The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXV. NUMBER 35. COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,751.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL:

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

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JOB WORK,

Having just added to our office one of Gordon's Improved Job Presses, we are enabled to execute in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices*, every description of printing known to the art. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable. Give us a trial and our work shall speak for itself.

READING RAIL ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, and all Intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M.

New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 6.30 A. M., arriving at New York at 1.45 the same morning.

A special Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 7.15 A. M. and returns from Harrisburg at 5 P. M.

Fares from Harrisburg: to New York $5.15; to Philadelphia $3.35 and $2.80. Baggage checked through.

Returning leave New York at 6 A. M., 12 noon and 7 P. M., (Pittsburg Express arriving at Harrisburg at 2 A. M.) Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburg, without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.15 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.30 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M.

☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.

Commutation, Mileage, Season and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

80 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

S. M. FELTON, JR.,
Mar. 5, 1864. General Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east:

Columbia Train,	8.15 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation,	6.50 P. M.

Trains leave west,

Mail train,	12.00 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation,	6.50 P. M.
Columbia train arrives,	8.20

E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

READING AND COLUMBIA, R. R.

Train leaves Columbia at	1 20 P. M.
Arrives in Reading at	6.40, P. M.
Leave Reading at	6.00 A. M.
Returning, leaves Adamstown	6 40 A. M.
Arrives in Columbia at	9 10 A. M.

R. CRANE, Supt.

N. C. RAILWAY.

YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R.

The trains from Wrightsville and York will run as follows, until further orders:

Leave Wrightsville,	7.30 A. M.
" "	1.00 P. M.
" "	7.30 P. M.
Leave York	6.30 A. M.
" "	12.40 P. M.
" "	4.30 P. M.

Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York.

DEPARTURES FROM YORK.

For BALTIMORE, 4.15 A. M., 8.30 A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

For HARRISBURG, 12.00 noon, 6.19 P. M. and 12.32 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.55 A. M., 6.15 P. M. and 12.28 A. M.

From HARRISBURG, 4.10 A. M., 8.25 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 8.25 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12.28 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts., Cola., Pa. Apr.

H. B. ESSICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, Pa.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

NEW Stock just received. We have some cheap bargains.

STEACY & BOWERS,

Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col'a, Pa.

November 28, 1863.

DR. A. S. MILLER,

SURGEON DENTIST, offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.

OFFICE on Front street, fourth door above Locust, office formerly occupied by J. Z. Hoffer.

Columbia, Dec. 19, 1863.-1y.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Columbia, Pa.

Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.

Cola., July 4, 1863.

BED BUG DESTROYE.

MADE by J. Rumple. No humbug.—It is made a powder, and will not soil the bed clothing, if it does not prove satisfactory the money will be refunded. For sale at the store of J. RUMPLE, & SON.

July 4, '63.

SALT! SALT!

JUST received by the subscriber, at their store in Locust street below Second,

100 Bags Ground Alum Salt,

which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

J. RUMPLE & SON.

Cola., July 4, 1863.

IRON AND STEEL!

THE subscribers have received a new and large stock of all kinds and sizes of Bar Iron and Steel. They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates.

J. RUMPLE & SON,

Locust st., below Second, Col'a., Pa.

July 4, 1863.

Poetry.

Written for the Spy.

WHEN I LOVED THEE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

You ask me, love, when I loved thee?
Then listen, and I will relate;
It was when my arms were around thee,
Standing one night at thy gate;
The soft, gentle zephyr were ruffling
The frail buds of the opening flowers;
And the music sweet of the waterfall
Echoed soft through the midnight hour;
Oh, it was, then, in the Spring time, love,
When all Nature was laughing in glee;
That the spirit of love smiled on my soul,
And my every thought was of thee.

So you want to know when I loved you?
Then come to my outstretched arms;
While I tell thee it was in summer
That conquered was I by thy charms;
When the violet pure and lovely,
Sprung forth from the long bound rod;
When trees, and rivers, and mountains
Spoke loud the praises of God;
When the moonbeams bright were mirrored
On the waves of the rolling sea
And in Summer, and Autumn and Winter,
I have treasured a deep love for thee.

O, yes, I have loved thee, dearest,
While Spring was upon the earth;
When the Summer with fairy footsteps,
Echoed her sweet songs of mirth;
When shadows of Autumn were growing
Above the dark grave of the year;
When Winter with storms and with tempest
Made all things look chilly and drear;
And, oh, the chain by which I am bound,
There's nothing on earth can sever;
But I shall adore and treasure thee,
My own darling one forever.

