the deceased soldier, should be addressed to Hon. E. B. French, Second Auditor.

Applications for pay of teamsters, employes of Quartermaster's Department, or for horses killed in service, should be addressed to Hon. R. I. Atkinson, Third Auditor.

Applications relating to pay and bounty in the Marine or Naval service should be addressed to Hon. Lorenzo Berrian, Fourth Auditor. Letters concerning soldiers in the army should be addressed to Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas.