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Larger dvertisers, who are strictly confined other business.

DR. HOFFER, THENTIST ... OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. [[] Entrance, same a. Jolley's Pho-tograph Gatiery. [August 21, 1859.

THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.
The Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW L. Columbia.Pa.
Collections 4 romptly made in Lancasterand York Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S. PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan ical Departments of Dentistry.
OFFICE - Locustaireet, hetween he Franklin House and Fost Office, Columbia, Pa.
May 7, 1859.

Harrison's Coumbian Ink. WHICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corrolling the pen, can be had in any antity, at the Funity Medicine Store, and blacker get is that English Boot Polish. Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received DR. CITTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Braces for Gentlement, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Ifrace for Ladies, inst the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store. Odd Fe.lows' Hall.

Prof. Gardner's Soap. WE have the New England Scap for those who did not obtain it from the Scap Man; it is pleasan to the skin and will take grease spots from Wooler Goods, it is therefore no humbur, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store Columbia, June 11, 1859.

BAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalide and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store, April 16, 1659.

PALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.-The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending familiare, china-ware, othermental work, toys. Ac, there is nothing superior. We have found in o-ofal in repairing many whicles which have been useless for months. You Ima 28th it as the

Jan Zein it withe in.ounA: FMILY MEDICINE STORE. IRON AND STEEL! IE Subscribers have regrived a New at. Stock of all kinds and sizes of BAR IRON AND STEEL!

r small quantities, at the lowest rates
J. RUMPLE & SON,
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa
April 28, 1260.

A RTIST'S COLORS. A general ass RITTER'S Compound Syrup of 1 Wild Cherry, for Cough., Golds, &c. Fr. for Golden Moriar Dragstore. From st. A Sarsaporilla for the cure or Scrottine Ging's Evil, and all scrottlous affections, a fresh and sie just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front at , Columbia, sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE. 200 GROSS Friction Mutches, very low for eash. R. WHALIAMS.

Dutch Herring!
A Ny one fond of u good Herring on he supplied at
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust at. YON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY nd Sacramental purposes, at the Jan.29. FAMILY MEDICINESTORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 ets. per pound, are to EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
No. 71 Locust street.

TARDEN SEEDS.-Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kanes, just received at EBERLEIN'S tirocery Store, ch 10.1800. No 71 Losust street. March 10.1860. POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Book and Purses, at fron 15 cents to two dollars each He identification and News Depot. Columbia, April 14, 1 360,

A REW more of those beautiful Prints which will be sold chenp, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Columbia, Pa. Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large APPOLD'S Warehouse, Canal Basin - May 5, 160.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCEBINE .-- For the cure / and prevention to changed bands, &c. For saithe GOLHEN MORTAR DRUG STORE, Dec 3,1859. Front street. Columbia 21 the Dec 3,1850.

Turkish Prunes! Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust at GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens. of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at SAYLOR & MCDONALD'S Book Store, Agril 14. Front street, above Locust. Agril 14. FRESH GROCERIES.

FRESH GROCERIES.

W E continue to rell the best" Levy" Syrup. White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choice Teas, to be said in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Od Vecllows Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the 'nk.

H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c. A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snnff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call it.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
Oct. 5, 50

Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

COFFEE ROASTING. THE subscriber has made arrangements for Roast ing Codies in farge or small quantities. He is now prepared to roast for retail dealers, or to farmish these Codies ready reasted, on reasonable terms.

S. F. EBERLEIN,

Oct 21. 1800.

Noetru.

For the Columbia Spy. Liberty and Union—Now and Forever-

One and Inseparable. BT R. F. TRAVELLER.

e would sever the Us on-but can ye undo The relations of brother to brother? Ye may coldly regard him, and simuler him too, But when sorrow o'ertakes him your heart will be true to the love ye once bore him, when together ye grev

In peace by the side of your Mornes. e would sever the Union -but can ye untwine The numberless ties that have bound you? Like the threads of a creeping and delicate vine. They have silently spread, in the rain and the shine, Tall, when ye would barst them, each gossamer line

Turns to "Cord and to Cable" around you. e would sever the Union-what? ve who were nurs I the arms of so boly a Morunn? Voild ye date to pronounce her astray and accurace

