The Columbia Spy.

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

VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 20.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER, 24, 1864. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,788.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$2,00 a year if paid in advance
2,50 " if not paid until the expiration of the year

FIVE CENTS A COPY.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the editor.

Rates of Advertising in the Spy.

	1t.	2t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6m.	1y.
1 sq. 8 lines	75	1,00	1,50	2,00	4,00	6,00	10,00
2 " 16 "	1,50	2,25	3,00	3,50	6,00	9,00	15,00
3 " 24 "	2,25	3,25	4,00	4,50	8,50	13,00	20,00

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Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

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JOB WORK,

Having just added to our office one of GORDON'S Improved Jon 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 New York, as follows: At 3:00 and 8.15 A. M., and 1.55 P. M., arriving at New York at 10 A. M. and 2.45 and 10.00 P. M.

The above connect with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and Sleeping Cars accompany the first two trains, without change.

Leave for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M. and 1 P. M. stopping at Lebanon and Principal Stations only.

Way Trains stopping at all points at 7.25 A. M. and 4.10 P. M.

An accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.35 A. M. and returns from Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6.40 and 11 A. M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Columbia, &c.

On Sundays leave New York at 7 P. M., Philadelphia 3.15 P. M. and Reading at 12 midnight for Harrisburg.

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

For Passage Tickets apply at the Office of the Company at the Depot, Reading, which alone insures Passage.

GEO. NAGLE, General Superintendent.

PHILADELPHIA AND COLUMBIA R. R.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 14th, 1864, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Leave Philadelphia at 8.00 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

Leave Columbia at 7.30 A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

Connecting with Trains on the Pennsylvania Central Rail Road, and Reading Rail Road.

Fare to Philadelphia $2,50.

Fare to Lancaster $1,00.

Through Tickets to Philadelphia can be had at the Ticket Office, Columbia.

Baggage checked through.

H. A. PARKER, Agent.

DYSPEPSIA!

A CURE WARRANTED.

Dyspepsia has the following symptoms:

1st. A constant pain or uneasiness at the pit of the stomach.
2d. Flatulency and Acidity.
3d. Costiveness and Loss of Appetite.
4th. Gloom and Depression of Spirits.
5th. Diarrhœa with griping.
6th. Pain in all parts of the System.
7th. Consumptive Symptoms and Palpitation of the Heart.
8th. Cough, with Phlegm in the Throat.
9th. Nervous Affection, and want of Sleep at night.
10th. Loss of Appetite and Vomiting.
11th. Dizziness, Dimness of Vision, and Loss of Sight.
12th. Headache and staggering in walking, with great Weakness.

Out of the thousands of cases of Dyspepsia that have used Dr. Wishart's Great American Dyspepsia Pills, not one of them has failed of a perfect cure. We warrant a cure in every case, no matter if of twenty years' standing. Sold by all druggists everywhere, and at Dr. Wishart's Office, No. 10 N. Second street, Philadelphia, Pa. All examinations and consultations free of charge. Send for a circular. Price $1 per box. Sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of money.

Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia

I, Elizabeth Branson, of Brandywine, Del., formerly of Old Chester, Del., do certify that, for one year and a half, I suffered everything but death from that awful disease called Dyspepsia. My whole system was prostrated with weakness and nervous debility; I could not digest my food; if I ate even a cracker or the smallest amount of food, it would return just as I swallowed it; I became so costive in my bowels that I would not have a passage in less than from 4 and often 8 days; under this immense suffering, my mind seemed entirely to give way. I had dreadful horror and evil forbodings. I thought everybody hated me, and I hated everybody; I could not bear my husband nor my own children; everything appeared to be horror stricken to me; I had no ambition to do anything; I lost all my love of family and home; I would ramble and wander from place to place, but could not be contented; I felt that I was doomed to hell, and that there was no heaven for me, and was often tempted to commit suicide, so near was my whole nervous system destroyed, and also my mind, from that awful complaint, Dyspepsia, that my friends thought best to have me placed in Dr. Kirkbride's Hospital, West Philadelphia; I remained there nine weeks, and thought I was a little better, but in a few days my dreadful complaint was raging as bad as ever. Hearing of the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Wishart's Great American Dyspepsia Pills, and his treatment for Dyspepsia, my husband called on Dr. Wishart and stated my case to him. He said he had no doubt but he could cure me. So in

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

"That Welcome Step".—Ye Shall Hear no More.