For the Spy.

Forget Me Not!

BY ITHEEL.

"Forget me!" not, the soldier cries,
And hastens to the field of strife,
"Forget me not," his maid replies,
While darkness shrouds her future life—
Forget me not, the mother prays,
Loved children grasp the dying hand.
Forget *us* not, while weary days,
Pass o'er us in this tearful land.
Forget me not 'tis the heart's cry,
From all around where'er we go,
'Tis the last thought when called to die,
Of rich and poor, of high and low.
A wish thus springing from the soul,
Must truly be implanted there,
By Him who can our minds control,
By Him who made us what we are.
Oh! blessed thought, if this be true,
Loved ones shall never be forgot,
Believing this—we bid adieu,
And ever add, forget us not!

Original.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY ITHEEL.

One quiet summer morning I went to the "Stage Office," in N——, and engaged passage to a neighboring village. About eight o'clock we drove out of the yard, along the busy streets, past the rail road station, and soon out into the beautiful country. I like the old fashioned stages, there is something pleasant and friendly about them. They seem to take such friendly liberties with one. Jolting fat old gentlemen and surely maids—bashful boys and pretty girls—all into a heap until a spirit of jollity becomes infused among the company in spite of bad digestion, and tender corns; that will get trodden on at times, in such close quarters. But this only happens when the roads are moderately rough; and on the occasion I would speak about, the roads were very good, and the country almost level.

As my story however, has nothing to do with the coach itself neither with the place to which I was going; I will give a short description of the passengers.—On the front seat, was a stout old gentleman, who had a flower-pot containing a sickly looking verbena, tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and resting on his knees. His whole attention seemed necessary to keep the folds of the handkerchief, from encroaching too far on the little plant. Opposite him and on the back seat, was a very pale man, who chewed tobacco, and tried to keep from being caught while venting the filthy juice out of the window. On the same seat was a very forbidding looking lady. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and in feature, was rather homely. Her eyes were grey and rather pleasant, but about her mouth was a look of determination and self reliance, that seemed to say—"keep at a distance I am fully competent to take care of myself." I forgot to mention, that I was snugly stowed away in a corner back of the old gentleman; as I am but a little bit of a mortal. This, gives me great advantages at times as I am fond of observing others, without being seen myself. Now I was in some mysterious manner, attracted by the stern lady; and I determined to watch her. About an hour after starting, we stopped at a little post office; and here a new passenger entered the coach. It was a pale weak looking girl. She looked timidly in at the door and seemed half determined to go back, evidently not wishing to occupy that middle seat, where all eyes would be upon her. The tobacco chewer, (shrewd) divined her thoughts, and rose at once, offering the seat beside one of her own sex. She looked very grateful, and I forgave him his filthy habit. The poor girl sat down, and the stern lady drew up closer into her corner, and fixed her gaze out of the window.

We moved forward again. The old gentleman dozed, while the pale man watched his precious flower for him, and chewed. The stern lady apparently was deeply interested in the fences, by the road side; and the sick girl, worn out by fatigue and suffering dropped into an uneasy slumber. I appeared to sleep, but was watching them all, soon the sleeping girl became more quiet, and obeyed without resistance the moving of the coach. A sudden jolt threw her round, and her head fell upon the strong shoulder of the forbidding lady. With a frown she turned round, and gave a hasty glance at all her companions—no one had seen it—she seemed to think, and she fixed her attention on the face of the helpless sleeper. She seemed very uneasy, as if unaccustomed to bearing such a burden, but with increasing interest, I noticed a change pass over her features. The firm lips relaxed, her eye beamed a softer, lighter, and she seemed in a pleasant dream. All at once she bowed her head and lightly *kissed* the confiding brow so near her heart. Quick as thought she looked around and blushed—blushed deeply—I did not move—and with another glance at her companion, she shaded her brow with her hand, and seemed lost in thought.

What a revealment was that! what a story of pent up love hidden by a stern brow an unrelenting lip. She knew she was not beautiful, feared she could not win love and had schooled her heart to bear life alone, without sympathy.—She scorned pity and by her very look had rendered herself unlovely to the greater part of mankind who look only at the face. But now all was gone, all that hardness of expression, that repulsing firmness about her mouth. All gone; a sleeping girl had broken the wall she had formed around her heart, and sympathy burst forth accompanied by love, pure and disinterested.

