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

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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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FIVE CENTS A COPY.

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

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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 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 New York, as follows: At 3.00 and 8.15 A. M, and 1.45 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, Minersvill, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M. and 1.45 P. M. stopping at Lebanon and principal Stations only.

Way Trains stopping at all points at 7.25 A. M. and 4.40 P. M.

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

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6.30 and 11 A. M. for Ephrata, Litiz, Columbia, &c.

On Sunday; 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.

80 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
nov. 26, '64

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

This new Road is now completed, and in good running order, with first-class Passenger Cars, and having made arrangements with the connecting roads North and South, offers to the travelling public a direct and through route, from WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE, via York, Columbia and Reading to Allentown, Easton and NEW YORK, which route for beauty and Summer Resorts should be tried to be appreciated.

Leave Columbia at 8.15 a m and 2.00 p m, make connections at Landisville, and arrive at Reading at 10.40 a m and 4.40 p m, making connections with the Phila. and New York lines. Leave Reading for Columbia at 6.00 a m and 6.10 p m, arriving at Columbia at 9.20 a m and 8.40 p m.

The River Susquehanna at Columbia is crossed by a Steam Ferry, a NEW BOAT awaits the arrival of the trains to convey the passengers over, the change being delightful. Passengers by the first line will dine at Columbia.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east,
Columbia train, 8.05 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 5.30 P. M.
Trains leave west,
Mail train, 11.50 A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation, 6.25 P. M.
Columbia train arrives, 8.10 "

E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

N. C. RAILWAY.

YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R R

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

Leave Wrightsville, 8.45 A. M.
" " 2.10 P. M.
" " 7.45 P. M.
Leave York 6.45 A. M.
" " 12.10 P. M.
" " 4.00 P. M.

Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York.

DEPARTURES FROM YORK.

For BALTIMORE, 4.15 A. M. 9.45 A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

For HARRISBURG, 11.57 A. M. 6.15 P. M. and 11.25 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.52 A. M., 6.10 P. M. and 11.20 P. M.

From HARRISBURG, 4.10 A. M., 9.10 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 9.10 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12.45 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

J. Z. 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.

D. J. M. LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa. Office next door to American House.
Nov. 19 1864-tf.

J. W. FISHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.
Col., Dec. 24, '64.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Col., July 4, 1863.

Dr. J. A. E. REFD.

Late Surgeon of the 155th Reg't P.V.
Has again resumed the practice of medicine in

Mountville, Lancaster Co.

A share of public patronage is solicited. Patients entrusted to my care will receive careful and prompt attention.
Feb 18

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

COLLECTIONS Made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.

Pensions, Bounty, back pay and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.

Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O
Dec. 1'64.

WASHINGTON HOUSE HOTEL.

Front Street, Columbia, Pa.
DANIEL HERR, *Proprietor.*

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 he could cure me. So in three days after I called and placed myself under the Doctor's treatment, and in two weeks I began to digest my food, and felt that my disease was fast giving way, and I continued to recover for about three months, and at the present time I enjoy perfect health of body and mind, and I most sincerely return my thanks to a merciful God and Dr. Wishart, and to his Great American Dyspepsia Pills and Pine Tree Tar Cordial that saved me from an Insane Asylum and a premature grave. All persons suffering with Dyspepsia are at liberty to call on me or write, as I am willing to do all the good I can for suffering humanity. ELIZABETH BRANSON.

Brandywine, Del., formerly Old Chester, Delaware county, Pa.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!!

DR. WISHART: I have been a constant sufferer with Dyspepsia for the last eighteen years, during which time I cannot say that I have ever enjoyed a perfectly well day. There were times when the symptoms were more aggravated than at others, and then it seemed it would be a great relief to die. I had at all times an unpleasant feeling in my head, but latterly, my sufferings so much increased that I became almost unfit for business of any kind; my mind was continually filled with gloomy thoughts and forebodings, and if I attempted to change their current by reading, at once a sensation of icy coldness in connection with a dead weight, as it were, rested upon my brain; also, a feeling of sickness would occur at the stomach, and great pain to my eyes, accompanied with which was the continual fear of losing my reason. I also experienced great lassitude, debility and nervousness, which made it difficult to walk by day or sleep at night. I became averse to society, and disposed only to seclusion, and having tried the skill of a number of eminent physicians of various schools, finally come to the conclusion that, for this disease at my present age (45 years) there was no cure in existence. But, through the interference of Divine Providence, to whom I devoutly offer my thanks, I at last found a sovereign remedy in your Dyspepsia Pills and Tar Cordial, which seem to have effectually removed almost the last trace of my long list of ailments and bad feeling, and in their place health, pleasure, and contentment are my every-day companions. JAMES M. SAUNDERS,
No. 453 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Formerly of Woodbury, N. J.

