

The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 45.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1865.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,813.]

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
2 1/2 a year if paid in advance.
If not paid until the expiration of the year
FIVE CENTS A COPY.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the editor.

Rates of Advertising in the Spy.
1 sq. 5 lines 1c
2 " 10 " 2c
3 " 15 " 3c
4 " 20 " 4c
5 " 25 " 5c
6 " 30 " 6c
7 " 35 " 7c
8 " 40 " 8c
9 " 45 " 9c
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15 " 75 " 15c
16 " 80 " 16c
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THE FIVE BROTHERS
JOHN FENDRICH & BROS.,
Columbia, Pa.
F. FENDRICH & BROS.,
Evansville, Ind.,
Established in 1855
Branches of the
Baltimore House,
Established in 1848 by JOS. FENDRICH
and BROTHERS.

JNO. FENDRICH & BROS
COLUMBIA, PA.
DEALERS IN
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
TOBACCO, SNUFF, SEGARS.

We offer for sale the largest and best assortment of

TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
IN COLUMBIA,
OR WEST OF PHILA
OR BALTIMORE.

We call the attention of Merchants,
Storekeepers and Sutters

To Examine our Stock.

Which they will find extensive and cheap,
and if we do not offer goods in our line

Ten Per Cent. Cheaper

THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE

CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE FOLLOWING BRANDS OF TO-

BACCO, SEGARS AND SNUFF, CHEW-

ING TOBACCO, &c.

No. 1 Extra Baltimore Span Roll Tobacco;
Navy Tobacco,
Congress Tobacco,

Plowders, 25 plugs to the lb.
Date, 25 to the lb.

Fine Natural Cavendish, and Twist,
Va do Oronoko.

FINE CUT CHWING TOBACCO,
70 gross Billy Barba Rora,
50 gross Plantation,
40 gross celebrated Cornish,
60 gross Yellow Bank,
25 gross Joe Anderson,
20 gross Amulet

SMOKING TOBACCO,
500 lbs Big Lick in 10 Bales,
300 lbs Uncle Sam in 10 Bales,
350 Lynchburg Va, in 10 Bales,
200 lbs Mons, Va in 10 Bales
Parskish, in 4, 1 and 5 lb drums,
Cut and Dry, in papers, by the doz. 45 cts.
Also loose in 1-2 Bbls and Barrels.

PIPES.
Mercedman Pipes,
Rosewood Pipes,
Briar Pipes,
Double Tube Pipes
Gum Pipes,
Indian Pipes,
French Clay Pipes,
Common Clay Pipes,
Pipe Stems,
French Head Pipes,
Sugar Cases,
Snuff Boxes,
Match Boxes,

GUM, LEATHER AND BLADDER TOBACCO BAGS.

IN fact we keep constantly on hand everything in our line of business which is too numerous to mention.

We have the largest stock of segars this side of Phila, at wholesale and Retail.

JNO. FENDRICH & BROS.
Front Street, 5 doors from Locust.
COLUMBIA, PA.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below the afflicted will find a condensed statement of the various individuals whose names are herewith appended, whose Certificates can at any time be seen by calling at the Store of the Proprietor, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
B. MISHLER, Sole Manufacturer.

John C. Walton, Lancaster, cured of Disease of Spine and Kidneys, &c., contracted in the Army.
Thomas Groom, Glen Hope, cured of Disease of the Back and Nervous system.
Henry Nagle, Lancaster, cured of a stroke of the Palsy, causing the loss of the use of the right arm.
Joseph Witmer, Philadelphia, certifies that Mischler's Bitters has restored him to health, having been much afflicted with various ailments for a long time.

James Kennedy, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Diarrhea and Rheumatism.
Daniel Finetrock, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much afflicted with while in the Army—recommending the use of the Bitters to soldiers and others similarly afflicted.
Levi Hart, Sen., Lancaster, cured of Rheumatism occasioned by exposure in the Army.

Charles B. Williams, Lancaster, certifies that his daughter was cured of a lingering sickness of eight months from various diseases, by Mischler's Bitters.
Henry Muder, Lancaster, was cured of difficulty in passing his water, by the use of the Bitters, which Nature designed, from Rheumatic pains.
Philip Bonec, Lancaster, Cured of an affection of the Kidneys and Bladder, by the use of Mischler's Herb Bitter.

Daniel B. Myers, Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., certifies that he was cured of severe stitches in the side which he was afflicted with for nine years.
Jas. Bickling, Jittie, Pa., was cured of a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism.
Jos. H. Watson, Lancaster, relieved of pains in his shoulders and limbs, that he was unable to sleep.