BY EVA ALICE.

"Oh! why dear mother, O tell me why,
Does the tear drop fill that once bright eye?
Is it for aught little Lilly's done—
That those big tears in their sadness come?
Take me once more to thy loving breast,
Forgivingly—there lo! thy darling rest.

MOTHER.

"Closer my child to a mother's heart,
My life, my joy,—my all thou art;
Thy young heart fills with a mother's grief;—
Ye fountains, cease in your sweet relief;
Still closer my child to my throbbing breast,
Let a mother's love give her darling rest.

CHILD.

Oh! sweet is the smile o'er thy shining brow,
Thy Lilly—dear, she is happy now,
Her little sins—they are all forgiven—
Her spirit basks in the light of Heav'n,—
An angel-form, O! I see the while,
And it beams with a father's loving smile.

MOTHER.

"Those tears which flow, Oh! my gentle dove,
Are like the dew on the flow'rs we love,
Like those pearly gems from the God on high,
They are drops of love from thy mother's eye—
They are glittering rays for the passing hours—
Like Heav'ns dew to the fragrant flow'rs.

CHILD.

"But these pearly tears,—they seem so new,
When father was here, then fell the dew,
But, dear mother, Oh! tell me why
The love-drops—then ne'er filled thine eye?
Thy smiles were bright as the flow'rs of May,
And your song was glad through the live-long day.

MOTHER.

"My child, when thy father-dear was here,
His joyous smile drank the jewel'd tear,
As the sun's rays brighten the dew-deck'd flow'r;
So thy father's smile cheer'd each happy hour;
Our sun has set in its glory bright,
And there gathers 'round us, the shades of night.

CHILD.

"But mother, dear mother, the sun will rise,
And the lark will sing in the bright blue skies,
And father will come from the wars away,
And the night will flee from the light of day,
Oh! we soon shall hear at the cottage door,
That same sweet voice that we heard of yore.

MOTHER.

"Oh rest my child from thy weary play!
Let a mother's song—lull thy cares away,
Thy father smiles from the far or shore,
But—he welcome step—ye shall hear no more.

SURPRISES

"Oh! I did not allude to those we know to be friends, who esteem us for ourselves, but there are those among our visitors, who are polite and attentive to us because Craigland is a pleasant place for visitors, and if I am not very much mistaken," continued Sue in a significant manner, "one of them at least, has another motive."

"Remember Sue, Miss Vaughan will be here to-morrow, and I want you and her to be very good friends."

"Charley do you like that Miss Vaughn very much—do you love her." queried Sue, nestling closer to her brother and looking anxiously up into his face, for an answer.

"Two questions, and the last hardly fair, Sue, for—"

"But you will answer me, candidly, won't you Charley?" interrupted his sister, and the upturned face assumed another shade of seriousness.

"I cannot say that I love her, as I have always thought I would love the woman I married, but I *do* like her very, very much Sue. She has a superior intellect, is far better educated than many of her sex, is exceedingly well read, refined, modest and amiable," replied her brother in an animated manner.

"Yes, a perfect paragon of all excellencies, a model divinity for the imitation of all her sex, I suppose. Charley, do you really believe all you have asserted?"

"I do, most sincerely, and I am at a loss to account for your manner in speaking of her, for I have never met a lady whose friendship I would rather you possess than Miss Vaughan's."

"Now Charles Ellis, listen to me," and the little figure was drawn up and the bright eyes sparkled, while her breathing came quick and short; "for I am going to speak my mind, and you can then do as you please. Clara Vaughan is deceiving you, don't interrupt me, deceiving you, and I cannot, will not see you

I cannot commend you on the [illegible]

away, Tom Montgomery, was remembered too tenderly."

