Original Boetry.

Written for the Spy.

·PRAYER.

Though we die, our prayers do not die with u

BY EVA ALICE.

What a beautiful thought as we're passing

though our spirits depart, and these bodies

Though we take the long sleep where earth's

That long, long will remain for the good of man-

The incense will linger long after we're dead.

Pray for thy kindred, for the loved ones at home; Let thy prayers ever follow, the dear ones who

Pray, pray for thy children—for th' erring on

Let thy prayers follow on, though far they may

The Lord in his mercy, may answer thy prayer

Pray that thy neighbors in goods may increase That Heaven may bless them with health and

Pray for thy Country, for all those in command

Pray, too, for the Nation's-the great and the

That God, in his goodness, may smile upon all; That His heavenly will on earth may be done,

To hasten the time when His kingdom sha

Original Storu.

[Written Expressly for the "Spy."]

THE ASHLEYS:

or,

Lights and Shadows of Life

L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

CHAPTER I.

But a cry had gone forth through the

thunder tones until it sounded on the sea

girt coast of Maine, "The Union is in dan-

ger! Fort Sumpter has been fired upon by

echanic paused at his labor. The farmer

left his plough standing in the upturned

furrow. And the voice went sounding on,

for it was the mighty voice of LIBERTY

ascending upward from the graves of '76.

from the sacred Tome at Mount Vernon,

where Washington's dust reposes, and

do; to dare; to die. SPIRIT of WASHING-

TON! could'st thou have appeared to these

vile traitors what misers and bloodshed

Little did'st thou think that this fair

and would ever be devastated and cursed

The EmpireState responded with alacrity

when the call was first made for troops, and

brave sons quickly assembled to

in a glorious cause; none more willing or

daring in the land. Peace to the memory

A sympathetic tear for those who by the

descried firesides weep and mourn their

loss! * * * o * * *

se who have fallen on the battle-field

battled and died!

not die,

prayer.

with peace;

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 XXXIX, NUMBER 15.1

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

[WHOLE_NUMBER, 1,991.

THE COLUMBIASPY,

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Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. (apr.20, 67-ly. H M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made in Lancaster and ork Countles. J. W. FISHER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on Front Street, between Locust and
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offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. He may be found at the office connected with his residence, on Second street, between Cherry and Union, every day, from 7 to 9.A. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will leave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

HOTELS.

STEVENS HOUSE, 21, 23, 25 & 27.BROADWAY, N. Y. Opposite Bowling Green, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN

The STEVENS HOUSE is well and widely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants, and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—is on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots.

The STEVENS HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesse every inodern—improvement for the comfort and entertainment-of its immates. The rooms are specious and well ventilated—provided with the sund water—the attendance is primpt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season—at mod-

GEO. K. CHASE & CO., Proprietors. May 11,'67-6m] "CONTINENTAL." THIS HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY LOCATED, between the Stations of the Reading and Columbia, and Pennsylvania Railroads.

FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA. Ample accommodations for Strangers and Trav-elers. The Bar is stocked with CHOCE LIQUORS. And the Tables furnished with the best fare.

URIAH FINDLEY,
Columbia, April 29, 1867.] Proprietor FRANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-classhotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.

MARTIN ERWIN,
Proprieto

FRENCH'S HOTEL, On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. R. FRENCH, Proprietor

MISHLER'S HOTEL. West Market Square, Reading Repu'a.
EVAN MISHLER,
Propriet

RCHANGE HOTEL,
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.
First-Class Accommodations. The Choice
Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE,
Propriet

MALTRY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore A. B. MILLER,
Proprietor

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLUMBIA OIL WORKS.

The undersigned have purchased the above named Works and associated themselves together, this 12th day of AUGUST, 187, under the firm name of TRUSCOTT & CO., who will continue the business of Refining Petroleum or Coal Oil.

AUGUST, 1887, under the firm and the same of the

DURE WINES AND LIQUORS!

For Pure, Unadulterated Wines and Liquors go to the store of the subscriber. He has elegant CATAWBA WINE, Which for quality and flavor, cannot be excelled; also, the celebrated ROOSTER WHISKEY, Yankee Rum, Jamalea Spirits, Blackberry Brandy, Cherry and Currant Wines. We have Wines, Brandles, Gins, Cordials, Old Monongahela of all grades, Give us a call and examine for yourself. CHARLES GROVE, Corner of Commerce and Walnut Sits, Columbia, Pa.

WINDOW SHADES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
FURNITURE NEW WARE ROOMS,

Of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at ou Locust Street, above Second, south side.

JOHN SHENBERGER.:
Columbia, Mar. 2, 1857-tf. CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. Parties and Families supplied with

ICE CREAM: by the Freezer, or in Moulds, with promptness at GEO. J. SMITH'S, Adjoining the Frankfilm House, Locust street. P. S.—Also, a fine assortment of TOYS and Fancy Articles, constantly on hand. [Apr 6, '67.

MARVIN'S PATENT ALUM & DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. Warranted the best in the world! Never corrode the fron. Never lose their fire-proof qualities. Are the only Safes filled with Alum and Dry Plaster. Please send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue

laster. se send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue MARVIN & CO. Principal Warchouses: No. 265 Broadway, New York. No. 721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. March 9, 1867-ly.