Who rocked you to sleep in one grad e at first-

The shielded your head from the storm, when it bus Ane noter gave the charge to another? e would sever the Union-but can ye forget How your Farners stood shoulder to shoulder? low like one in privation, their stern hearts were selow like one in the conflict, our formen they met;

ow like one they were melted by sorrow, and yet How in danger grew bolder and bolder? would sever the Union-but will ye divide The FLAG of our FREEDOM and GLORY! t waved o'er the fields where our forefathers died: Phore chi'dren unfar! it with reverent pride; And whose shall the task be to throw it uside,

And tell the sa I nations the story? e would sever the Union-but who then shall c The grave of our Country's DEPENDER? Will the North and the South fan the fuel to flame And fight o'er manhes, whose glorious name S a WATCHWORD OF LIBERTY, JUSTICE and PAME,

We would all somer die than Surgenber? Ye would sever the U wan -but we to the day When ye mingle in council no long :r! What then shall keep rulers from deadly uffray? What love shall be potent the people to sway? Ye will find yourselves powerless the forcem to Of hate and the right of the stronger!

Ye would sever the Union-our Union: and why! Short and few are the words of the roason; The North thinks the South should adjure Slavery. The South thinks the North does not tenderly try To view all her deeds with unprejudiced eye, And Each finds a refuge in-TREA-on!

ludge not that ye be not judg'd"- Leave unto God The right of condemning your brother!
Until the an owner, ye stand on his sod
Until your feet in his patkway have trod;
Until you are scourged, both ahke, by the red, Neverdare to pronounce on another.

at cherish the Union with heart and with hand, As ye cherish your home, and your Altar, rough the length and the breadth of our wide sp Alone by the eye of OMNIPOTENCE spanned.

Who dures to dissemble and falter? ye sever the Union-then Linkary nigs. To restore her-in vain the endeavor; he will sorr to you distant and cloud mantled skies: and in vain will the world lift its questioning eyes,

Once mule, she is SILENT FOREVER.

Selections.

Deacon Palmer's Family.

The sound of the stage-horn flowed in long silvery edd'es up the turnpike and health.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Palmer, taking old Puritan minister, but beneath a stateli-A YER'S Compound Concentrated : Iract hearts of the quiet little village of Wood. round spry, and get up supper. Your father where were all fair and fragrant blossoms, at sunset, and somehow, those long, mournful minor tones seemed the fitting close of sunshine, and marched through the hours perin beauty and rejoicing, living Glory to God!' the creator of its good and perfect

> But it was a day fraught with dread and abroad in the earth, and mothers had the army." strained their brave sons for the last time to dered their muskets, and taken their lives in the name of the God of battles.

So deep shadows lay on the quiet country thresholds of almost every home in New England that autumn day, and almost every hearth-stone was an altar where anxious, loving hearts sent up a cry to God for their beloved. Mrs. Pulmer, wife of Deacon John Palmer, of Woodstock, stood in the wide, old fashioned kitchen of the dingy, yellow farm-house, which she bro't her husband on her marriage morning. She was an ample, motherly, pleasant-faced looking woman, whose whole physiognomy corresponded with while a swinging board, fastened to the burdened with herbs and berries, hams, dried beans, seeds, and a motley variety of domestic wares.

Mrs. Palmer's life had slipped .over its fiftieth summer, and her black hair was bargain with a neighbor. thickly sifted with gray, and there were and girls who had been gathered to her ma- ing a word.

larger one in that golden, upper homestead, by the shadow of death.

she deposited half a dozen freshly boiled no sound broke the stillness. she was his mother.

"I wonder if that boy'll take any sort o' dexterously convolving several strips of men grew white as they heard it. dough, and placing them in the large iron boiling fut, which indignantly snapped and sputtered at their intrusion.