Oh! let love for all who bear the image of God, fill our hearts. Let us not turn away from the forbidding look that meets our glance. Look into those cold eyes, and smile a loving greeting. It will never be repulsed if once the habit becomes *natural*, never—and by so doing we may strike a chord long silent, that once caused to vibrate may make glad music through all eternity. Encourage a gentle sympathy for all you meet. Frown not as the grasping monyed man passes your frowns, but harden that heart and cause him in revenge to beget more cruel and unfeeling. Speak not in contempt, meet not in coldness, the lonely lady advanced in years, *she* has enough in her own life to bear, ease her hearts load by a smile. It is not the humble writer of this who speaks here. The King of Glory hath said, "Little children love one another."

Communications.

Written for the Spy

Letter from H. J. Howard.

"PARADISE GROVE," MD.,
March 27, 1864.

"Though far away from thee, Elizabethtown—town of my birth-place—I oft turn back my anxious thoughts—I love thee still!!!"

THE SAME, "A LITTLE ELEVATED."

I love thee still, my birth-place town,
Though far from thee I dwell,
I oft turn back my anxious thoughts,
To my dear Elizabethtown.

I am *forced to believe*, with my readers, no doubt, that this system of bald charlatanism will, if persisted in, totally destroy the just effect of whatever real merit the future productions of our rising poets, may possess.

"Ignoramtalso of orthography"—If my friend will take his own initials, as they have been given to the public—and place *two* letters from the English alphabet, thus: *Hogg*—he will soon find himself pronounced *Hog*, and converted into a *swine*, so far as the pronunciation is concerned. Ohio has long been a noted State for such animals, and the presumption is, *he is at home.*

Loyalty, he dwells upon at some length—I give him credit for his opinion—it accords with mine exactly. But, forsooth, his quotations from Major Jack Downing, is not, by any means, applicable in my case. Perhaps he does not know I have been a soldier in "the army for the union." I have been *honorably* discharged,—had I been a strong, robust and hearty man, to-day would have seen me in the ranks, ready to shed, as many have done, *the last drop of blood* for my country's good, and fearing not *to shed the first.* Suppose I reverse the quotation you intended for me—and apply it to your case, think you, *monchere*, it would not be more appropriate?

"The good people" of 'Paradise Grove,' well know the veritable Henry J. Howard, and will, I have no doubt, when his demise shall be, have him *decently interred.* No truer or better quotation could you have selected, Mr. *Hogg*, for an inscription on his monument, than: "Tall oaks from little acorn grow"—he is *young* yet, and there is ample room for *growth.*

I have been taught, by your writings, so far as I have seen, to understand them as the product of a *knowing head*, and since you have been so kind as to quote me a *couplet "intended for me,"* allow me to reciprocate the *favor*, by calling your attention to a stanza *expressly for you*:

Alas poor Shakespeare, Milton and the host
Of Poets, once her pride, and England's boast;
Another "*Poick*" has tuned his dulcet lyre,
And sweeps the cords with an impassioned fire;
Not even Petrarch's love-inspired strain,
Nor Byron's fervor, can e'er hope again
To claim the largest portion of our hearts,
So *sorely wounded by the subtle darts*
Of this *prodigious rhymster!*
Surely such *milk and water verses* ne'er
Were belched upon the highly honored fair;
Their length and breadth, however held to view,
Dazzle the eye with something *ever new* (?)
O, *son of towering genius!* tell, I pray,
Admiring worshippers the secret way
To bright Parnason's mount, by which the bard
Can *measure off such posey by the yard!*
And think it not a *crime, Sir!*

I am sorry the "*Spy*" will not allow me room to notice the contents of your communication, entire,—nothing would give me more pleasure. Whenever I overstep the bounds of the English Grammer, I am open to criticism, and I feel obliged to you for so good an intention, in this respect. If at any time you feel disposed to forward a "*leather medal*" to me, you can do so—it will be accepted with honors to the donor; direct to box 1285, P. O., Baltimore, Md.

That we may know you, suppose we *place a label* upon you—we should hate to pass you unknown to us—let the *label* read thus:

"When Nature formed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted *Captain-vain*,
It had at hand but *few ingridients*,
And so 'was forc'd to use *expedients*.
It put therein *some small discerning*,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when it saw the void bedded,
It *fill'd the place with froth and wind!*"

Trusting I have not offended, and hoping to hear favorably from my friend at some future day, I will subscribe—

Faithfully, a friend to all.