H. W. HUNTER & CO., WHOSESALE DRUGGISTS, No. 41 North Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Importers and Grinders of Spices, dealers in
Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Palent Medicines,
Oils, Paints Varnishes, Glass, &c. Manufacturers of "Kaign's Syrup of Tar." [Nov. 17, 66-19]

CEORGE BOGLE; GEORGE BOGLE; DEALER IN LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. Also, PLASTERERS' HAIR.
Office—Front Street, between Locust and Union,
COLUMBIA, PA

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

C. BUCHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Wines and Liquors! Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoining Haldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly increased by familities for doing a more extensive business.

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED

HERB BITTERS

PURE AND UNADULTERATED, These Bitters are celebrated for the great cure Dr. Mishler offers five hundred dollars to the pro prietor of any Medicine that can show a greater number of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

J. C. BUCHER. At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia.

WINES AND LIQUORS!

Embracing the following: Catawba

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS. Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and BRANDIES of all kinds.

AGENCY FOR Malt & Cider Vinegar. MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

mention for the same short and the same of the same of the same same FOR SALE, POCKET FLASKS, DEMIJOHNS.

TOBACCO BOXES. Sold at J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS! PURE & UNADULTERATED.

For Sale by

Manufactured by GEO, LEE,

(Late of Lion Brewery, London,

manufactured in London, as we have

J. C. BUCHER

Is the Agent for this Porter, in Columbia

BEST STOUT PORTER!

From E. & G. HIBBERT, LONDON.

MISHLER'S

CELEBRATED HERB BITTERS:

By the BARREL, QUART OR BOTTLE,

Agent for the

PURE MALT VINEGAR.

Cannot be purchased at any other establishment in town, and is warranted to keep fruit and vegetables perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported

SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.

BUCHER will still keep on hand the

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,

SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also,

NUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES-

thousand and one varieties. Call at

Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store

It is the greatest establishment of the kind this ide of Philadelphia.

en Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.

J. C. BUCHER.

J. C. BUCHER.

Locust Street, Columbia

J. C. BUCHER'S.

J. C. BUCHER'S.

Locust Street, above Front.

In a comfortably furnished cottage, on the banks of the Oriskany Creek, not more than two miles distant from the thriving and prosperous village of Clinton, seated by an open window on the evening our tale J. C. BUCHER. opens, was an aged and feeble woman.

might have been averted!

by patricidal strife.

She is watching for the coming of her son who is working for one of the neighboring farmers. How anxious her gaze as time Lee's London Porter, passes by, and when the clock strikes seven, and he comes not, a look of sadness gradually overspreads her features, and another winkle appears on her brow, just beneath

the ruffled border of her cap.
"I wonder what on airth kin be keepin' Who says that this Porter is better than that

Joe," she murmurs as she crosses the room to out another stick under the old fashioned iron kettle that hangs from the crane by a "Ra'aly, he'll be tew late to go a courtin', an' this is his night tew. Posertively, suthin' onusual has retained him, fur he's allers home early Wednesday nights. I hope to goodness he hain't heerd anything bout the

loin's of them nesky rebels down to Charleston, nor how the Prescrdent wants sogers to lick 'em; fur ef he has he'd be orful mad, an' jest as like as not he'd want to gocause I know well enough he's got the spirit of a seventy-six in him, same as his father had on Fourth o' July an' trainin' lays. Gracious sakes! I wonder if there kin be men, native born under the old flag, who're mean enough to tear it down, and strike a foul blow at the Constitution an' the laws that was made to pertect 'em! They can't be Americans at heart, an' I 'spect they're nuthin' but devils in the shape o' men; ef they was'nt they would'nt go agin the Union. Wa'l, Thope they'l git. a good lickin', an' then they'l hey more ense-the sneakin', low lived, cowardly varmints! It makes my blood bile when over his arm, the sweat of honest labor

think of their cowardly doin's! Ra'aly!" Mrs. Brown's soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her son; a strong, fearless looking fellow, about twenty-two years of age. He came in with his coat thrown standing in large drops upon his sun burned brow; and without saying a word he seated himself by the table and threw his old straw hat carelessly on the floor.

Mrs. Brown "lit" a candle and placed it on the table before him. As the light fell upon his face the old lady saw that a troubled expression rested there, and she asked n tremulous tones, "Joe, my boy, what's vrong with you?"

"You hain't heern the news, I s'pose," he said, looking up.
"What—bout the doin's of the traitors down in Carliny? Yes, I've heern that, fur Mr. Bell, the school-master, was in this arternoon, an' he read the hull account of it tew me."

"Did he tell you that Abe wants troops right away ?"

"Wa'l, of he wants 'em he must have em," said Joe. Mrs. Brown eyed the great, stout fellow anxiously; and her tones were tremulous as she asked: "Dew you think o' goin' boy ?"

