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; $2,50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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FOUR CENTS A COPY.

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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.

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Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.50 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.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

Mar. 5, 1864.

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.

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.

W. 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 10 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, Col., 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.

Col., July 4, 1863.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

BY purchasing the best Boots and Shoes at the lowest cash prices, at the New Store of

Col'a, mar. 19, '64. MALTBY & CASE.

WANTED.

EVERY ONE to know that the way to save money, is to buy your goods at the *Cheap Store* of Maltby & Case. A general assortment of Spring Goods just received.

Col'a, mar. 19. MALTBY & CASE.

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 business, and can furnish it to customers at the largest small quantities, at the lowest prices.

J. B. TUMPLESON,
Locust st., below Second, Col'a, Pa.
July 4, 1863.

DR. WISHART'S

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

Is The Vital Principle of the Pine Tree,

OBTAINED by a peculiar process in the distillation of the tar, by which its highest medical properties are retained.

Have You a Cough! Have You a Sore Throat! Have you any of the premonitory symptoms of that most fatal disease, Consumption?

Those who should be warned by these symptoms generally think lightly of them until it is too late. From this fact, perhaps more than any other, arises the sad prevalence and fatality of disease which sweeps to the grave at least "one sixth" of death's victims.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs, but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the Pine Tree Tar to heal the lungs; therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect; but how to combine the medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of "Wishart's Pine Tree Cordial."

Many, not only of the people, but physicians of every school and practice, are daily asking me "What is the principle or cause of your success in the treatment of *Pulmonary Consumption?*" My answer is this:

The *invigoration* of the digestive organs—the *strengthening* of the debilitated system—the *purification* and *enrichment* of the blood, must expel from the system the corruption which scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving pain, subduing inflammation, and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this two-fold power, the healing and the strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with Nature's consonant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

I ask all to read the following cirtificates. They are from men and women of unquestionable worth and reputation:

DR. WISHART—*Dear Sir!* I had a very dreadful cough and sore throat for one year and my whole system was fast giving way, and I was prostrated on my bed with but little hope of recovering. My disease baffled the power of all medicines, and in a short time I must have gone to my grave, but thank God, my daughter-in-law would not rest until she went to your store, No. 10 N. Second street, and related my case to you, purchased one bottle of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and I commenced to use it, and in one week I was much better; and after using three bottles, I am perfectly well, and a wonder to all my friends, for they all pronounced me past cure. Publish this as you think proper.

Yours, respectfully, MRS. MARY MOYER,
No. 147 Wyoming st., Philadelphia.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is an infallible cure for Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Sore Throat and Breast, Inflamation of the Lungs.

Mr. Ward says:

DR. WISHART—*Sir:* I had Bronchitis, Inflamation of the Lungs, Shortness of Breath, and Palpitation of the Heart in their worst forms; I had been treated by several of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, but they could not stop the rapid course of my disease, and I had despaired of ever being restored to health.—I was truly on the verge of the grave. Your Pine Tree Tar Cordial was highly recommended to me by a friend; I tried it, and am thankful to say that, after using four large, and one small bottle, I was restored to perfect health. You can give reference to my house, No. 963 N. Second street; or at my office of Receiver of Taxes, from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets. JOHN WARD.

Read the following from Utica:

DR. WISHART—*Dear Sir:* I take pleasure in informing you through this source that your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which was recommended for my daughter by Dr. J. A. Hall, of this city, has cured her of a cough of more than five months' standing. I had thought her beyond cure, and had employed the best of medical aid without any benefit. I can cheerfully recommend it to the public as a *safe and sure* remedy for those similarly afflicted, as I know of many other cases besides that of my daughter that it has entirely cured of long standing coughs. Yours respectfully,

JOHN V. PARKER,
Daguerrean Artist 126 Genessee St., Utica.

* * * * * I have used Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial in my family, and can cordially recommend it as a valuable and safe medicine for colds, coughs, and those predisposed to consumption.

Dr. G. A. FOSTER, 160 Genessee St.

The above are a few among the thousands which this great remedy has saved from an untimely grave.

We have thousands of letters from physicians and druggists who have prescribed and sold the Tar Cordial, saying that they have never used or sold a medicine which gave such universal satisfaction.