Andrew Eberly, Lancaster, Cured of Cramp Colic, Rheumatism, and other ailments, by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
Mary J. Carney, Lancaster, cured of weakness of the breast and pain in the side by Mischler's Bitters.
Wm. H. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbi in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.
Jacob Haug, Lancaster, says that his son was relieved of extraordinary pains in his arms and legs.

Samuel McDonnell, Lancaster, cured of Dyspepsia of 20 years standing by Mischler's Bitters.
H. G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster, was cured of a severe attack of Dyspepsia, by the Bitters.
Hugh Dougherty, Lancaster, says his daughter was cured of weakness, phthisis sore throat, &c.

J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his family has been much relieved from affliction by the Bitters.
E. H. Rhoads, Reamstown, Lancaster Co., cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of some years standing.
Jonathan Syer, of Haywood Hospital Va. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bitters—contracted in the Army.
Thomas Dropp, Lancaster, recovered from attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of Mischler's Bitters.

A. Muskettown, Lancaster, cured of what is called a Running Leg, by application of the Bitters.
John Role, Lancaster, cured of a Running Leg of 20 years' standing, by Mischler's Bitters.
Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of a severe pain across his kidneys, by the Herb Bitters.
C. B. Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe cold which had settled in his teeth, by Mischler's Bitters.

J. P. Frobenberg, Lancaster, was entirely cured of a remarkable distressing Abscess by the use of the Bitters.
Henry G. Hendig, Camp Potomac, was cured of Diarrhea by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
A. Fairer, Lancaster Co., Poorhouse, cured of Dyspepsia and disease of the Kidneys, by the Bitters.
Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a terrible ail on the breast of three months standing, by the use of the Bitters.
John Weidman, Lancaster, says that himself and wife were cured of severe Rheumatism by the Bitters.

A Lady of Lancaster writes to Mr. Mischler, that the Bitters cured her of "Piles of a year's standing."
John Gilman, Lancaster, cured of Disease of the Heart and a severe pain in his breast, by the Bitters.
G. W. Whitefield, Agent at Altoona, Pa., writes of his success he has met in selling the Bitters.
Amos Aument, of Strasburg, Lancaster Co., used the Bitters for a wound in the leg received in the battle of Gettysburg, and it has now no more pain.

J. C. R., a member of Co. E, 15th Regiment P. V., writes to the Proprietor, that the Bitters cured him of a distressing cold which has troubled him for many years.
Martha Bents, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism, from cold taken by a broken arm.
John Neidich, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammation of the Heart, which he had for 25 years.
John Schook, Peques, Lancaster Co., was relieved from an attack of the Gravel by the Bitters.
Mrs. Drueckmiller, of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., was cured of excruciating pains in her hands and feet by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
John Leshor, of Reamstown, Lancaster Co., was cured of a swell in the neck and jaw by the use of Mischler's Herb Bitters.

H. C. Ginkinger, Philadelphia, after being confined to the house for two years, was cured by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
Geo. W. Killian, Lancaster, was confined to the U. S. Hospital for 10 weeks, by prostration, is restored to health by the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured of the Bitters, which she had for many years, by the use of the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Elizabeth Wendt, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use of the Bitters.
Amos Groff, Lancaster, was relieved of a severe cold in the throat by the use of the Bitters.
Henry J. Eiter, Lancaster, had his sight restored, (which he had been deprived of for about 5 years,) by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a lady in that city having been cured of the Dumb Ague, by the use of the Bitters.
Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.
John Kantz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.
Theodore Wendig of Pa. Reserves, was shot in the arm at the battle of Fredericksburg. By using the Bitters, he was soon relieved from pain in the arm.

Poetry:
Written for the Columbia Spy.
SUNNY SIDE, NO. 17.

How sweet the rays of a bright summer morning,
When Nature smiles from the darkness of night,
Shine forth the dew drops, all Nature adorning
In sparkling lustre, reflection of light.

How fragrant the breeze, which in beauty exposes,
Refreshed by the shower, the valley and grove,
The odor of flowers, and scent of roses,
The beauties of Nature, and emblem of love.

To behold in full bloom the bright morning glory,
Whose petals are open, and heart is glad born,
On the previous day, relating its story,
That Nature designed it, the glory of morn.

To see Nature's clothing, the green vegetation,
Refreshed by the moisture, it slipped from the dew,
Put forth its frail branches, and with hesitation,
Protected by Nature, as Nature is true.

