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 XXXIX, NUMBER 18.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1867. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,994.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1. If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.
SINGLE COPIES.....FIVE CENTS.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
EIGHT LINES SPACE MAKE A SQUARE.

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1 Sqr.	$1.00	$1.50	$2.50	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$12.00
2 Sqrs.	2.00	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
3 Sqrs.	2.50	4.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	25.00
¼ Col.	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
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1 Col.	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	60.00	100.00

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Yearly Advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of the year, will be charged at full rates as above, or according to contract.
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All advertising will be considered CASH, after first insertion.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

M. CLARK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE—Corner of Second and Locust Streets, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.
Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. [apr.20, '67-1y.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

J. W. FISHER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on Front Street, between Locust and Walnut, Columbia, Pa.

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, between Front and Second streets.

SAMUEL EVANS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

J. Z. HOFFER, DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.
Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

F. HINKLE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON;
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.

"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 Travelers. The Bar is stocked with
CHOICE 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-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.—MARTIN ERWIN, Proprietor.

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

MISHLER'S HOTEL.
West Market Square, Reading Penn'a.
EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.
First-Class Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE, Proprietor.

MALTBY 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.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
AT
JOHN FAREIRA'S
OLD ESTABLISHED FUR MANUFACTORY,
No. 718 Arch Street, above 7th,
PHILADELPHIA.
Have now in Store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the largest and most beautiful selections of
FANCY FURS
For Ladies' and Children's Wear, in the City.
Also, a fine assortment of
GENTS' FUR GLOVES AND COLLARS.
I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Lancaster County and vicinity.
Remember the Name, Number and Street!
JOHN FAREIRA.
No. 718 Arch St, ab. 7th, south side, Philada.
☞ I have no Partner, nor connection with any other Store in Philadelphia. [oct.5,'67-4m.

NEW NOVELTIES
IN WEDDING INVITATIONS.
The Largest Variety of Styles ever offered to the Public. New Novelties constantly added to our samples. Orders attended to by mail. Prices reasonable.
R. HOSKINS & CO.,
Engravers, Stationers, Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers,
nov 9-3m] 913 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

PURE 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, Jamaica Spirits, Blackberry Brandy, Cherry and Currant Wines.
We have Wines, Brandies, Gins, Cordials, Old Monongahela of all grades. Give us a call and examine for yourself. CHARLES GROVE, Corner of Commerce and Walnut Sts., Columbia, Pa. [dec.22,'66-tf.

WINDOW SHADES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
FURNITURE,
Of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at our
NEW WARE ROOMS,
Locust Street, above Second, *south side.*
Columbia, Mar. 2, 1867-tf. JOHN SHENBERGER.

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 Franklin 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 iron. Never lose their fire-proof qualities. Are the only Safes filled with Alum and Dry Plaster.
Please send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue.
MARVIN & CO.
Principal Warehouses:
No. 265 Broadway, New York.
No. 721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
March 9, 1867-1y. P.

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

MORTON'S CELEBRATED GOLD PENS. The Best Pen now made, which we sell at Manufacturers' Prices. We are sole Agents for these Pens in Columbia. Try Morton's Pen.
SHREINER & SON.

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

J. 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 his facilities for doing a more extensive business.

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED
HERB BITTERS!
PURE AND UNADULTERATED,
Fresh from the Manufactory of Dr. B. Mishler.
These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures they have performed in every case, when tried.
Dr. Mishler offers *five hundred dollars* to the proprietor 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
Is for sale in Columbia only by
J. C. BUCHER,
At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia.

WINES AND LIQUORS!
Embracing the following:
Catawba, Port, Lisbon, Cherry, Maderia, Malaga, Champagne, Claret, Rhine, Blackberry, Elderberry, Currant and Muscat WINES.

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS.
Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and BRANDIES of all kinds:
Blackberry, Catawba, Cherry, Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Kummel, Ginger, Gin, Superior Old Rye, Pure Old Rye, XXX Old Rye, XX Old Rye X Old Rye, Pure Old Rye, Monongahela, Rectified Whisky, London Brown Stout, Scotch Ale, &c., &c., &c.

AGENCY FOR
Malt & Cider Vinegar.
He is also Agent for the Celebrated
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

FOR SALE
POCKET FLASKS,
DEMIJOHNS,
TOBACCO BOXES,
and FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety,
Sold at J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS!
PURE & UNADULTERATED,
For Sale by
J. C. BUCHER.

Lee's London Porter,
Manufactured by GEO. LEE,
(Late of Lion Brewery, London,
Who says that this Porter is better than that manufactured in London, as we have better material here.
J. C. BUCHER
Is the Agent for this Porter, in Columbia.