The Tar Cordial, when taken in connection with Dr. Wishart's Dyspepsia Pills, is an infallible cure for Dyspepsia.

The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL will cure Coughs, Sore Throat and Breast, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Diptheria, and is all also an excellent remedy for the diseases of the kidneys, and female complaints.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The genuine has the name of the proprietor and a Pine Tree blown in the bottle. All others are spurious imitations.

Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar per Bottle. Prepared only by the Proprietor,

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,

No. 10 NORTH SECOND Street, Philadelphia Pennsylvania.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, at Wholesale by all Philadelphia and New York Wholesale Druggists.

mar. 19-'64-1 y.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

I Knew When First We Met.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

I knew when first we met,
I'd love thee very dearly—
Love thee, gentle friend,
Love thee, dear, sincerely!

When first I gazed into
Those liquid eyes of thine,
I felt a strange, strange thrill
Within this heart of mine.

And when I heard thy voice,
It woke within my heart
A chord that ne'er will cease
To thrill—thou art

The beautiful ideal
I'd pictured in my mind,
Ne'er hoping on this earth
Its counterpart to find.

And now my heart to thee—
To thee, fair one, I give;
To thee I dedicate my life,
For thee alone I live.

Oh, let us cheer each other—
Sailing down life's stream,
Until we wake in heaven
From this our earthly dream.

Original.

For the Columbia Spy,

IRENE;

—OR—

THE GYPSY LEADER.

A STORY OF LOVE & TREACHERY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON,

Arthor of "The Outcast Daughter," "Alice St. John," "Fannie Mowbray," "The Orphans," "The Drunkard's Daughter."

CHAPTER I.

"Fire!" How the word of fear cleaves the night air, like some missile suggestive of a thousand terrors. "FIRE!"—with what a startling distinctness the cry echoes from wood to stream, and with a searching energy reaches homestead and hall, cottage and mansion. The air is full of dense vapours—blue, intensely blue smoke surround the far house, and millions of fiery particles are detached from the blazing stacks, and whirled hither and thither at the caprice of the agitated air. The produce of five hundred acres, which, in the soft spring time, looked green and beautiful, are in a blaze. In twenty places at once—in the granaries—in the stack yards—among the new ricks—every where the flames darted forth and the year's production of Mount [illegible] was [illegible] in a single night.

Oh, gorgeous, but lamentable sight! With what a raging speed did the white flames do their work. The spirit of fire was let loose, and it was not in the power of man to lay it, until it had done its work. On, on it sped in its awful majesty. And now the farm house itself is wrapped in the conflagration, and like long fiery arms the flames entwine themselves about it to kill with their embrace.

There is a confusion of voices—cries for help, and mounted men gallop off for aid. One by one the tall stacks and lordly ricks fall together, masses of charred and glowing embers, from which issues an intense heat that is felt for some hundred yards from the spot. The flames now subside, for they have nearly completed their work, when the cry of "another fire," come with apprehension from many a lip.

And now with a rush over hedge and ditch, and fence and style, come friends and neighbors. But a quarter of an hour has elapsed since that first wild cry of *"Fire,"* and a throng of persons are in and around the homestead, but to see that they can do nothing, and that the flames will have their way.

And William Stoops, the honest, upright man, who from the earth had gathered those crops with toil and sweat of brow, which he now saw resolved in the elements before his eyes, rushed from his house, and wrings his hands, and sobs aloud.

One blazing rick had inclined towards a pretty green house, not far from the homestead, and the flames began to circle around the house itself. Then it was that the farmer lost all thought of his stock, and with a shout of alarm he made his way towards his threshold again, for those he loved better than his stacks and ricks were yet within the walls of that once happy and prosperous house. His wife; his child; his dear daughter Irene, the belle of the village—his gentle and beautiful Irene, who was the joy of his heart and the pride of his life.

"Help! help!" he shouted. "Up and out. Wife, Irene come out."

With a rush he crossed the threshold of his house, but it was not to be that honest William Stoops should rescue those he loved on that occasion, for the time worn porch of the farm house was wrapped in flames, and as he attempted to pass it, it fell with a sudden crash, and struck him down to the ground amid its ruins. Of course the alarm had reached those who were in the house. Mrs. Stoops had, with that nervous haste that defeats its own object, been dressing and undressing herself, and calling aloud upon Irene from the moment that her husband, who had hastily thrown a few articles of clothing upon him, had rushed out at the first alarm, and now, with just sufficient garments to enable her to face the night air, Mrs. Stoops made her way across a corridor of the old farm house to her daughter's room.