"If there was a fray, he'd be sure to be hard hand. foremost, for he always was poking his head 40, John, it ain't anything about Reuchance o' getting his neck off his shoulders. his heart.

brought home with broken limbs; but arter voice was like her mother's. dozen ordinary children, I kind o' gave not speak. He took the hands of his wife be healed.

the world; and I saw the tears a shinin' then they knew, under his lashes that mornin' when he kissed me good-bye, afore he started for the then whispered in a faint, broken voice, about his coming back a cap'n or a colonel. bear almost anything else." they have to put up with fare such as we and it was enough.

burst into the room.

sweet, mournful currents in and out of the sight of her bright, young face was like a minister could not rest till he had carried hollows, and the echoes among the hills picture rejoicing the eyes. She was not the sweet balm of his love and faith into caught them up, and tossed them back and beautiful, but her cheeks were full of the their broken hearts. orth through the forest, and they ran in glow of youth, and the richness of perfect | Parson Hunter was a tall, white-haired

while I fix up some short bake."

"Mother, did you hear the stage-horn?"

"Yes: and I was kind of impressed there was news from Reuben." "I wonder what keens father so?" re-

marked Rebecca.

Another half hour throbbed itself away in

longed absence, when they caught the click both of them. in their hands for the sake of freedom, and of the gate-latch, and his heavy tread along the foot path.

They saw him stop, as usual, at the

kitchen.

"And the supper's about burnt to cinders," And these words unlocked Mrs. Palmer's added Rebecca, who was in something of a face. She turned suddenly toward the old hurry to get the table cleared in time for man as the vision of that Sabbath morning

singing-school.

The deacon was a square-bult sun-and stood before her. the room. Strings of red peppers and rows of browned man, with shaggy eyebrows and and he cleared his throat before he spoke.

"Don't you see the chair there, father?"

of the old gray homestead on earth, but a exclaimed Mrs. Palmer.

whose blessed threshold is never darkened his straw hat on the floor beside him. The hope nor consolation. two women bent their heads reverently over Mrs. Palmer paused as she caught the the board, waiting for the deacon to invoke faint, sweet echoes of the stage horn, and his customary blessing upon the meal, but

doughouts in the pan on the table, murmur- Mrs. Palmer glanced up at her husband: ing to herself, "Now, for all the world, if his head too, was bent over his plate; and a never could, as God's only can. that isn't the mailecoming in! Who knows stream of candle light falling on his face but what there may be news from Reuben?" revealed it fully to her gaze. "John, some-Ah! if you had heard how her voice lin- thing has happened to you to-night," she and never know the fullness and richness, gered over the name, you would have known said, leaning torward, and breathlessly the depths of meaning there are in them, searching his face.

care of himself," continued the fond mother, out of the old man's lips, and both the wo-

"Oh, what is it, father? do tell us?" flutkettle which hung over the fire, filled with tered up the frightened voice of Rebecca. Mrs. Palmer rose and went to her husband, and laid her shaking fingers on his

into all sorts of danger, and never seemed ben?" She cried out the words as one to feel quite so content as when there was might if a sword had struck suddenly into "I never could exactly see where he got Rebecca had sat still at the table, her

al'ays a sober-minded man; but it was fear, and her brown eyes fastened on her amazin' how he'd be sartin to come out parents; but now she sprang up and dropped in those silent and awful sorrows when only straight. I never had an easy hour for the down on her knees at the deacon's feet; "O, the voice of God can speak to the heart, you first ten years of his life, for fear he'd be father, do say it isn't Reuben," and her he'd gone through with what would a killed The deacon opened his lips but he could sit down under their blessed shadows and

up. I concluded he hore a charmed life. | and child, and covered them with his own "Bless his heart! my brave, handsome trembling ones." "O, Lord, have mercy boy never gave his mother a cross word in upon us!" grouned the stricken man, and Mrs. Palmer crept up to her husband, and

army, though he talked so bold and cheery "Just say my boy isn't dead, father. I can "Poor fellow! I hope he won't get the The deacon made no answer; but the

rheumatis campin' out nights, and they say great tears fell down his furrowed cheeks,

wouldn't have the face to offer to a smart The tidings of the disastrous battle at dog. I wish I could do up a paper o' these Long Island, which closed the summer of doughnuts for the boy, he al'ays was fond seventeen hundred and seventy-six, had of 'em. Dear mel them cakes are burnin'," filled the land with mourning, for thousands dipping her large tin ladle into the boiling of widows and orphans had been made in fat: "but it al'ays flustrates me when I get that terrible hour when so many brave to thinkin' o' Reuben. I'm reminded some- Americans lay dead on the battle field, and times o' what Parson Hunter said to me: the news of the successful skirmish which "Mrs. Palmer, you musto't make an idel took place the following month near King's of your son. He belongs to the Lord.' I Bridge in New York, was everywhere hailed know it's true as Scriptur', but I can't help with gladness and gratitude, and the little thinkin' the Lord'll show marcy on my village of Woodstock bore its part in the weakness, cos Le's all I've got, and after a general rejoicing on that autumn night, great many struggles I've given up the when the stage first brought in the tidings.