"Can't say yit—hain't made up my mind -but jest as like as not I shall," replied "Can you leave your old mother all alone? Pra'aps I might die afore you'd come back, an' then you'd feel bad when you returned an' saw my grave; or you

may git killed, an' then my heart would

break with grief. Ah! Joey boy, don't lover shuddered when he heard her unfeel- ob all his sorrow an' yer own misery. Is'nt think any more about sogerin'." A great sigh came struggling up from the youth's broad breast, and his eyes were dim with tears. He arose and looked out of the window to hide his emotion.

" Don't go Joe, will you?" The old lady's hand trembled as it rested on his bare, brawny arm, and the ruffled order of her stiff starched cap grated on his ear as she kissed his cheek, saying again, "You will stay at home-promise

Though sleeping in death, yet "our prayers do "I can't promise anything jest vet. I'm goin' down to a meetin' that's to be held in Prayer's a blessing we leave, that will tarry the village, an' I'l know what to tell you when I come back. All the boys are to be thar, an' McQuade's comin' down from Like the perfume of roses, when roses have Utica with two all-fired smart fellers to make speeches, an' stir up people in these parts. Mebby some of my comrades will volunteer to fight fur the old Flag; an' if they do, cuss me fur a coward of I hang back! I'm no coward, an' I never mean to be one either. I'm suthin' like my old grandsire that's dead an' gone, willin' to sacrifice life and everything fur the Stars an' Stripes, the Constitution an' the Union. God, my Country, an' Liberty-that's my motto-an' any man that goes agin it is a mean, sneakin' cuss, an' my inemy! Now let's have supper, for I want to

dress an' be off'!" "Wa'l use yer own judgment, an' may God direct ye to dew what's right," sobbed the widow; but tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks, and her hand was unteady as she poured out the tea, for down in her heart was a great pain, rankling and

piercing like a thorn. A lurid flame flashed forth from the youth's dark eyes while he ate, awful as the smouldering fires of Tartarus, for his ear and caught the sound of martial music, and the spirit that had animated his forefathers was aroused within him-and that spirit shall never be subdued while a patriot lives to tread Columbia's soil, or an arm has power to wield a sword in defence of Justice and Liberty. The Union, cemented in strength by the blood of our sires, shall never be broken and divided by unprincipled, detestable, rascally traitors! The mighty Temple of Liberty may be shaken from dome to base, but it will withstand the fearful shock of civil war, and when the glorious sunlight of peace shall again gild its cloud capped towers, our Starry Banner will be seen, floating in triumph to the winds of Heaven, its silken folds un-

land, and it echoed amid the peaceful hills stained, its beaming stars undivided and undimmed. * * * * * * * and valleys of the North, rolling onward in "Hark! don't you hear the music, mother? The band from Vernon has arrived; the boys are fast assemblin'; an' ust hurry up to jine 'em!"

traitors! Our Flag has been insulted! Up rouse ye freemen to protect the Constitu Joe went into his own room and dressed rion and Liberry for which our fore fathers imself with haste; and when he came out, e turned to his mother and said: The merchant started at the sound. The

Don't cry or feel bad while I'm away; I'l stop at Deans and send Fanny down to set a while with ye, so's ye won't be lonesome;" but when the sound of his retreating footstep died away in the distance she bowed-her head upon her trembling hands and wept, and from her lips a mournful cry ascended up to heaven, "Father, he is all I patriots assembled at the sound, ready to have to love on earth, grant that he may not be taken from me!"

Many a mother has offered up the self-same prayer, but men must go when duty calls, though they return not again. And Joe, stout-hearted, honest Joe, had esolved to go, if there was a call for volunteers in that section of the State; and although he loved his aged mother as well as any one could love, the fire of patriotism that burned within his breast urged him onward in the path of heroic duty, and every other feeling was nought when com-

He ran on ward across the meadow until he reached the roadside; for moving in the direction of the village was a small band of men, bearing a flag in their midst, accompanied by a few musicians. The thrilling notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" came floating on the air, and Joe quickened his pace, until breathless he rushed in among

them and found a place in the ranks. They marched on in the clear starlight until they reached the village, and then they assembled around the platform that had been erected for the speakers who were to address the eager and excited multitude Brave hearts! A Nation's honor shall never be tarnished while such as thee rally for her defence!

CHAPTER II.

" I have come to bid you farewell, Leonore: for it may be a long time ere we meet again-perhaps we shall not behold each other until our spirits are re-united beyoud the grave, in that place were there i

no parting-in Heaven.' These words were addressed to Leonore Ashley, by her lover, Frank Willis, as they were sitting side by side in the richly furnished parlor of Judge Ashley's mansion, The dark eyes of the handsome maiden fell, and her lips trembled as she listened to her lover's words, spoken so sadly by the voice that thrilled her inmost soul. A thish of crimson dved her cheeks and brow. and then she sat pale, speechless, statuelike before him, gazing up at him with disdainful reproach, her jeweled fingers clasped tightly together, and her bosom rising and falling like troubled waves beneath the silken corsage.