"Irene! Irene!" she shrieked. "Irene, my dear, awake." The window of the room crackled and shook at this moment, and the panes of glass shivered into thousands of atoms, as a broad, strong flame crossed them. The light in the room was most intense—awfully so—and by it Mrs. Stoops saw that her daughter's bed was empty.

"She has escaped, thank God," was the first exclamation of the mother, and she fled again across the corridor, and made her way down the old stair case to the lower part of the house.

Flames of fire and much suffocating smoke, impeded her, and she found much difficulty in passing out over the ruins of the fallen porch among which her husband was struggling. By the light of a burning rick she recognized him. To fling herself into his arms, and then to drag him away as far as possible from the house, where her instant actions. A number of the farm hands lent their aid, and he was soon placed in a place of safety.

"Oh, William," said his wife, "what an awful night is this."

"Irene! Irene!" where is she?"

"Saved, William, saved."

"Where? where? Irene! Irene!"

"I saw her bed deserted, William?—She has escaped. Who has seen Irene?"

There was no reply to this; but the servants, the laborers, and the neighbors crowded round the half frantic father and mother, with looks of inquiry and terror.

"Speak," said the despairing father, "Who has seen Irene?"

"No one spoke!

Then with a sob that seemed as if it would break the heart of any one to utter it, he made a rush forward, but his wife clung to him with screams, and cries, and entreaties—for the house was enveloped in flames, and it was surely certain death to pass that fiery ordeal—and she called upon the men around her to hold him, and then there was an awful sight—a sight to scar the heart and make the blood run cold.

At the window of Irene's chamber—that little window at which hung the birds—appeared this young and gentle girl. Her hands were clasped in agony. The light of the fire fell like some livid and strang sunlight upon her fair face. Her long tresses were tinged with the baleful radiance, and looked more than mortally beautiful. She had been in the room when her mother entered it. In the fear and surprise at the first alarm of FIRE, she had half fainted and fallen from the bed, and it was only the confusion of the moment that prevented her mother from seeing that amid the heap of bed clothing on the floor was her daughter.

[illegible] the house all ablaze—retreat cut off by all ordinary means—she, a helpless girl, bewildered by fear. Lost! lost! surely lost!

The flames were gathering strength.—They saw her clasp her hands in agony. There was a groan of sympathy—a kind of moaning shout—for all felt for her, yet at that moment, none seemed able to suggest the means to save her. They heard her cry for "help," and the name of "Charles" was borne to their ears.—Was that name a spell? It would seem so.

Dashing forward, with an energy that set all obsticles at defiance—a young man—little more than a mere youth, appeared upon the scene of action. His hair hung in wild disorder about his finely chiselled face, and there was a bright sparkle about his dark and lustrous eyes, that was terrible to look upon.

"Irene! Irene!" he cried, "I am here Yours in death as well as life."

"Hold!—are you mad?" cried a voice as Charles was about to plunge into the house, and a strong arm was flung around his waist.

"Hands off, Finley Clayton. I know you mean well, but by the heavens above us——"

"Wait! A ladder is better."

Some half-dozen of the farm hands appeared at this moment, bringing with them a tall ladder, and with a sudden exertion of strength, Charles Handy placed it against the front of the house.

There was a loud and ringing cheer of encouragement to the young man, as he set his foot on the first round of the ladder to ascend. Another moment he was in the midst of the smoke and flames.—Then there was a crash, and the ladder, which, for a few moments only, had been exposed to the flames, bent and broke in its centre, and Charles half fell, half slid down the lower end to the ground again. A roaring sound in the house, and a loud report followed. The flooring of the upper chamber had fallen in, and surely Irene was lost! Who could save her? Another ladder was brought, and as Charles looked up, he exclaimed:

"She lives!—she lives! Oh, thank God!"

Holding by the window sill—her fair face faintly visible above it her long tresses floating out into the night air, and dashing to and fro wildly—was the young girl. She had not fallen with the flooring beneath her. Despair and the love of life—that life on the threshold of which she as yet only stood, but which had yet taught her the joy of living—had nerved her, and she held on to the window sill, while fire and flame raged beneath her.