How delightful the scene, all Nature inviting,
Improve by slumber, which Nature designed,
Relief from the cares of the world, so exciting,
As rest for the body, and rest for the mind.

With new life and vigor, all Nature rejoicing,
The animal kingdom, attesting the truth,
The praise of God, we can hear their glad voices,
An emblem of Spring, and the dawn of youth.

Written for the Columbia Spy.
"Darned Stocking."
TO MRS. N. J. A. SIMONS.
BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Mr. Editor:
"This is a stanza that our 'ladies of fashion,'
And wear the 'last of the season,'
In 'bonnets' and 'rats,'—'waterfalls,'
Should promote out in the oven,
With gentlemen known as 'their beaux,'
And, haunting their skirts o'er gutters,
Reveal horrid holes in their hose.

I once saw a lady lovely and fair,
Decked off in diamonds and curls,
With neck and ribbons, a la la la la,
The lady who dressed in the style,
Ascending Charles Street, the great promenade,
With a gentleman known as 'thee,'
But said to voice, her skirts be asid,
Showing to things with holes in thee.

Johanna, Josephine, Katie and Bess,
Are each of the 'finery' sort,
Delighting in words, flowers and songs,
And every thing of a note;
Their pride is in dresses, and show in bonnet,
In trowsers, concert, and show;
But alas! I am sorry to have to relate
Their very horrid rents in their hose.

Then, oh! give me the woman that's happy,
The lady who dresses in the style,
The woman that all of a lady,
Even that of a sweet deceiver;
Ah! give me the one who is thoughtful
And pleases wherever she goes,
The lady who dresses in the style,
And darts up the rents in her hose.

Yes, you ever to the good Mrs. Simons,
Who undulates during, I ween,
Has a hole in her stocking, and shows
Such horrible moieties seen,
Her stocking may never need darning,
And if so, never open to view;
The heel often says to the 'cove,'
Says the stocking; "be darned if I do!"

Miscellaneous.
(Continued.)
AFFECTING HISTORY
OF THE
DUCHESS OF C—
Who was confined nine years in a horrid dungeon was the Duchess of C—, who was confined in the Tower of London, and was the only woman who was ever confined there. She was the daughter of a nobleman, and was married to a duke. She was confined in the Tower for nine years, and during that time she suffered the most cruel tortures. She was the only woman who was ever confined in the Tower, and she was the only woman who was ever released from there. She was released from the Tower in 1678, and she lived for many years after that time. She was a very pious woman, and she was very kind to the poor. She was a very good mother, and she was a very good wife. She was a very good friend, and she was a very good neighbor. She was a very good person, and she was a very good woman.

persons I have just mentioned. I expressed my surprise at this. The Duke came to my bed-side assuring me that I should not be worse attended on that account, and that he would not leave me. "Oh! why then do you keep here?" exclaimed I, with great emotion; "I am not ill!" To this question he gave no other answer, than begging me not to talk, and endeavor to compose myself. He now appeared very much disturbed and agitated, and I observed a very extraordinary alteration in his countenance. About three in the afternoon, he desired to see my arm. I presented it trembling. He felt my pulse; and on a sudden he started up; he ran to my two attendants; he told the valet aloud to go that instant to the stables, and send an express to Naples for a physician; and the old woman he despatched in all haste for the chaplain. When he had given these orders, he exclaimed with a voice of consternation and grief, "She is dying! she is dying!"

Imagine, if possible, the excess of my astonishment and terror. My first idea was to get up and endeavor to escape; but I sunk down on my bed again without strength with a palpitation of heart which deprived me of respiration, and terror which chilled and left me quite motionless. My two attendants, after having each received orders that must take at least three quarters of an hour to execute, instantly left me and the Duke together. He then came to me, and presenting me a cup, "Here," said he, "take this draught." At these words, my hair stood erect; a cold sweat ran down my face; it was the last moment I thought of my life; for I had not a doubt he was giving me poison. "Drink it," returned he. "Alas," answered I, "what is it you are giving me?"—"What you must drink." "Leave me time to implore infinite mercy."—"Dare you then suspect me? Do you accuse me of a crime?" "Oh, my God!" I continued clasping my hands, "forgive me; forgive my persecutor; comfort my parents; protect my child!"