"Let your farewell be short, spoken and "I will be candid and say that I have no desire to prolong an interviéw that will inthen leave me, for you love me not." -

"You are dearer to me than life," exclaimed the young officer passionately, but not dearer than my honor, and 'tis that which bids me seek the battle-field, to fight man, every good man, every brave man who loves his country must conscientiously uphold and support. I go to fight for the preservation of the Union, and if I fall I die n a righteous cause. Carse the rebels! Would to heaven there was power enough in my arm to crush and annihilate them at

"You forget, sir, that I am a southern girl," and that my sympathy is with those whom you call rebels. I have a brother in Georgia whom you may chance to meet ou some battle-field; if such should be the case, you will doubtless annihilate *him.*"

"Should I chance to meet with your lay in my power to do so; and I do not rould harm me, for Henry and I were firm friends when last we parted : but let us dismiss this unpleasant topic of conversation and talk of other things.

"Leonore"-he took her hand and held it tenderly in his own; "Leonore, you have vowed to love me always—will you remain faithful while I am gone? Will you be my bride if God spares my life, and I return?" He leaned forward, gazing steadily in her face, waiting for her reply. There was a great struggle in her heart ing answer.
Cold and passionless was her tones as she

said, "Frank, if you will give up your commission and remain at home, I will become your wife; but if you will not consent to what I propose, our betrothal had better be broken, and we must meet henceforth as strangers."

These words sent an iey chill to his heart, piereing it like a dagger, and as he gazed on the lovely being at his side his resolution was shaken. But it was only for a moment, however, for his dark eyes flashed as he replied, "I will not resign my commission, neither will I remain at home inactive when my injured, and insulted country calls for men to avenge an insult and a wrong. Leonore Ashley, your love was lightly given, and I return to you the worthless gift. You are not worthy to possess a brave man's love, for you know not what love is. We part this night foraver.; and I pray that you may be happy fise I am gone." He pressed her hand gently, and after one long, last, lingering look, he murmured "Farewell!" and left her weeping alone.

Oh, what a bitter tide of emotions swept over her heart, crushing out hope and feeling; and her temples burned and throbbed as though the blue veins were filled with a lava tide, while every object in the room seemed floating in wild disorder before her

left me, never to return? Fool, fool, that was to cast from me such a priceless gift as his pure and manly love! Miserymisery must henceforth be mine! With a groan she sank down on the sofa,

"Ob. Frank," she sobbed, "have vot

wringing her hands in anguish. The clatter of hoofs aroused her. rose and went to the window, and there she stood with her pale face pressed against the glass, gazing at the spirited horse that sight the form of him she had loved and lost. He was gone-and perhaps she would never behold him again. What a world of agony was in the thought; what indescribable misery the imagination conjured up to blast each hope of future happiness. Darkness and gloom hung o'er the life-path in which her footsteps must henceforth trend-darkless of sorrow, and the gloom of despair with no light beyond the tomb. Costly gems were wreathed amid the dark braids of her glossy hair—an outward mockery of the burning, throbbing brain beneath.

She went to the mirror and gazed at the reflection of her pale face with silent awe; for sculptured marble could not have worn a colder or fairer seeming. Sighing and shuddering she sought her chamber to forget her wee.

Throwing herself on her couch, she buried her face in the pillow, moaning and sobbing as though her heart would break; and when she became calm, when the wild outburst of emotion that convulsed and tortured her spirit, had subsided, she laid here in the hush and silence of twilight, regretting the hasty spoken words that had caused all this misery.

Old Phillis' the housekeeper, entered the chamber, and not seeing her young mistress, she was about to light a lamp, as was her custom at that hour.

ore; "I can't bear to have a light just now, for my head aches dreadful bad, and I wish the room to be dark!" "Bress yer heart you're in bed. is ve? Pra'aps as how you're sick, an' a leetle

herb tea might make ye better. Spect as how I'l make some fur ve. darlin', fur I'se sartain sua' 'twont hurt ye, nohow. I imagines you've got pains in de stumick from eatin' dose green apples dis mornin'; an' w'en de stumicks wrong de head's allus 'focted_least dat's wat docta' Littleichn used ter say w'en we lib'd in Georgy, an' he know'd nu'f 'bout medein's and de infermation ob de human system. Yes in-

The old negress nodded her head emphatically, and turned to depart. "I will not take any medicine, Phillis," aid Leonore; "for I am not suffering with hodily pain . I am heart sick, and my brain s almost crazed. Its pulses leap and throb s though liquid fire was coursing through my veins. Lay your hand on my brow, nd feel how it burns; the room is so hot, and the air stifles me. Open the blinds wide, and then come and sit beside me."

"Dat's jes de way yer mudder went on afo' we took her to do 'sylum; sayin' her brrins wus afire, an' all sech kind o' talk, till she went ravin' mad distracted-yes indeed! I hope an' pray de Lord'l watch ober ye, darlin, fur docta Littlejohn of en said de insanitery was hereditary or de. hereditary was insanitery, I do no which; an' wen I axed him w'at dat meant, he held up his finga' jes so, an' den he ses:— Phillis, dat means it runs in de fam'ly, an' children sumtimes ketch it from dere parents, jes de same as a pusson takes de measles or de small-pox from anudder puson. Dat's w'at docta Littlejohn scd, an' guess as how docta Littleiohn knows bout's much any udder man in Georgy-

ves indeed !" Having delivered this speech in praise of the family physician, Phillis sat down beside her young mistress, and laid her black bony hand on the white, burning brow. "Bress me, how de pulses thump! Yer awful fev'rish, an' I mus' wrap yer head up

in vinegar cloths, an' bathe yer feet, an' brief, Captain Willis," she said sarcastically. | give ye a dose of creamer-tartar to cool yer blood!' I 'spect dat's w'at docta Littleichn would perscribe; fur he wus de smartes' flict pain on us both. Say farewell, and | man in Georgy, w'en we lib dar-yes in-

"I wish you would talk about some other pageon, for I am tired of hearing his name." said Leonore, half augrily.