A Positive cure for Dyspepsia.
HEAR WHAT MR. JOHN H. BABCOCK SAYS,

No. 1028 Olive Street,
Philadelphia, Jan. 22d, 1863.

DR. WISHART—Sir:—It is with much pleasure that I am now able to inform you that, by the use of your great American Dyspeptic Pills, I have been entirely cured of that most distressing complaint, Dyspepsia. I had been grevously afflicted for the last twenty-eight years, and for ten years of that time have not been free from its pain one week at a time. I have had it in its worst form and have dragged on a most miserable existence—in pain day and night. Every kind of food filled me with wind and pain, it mattered not how light, or how small the quantity. A continued belching was sure to follow. I had no appetite for any kinds of meats whatever, and my distress was so great for several months before I heard of your Pills, that I frequently wished for death. I had taken everything that I had heard of for Dyspepsia, without receiving any benefit; but on your Pills being recommended to me by one who had been cured by them, I concluded to give them a trial, although I had no faith in them. To my astonishment, I found myself getting better before I had taken one-fourth of a box, and, after taking half a box, *I am a well man, and can eat anything I wish*, and enjoy a hearty meal three times a day, without inconvenience from anything I eat or drink. If you think proper, you are at liberty to make this public and refer to me. I will cheerfully give all desirable information, to any one who may call on me. Yours, respectfully,
JOHN H. BABCOCK.

These medicies are prepared only by the proprietor.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,
WHOSE OFFICE IS AT
No. 10 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Where he can be consulted either personally or by letter free of charge. They are sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere, at wholesale by all New York and Philadelphia wholesale Druggists.
march31--1y'64

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

O, For a Friend.

BY WILLIE WARE.

O, for a dear, confiding friend,
A loving friend sincere;
One that will share my every joy.
And be in sorrow near.

A friend to cheer in lonely hours,
To wipe away a tear;
Oh, to my sorrowing, lonely heart,
A friend would be most dear.

A friend to light my path below,
And strew my way with flowers.
A friend to cheer me on the way,
That leads to heavenly bowers.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

To the Amateur Writers of the Present Age.

BY VIOLA MAY.

What though the world your lines condemn;
Let sages smile, and critics sneer,
Refer them back to earlier days,
When they were treated, like severe.

'Tis ordeal through which all have passed,
The gold is purified by fire,
So ye must toil and persevere—
Who would to yonder heights aspire.

'Twas nobly said by one of old—
When soldier's pass'd mid iron hail,
"Press onward,—'tis our country's cause,
To freemen.—no such word as fail."

Thy purpose fix'd, toil bravely on—
With Eagle eye on yonder height,
Labor is sure of its reward,
And thine may be "the lofty flight."

Written for the Columbia Spy.

The Snow Bird.

The chilling storm now howls along
Each dreary Winter day,
Without one cheering note or song
Of birds that sang in May.
Though all the choristers of the Spring,
Have hush'd their notes once sweet,
The snow bird on her tiny wing,
Has come, the storm to meet.

While other songsters seek to share
With us the balmy grove,
It is not 'till all Nature's bare,
The snow bird courts our love.
Of friendship here, how much alike
Are Maytime birds and thee:
They cling to us through Summer's light,
But with cold Winter flee.

Dear little bird, who stems the frown
Of chilling winds and frost,
Has sorrow by thee o'er been found?
Or have your hopes been cross'd?
Has some rude hand thy nest assail'd,
Reared up with care and pain?
Or in deep anguish have ye wail'd
Some friend untimely slain?