After this short prayer, I felt my courage revive. I looked at the Duke with a steady eye. He was pale trembling and disconcerted. He spoke some words scarcely articulate; and then raising my head with one hand, with the other he applied the cup to my lips. I no longer hesitated; without the least resistance, I drank all the liquor he gave; and believing that I had now received my death, I sunk down upon my pillow. Some moments after my eyes grew heavy and closed, a total stupefaction seized me, and I fell into a deep lethargy.

In about half an hour the valet and old woman returned. The Duke with his hair in disorder, and his face bathed in tears, ran to meet them, and told them I had just expired. He approached my bed; and having had the precaution to draw my curtains close, and make the room very dark, he pretended to give me all imaginary assistance. At last he appeared to abandon himself to the most violent grief. The chaplain arrived; he ordered him to read the prayers for the dead, in the mean time my women, who had just awakened and all the servants, came crowding into the room. The Duke was upon his knees by my bed-side; my two attendants told their fellow-servants all the endeavors that had been used to recover me. After this the Duke half opened the curtains for a moment. They saw me pale and lifeless, and no one had any doubt of my death. He made every body retire in the next room, except the chaplain, a venerable man of eighty, who remained with him and continued prayers for the dead till midnight he then ordered all the servants to retire to rest. He declared that I should not be interred till the next evening; and that not being able to tear himself from me, he should stay alone the remainder of the night in my chamber, that he might not be disturbed in his grief and prayers. The whole family exhausted by fatigue, eagerly accepted the permission to retire, and by four o'clock every one was asleep. Then by degrees, recovering from my lethargy, I awoke.

On opening my eyes, and looking around me, I perceived the Duke standing by my bed-side, I started at the sight of him, although I had not any remembrance of what had passed. But afterwards looking steadfastly at him, I had a confused recollection that he was exasperated against me: I felt no emotion of terror. I turned my head away; being desirous of composing myself, that I might recollect some ideas of what had happened; a thousand vague and fantastic forms arose in my imagination, and I

sunk into a stupid reverie, which was followed by a kind of drowsiness. The Duke then gave me a smelling, and made me take some drops of a liquor which quickly revived me. I rose up. Looked around me with astonishment. My ideas growing clearer by degrees, I recollected that I had thought I was taking poison and almost questioned my existence. "Oh!" I exclaimed at last, by what miracle am I restored to life?" "You have experienced only an imaginary terror," said the Duke; "compose yourself, and banish those injurious apprehensions." I durst not answer. I had undrawn my curtains. I looked around the room; and seeing that I was alone with the Duke, my terror the more increased, as I had now entirely recovered my senses. "Why then," said I, "do you watch me alone?"

"You shall know it presently," said he, "now get up." At these words he brought me a gown; he placed it on the bed post, and brought me opposite the glass. "Unhappy woman," said he, "contemplate for the last time, that beauty which the most horrid darkness will soon conceal forever. Lift up thine eyes; look at thyself. Be not more inhuman than I am. Think with pity on the fate that awaits you. It is yet in your power to change it." I could not refrain from casting an apprehensive look at the glass. I presently closed my eyes, and felt some tears trickle down my cheeks.

"Well," resumed the Duke, "is your resolution yet unshaken?" "Oh answered I, have you indeed sincerely offered me a sight of my child?" Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the Duke, in a transport of rage, caught me in his arms, and carried me out of the room. I could make but little resistance; in the excess of terror I was nearly motionless. After having crossed two or three rooms, he made me descend by a private staircase, and I found myself in a spacious court: at the end of it was a door which the Duke opened. We went out, I and observed we were in a garden. At this instant the Duke perceived day appear. "This morning," said he, "is the last thy eyes will ever behold."

I threw myself upon my knees, and raised my hands to heaven, cried out, "Oh, God! thou knowest that I am innocent; wilt thou suffer me to be interred alive, and deprived forever of the light of heaven?" At these words the Duke dragged me about twenty paces, to a rock; and putting a key behind a large stone a trap-door sprang open. I trembled. The Duke stopped.

"This moment," said he, "is still left. This is your tomb; it is but half open. Repeat at last; convince me of your remorse by an ingenious confession, and I am ready to pardon you." He then gave me an account of all the dreadful precautions he took during the time that I was in a lethargy. He also told me that he had caused a pale and livid figure of wax to be made, which he should place in the bed; and that under pretence of discharging an act of piety, he should bury it himself, with the assistance of the old woman, who would be a witness of the interment, without his being obliged to place any confidence in her. "Once more," added he "will you accept the pardon, which I design to offer you for the last time? Speak; Sacrifice your love to my resentment.—Tell me his name, or forever renounce your liberty and the light of day."