HENRY J. HOWARD.

For the Spy.

School Exhibition.

MR. RAMBO:

On Thursday evening, 31st ult., I visited the Public School Exhibition in Columbia, and if you will publish my account, I will give you my candid opinion of what I heard and saw.

The exhibition was held in the Hall of the new school Building on Cherry street. A stage was erected at one end, and the performers were separated from the audience by a curtain composed of flags, genuine ones, "with not a stripe polluted nor a single star obscured."

Rev. Mr. Reinensnyder opened the exercises with a brief and solemn prayer, after which a number of young ladies assisted by Messrs. Newpher, Brubaker and Oberlin, sang a very pretty piece of music, which was received with favor by the audience.

Next followed the well-known Caudle lecture by Miss Lilly Fraley, who spoke her part remarkably well, but the boy who represented Mr. Caudle, sat in a very awkward position, gadding round as if nothing was expected from him, though he had an important part to play.

Luther Smith then proceeded to deliver a declamation on America in a very happy manner, but unfortunately, he had not the latter part of his speech perfectly committed, and hence the good beginning did not make a good end. In subsequent pieces, however, Luther acquitted himself very creditably.

The next piece was the well-known "Two Hundred Year's Ago," which was spoken very impressively and sweetly by that sweet little girl, Lizzie Hess. Her manner and the modulations of her voice showed that she is receiving a good mental training, and reflected much credit on her instructress, whom, we do not know.

The "Rehearsal" was next in order, spoken by six boys, who played their parts well, and concluded in such a demonstrative manner that it "brought the whole house down," that is, *with their feet.*

The vocalists then sang "The Vacant Chair," a piece full of pathos and "wont to waken many a sad, fond feeling."

The "society for doing good" next made its appearance, and delighted and instructed the audience by showing how hateful a thing gossip is. We did not know all the girls participating in this play; but, if we mistake not, it was the little girl of whom we spoke before, who played the principal part, assisted by Miss Annie E. Brenneman, Miss Hetty Suydam, and others. Gossip was rank until the parson suddenly made his appearance and prorogued this mock society for doing good. Would to heaven many real gossiping societies could be dispersed as readily as this one was.

There were several plays after this, all of which had some merit and some of the players performed their parts well, while others seemed to be but statues, moved by others. The "Old Aunt" performed her part well, and created considerable merriment.

Miss Bella Kaley read the "Student's Review," a little paper that has been a source of pleasure and improvement to the more advanced pupils. The pieces were very appropriate, and the young lady acquitted herself with a grace and dignity, which must have been gratifying to her friends and teachers.

The exercises were interspersed with singing, participated in by Misses Fraley, Griffith, Haldeman, and others whom we did not know, while in some pieces the whole school joined with a gusto expressive of delight and interest.

The Exhibition passed off pleasantly, and while there were things which a Connoisseur might ventilate, there was much, very much, which would awaken hopeful feelings in the breast of every lover of common school education. When we consider the state of our schools in the past, we have reason to be grateful that the heterogeneous materials upon whom our [illegible] finally moulded into a harmonious whole, giving promise that "in due season we shall reap *if we faint not.*"

Col'a, April 4, 1864. X.

A Sick Soldier in the Cars.

A child and her mother were in the cars the other day, when Jane spied a soldier in the cars. "Mother," she said, "there's a dear soldier, I see. May I give him one of my oranges?" Her mother said "yes." Jane left her seat and went to the soldier. "Will you please take this orange, soldier?" she asked. He was a sick soldier going home, he said, "Yes, little miss. I thank you very much."

Jane went back to her seat, but she did not feel she had done enough.—"Mother," she asked, "may I give that dear soldier one of my cakes?" Her mother gave her leave. Jane took the bigest from her basket and carried it to him.

"Will you please take this cake, soldier?" she asked. Thank you very much, kind little miss," said the poor soldier.

Jane went back to her seat. Still she did not feel she had done enough, and she thought and thought what she could do next for him. They had been in town buying things, and among other things Jane's mother had bought her a pack of Scripture cards to study at Sabbath school. Jane prized her cards.

"Mother," she asked again, "may I give the dear soldier one of my cards?"

Her mother looked at first as if she did not know.