BEST STOUT PORTER!
From E. & G. HIBBERT, LONDON.
For sale by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, above Front.

MISHLER'S
CELEBRATED HERB BITTERS!
By the BARREL, QUART OR BOTTLE.
Sold only by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, Columbia.

Agent for the
PURE MALT VINEGAR.
Cannot be purchased at any other establishment in town, and is warranted to keep fruits and vegetables perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported
SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.
For Sale at
J. C. BUCHER'S.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.
BUCHER will still keep on hand the Best Brands of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also, SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES—a thousand and one varieties. Call at
J. C. BUCHER'S,
Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store.
It is the greatest establishment of the kind this side of Philadelphia.
☞ Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.

RAILROAD LINES.

READING RAIL ROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT
November 25, 1867.
GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 3.00, 5.25 and 8.10 A. M., and 2.05 and 9.35 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania R. R., and arriving at New York at 5.10 and 10.15 and 11.50, A. M., and 3.40 and 9.30 P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 A. M., and 9.35 P. M. Trains without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, 8.10 A. M., and 2.05 and 4.10 P. M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M. making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, leave Harrisburg at 3.55 P. M.
Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., 12.00 Noon and 5.00 and 8.00 P. M.; Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M. Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 A. M., returning from Reading at 6.30 P. M., stopping at all Stations; Pottsville at 8.45 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.; Ashland 6.00 A. M., and 12.10 noon, and 2.00 P. M.; Tamaqua at 6.30 A. M., and 1.00 and 3.45 P. M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.10 A. M. and 12.00 noon.
Reading Accomodation Train; Leaves Reading at 7.30 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 4.00 P. M.
Pottstown Accomodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45 A. M., returning leaves Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.
Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading at 7.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.
On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia 8.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., the 8.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 A. M.; Lebanon 9.35 A. M., and 4.10 and 9.35 P. M., and Reading at 1.00 and 7.15 A. M. for Harrisburg, and 7.06 A. M. and 11.40 P. M. for New York and 4.25 P. M. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced Rates.
Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.
G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent.
Reading, Pa., Nov. 25, 1867.
Trains of this Road are run by Reading Rail Road Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania R. R. Time.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
On and after
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23d, 1867,
Trains will run between
LANCASTER, COLUMBIA, AND READING,
AS FOLLOWS:
Leave Lancaster and Columbia, 8.00 a. m. " " " 3.00 p. m.
Arrive at Reading, 10.20 a. m., & 5.30 p. m.
Returning—Leaves Reading at 7.00 a. m., and 6.15 p. m.
Arrive at Lancaster 9.20, and Columbia 9.25 a. m., and 6.30 p. m.
TO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA, via READING.
Leave Lancaster and Columbia, at 8.00 a. m., and 3.00 p. m., daily, except Sundays. Arrive at New York at 5.00 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., and Philadelphia at 1.00 p. m., and 9.10 p. m.
Returning—Leave New York at 12.00, Noon, and Philadelphia at 3.30 p. m. Arrive at Lancaster and Columbia at 8.30 p. m.
The above trains also connect at Reading with Trains North, on P. and R., and West, on Lebanon Valley, Roads.
FARE, $5.40 TO NEW YORK, AND $2.00 TO PHILADELPHIA.
Tickets can be obtained at the Offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty Street, New York, and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 18th and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia.
Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.
GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.
E. F. KEEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
dec1'66.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA GOING EAST,
Lancaster Train..... 9.00 A. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation..... 5.38 P. M.
TRAINS LEAVE WEST,
Mail Train..... 11.50 A. M.
Harrisburg Accommodation..... 6.25 "
Lancaster Train Arrives..... 8.05 "
COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION.
Leave Columbia for Lancaster..... 1.40 P. M.
Arrive at Lancaster..... 2.10 "
Connecting with Day Express for Phil'a.
Leave Lancaster at..... 2.45 P. M.
Arrive at Columbia..... 3.20 "
WM. F. LOCKARD, Superintendent, Phila. Div.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R.
DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL OF THE PASSENGER TRAINS AT YORK.
DEPARTURES FROM YORK:
For Baltimore, 4.15 A. M., 7.00 A. M., 10.10 A. M., and 3.00 P. M.
For Wrightsville, 6.45 A. M., 12.00 P. M., and 4.00 P. M.
For Harrisburg, 1.30 A. M., 7.10 A. M., 11.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M., and 10.15 P. M.
ARRIVALS AT YORK:
From Baltimore, 1.25 A. M., 11.20 A. M., 2.31 P. M., 6.50 P. M., and 10.10 P. M.
From Wrightsville, 9.15 A. M., 2.20 P. M., and 7.35 P. M.
From Harrisburg, 4.10 A. M., 10.05 A. M., and 3.05 P. M., and 6.35 P. M.
On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg, 10.05 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore; and those from Baltimore at 1.25 A. M., *and 10.10 P. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.*
No train arrives from Baltimore at 10.10 on Saturday night; and none from Harrisburg at 4.10 on Monday morning.
I. N. DU BARRY, General Superintendent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOOP SKIRTS! 628.
WM. T. HOPKINS.
"Our Own Make."
After more than FIVE YEARS' experience and experiments in the manufacture of STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY HOOP SKIRTS, we offer our justly celebrated goods to merchants and the public, in full confidence of their superiority over all others in the American market, and they are so acknowledged by all who wear or deal in them, as they give more satisfaction than any other Skirt, and recommend themselves in every respect. Dealers in Hoop Skirts should make a note of this fact. *EVERY LADY WHO HAS NOT GIVEN THEM A TRIAL SHOULD DO SO WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.*
Our assortment embraces every style, length and size for Ladies, Misses and Children. Also, SKIRTS MADE TO ORDER, altered and repaired.
Ask for "Hopkins' Own Make," and be not deceived. See that the letter "H" is woven on the Tapes between each Hoop, and that they are stamped "W. T. HOPKINS, MANUFACTURER, 628 ARCH ST., PHILAD'A," upon each tape. No others are genuine.
Also, constantly on hand, a full line of good New York and Eastern made Skirts, at very low prices.
Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Hoop Skirt Manufactory and Emporium, No. 628 Arch street, Philadelphia.
Sept. 7, '67-1m.] WM. T. HOPKINS.