At these words, I extended my arms towards the rising sun, as if to bid an everlasting adieu. The sight of the heavens exalted my soul, and endued me with unexpected courage. I looked with contempt upon the earth, and turning towards the Duke, "Take," cried I, with an undaunted voice, "take your victim." At this he dragged me forward; my heart panted with violence; I turned my head to behold yet once more the day I was about to abandon for ever. We descended into the gloomy cavern my trembling legs unable to support me. I was now dreadfully convulsed. I struggled in the arms of my cruel persecutor, and fell at his feet without sense or motion. I know not how long I remained in this condition. I was to revive, alas! only to abhor a most shocking existence. How shall I describe the extreme horror of my soul, when on opening my eyes I found myself alone in those vast dungeons, encircled by impenetrable darkness, lying on some straw mats! I screamed out; and the echo repeated the dreadful sound from the infinite forms arose in my imagination, and I most recess of the cavern; it made me

startle, and redouble the terror that oppressed me. "O God!" I cried "is this he only voice that will answer me, that only sound that I am henceforth to hear. At this idea I wept profusely. While I was thus indulging the violence of my grief I heard the door of my dungeon open and the Duke soon appeared with a lantern. He placed by my side a pitcher of water and some bread.

"This," said he, "is your food for the future; you will find it every day in the turning-box (a box so called from turning on a pivot; being fixed in the wall, the people within receive and return the various necessaries, without being seen. They are much used in nunneries) opposite you. I shall bring and put it there myself; and shall never more enter this frightful dungeon."
(To be Continued.)

The Atlantic Cable.
Our readers are aware that another attempt will be made this summer to lay a cable between the two hemispheres. The Great Eastern has been chartered to transport the cable, and it is said, will commence her voyage early in June. In its construction the new cable is said to differ much from the old one, and it is asserted with confidence that the problem how to combine the greatest possible strength with the least weight, has at last been solved.

The cable, as stowed on the Great Eastern, will be separated into divisions, that will represent respectively, 648, 808, and 817 miles—all of which will be on board about the end of the present month, May. The three lengths into which this cable is divided, will be fused by a peculiar process. The weight of the cable amounts to 5,000 tons.

In laying the cable, attempts will again be made to connect some point on the Irish coast, probably Valentia, with Newfoundland—most likely at Bull's Bay—and for this purpose its length (2,253 miles) will not only be sufficient, but leave a reserve of 520 miles for possible deviations from the normal course, such detours as may be caused by currents, unfavorable weather, or to avoid unusual depths of water. The greatest depth to be overcome in the proposed route is from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms, while the absolute strength of the cable is such it could support the strain of its own weight in tranquil water four times as deep.

ELEVEN CHILDREN IN FOUR YEARS.
—We met a widow woman yesterday (twenty one years old and the mother of eleven children. She was a refugee from Tennessee, and married when she was fifteen years of age, and in nine months thereafter was the mother of three live healthy children. In the next twelve months she gave birth to two twin girls; then inside of the next twelve months she was the mother of triplets again two boys and a girl; then after a pause of eighteen months, she presented her husband with another round of triplets, two girls and a boy; and she arrived in our town with the entire lot. Her husband lost his life at the battle of Stone River, and she and her interesting and bright-eyed little merry group were left to find their way, upon the charity of our people, to her friends in the middle portion of Illinois, where she expects to be placed beyond all such humiliating necessities. Her short life has been eventful as well as prolific of events. She looks remarkably young and active, and if there is no preventing Providence, we will go security on her some day securing the country in which she locates from all drafts for the army.—*Cairo Democrat.*

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE-FIELDS.—"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, "among the effecting little things one is always seeing in these battle-fields how, on the broad onupon which the Battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw empty ammunition boxes; and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle and a cunning scarlet verberna peeping out of a fragment of a buried shell, in which strange pot it was planted? 'Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature even covers the battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign and all things in nature and society shall work out of the progress of mankind."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
Trains leave Columbia going west:
Columbia train, 8:05 A. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation, 4:30 P. M.
Trains leave west:
11:50 A. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation, 6:25 P. M.
Columbia train arrives, 8:10
Columbia Accommodation, 8:10
Leave Columbia for Lancaster, 4:40 p.m.
Arrive at Lancaster, 2:20
Leave Lancaster at 3:20
Arrive at Columbia, 4:40 p.m.

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.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
COLLECTORS Made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Fees, Bounties, back pay and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—Locust Street, between Front and Second.
Dec. 1864.

H. H. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa.

March, 4, 65.