"I dunno any one with talkin' 'bout 'cept for a glorious cause; a cause that every true him, 'less it's Cap'n Willis; an' he is a perfec' gemman, fur he gib me a bress pin de udder day, an' tole me to take good care ob my young missis wile he wus away to de wars. Phillis, he ses, she's dearer to me dan life, an' I wouldn't lose her fur do hull wor'l; an' w'en he bid me good bye dis ebenin, he 'peared awful sorrowful an' sad, an' he hands me a five dolla' gole piece, 'an de big tears rolled down his hansum rosy cheeks as he sobbed :- Phillis, I has'nt got no fader, no mudder, no brudder, no sister an' nobody lubs or cares fur me in de wide mournin' fur me, won't you? an' w'en I tole him I would, he ses: ef my body you to plant flowers on my grabe, fur nobody else cares for poor Frank Willis. I greased pole. stood an' cried arter he'd gone, an' den I Our partin' went up to my room an' prayed dat de bul-lets wouldn't hit him, dat de sharp swords writers say in novels. She give me her wouldn't cut him, dat de cannon balls picter, an' I give her mine; an' arter she wouldn't come anigh him, dat sickness an' disease wouldn't obertake him, dat de good angels ob de Lord would guard him in de a whipped school boy. I walked on till I midst ob ebry danger, an' fotch him back come to this spot, an' here I sot down, trysafe home again—Amen!—yes indeed!"

Leonorc sobbed aloud, and Phillis turned mother when I git home: poor old creture;

I right, missis?"

"Yes, Phillis, you have guessed the truth," replied the wretched girl; and then she becan to tell the old woman all that passed between herself and her lover, during his

Phillis listened in silence until Leonore had ended her recital, and then she shook

her head sadiy. "Dis am a bad bisness," she exclaimed, an dars no tellin' how it'l end! I'se so sorry! I'se so sorry you wus so stubborn an high straing, 'cause he's a proud sperited boy, an he won't stan' no foolery. Its all yer own fault, an I don't pity ye one bit. You're got a cussed temper jes like yer mudder had afo' ye, an ef ye doesn't break it down it'l be de ruin ob ye yit; jes sool-

"Phillis, don't you dare to speak disrespectful of my mother again in my pres-

"I isn't feerd to spoke de trufe, nohow: and the snaky eyes of the negress flashed beneath the folds of her turban, as she added: "fur ve dar'snt lash me in de North as ye did down in Georgy! I'se 'mong chris tian people, bress de Lord! an ye can't make a slave o' me hea'-no indeed!" "No person wants to lash you! Why do

vou talk so foolish?" "Spect I isn't berry foolish, fur I knows y'at I'se bout, and dats consid'able fur called pusson-ves indeed! I lubs eb'ry body on de earth, I want's to see eb'rybody happy, an I want's to be happy myse'f; but I'se gwine to speak de trufe spite ob ebry

ting.' Having thus spoken, Phillis arose and eff the room with an air of offended dignity, muttering as she descended the stairs: 'Glad he's goned away from her, fur she aint no fit match fur him! I spect she' find out fo' long dat de Ashleys can't hab dar own way wid de hull worl'! Dey isn't in Georgy whar dey used to frighten eb'ry pusson 'cept docta Littlejohn. Great folks war de Ashleys afo' dey los' dere plantation an all dere nigga's an come to York State, whare dars 'telligent, spectable poeple How dey got into 'ciety hea' I doesn't know, but ef folks on'y knew dat de young mar'sr was a drunkard, an' ole mar'sr los' all his prop'ty by gamblin', an' ole missus went crazy wid a bad temper, I guess dey wouldn't be so much 'spected—no indeed!'

CHAPTER III. When Captain Willis left Judge Ashleys nansion, a cloud was on his brow, and his neart was heavy with grief. He mounted his horse without saying a word to the boy who led it around from the stable, and dashed off towards the village at "break-

neck" speed. Once only he turned in the saddle and gazed back at the old mansion, and for an instant he saw the faint outline of a fairy form at one of the windows, and a pale face pressed against the glass-then the intervening foliage hid the figure from his view, and a sigh escaped his lips as the gallant animal he bestrode sped along the turnpike like a foam-flake driven by the wind.