others to Him; but my very life's bound up The deacon's family was the only one in in that boy, and if anything should happen the village of Woodstock to whom the news to him, God knows it would break his poor brought any sorrow, for it was in this en old mother's heart." And Mrs. Pulmer gagement that Reuban had fallen. He was broke down here, and she sat down on the a great favorite in the willage, and every old oaken chest, and wiped her eyes on the heart was filled with sadness at the thought of that bright, handsome face lying stark corner of her check apron.

Light warblings of some old psalm-tune and rigid on the battle field.

fluttered down the staircase, and then the It was late that evening when Parson door opened, and a pleasant looking girl Hunter entered the stricken home, for his face a ghastly palor overspread hers. friends and neighbors feared to intrude on She covered it with a shrick, not loud, for Rebecca Palmer was twenty-two, and the its awful grief. But the tender hearted old

old man, a fine representative of the staunch till they reached the cars and stirred the her kettle from the crane, "you jest bustle ness and austerity of manner beat a heart stock, whose farm houses sat in the valley, and the men will come clear tuckered out, and golden fruits of charity and love; a at the foot of a long chain of hills, like a for they've been fellin' trees all day, and we heart in whose pleasant, goodly paths the company of pilgrims gathered to worship must get a hearty meal for 'em. You slice angels loved to walk with their shining faces, at the shrine of a vast temple. It was just up some ham, too, and fry a dozen eggs, and of whom they wrote. "Of suc't is the and blood yet." kingdom of heaven." The minister found the family in the

had arisen on the mountains in garments of had spun with her own hands, for the sup- down by grief which expressed itself neither by moans nor tears.

Mrs. Palmer sat in the large arm-chair before the fire, where her husband had placed her, the crimson light fluttering over broke into her heart, for the hazel eyes had her pale face, which seemed frozen to stone. foreboding to the thousands of homes and tavern, to learn if there's any tidings from gazo on the wall, and it was well, perhaps, somewhat diverted the thoughts of the deactheir bosoms, and seen them go forth to the the pulses of the great, old-fashioned clock on and his daughter from the dead; to the livbattle, and husbands and futhers had laid in the corner, and both the women had be- ing, though it seemed to the minister that the talk rationally. She would throw her arms aside the plow and the scythe, and shoul. gun to grow alarmed at the deacon's pro- last hour had done the work of years on around his neck, and, hugging him tightly,

"My friends," said the minister, speaking in his deep, solemn tones, "I should not wooden trough at the well, and wash his hands there, and then he came into the hands there, and then he came into the bered that it was twenty-four years ago 'Why, father," begon Mrs. Palmer, with this very month when you brought Reuben a little wifely admonition, "what has kept up to the altar to dedicate him to his God, you so long? I ra'ly began to get scared and I felt that I had a right and a title to ceme."

rose and walked up its long path of years

"I see him! I see him!" she sobbed out, dried apples were festooned along the ceiling, weather beaten face. He came toward the "with the little brown curls a dancin' round table with a slow, groping movement, which his face, and the merry blinkin eyes under beam, which divided the hall overhead, was neither of the preoccupied women noticed, them. My little Reuben! he was the sweetest baby that ever gladdened a moth-"I was detained a spell on some matter er's heart, and I was so proud of him, and of my own," and Mrs. Palmer and Rebecca I thought God would spare him to be the at once concluded that he alluded to some staff of his mother's old age, because I gave the rest to him. O, Parson Hunter, it can't be true that I shall never bear the sound of and the sudden joy might kill her. O. lines about her forehead, and the smile in asked Rebecca; for the old man stood still his voice, that he's lyin' off there on the bather faded eyes had something sorrowful as a statue before the table, though his tle-field, and his mother not there to smooth last time!"

age. It was a small family under the roof to night. You haven't taken your hat off," this mighty burst of a mother's agony. He mill.