The other ladder was raised in an instant, and Charles flew up it rather than ascended it.

"Courage, Irene, I am here."

"Charles!"

"Your own Charles!"

"God help us."

He reached the window—he made a grasp at her arms, and while that beautiful hair, which had longed to cover with kisses, floated about him, he, by main strength—a strength given him by the power of love—raised Irene up fairly to the window sill, and in another moment she was in his arms, and sobbing aloud upon his breast.

"Saved! saved! saved!.

They heard the joyous shout below, and the answering cheer echoed far and wide. Down, down, with a kind of rush he came, clasping in his left arm's embrace the form of his loved one. She *was* saved! *He* had saved her. Oh, how dear she was to him now. She was his idol—his treasure.

He placed the fair young girl in the arms of her father, and then, faint and exhausted he fell at her feet, but soon revived, and there was a look of wondrous joy upon his face as he gazed around.

"Charles," said Mr. Stoops, "God bless you. I know you love my daughter, and I give you my blessing."

"Oh, Mr. Stoops, you do not know—you cannot know—how very happy—that is, I—I—another time—I——

"Another time, my boy?"

"No, no—I do love her—but I am so poor—so dependent. My brother Henry——"

"Mark you, Charles Handy, I don't like your brother Henry—nobody likes him—and it was only last night I saw him with the Gipsey Hackets. Bad company, young man, I take it."

"I fear so, sir."

"Well, my lad, that is nothing to me. Don't you talk of being poor—you have the wealth of a good heart, and that is enough for my little girl here." At this moment there was a great exclamation, and Finley Clayton called, "Look, there is that strange light at Mount Hope again."

All eyes were turned in the direction pointed out, which was towards a huge house that stood about a half mile from the farm of William Stoops. This mansion was the most noticeable feature of the whole district. It was built upon the slope of a hill, which had been cut level to the extent of two acres, to hold it and its private and magnificent gardens. The house was of immense extent. For forty years not a wreath of smoke had ascended from its chimneys. Major Scott, the late possessor, had fallen into difficulties, and was forced to part with it piece by piece. Mount Hope was the name given to it by the common people, for what reason none could tell. It soon began to be hinted around that the place was haunted, and no person was found hold enough to enter within its precincts after nightfall. The [illegible] estate had been sold to the money lenders and others, until the whole was frittered away into many hands, and seemed likely never again to be gathered together in the possession of a Scott.

There was a nominal owner it is true, to the mansion, and that was a General Scott, who report set down as a libertine, and a gambler like his brother who had preceded him, and who had left him the estate—or sold it to him, report said, for a gambling debt. He never came near the place, but left it to the wind and the weather. It was towards this house that Finley Clayton attracted general attention.

"There is the ghost light again," said he.

A very strange effect ensued in regard to the old mansion, for, as the throng of persons assembled at the fire looked at it, they saw that just for one instant, and in rapid succession, there appeared at every window of the house, a pale, green, spectral looking light. This light passed from window to window, apparently at the same rate of progression. A death-like stillness came over all who witnessed the phenomenon. They had seen it before, but let them see it as often as they would, it always affected them with a superstitious fear, and the haunting of the house at Mount Hope was an established fact all over that portion of the country.

There was one person who turned aside, and did not look at the old mansion.

That person was Charles Handy, and there was upon his face a flush of embarrassment as he said:

"Disregard it, Irene—it is a delusion. Time will come I hope—*it will come*—when—when—even I——"

"What would you say, Charley?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing. Hush; not a word to your father or mother. There is a mystery I but half, as yet, fathom myself.

CHAPTER II.

The long mournful night succeeding the conflagration of the farm wore slowly away, and the cold grey light of a September morning shone on the smouldering ruins, but ere the night had faded off into day again so strange an event took place at the old deserted house, that we must pause to record it.

About two hours before the first streak of the new dawn appeared in the east, a solitary horseman might have been seen making his way by a bridle path through a tangled kind of wood, which had once been a portion of the old mansion. The horseman was a man past the prime of life, he had at one time been very handsome, but it was evident that dissipation had done its work upon him, and he had all the worn and jaded look of a thorough *roue.* The apparel of the horseman was as costly as the modern taste of present times would permit, and some half dozen diamonds, testified that their possessor had a goodly share of the world's wealth. About a stone's throw behind him rode a servant, who was well mounted, and who amused himself by singing "Pop goes the weasel."