Hath thy fond hope of fortune fled,
Or got in miser hands,
And left you here to toil for bread,
Among these frozen lands?
Or has some artful maiden fair,
With love your peace destroy'd,
And nothing left you but despair,
Fill'd with an aching void?

If you have mixed with woes like these,
Cold winter suits you best;
For charms of Summer bring no ease
To bosoms ill at rest;
Then with cold Winter's raging storm,
Come gently bird to me,
And I will join thee in thy morn,
'Midst storm and leafless tree

We'll through the distant forest grove
Weep with the sighing breeze,
That, like the song of hopeless love,
Mourns through the leafless trees
Oh hie us to the lonely stream,
Where whisp'ring murmers low,
Say life and love are but a dream,
And friendship but a show.

But soon the maiden spring will ope
In beauty through the grove,
And ever vale and mountain slope
Will bloom, and sing of love;
You, from those promised buds, will flee
To climes that's cold and chill,
And leave the groves of mirth and glee
For other birds to fill

But I, who love the forest deep,
When free from leaf and bloom,
Will then be left alone to weep,
Though nature wears no gloom;
For Spring, in all its gay attire,
With songs in ev'ry grove,
Can touch no chord upon the lyre
Of those who vainly love.

THE UNKNOWN.

Baltimore, Md.

Original.

Written for the Columbia Spy,

MARK ROWLAND,

—OR—

A Tale of the Shenandoah Valley.

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.

Between the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah Mountains lies a beautiful and fertile plain once the garden spot of a noble Virginia—known as the Shenandoah Valley. Before the war, this region was one of pride not only to Virginians, but to all who claimed to be Americans. It has been long noted for its vast number of springs, hot and cold, the waters of which have caused many an invalid to bless the name of the great Shenandoah. Since the war, desolation is spread broadcast throughout its entire length and breadth—and want and famine stalks abroad in all their hideous and sickening glory. No more do the merry songs of the farmer echo through the woods, and the pleasant chime of the church bell call the inhabitants to the house of God. Four long years of dreadful war has sowed its once blooming fields with the dead of America's noblest sons—and sent cheerless widows and uncared for orphans adrift upon the land to mourn the loss of kind husbands and affectionate fathers. To day this once beautiful and blooming Valley is a barren waste—nt abode only for wild beasts, bats and owls.

The winding river of the same name ploughs its course through this wonderful ravine and empties its waters into the swift running Potomac. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery the traveller would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs and hills of the Blue Ridge, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this once beautiful valley, from her western to her eastern limits.

The very judicious descendants of the famous F. F. V's., were the first to discover and improve this rich and alluvial valley, the natural entrance to which is from the North Carolina boundary.—Their farms some eight years ago, were stretched in beautiful garden spots across the Valley from the Shenandoah Mountains to the corresponding hills on the North.

They were thus furnished at either extremity, with woodlands and pastures; while the spacious bed between the hills, varying from five to thirty miles in width was verily a carpet meadow.

The traveller who set out in the morning from the beautiful village of New Hope, to pursue his journey eastward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, from which position he is enabled to view the surrounding country for miles, as far as the eye can reach; but before him will generally be spread a dense mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep and level valley as well as the lovely little village which lies to the west and apparently almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, at least until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the sun of the morning, he will be astonished to see the enormous abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen piercing the incumbent clouds; and as the day advances, a village with its even ranges of bright colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to his admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the distance, that the traveller cannot but believe he is beholding the phantoms of a fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the glittering wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends and journeys to the east of his position, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the settlements and gardens of which I have heretofore spoken.