"And thus perishes every hope of love adore," exclaimed the youth in bitter tones 'Woman, thy vows are traced in sand!' love and constancy. Easily won and easily lost—the playthings of an idle hour—faith--inconstant-changeable as the windfull of passion, mingled with falsehood and deceit. -Mayhap they are not all so, but when a man has been twice deceived 'tis time to doubt them, every one. Ah! well, must tread the path marked out for me, though every step be upon thorns. God knows what is best for all his creatures and I humbly bow my head and say: "Thy will be done!" The delusion was short lived: for when the voice of duty called me from the syren's side, the mask fell off, and she stood before me a changed, an alt tered being, clad in the garb of falseness and deceit. Henceforth I shall live for my country, and I am wedded to her welfare. Love is a phantom that mocks one as it lies, and all earthly joys are perishable Leonore Ashley-loved, lost Leonore, you know not what a treasure you have cast away; and never will any love thee with

the same truth and devotion I have cherished for thee! Fate frowned at my birth, and sorrow eagued with disappointment, joined their powers to crush me. Peace, troubled heart! hide from the world the anguish that tortures thee, and break in silence, without a nurmur or complaint, for there's light and

love in heaven." He bowed his head and gave himself up o mournful meditation, while his weary horse paced slowly along the road. He had just reached the brow of a minence, when his horse suddenly bounded aside in afright, nearly throwing him

from the saddle. "Whoa! whoa, Hero! whoa. I sav:" and the spirited beast was held by the strong hand that grasped the bridle until its fear passed away.

"What the deuce could have frightened you so?" and he patted the arching neck of his favorite, peering about in the darkness to discover the cause of alarm. "I shouldn't be one bit 'sprized ef 'twas me that skeered the hoss," exclaimed a voice, and Joe Brown arose from the rock

on which he had been sitting, advancing into the road. "Oh, it's you," said the Captain; "what

are you doing here, Joe?"
"Wa'l, I was ponderin' an' meditatin' by neself, Capt'in. Ye see we're a goin' away o-morer, an' I've been down to see Hetty Sparks, fur she's my gal, (an all fired ansum gal she is tew,) fur I wanted to bid her good bye and have a leetle chat with in. I couldn't stand that, so I give her ier, 'cause 'taint no way sartin when we'l neet again. Wa'l, I seen her, an' we had a solemn talk together that riled up my feelin's considerable, I kin tell ye. She felt wass than I did though, a darn'd sight; fur wimmen are weak vessels to hold grief, an' I let her hev a good cry, once comin' nigh snickerin" right out myself, when she give me the little Testament that she larus the Sunday school scholars out of, tellin me to read it night an' mornin', an' to study the passages whar the leaves was turned down. Poor thing! she thinks a soger has nothin worl'; -ef I gits killed in battle you'l wear to do but fast an' pray awhile, an' then go out an' shoot his inemies without gittin shot at himself. Wimmen don't know any brother I would not harm him, even if it should happen to be sent home, I want's more bout the dangers an' hardships of a soger's life than a frog does 'bout climbin' a

sawed a han'ful of hair off o' my head I kissed her an' come away, blubberin' like towards her, gazing sharply at her, in the I know she'l take on awful when I tell her there was a great struggie in her hoat between her love for him and her pride. It dim uncertain light.

Was hard to give him up, hard to sacrifice her pure and tender love for an unholy her pure and tender love for an unholy cause that would bring her no benefit or cause that would bring her no benefit or cause that would bring her no benefit or he left de house so early dis ebenin. I'se cowardly cusses what insulted the old Flag blook of course their homely picters!"

I am goin' away to fight; but I can't stay here when my country is in danger. No sir! Joe Brown must hev one crack at the cowardly cusses what insulted the old Flag blook of wor!

Uphoid me with Thy might and power!

To be continued.

Our partin' scene was tremendously at-

Captain Willis smiled in spite of the heaviness that was crushing his heart—the weight of woe. "I am glad because you are in my company," he said, and I trust when we meet the boasting rebels our brave boys will beable to give a good account of themselves. I have the most unbounded confidence in them all, and I am

proud of them." 'Ireckon we'd make our mark sum whar'. said Joe; "leastways I've heern some o' the boys say they'd come to that concloo-shun, an' I know they'd be as good as ther

word of they git a fair chance." "And a fair chance they shall have i their Captain can get it for them," replied Frank Willis. "I hope they will put full confidence in me."

"They do," responded Joe emphatically ; "I kin vouch fur that. Now Capt'in I'l jog along home an' tell the old lady I'm goin' away to the wars, 'cause she haint got nobody but me in the world. I feel a lump risin' up in my throat, an' it kinder chokes me when I think 'bout bidden' her good byef fur 'mint like partin' with anybody else, nohow. 'Wal, good evenin' Capt'in! I'l be on hand at nine o'clock in the mornin' !" "Good evening, Joe," and Frank Willis rode on towards the village, while

Joe Brown pursued his homeward way, lost in mournful reverie. We will not follow Frank Willis to his lonely home, where Mrs. Matson, the aged housekeeper, was waiting for him, and Lion, the shaggy Newfoundland dog laid on the mat before the door of the great, oldfashioned house, listening to hear the footsteps of the horse that his young master