"Don't, wife, don't" and the old man laid | them, and felt that for her he had neither | keep around the corner of the barn, and I'll | Edward was expected, of the sad catastra-

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" The low, solemn tones of the preaches scarcely above a whisper, fell into the hearts thing has happened!" of the hearers and stilled them, as man's

Blessed Bible words, which we read over in the morning lessons and evening service, till some awful sorrow of our own touches A deep convulsive sort of groan heaved the springs, and then we go in, and lo! those old familiar passages are like stately rooms resting on massive pillars, and garnished and adorned with all fair and beauwinds are full of the sweet breath of flowers, turning to him. and whose silence is stirred by the voice of He turned white as his child had done, soft falling waters, amid which the weary soul may walk and be refreshed.

O, reader, for you, too, sooner or later, must come this time when all earthly his harum-scarum turn, for his father was sweet face struck white with wender and help shall fail you, when no human words can be of avail or of healing to you, and knew his child. too may find what it is to have the windows and wept. of the promises opened, and your soul shall

> Days passed away. A young man walked along the road slowly and wearily, leaning upon a stout oak staff; his face was ghastly white, and he wore the blue uniform of the "Continentals." He had a terrible wound on his right shoulder, and had been left on the battle field for dead. He opened the back gate softly, and gazed all about him at the wood-pile in one corner of the great quince trees which grew on one side of the old brown homestead of Dencon Palmer.

Palmer came out of the door with a tin ba- over which the grasses grow, and the winds sin in her hand, and the man's heart leaped | walk.

as he heard her say-"Never mind sprinklin' them clothes, mother; I'll attend to it as soon as I've hunted up a few o' them winter pears to stew for supper," and he saw the light rapid figure hasten round the corner of the house to the old pear tree just in the edge of the pasture, which he remembered climbing so many times in his boyhood, and amid the branches of which he had gathered the faded bird's nests every full. He followed the quick figure stealthily, and stood still a moment just outside the bars, and she did not see him, for her back was turned, and she had dropped down on the yellow grass, and was searching among it for the fruit which the wind had shaken off.

The turned around and as she looked in it seemed to lie, for very terror, in her throat.

"Why, Becca, do look up here! Haven't you got a better welcome than this for your brother, when he's come back from the dead

But she cowered close down in the grass, and monned and shivered like the leaves in the old near tree.

"See here, now, what on earth ails you! If you take me fer spirit, jest look up and I'll be able to convince you I'm honest flesh

He lifted her up with one arm, for she

half-reassured her. She lifted her face from her hands and looked at her brother a moment with a strained and wild glance, then the glad truth

the old reguish glance, though they were set in a pale, wasted face. "O, Reuben, Reuben; I jest thought it that alarm for her reason of her life had was a ghost!" and she fell upon his neck

with a wild sob of joy. It was long before he could get her to murmur such tender words over him betwixt sobs and laughter, as Reuben Pal-

"You precious, darling fellow, have you really come back to us alive? Bless your heart, how white and changed you are! O, Reuben, darling, is it really you, or am I dreaming."

And at last the girl grew calmer, and was ble to tell her brother of that terrible night when the awful tidings came of his death, and how they hadn't one of them smiled since, and how, though his mother tried to bear up," every one who looked in her face could see that her heart was broken. And then both the young man and the maiden set down on the grass and wept as

though they were little children. At last Rebecca rose up. "O, what will mother say? You must come right into the house. Reuben, only p'raps I'd better break it to her slow like, for she's weakly now,

there's father!" And they saw, the old deacon come slowly about it: for Mrs. Palmer had walked with daughter had just placed his seat at his el- away the hair from his forehead, or give him into the yard, and alight from his horse grief many times; and of the ten fair boys bow, and now he sat down without speak. one kiss when he looked in her face for the just before the barn door, and remove the heavy bags of flour from the animal's back. ternal heart, only two remained to her old "Why husband, I do believe you're deaf Tho old man sat still, overwhelmed by for the old man had just returned from the

break the news," cried Retecca. She came panting up to her father just as he was leading the horse into the barn. he went home to his young wife, whom he "Say father, I want to tell you-some-

The old man turned and looked into the eager face of his daughter, and his son, standing a little way off, could see the change which the last two weeks Lad ceived him with open arms. wrought in his face.