The practical farmers—with fine brick and frame mansions and cottages, surrounded with evergreens, ivy, box, and thorn hedges, placed near the centre of their farms, with a masterly regard to comfort, symmetry or taste in their arrangement, are seen on all sides. In all probability at the time that many of these farms were purchased and houses erected there was no roads of importance piercing farther into the interior than their immediate vicinity; we will grant it so at least, and imagine that at the date in which my little story commences, some enterprising individual had cut a straight turnpike road across this beautiful valley, much to the annoyance to its old fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farm-houses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

The hero of my little story is one of those beings of the poorer class—commonly termed "the poor white trash," by those of nobler birth and the F. F. V. ancestry. Yet he was a man of some means and tilled a very small farm for the maintainance of himself and small family. He was known as one of the patriarchs of the small village close by, and was well established in the fattest portion of this exuberant valley. His ancestors had been "patriarchs" time out of mind, and the chimney of his paternal mansions contained certain amorphous masses, which an old tradition designated as the identical brick brought by his ancestors from Germany. By this we have the origin of the hero of my story, Mr. Mark Rowland. The dwelling of Mark, covering an immense area, with its roof decending on each side near the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New England, 'yclept a hen coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay notwithstanding the more modern invention of barns; the diverging corn cribs before his door; the pig pens in their neighborhood; the grindstone, aviary, and out door oven, scattered round in mockery of the symmetry found on other farms, all bespoke a man of weight and means, in his position of life, according to the estimation of the F. F. V's. of that day.

His wife however, was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Mark was naturally good-tempered and yielding disposition, and the habit of perfect obedience to her every wish had, as it were, become a second nature to him. The most severe test of his docility was on the occasion of interruptions from his better part, of certain patriarchal levees, which he had indulged in, from time immemorial, and been accustomed to hold at the door of his dwelling. It was his main delight, as it had been that of his sires, to collect around him, on a summer's eve, those who, like himself loved the cup and a pipe better than hard work. At such times he was truly in his glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above named instruments of enjoyment in each hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, the woeful laxity of foreign integrity, and the inroads of the bustling yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who stretched on the seats of turf or slates, on either side, quietly enjoyed the "patriarch's discourse and hospitality. However, he had become somewhat degenerate.

The terrible inroads of his wife had, however, more than once disturbed his quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; insomuch that his most urgent entreaties, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint-hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One fair and bright summer's eve. surrounded by his obsequious neighbors he had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woeful conflicts of their ancestors with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted greatly by an extra bowl, had so engrossed attention, that the hour had passed unnoticed. The startling eyes and slobbering mouths of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. His wife, 'Mrs. Scorchie,' as the neighbors familliarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last pair of stockings and covered the few dying coals of the summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window-seat, for the sessions of social friends at her door to break up and restore her good man to his quiet bed.—But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvelous rehearsel of Mark, that, heedless of the hour, and the thickening indignation of "Mrs. Scorchie," they but drew nearer to the speaker as if chained by fascination. Mark had even risen from his cane-bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground, in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narative of Indians and evil spirits, when "Mrs. Scorchie," tortured beyond endurance by this unreasonable delay, with angry visage made her appearance on the threshhold, directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every listener started from his seat, as if the ghost of Hamlet or old Wilhelms himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Mark had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn and look behind him, the strong hands of "Scorchie" were closely placed on either side of his head, somewhat more closely than may have been exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their duress, were made to hear the grating sounds; "Mark! will ye never stop short your drunken speeches, and come to bed!" The sapient audience waited not for any further salutation. Each one was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his movables permitted, and ere Mark was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshhold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack or corn-crib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of poor Mark, and whether the grog which had given him such a honied utterance had also, Sampson-like, shaken the pillar of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of "Scorchies'" hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in bed, and had snored for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steamboat.

It was the dread hour of night, or as the poet says, "the witching hour of night," when horror sometimes steals over the firmest breast, that he seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by a slight rattling at the door of his apartment. The door slowly opened and by the dim flittering light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshhold. It entered, and was followed by another and another, each apparently more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Mark tried to scream and spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a night-mare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffians cautiously approached the bed-side. The dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, while the dark outline of a revolver was seen in the left. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would he have done to have heard even the grating voice of his wife! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side, all unconscious of the approaching danger. Altnas' self was a light burden on Enceladus, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Mark At length the haggard assassin, motioning his fellows to halt, approached, and in a low voice, but clear and distinct, said,—"Wretch, I come for thee! Rise, and follow me!" As if warned by the last trump, he sprung from the bed, stark naked, upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were almost as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than lacing, buttoning, and strapping, of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Mark followed like an automaton, and the two attendants brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be reveling in the upper regions; hurrying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds, and forcing the fleet of winds in cross currents through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner.—Not a word escaped them as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped, of such desperate width as to astonish Mark at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of every prey, startled from their liars by this unearthly procession, howled along its flanks, in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched man. He toiled and puffed, and struggled, to keep up to the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make. At length, streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Mark, that he might once more see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black, and yawning mouth of an infernal cavern opened fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices!—Mark shrunk back in terrror. "Enter!" said his guide in a voice of thunder.—It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and from the world forever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Mark sunk upon the ground near the entrance, helpless and immovable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side; he saw their glaring eyes; he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheeks, and their talons in his living, quivering flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave, but shrill voice of his wife! The fiery eyes were hers; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair. "Wake up from your drunken night-mare! You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!—Mark found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he awoke, and behold it was a dream!