Let us go back to Mrs. Brown's cottage, where the old lady is sitting by the table reading the well-worn pages of the sacred volume that lies open before her. Her trembling finger rested on this

passage, and she read it over many times, wondering if it was true: "He that killeth with the sword, must be

killed with the sword." She wondered if it must be so; and she thought, "If Joey should happen to enlist, and if he should happen to kill any one, then somebody would of course kill him. The thought was horrible; and she sat there with her finger quivering above the words, praying that her Joey might not go away from her-that the pain of parting with the only one she had on earth might be spared

Alas! she little thought the parting hour was near at hand. She was sitting in this thoughtful, prayerful attitude, when Joey's quick, impatient

tep sounded on the gravel walk. A smile stole over the widow's face, a bright welcoming smile such as she always greeted him with whenever he came home a smile that would soon beam on him no onger, when he was far away among those gallant heroes who were fast rallying around the Temple of Liberty-those onest, brave hearts, whose names should be blazoned with characters of gold in the archives of the Nation, that generations yet unborn may read them with admiring awe and veneration. * * *

Joe's countenance was unusually grave when he entered; and although he had made up his mind as to what he would say, The first wave that rolls over thy heart ob- when he looked at his mother's pale; and literates and blots out the faint impress of flous face, his conrage failed him for towns so hard to tell her he was going away-far harder than he had thought it would be. He hung up his coat and hat, then he

came and sat down near the window, sighing heavily. "Should he tell her now, or would it be better to wait till the morrow?" he asked there is no happiness for me on earth, and I himself. "I will tell her now," he decided bed off the skin, cut the beet into thick at last, but again that strange choking sonsation overpowered him, and the perspiration stood in large drops on his manly brow. Did he change color or turn pale? The old lady thought so, and the fearful truth flashed through her brain like electric tire, "Joe is going away with the sogers, an' he don't like to tell me," so she said as calmly as she could, "Joey, thar's suthin weighin' heavy on yer heart an' troublin'

> A great sigh, followed by a convulsive shudder that run through his frame like an icy chill, but no reply. "Joey boy, ef you want to go away, ef you've made up yer mind to dew so

yer mind. What is it boy?"

'cause you think its yer duty, tell me the truth 'bout it, an' I'l try to bear with my orrows without a murmur-". "Wal, I've listed, an' our company starts to-morrer. I could'nt hang back and be called a coward when I saw so many fellers goin that I knowed, so I went in with the

rest. I've jined the company that Frank Willis is captain of." "I knowed how it would be, fur suthin told me when you went to the meetin in the village that you'd jine the sogers. Wa'l, Joey, I'l try to have ye reddy: but tell me when ye spect to come home agin.'

"That's onsartin an' none of 'em knows anything about it." "Pra'aps I! never see ye agin my boy," sobbed the widow; "fur maybe you'l be killed! Ah! Joey, I wish you was'nt goin, but it must be so I spose."

I've bin around biddin the neighbors good bye, cause I won't hey a minit to spare in the mornin, beins we git our uniforms at nine o'clock and march at ten."

"Yes," said Joe resolutely, "it must,

"So soon," exclaimed the old lady, starting nervously; "and hev ye seen Hetty? Did ye stop thar?" "Of course I did! you don't think me mean enough to sneak off without seein my

gal, dew ye! Thunderation! that ain't my

style." "An what did she say about yer goin?" "She kicked agin it mighty hard at first, but when I told her t'warnt no use, she kinder simmered down an commenced cryfarewell kiss an' come away. Hetty'l be down to see ye ev'ry day while I am gone, an' the old man ses you shan't want fur

an' the old man ses you shun't want fur anything,"
"He's very kind," murmured the widow, "an' I'm sure I'm much obleeged tew him; but Joey, what clothes will yo want to take with ye? I guess I'd better pack yer carpet bag,—to-night."
Joe smiled.
"I shan't take any carpet bag, mother; fur sogers carry all they need in a knapsack. Two shirts, an' two pair of socks is all I want, fur I'l have my uniform on all the time, an' my own clothes would be useless to me."

It was now her turn to smile, for she thought, "He wo'nt be gone long, fur of he was goin' to stay a great while he'd surely want all his clothes,"

Poor creature! she knows nothing about war suiter with the interior series with the sinch war nothing about war neither lid the invise series.

Poor creature! she knows nothing about war, neither did she imagine what an incumbrance too many useless things were to a soldier. to a soldier.

"I guess 17 go to bed so's 17 be up bright an' early," said Joe.

The widow watched him with tearful eyes as he lit a small lamp and went into his chamber; and when he closed the door behind him the pent up tide of her emotions overwhelmed her, and she wept bitterly.

Wearied and heartsick she at length forgot her sorrow in slumber. The hands of the clock moved noiselessly around—the hours passed silently and swiftly by, and faint streaks of light were tinging the eastern horizon when she awoke.

The parting hour was near at hand, and as she thought how soon their farewell must be spoken, a mournful cry broke

farm and Household Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble

COMMUNICATIONS, Selections, Recipes and ar-leles of interest and value, are solicited for this lepartment of the paper. We desire to supply he public with the best practical information in eference to the farm, garden, and household.