"Well, what is it, my child?" "You'll be so glad, father, and yet-1

can't tell it. O, Reuben, do come here!" The vague superstitions which almost all country people held at that period, of ghosts who haunted their old homes, and visite tiful things, or they rise before us like gar- made by the dead to the living, at once sugdens filled with trees whose branches are gested even to the well-balanced mind of the burdened with gold and purple fruits, whose deacon the possibility of his son's spirit re-

but he did not speak, and Rebecca cried out, "Don't be afeared, father. It isn't a ghost, but Reuben's old self, and he wasn't dead, as we all thought," One long, greedy glance, and the father

And the father and the son fell upon each

other's necks, like Jacob and Joseph of old, "We must break it to mother easy, childrea, or it'll sartin kill her for joy," said the ed with the supposed Edward. old man, vigorously wiping his face with his

pocket handkerchief. So it was arranged that Deacon Palmer should go in and break the joyful tidings to his wife according to his best judgment.

The trio went up to the house: Deacon Palmer entered the kitchen, and his children stood just outside the door, where they could hear every word. Mrs. Palmer was least delay." slicing some apples into a wooden bowl .-She did not look up as her husband entered; where you are quite a stranger? Besides, yard near the sunflower stocks, and the small all these weeks she had gone on with her household duties carefully and assiduously as ever, but with a face which grew more Suddenly the door opened and Rebecca pale, patient, every day-more like the faces

> "Wall, Becky," she said, "I couldn't make out what had kept you. You've been a hear of time huntin' them pears."

news."

"What kind of news, father?"

scarcely a faint stir of interest. "Ahem-well, this was from the army." The old woman sighed. "Then the Lord's given us another victory over our enemy." "Wall not that exactly, It's somethin'

that'll give you great joy, mother," Poor old man! He was internally congratulating himself on the tact and discretion with which he had approached his sub- not yet returned. iact but he could not keep a tone of tri

intuitions. heard any thing about Reuben?" "Wall, yes, it did consarn him-."

broke down here. "Rouben, come in and let your mother see for herself."

shadow fell over the threshold. She com- rence. prehended it all at that glance, and stretched was too weak betwixt fright and wonder to out her arms as he rushed forward, but she could gather him to her heart, she had fallen to the floor. Her son that was dead, was alive again, but the mother's joy was more than her heart could bear. But the wisdom "taketh away," but in mercy "restoreth again."-Ladies' Repository.

Positively A Ghost.

lately from the country to Paris, where he had been to arrange some family affairs .- | corps and unions. The first hold to the old mer had not heard since he lay a babe in He was alone part of the way, but at some traditious and practices, especially to the

whom he had never seen, neither did he know her father; the arrangement had been made by a friend of both parties, the preliminaries had been gone through by correspondence and all seemed to make it a very desirable match.

On arriving in Paris, Edward and Arthur were the best friends in the world.

the young provincial to Arthur, "and if you are not in a hurry to return home, you the special care of a Bursch, who underwould do me much pleasure by breakfusting takes to train him up in the way he should with me at the hotel where I stop." Arthur acces ted the invitation.

assistance could be procured.

However, before fulfilling this and mission, was afraid would be uneasy at his absence; s) that it was not till about five in the afte .noon that he was able to call on Mr. C----Mr. C-, who doubted not on spring

"How glad I am to see you, my dear Edward!" said he; "we were only waiting for

you to go to dinner." So saying, he hurried the perplexed Arthur into the drawing-room, where, independent of his wife and daughter, were assembled several friends, who were to be

presented to the future son-in-law.

Mr. C's fluency of speech was so great that Arthur, not being able to get in a single word to undeceive him, was obliged to resign himself to be presented to the young lady.