Thus ends my little story of Mark Rowland—now the hero of the Shenandoah, in the great cause of Liberty and the Union.

Baltimore, Md.

A True Incident.

Not long since I was travelling through the Western States, and called on a worthy man with whom I had business to transact, and as he soon found I resided in his native town, he had many inquiries to make about his neighbors and friends. During the evening my eyes would often wander to the beautiful features of his eldest daughter, who was so kind and gentle to the little ones, hushing them when their plays became too noisy and joining occasionally in their sports. But I noticed that something troubled her, for a sadness like dark shadows on the meadow in summer would rest on her face, while her thoughts were far away. After I had conversed with her awhile, I said—

"You seem sad—what troubles you? Has your lover gone to the war?"

She looked up so suddenly I feared she was offended, then archly said, while while the blood crimsoned her cheeks—

"How happened you to guess? But I have got used to his absence," she continued, "and the hardest of all to bear is that I have no paper to write him letters he has written once a week ever since he went away and that was nearly a year ago, but I have not answered his last three, and he says he fears I am forgetting him. The times are so hard in the West that I try to be prudent for father's sake, but it makes me feel pretty poor when we can't afford to buy a dozen sheets of paper. Father was sick all summer, and mother and I tried to get sewing, but there was not much to be found for every one did their own work through economy; then I taught the children at home, because we could not pay their schooling; while nights and mornings I hoed in the garden and milked the cow. Finally, with our other troubles, our fine cow died; and we felt then as though we had not much to encourage us, but still tried to do the best we could, hoping for better times. I did not write our troubles to Harry, but tried to speak happy and hopefully, for I know that soldiers should hear the bright side if we would have them strong and brave in battle. I saved a half dollar to buy paper and letter stamps, but mother lacked just that amount to pay for the children's winter clothes, so I gave it up. I often think, when I see rich men's daughters pay so much for a hat or dress, that they do not know the value of money as the as the poor do. They do not anxiously think of the many things needed, and reason about what is needed most before they part with their little store."

How few are there among the rich that possess the courage and self-reliance of this young girl, thought I as she finished her simple history; and Harry has indeed a treasure in the possession of a heart so true and hopeful.

"Write Harry a long letter to-morrow," said I, "and tell him you are not forgetting him; and here is a dollar for you; remember, Katy, not to waste it foolishly," I continued, smiling, as the tears came into her eyes, and her voice tremblingly whispered—

"God bless you for your kindness."

I never purchased so much true enjoyment with a dollar before; and I often think of Katy in her Western home, hoping that her lover may safely return, and that Providence has a brighter future waiting to reward her noble heart.

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—A Wisconsin paper says that the oldest man in the world is now living in Caledonia, in tha State. His name is Joseph Crele, and his age is one hundred and thirty-nine years. He has lived in Wisconsin more than a century, and was first married in New Orleans, one hundred and nine years ago. Some years afterwards he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the revolutionary war he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay! But a few years a go that he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court, in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years before! He now resides with a daughter, by his third wife, who is over seventy years of age.

PORK PACKING.—The number of hogs packed in Cincinatti is estimated upon packers' returns, at 838,000, being a deficiency, as compared with last season of 32,000 head. At Chicago the packing foots up 750,000 against 904,000 last season, being a falling off of about 150,000. The falling off of the whole West will be but little short of 700,000. In the number shipped East there is also a large deficiency.