"Joe," said the man who rode the first horse, "is not that a fire?" and as he spoke, he pointed to the direction of a bright light.

"Yes, master," replied the servant, "but that is no novelty in these parts at this time."

Joe had now ridden close up to his master, and the two emerged from the wood and come upon a level and beautiful tract of country, which was immediately outside the garden of Mount Hope. From there, a full view of William Stoops' farm could be had—or rather what was left of it, and at a glance at the still glowing embers, they saw it was indeed a fire that caused the light which had attracted their attention.

"Joe," said his master, "I do not desire you to come any further with me. Two things have surprised me in this part of the country, and we have been told of both at all the hotels on the road. One was that fires were frequent, and robberies bold in this section. You may now return, and wait for me at the "Howard House" at Columbus."

Joe knew it would be useless to remonstrate, so he obeyed orders and was off.

"So," said the man, "I am here alone at last, and I feel cold and hot by turns.—Nonsense! What is this folly that oppresses me—I who fear—believe nothing?"

"Ha, ha!" screamed, rather than laughed, a voice, and there ensued a sound like the clapping of hands, which so alarmed the horse that it reared, and nearly threw the rider.

"By all the fiends, what is this?" he cried.

"Ha! ha, General Scott, you fear nothing—believe nothing. Will you believe me, and then fear?"

"I tell you what I will do," said the General, as he drew a pistol, "I will send a bullet after you, if you don't come out of your hiding place."

"I am here."

From the thick foilage, a form that looked human by the very dim light, emerged, and made an attempt to seize the bridle of the horse, but he made the animal swerve as he said: "No, that is a thing which I do not permit. I am armed, and you must look to yourself."

"I am a woman!"

"A hag, I take it, so far as I am judge by voice. But I want nothing to say to you—out of my path."

"No; I shall not. I have something to say to you, if you have not to me. I know you—know you for a bold bad man. This is your birthday!"

"Ah."

"Yes, now think. Your brother—your father—his father—his father again, never doomed—doomed beyond the [illegible] story that which I came to say."

"Now, by all that is detestible, I have a mind to send you to your account first. I am strong, hearty, but hold—stop"—he was speaking to an empty space—she was gone.

"What fiend in human form is this," he muttered, "who has tried to shake me by this idle tale? Pshaw! A man is not to die at forty-seven because his ancestors did so. Die! No, I have work to do. What errand is this on which I have come to Mount Hope? Folly! let me be a man—I shall fear—believe nothing."

He was a bold man, that General, with that spurious kind of boldness of the skeptic and fatalist. He had come from Columbus to Mount Hope on an errand that might well have shaken his human soul to its foundations; but he was braving it out—braving heaven and earth—fearing nothing, and believing nothing.

He seemed to know his route well, even in the darkness which was about him, and dismounting from his horse he walked on, with the bridle on his arm. About ten minutes walking brought both steed and man to some half broken down iron hurdles. One of these he easily removed, and then they passed into what had once been an orchard of the mansion, but which was now in a state of wildness and confusion.

"Now what fools these rustics are of this neighborhood to allow themselves to be frightened by a parcel of old women's tales about ghosts, and omit to seek out the mystery. Well, be it so—it is better as it is."

He paused, and tied the bridle of his horse to the low branch of a tree, and he patted the animal, as he said: "Wait, Fanny, wait. I have no need to be long about the work I am about to do. The old well must still be in the ivey court, and that will keep a secret, if two hundred feet below the surface of the earth's level will suffice to hide it. It must be done."

After walking slowly along by the foot of the wall, for some distance among the tall weeds, and feeling the brick work, with his hands, as he went along, he suddenly paused.

"The door at last!" he said.

Passing his hand slowly down the edge of a small arched door in the wall, he found the key hole, and, then, producing a key from his pocket, he after some trouble, turned the rusted bolts of the lock, and the door opened creakingly on its hinges. Passing through, he removed the key from the door, shut it, but did not lock it on the inside. Once, twice, thrice, he paused, for he thought—surely it was but a thought that, and imagination was playing the trick—he thought that still another footstep beside his own, paced through that deserted spot. A cold chill crep over him—he tried to shake it off, but could not.