He forgot even the death of poor Edward. and could not help smiling at the strangeness of the adventure, which was more like a scene in a farce than anything so serious

as the reality. The thought so tickled his fancy, that his spirit became excited, and he was so witty and agreeable during the dinner, that everybody, including the young lady, was delight-

At a quarter to seven, just as they were going to ten. Arthur looked at his watch

"A thousand pardons," said he to Mr C., "but I am unfortunately obliged to leave you."

"For an affair which does not allow of the "What affair can you have in Paris,

ing." "Impossible, my dear sir, impossible."

got home from the mill, and I've heard good Besides, the Young France Hotel won't keep

vanished.

Ten o'clock struck and the intended had

umphant gladness out of his voice, and he injustery, went to the hotel and inquired for was not astute enough for a woman's quick Elward B. They related to him that a traveler arrived there that morning at ten, "John," she said, turning round and and that half an hour after he died, and had looking him fall in the face-"have you been buried that evening at seven; to substantiate which statement, they produced He the official deposition of the death of Ed.

Poor Mr. C. returned home in a state of

A Chapter of Wild Student Life.

has four great attractions-its noble castle. its scenery, its famous wine tun, and its wild students. The first three have been, color soon came to the faded cheeks, and at described so often and so well that I shall eventide on that happy day, was heard in pass them over in silence, and confine mygood Deacon Palmer's house the voice of solf to the last but not to the least interestpraise and thanksgiving to II im who in His ing subject, which I shall endeavor to treat from a student's point of view, keeping my American notions and prejudices as far as possible in the background. In no other way can I place before your renders h true ilea of the wild life of a Heidelberg student, A young man called Arthur, was coming of which, however, I am not an almirer.

The German students are divided into

At Heidelberg there are four corps, the the Westphalians. Each corps has its distinguishing colors, displayed on the cap and the watch ribbon. The members of each corps are divided into two classes, the Foxes and the Burschen (old boys, is as near as I "I hope that we shall meet again," said can translate it) When a student enters a corps he is called a Fox, and is put under

> but agreeable to the subject, especially a certain number of wounds in a duel, and

> him that it was his intended son-in-law, re-

and then rose.

"Leave us. and why?"

on this occasion, I quite expected that you would at least have devoted to us this even-

"How! impossible?". "Well," said Author, "since won must know all, learn: At ten o'clock this morning I arrived in Paris, and at half past ten I died; and that as the weather is warm, All the life had gone out of her voice, it they mean to bury me this evening at seven was as full of grief and putience as her o'clock. You must be aware that I cannot keep the funeral ceremony waiting; it "It's me, mother, not Becky. I've just would give them a very bad opinion of me.

> my body any longer." After this speech Arthur took his hat and

"What an original!" said Mr. C .--"Come we shall have a very witty relation; but I wish he would have joked on a graver subject. You see he'll be back in half an that consarns us more nearly-somethin' hour: I dure say he's gone to smoke a cigar on the Boulevard. This is no doubt the

way thoy joke in the country."

mind impossible to describe. His belief in She gave one long, greedy lock as his ghosts remains unshaken since this occur-

HEIDELBERG, Sep. 18, 1860.—Heidelberg

distance from town a traveler got into the duel, while the latter, though net rigorously prohibiting the duel, were organized for the The traveler was a young man ab ut the purpose of putting it down, and are conseage of Arthur, and a friendly intercourse quently regarded with supreme contempt by sprang up between them. The new comer's the corps students, who style themselves the name was Edward B. He related to his fel. chivalry of the university. Of the unions I low traveler that he was in a peculiar situ- have nothing more to say, except that they ation; he was going to be married to a lady are composed mainly of serious, plodding fellows, who havn't wit enough to be wild Suabian, the Prussians, the Vandals, and

g . The process of training is anything

The young people had hardly been seated where the Bursch is inclined to take a mabalf an hour at the table, when Edward was licious pleasure in tormenting him. The taken suddenly with a fit, and died before probation lasts a year, or until he has given This sad occurrence threw Arthur into learned to pour a quart glass of beer down great consternation, and he wished at least his throat without stopping to take breath. to render a last service to the friend he had When he has proved his accomplishment in closed his eyes for the tears that filmed "We'll go and tell him first. You just lost, by going to inform the family by which these two features of student life, he is ad