"Do mother," said Jane, "because you know he's been fighting the battles of freedom, as Authur did."

"You can give him the *whole pack*," said her mother; "the pretty pictures and precious words may bless him."

Jane took her cards from the basket, and taking them to the sick soldier, "Will you please take my sweet pretty cards, soldier," she asked.

"Oh," said the poor soldier, "what makes you so kind to me, dear little miss."

"Our Authur was killed in the war, and father says every soldier who is fighting for the stars and stripes is my brother," said the child.

"God bless you, dear little sis," cried the poor soldier, tears running down his sunburnt cheeks.

A bow tie is binding the hearts of this people together, or how closely.—*Cattle's Paper.*

A dish-washing machine is the last invention. It will among other things, wash knives and forks without wetting the handles.

Poetry.

For the Spy.

To J. B. H.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

When you're far from home and friends,
From all you hold so dear,
When the clouds of coming dangor
With midnight blackness hover near,
When a ray of cheering sunshine
Even hope can scarcely see,
Oh, my friend at such an hour
Will you, will you think of me?

When the battle rages madly
And the strife is at its height,
When the stars look down upon you
From the bosom of the night,
When the heart is filled with shadows
That the world can never see,
Oh, my friend, at such an hour,
Will you, will you think of me?

When the voices of dear loved ones
Fall with music on your ear,
And the forms of cherished heart-guests
Fondly, gently hover near,
When affections offers to you
Brighter gems than earth and sea,
Oh, my friend, at such an hour,
Will you, will you think of me?

When the hero's crown is resting
On your forehead broad and fair,
And the laurel wreath its fragance,
Sheds upon the balmy air,
When the course of life is changing,
In whatever scenes you be,
Will you, cherished, dearest friend,
Will you, will you think of me?

Written for the "Spy."

'Tis Sweet to be Loved.

BY WILLIE WARE.

'Tis sweet to be loved
By hearts fond and true,
Life's pathway with sunshine
Love doth imbue;
It cheers mortals on,
Makes the heart light and gay,
Drives clouds of dull sorrow
From us far away.

Oh, then let us love
One another below,
That we the sweet pleasures
Of friendship may know,
Let us bear with each other,
Forgive and forget,
And time passed together
We'll never regret.

Selected.

Important to Young Men Obtaining Exemption from the Draft.

A well-known young man recently succeeded in getting a certificate of exemption on the ground of [illegible] disability, and hastened to his lady love to announce his escape. Strangely to him, the good news affected her in an unexpected manner, and she withdrew from his presence with but the shadow of an excuse. The young man was confounded, and thinking of rivals, sought an explanation from the lady's father, who always treated him graciously, and was favorable to the proposed alliance.—The father in turn was mystified, and immediately seeking his daughter, found her in great grief. "Oh, father," said the girl, "I have been shamefully deceived! Oh, how mortifying, to be known to be engaged to a man who comes shamelessly to me, just before our marriage, and rejoices in "physical disabilities." Why did you not tell me that the man was imperfect or sickly, before matters went so far? I have no ambition to turn my future home into a domestic hospital, or myself into a perpetual nurse!"

The father tried to pursuade her by saying that probably a trifling ailment, magnified by the complaint, might have obtained his exemption from service, and reminded her that her lover was a fine rider, a graceful skater, and very expert in most manly exercises. "And under all this," added the fair girl, he hides some dreadful infirmity! Surely you do not think I would be engaged to him if I knew him to be consumptive, scrofulous, or worse? I thank God that the draft has lifted the mask! And the man actually delights in being advised as physically disqualified to his country.—Oh! shame! He shall know," said she, rising with proud indignation, *"that he is physically disqualified to husband me!"* And the father, physiologically considering how the seeds of disease are entailed from one generation to another, approved his daughter's decision, and informed the young lady that he was thankful from the proposed marriage on the grounds of "physical disability."

The Quota of Pennsylvania.

An investigation of the official figures discloses the fact that where credit is given to Pennsylvania for enlistments in the regular and marine service, and the navy, her quota, under the call for 500,000 men, will be nearly, if not quite full. The statement published a few days since, that the deficiency of Pennsylvania was 74,000 men, is incorrect; that being the entire number of men due from the State under all the calls, allowing no credit for veteran volunteers and new recruiting since January 31st. Governor Curtin has despatched his military secretary to Washington to procure an official correction of the misstatement, which has done much to discourage the people, and to retard recruiting.