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AMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 35 J

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1863.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,701.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription: A Copy for one year in advance... Rates of Advertising: One square for one week...

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COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE. For the cure of dryness and itching...

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

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HAIDEMAN'S STORE. A Large Stock of...

COAL. A large stock of...

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Selections.

Our Best Bedroom. [CONCLUDED.] I did not catch the drift of this, but I expressed a hospitable hope...

"Everything, thank you. I have been brought up very plainly and quietly, and shall not, I hope, give much trouble. I am afraid I am putting you to inconvenience by occupying so large a room."

To this I rejoined that his uncle had expressly stated his wish that he should have a room with a southern aspect, and of good size.

"Ah!" said the young baronet with a singular expression, "so this apartment was Mr. Richard Stanton's choice?"

"You have not, I believe, seen much of your uncle?" said I.

"Not much. Now I am his ward, I shall perhaps see more," said Sir Frederick dryly.

The next morning found our new charge the same as ever, cold, civil, and shrinking from any approach to intimacy, but with a kind smile and a kind word for the children.

"No, Mr. Harper, I would rather not. I will not cross the threshold of that old house—much as I cherish a childish recollection of it—until I enter as its master, if ever I do so."

Clara and I now agreed that pride, a false, perverted pride, was the true key to the character of this unhappy boy...

other times he went out alone, on horseback, or on foot with his fishing-rod, and sought the loneliest and wildest nooks in the countryside.

Very strange that but Clara and I agreed that duty, and a care for his nephew's interests, must be the ruling passion with our benefactor.

"Back, keep back!" he moaned; "I knew you from the first, smooth-tongued fender that you are."

"Dear me, how ill the poor boy looks!" exclaimed my wife, as the white, wan face of our guest glared past the open door.

Then the sufferer gasped for breath painfully. I tried to persuade Clara to go; she refused.

"Hush! lose not a word," whispered my wife; "perhaps Heaven permits that we should defeat a crime."

Clara tenderly adjusted the pillows under the sufferer's head, and gave him some cooling drink.

"It is very odd, dear, but I feel as if the room itself were a vault. The atmosphere seems stifling."

felt Sir Frederick's pulse, looked in his face and exchanged a few sentences with Mr. Gooch.

"He is talking and stuff, doctor; not a grain of sense in a bushel of it," said the gruff surgeon.

"I differ from you, sir, on that point," returned the doctor, blandly; "the instincts of a patient are not to be safely slighted."

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"It is very odd, dear, but I feel as if the room itself were a vault. The atmosphere seems stifling."

"I have often occasion to pass through a village on the St. Albans road, says a correspondent of Eliza Cook's Journal; at one end of which there is so tidy and comfortable a public house, that I always give my horse his bait there, if I happen to be travelling in my gig."

away the rest of his life in a manner particularly congenial with the habits of one of his calling.

What most interested me about this man was his love for young children. He was generally surrounded by a parcel of curly headed urchins; and often have I seen the mistress of the little inn cousin her infant to the protection of his one arm, when by an arrival, she had been called upon to attend to the business of the house.

As I drove one morning up to the door of the inn, and passed the bench on which the little flock of children playing around him, one of them, a very young one suddenly backed into the road, and in another moment more would have been crushed; but the old man sprang forward with a vigorous and wonderful effort, he seized the child with his only arm, and threw it several feet out of the way of danger; he fell with the exertion, and was among my horse's feet.

"I have no wine—you know I have no wine," and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin, I should have believed him.

"Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't give me the liquor? Then the dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

"The little boy had fastened his small, clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately, and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer that help which is beyond the power of one on earth to give."

"I had been the cause, though innocently, of the poor fellow's death; of course I took care that all was done to alleviate his sufferings; and as long as he lasted, I went every day to pass a few hours by his bedside."

"What?" "That Mr. Richard Stanton is not far behind the Borgias and Brinvilliers of old days," returned the doctor.

"I sat stunned by the magnitude of the enormous wickedness, suddenly revealed to me as by a lightning flash."

Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the Northern banks of the Guadiana.

And it so happened that the very year succeeding that which saw Sir Frederick Stanton come of age, old Dr. Denny died; and my former pupil presented me to the comfortable living of Ballington; where we have spent many and many a happy year since the events here narrated.

The day before he died, as I was watching alone by his side, he asked me for cordials. Soon after he had swallowed it, he laid his hand upon my arm and said, "Sir, if you will not think it too great a trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you."

"I have had a load upon my heart, which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means, under Providence, of saving a young child's life. If I have the strength to tell you what I wish, sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart."

"I have sometimes wished for it myself, and often have felt thankful when my poor, wounded comrade had been released by it from pain. I have seen it in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt when the effects have been so instant that the brave hero's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the stroke of life on his forehead has still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has risen from the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path."

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