The Land Owner. When I come within sight of my farm, fter having been away, a pleasant sensaion rises within me that no other feeling an equal. I am at home—on my own land. These are my acres, which the combined lower of the country has guaranteed to me It is mine and my heirs' forever. . Here is security. If there is anything stable in the world this is it. My fireside, therefore, is built upon a firm foundation. I and my children are safe. We are not intruded upon; no one has a right to do this; the strong arm of the law is ever ready to deend us. Here I have my worship undisturbed; I attend to my concerns unmolest-

ed. In a word, I am at home. And when my acres wave with grain, that grain and those acres are mine. I own them, and I feel them. They are part of myself. My cattle-not the cattle of a housand hills-are mine: I have raised them, and I know every one, as I know my household-"Bess," and "Brindle," and "Kitty." They come at my call—they know me. The old cow has a face as intelligent as many a person, and much more sympathy in it-honest old face-I could not well do without it. Thus my fields are stocked with this intelligence, and the rleeful antics of the heifers and steers renind me of my youthful holidays. And or "innocence," the lambs, and the quiet, inoffensive sheep. Even the "grunter" has something I do not want to dispense with, and the chickens and the stately rooster, who is lord of the barnyard, as I am of the premises.

How to PRODUCE STONELESS FRUIT. At a late meeting of the Agricultural Society in India, the Rev. Mr. Firminger communicated a plan by which the stones of fruit may be reduced or made to disappear, and the pulp increased in size and flavor. At any time during the cold season elect a branch that is to be used afterward for inarching; split it up carefully, somewhat less than a span long; from both halves of the branch thus spilt scoop out cleanly all the pith; then bring the split halves together again, and keep them bandaged till they have become thoroughly mited. At the usual time, the beginning of the rains, inarch the branch thus treated upon suitable stock, taking for the place of the union the portion of the branch just below where the split was made. Upon a branch of the tree thus produced a similar operation is performed, and so on for successive, seasons, the result being that the stone of the fruit becomes less and less after each successive operation. This process has been applied likewise to the grapevine at Malaga, and plants thereby have been produced which bear the finest fruit, without the slightest vestige of a stone

within them .- Mining Press. To PICKLE BEET-ROOT .- This vegetable makes an excellent pickle, and from the brightness of its color, has a very pretty effect in a glass pickle-dish or jar. Wash, the best perfectly; do not cut off any of the fibrous roots, as this would allow the juice to escape, and thus the coloring would be lost. Put it into sufficient water to boil it, and when the skin will come off it will be sufficiently cooked, and may be taken out slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it cold vinegar, prepared as follows: Boil a quart of vinegar with an ounce of whole lack pepper, and an equal weight of dry

The jar should be kept closely corked. Washing Flannel so as to Prevent Shrinking.—Soak in warm water half an nour; rub lightly when you wring them out then rub them thoroughly in good hot suds; wring them out, put them in a tub and pour clear boiling water on them—the more the better. Let them stand till they are cool enough to wring out by hand. You can use a wringer if you choose. Soft water should always be used. No woolen fabric should have soap rubbed on it unless on wish to shrink it.

ginger, and let it stand until quite cold.

FRIED POTATOES-Pare and cut the polaoes in thin slices over night; let them stand in cold water; in the morning, shake them in a dry towel till perfectly drained; then drop them into very hot fat, enough to float them, (the fat from beef suct is best;) shake and turn them till brown, keeping them very hot; dip out with a skimmer, and salt them a little. If properly done, they will be crisp and delicid APPLE JAM.-Weigh equal quantities of

sugar, and good sour apples; pare, core, and chop them fine; make a syrup of the sugar, clarify thoroughly; then add 'the apples, the grated peel of two or three lemons, and a few pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples look clear and yellow. This resembles foreign sweetmeats; the ginger is essential to its peculiar excellence; it will keep nice for years. An apparently well informed writer

states that his own experiments have demonstrated that to put milk more than three inches deep in the pan entails a loss of cream. He says he would rather churn one hour than less, and also that from nine to eleven quarts of milk should make two quarts of cream, which should make one ound of butter. Stuffing for Mangoes.—Half a pound

f garlic or onions, half a pound of white ginger, half a pound of horse-radish, scraped, one pint of mustard seed, one ounce black pepper, one ounce of mace, one of cloves, one of turmreic, one of celery seed, one teacup of oil, and sugar to your taste. To each gallon of vinegar add three pounds of sugar.

To thrash broom corn with a fiall, lay

the brush in a row on the barn floor two or three stalks deep, and place a plank on the stalks, with one edge even with the lower edge of the brush. Stand on the plank while using the flail. The object of the plank is to protect the stalks from being crushed, as smushing spoils them for brooms.

FROZEN PLANTS.-If by any accidental carelessness your plants get frozen, dip them at once, and hold them in a pail of rain water for a few moments. If frost gets into the greenhouse, wet down the flues, and sprinkle all the plants freely with water; then increase the temperature gradually until the frost is extracted.

WASHINGTON PIE. -To one tablespoonful of butter add one cup of sugar, half cup milk, two cups flour, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful saleratus. This will make two pies. When cold, divide with a thin knife and add the jelly.

POLKA CAKE.-Two cups of white sugar two of butter, four of flour, four eggs, half a cup of molasses, teaspoonful of saleratus in a cap of milk, one pound of raisins.