"Brother Charles, how can you speak in that way, of one whom you knew to be as noble and high souled as ever man was," exclaimed Sue quickly; all the sad listlessness had vanished now, and her flushed cheek and lifted head and quivering lips told of the feeling aroused by her brother's words. In a rapid impetuous manner she continued: "He was your friend once, and you of all others should be the last to speak unjustly of him, for he was true to you. I never expect to see him again though, for he will not return where he was so harshly treated, still I cannot bear to listen to aspersions of his honor."

But the light has died away again in the dark eyes, and the shade has come back on the soft round cheeks, and she listens to Charley as if her thoughts were wandering in some other direction. Soon the night air grew damp, and brother and sister went into the house.

For a week the house had been full of visitors, and a contented happy company they seemed to be. Boating, fishing and strolls through the green woods, then music and chess in the parlors, or reading or writing in the well filled, cosy library filled up the hours most agreeably. And then in all the strolls, and in the deep windows, wherever a couple met, were the low spoken words and beaming glances and gentle pressure of hands that spoke of tender feelings awakened and foretold the time when vows would be exchanged and troth plighted, when heart uniting with kindred heart would experience for the first time that deep, delicious happiness which can be felt in its fullness and purity but once, and which marks the hour of its dawn as the most blissful of all life's moments—an hour to which, in after life the united souls look back, and thank God for the joy that crave that period such a golden lustre.

[illegible] could see [illegible] ed for adoring Clara Vaughan with her exquisitely proportioned form, every movement of which seeming the perfection of grace, her clear, transparent complexion, regular teeth and beautiful face, rather taller than many of her sex. She bore herself with a queenly [illegible] which there was just a [illegible] pride. Her brown [illegible] her [illegible] some [illegible] manner [illegible] you [illegible]

At dinner time Charley for the first time had a good look at Sue's friend.—One might pass her and discern nothing usually attractive either in form or feature, and so Charley after one glance turned his attention to Clara who was near him. But that evening, when the rain kept them all in the house, he found himself, without exactly knowing how it happened, seated by Kate's side talking as earnestly as if he had known her for years. He soon became deeply interested in his new companion, and as he studied her countenance more attentively, he wondered that he ever thought her plain. True, her features were not regular, but her oval brow was white and smooth as polished marble, with a shower of glossy curls shadowing it; her rosy mouth seemed formed for speaking words of love, but the irresistible charm that compensated for any other defects was her lustrous, eloquent eyes with their ever varying expression, now dreamy, now speaking kindness, and again lit up with the light of thought, ever mirroring the depths of a pure loving soul. For a long while the two sat there together, and in that conversation Charley learned that her cultivated intellect, vivid imagination and varied acquirements were, charms far more potent than any personal attraction could be, and so he remained with her despite the persistent efforts made by Clara to draw him to her side. At length he rose and went over to where she was sitting, but Clara's common-place remarks failed to please him then. In vain she exerted herself to interest him, but new feelings had been awakened. The conversation with Kate was different from those he was accustomed to hold with Clara; the faculties of his mind were exercised, his soul had been quickened and new thoughts and emotions had been aroused. Clara vexed at her failure to gain his attention accused him of being in love with Miss Bell, adding with a

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said "though in my acting to-night, I feel confident of meriting your displeasure, into one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fill my allotted part so badly; my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfil my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive. I loved her, grieved for her, and if anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to sooth the poor man's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire, and utter studied witticisms for the amusements of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that concealed under his painted cheek, and forced to smile. And in the great theatre of life, how many are there around us, like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

Where Dust at Sea Comes From.

The ocean is about the last place where one would expect to be annoyed with dust; yet vast volumes of it sometimes sweep over the Atlantic, and still more frequently over the Mediterranean. Not long ago a vessel that had been out in a dust storm at sea arrived in port. The crew declared that the "flying dirt" almost choked and blinded them, and although sailors' yarns are not always framed with a single eye to truth, there was