A flight of marble steps, a terrace, another flight of steps and a long range of windows—then a decent of six circular shaped steps, and a portico, and he stood in the main entrance of Mount Hope.

"All is still," he said. "It was but fancy. What I come to do must be done. What have I to fear now? The well is deep, and the dead are but inert substances—that—that—should affright no one."

He had several keys with him. They were on a silken cord. He must have studied them well, for, by the touch, selected one, and opened a small portal, or door, within the door—if we may so express it—in the huge entrance of the grand hall. Then he stepped out of the air into the cold, damp, dismal house, and he closed the little portal behind him.

An awful kind of hush was in the air, and it felt damp and heavy. Without moving an inch from the spot on which he first stood, the General produced from his pocket a lantern, and then held it with a waving motion above his head, and strove, with fixed gaze, to pierce the dim obscurity of the vast hall. He listened—all was silent.

"It must be done," he said. *"It shall be done!* What says Shakespere?"

"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures."

The lantern only shed about it a kind of halo light that left all beyond its influence in double darkness, and General Scott passed slowly down the huge hall. Through a door, across a narrow hall, through two state rooms, and then to the foot of a stair case still glittering in splendor from its gilden—then step by step, up those stairs, on which the dust laid thickly, then along a corridor, and then a pause before a statue in a niche in the wall.

"Here!" he said. "Here!"

Another of the keys was selected. He placed the lantern on the corner of the pedestal which supported the statue, and he glided behind it where there was just room enough for one to stand. The wall was richly gilt and panelled. He ran his finger down one of the decorations, until a portion of it gave way and was easily pushed aside. There was a small key hole behind that portion of gilt moulding, which was as readily discovered.

Again the rusty lock that had not been used for years, gave way with difficulty, but it did turn, and a tall, narrow door opened. The General lifted the lantern, and like a ghost, so low and stately was his step, he passed through this opening in the wall, and it slowly closed behind him, while the piece of moulding fell into its place again over the key hole.

Five minutes elapsed, and some smothered screams echoed vaguely through the thick damp air of Mount Hope.

While some days [illegible] beneath the roof of the farm of his brothers Charles and Henry Handy. They were speaking of the fire which had made them houseless, when a phenomenon took place that attracted all eyes. Down the hill side, on which stood the mansion of Mount Hope, there came a horse without a rider.

"What a noble steed," exclaimed Henry Handy, as he placed suddenly a whistle to his lips and blew shrilly upon it—As if by magic, a couple of swarthy looking men, whose gipsy origin could not be doubted for one moment, sprang from behind some thick hedges, and stood, as if waiting directions from Henry.

"The horse, the horse," he cried.—"Track its course, and bring it in. A splendid animal, by heaven."

The gypsies bounded off, and were soon lost to sight, apparently in a direction at right angles to that which the horse was taking.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Wonderful Discovery.

The stone-masons engaged in laying the foundation of the new blacksmith shop, at the Rolling Mill of Wood, Morrell & Co., in breaking a large sand-stone in two, the other day, discovered a frog, pressed as flat as a cent, and lying in a crevice in the cavity stone, from which there was no visible out let. As soon as it fell out it began to manifest symptoms of life, and before one hour, it was as large, plump and lively as any other frog. It appears, however, to be blind at present, but as the eyes appear perfect it may regain its sight. The rock from which it was taken was quarried from some of the spurs of the Laurel hill, about thirty years ago, when the Pennsylvania canal was constructed, and built in a wall, where it remained till a few days ago, when it was removed to be put in the foundation before mentioned.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

A Luminous Visiter.

Look out for the next comet! Prof. Newmaga, of Australia, says we may expect a visit from one of those immense luminaries next year. As a pleasant alternative, he asserts that "it will come so close as to endanger the earth, and should it not attach itself to us (as one globule of quicksilver to another,) nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train. During those three days, the Gas Companies will be at a stand still.

A lady friend issuing invitations to a few select acquaintances to a supper party, after expressing the usual compliments, emulated in a sense the late custom of marriage notices, but instead of ending with "No Cards," she laconically concluded her invitations with "No Butter."