1867. FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.
Large Stock—All New—of our own Manufacture—At the Lowest Prices.
OVERCOATS from best to lowest grades.
FINE CLOTH DRESS SUITS.
CASSIMERE BUSINESS SUITS.
SATINETT & JEAN SUITS.
ALSO—
ESQUIMAUX & TRICOT BEAVERS.
FINE BLACK & COLORED CLOTHS.
PLAIN & FANCY COATINGS, new style.
BLACK AND FANCY CASSIMERE, &c.
VELVET CORDS, SATINETT JEANS, &c., &c.
Custom Work made up in best style promptly. HAGER & BROTHERS, Lancaster, Pa.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER
AND
RING'S AMBROSIA,
These popular Hair Restorers and Tonics on hand, at
R. WILLIAMS, Drug Store,
Apl 13-tf] Columbia, Pa.

RODGERS BROTHERS' CELEBRATED SILVER PLATED WARE.
The finest and largest Stock ever brought to town, *fresh from* the Manufacturers, at lower rates than for many years, at
SHREINER & SONS.

FINE BRITANNIA WARE!
We have also a good Stock of fine Britannia Ware, consisting of Tea Setts, Coffee and Tea Pots, Mugs, &c.
Selling very low at
SHREINER & SON'S.

Selected Poetry.

RULE COLUMBIA.

Rise, ye sons of old Columbia;
Gather to your country's call;
On your arms no longer slumber,
Rise to help her, one and all!
Cast away each feud and faction,
Brood not over wrong nor ill;
Rouse your virtues into action,
For we love our country still.
Chorus—Hail Columbia! Hail Columbia!
Raise that thrilling shout once more,
Raise that thrilling shout once more.

See up-rear'd our Holy Standard!
Crowd around it, gallant hearts!
What! Columbia's fame be slander'd,
As by fault on our parts?
Let the cruel tyrants threaten;
Let the mad invaders come;
Fly to battle, what if beaten?
We can die for friends and home!
Chorus—Rule Columbia! Rule Columbia!
Conquer over sea and shore,
Conquer over sea and shore.

Rise then, patriots, name endearing!
Let the Union ever stand!
Raise the stars and stripes so cheering,
Glorious banner of our land!
Rise! ye sons of old Columbia;
Rise! our common weal to serve;
Rise! while now the song enthralls you,
Thrilling ev'ry vein and nerve.
Chorus—

Original Story.

[*Written Expressly for the "Spy."*]

THE ASHLEYS;
OR,
Lights and Shadows of Life.
BY
L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

CHAPTER IX.

"Doctor Littlejohn," Henry Ashley spoke very seriously; "I think this is your own child, and nothing can alter my opinion *unless* I have positive proof to the contrary."

"Won't, eh?" growled the Doctor, reddening.

"Think the young monkey belongs to *me*, do you?" I shan't have anything to do with it! I swear positively my house shall never be turned into a nursery for the accommodation of other people's children! If I take *one*, I'll have a dozen left in less than a month, and I don't mean to be imposed on because I'm rich: no sir!" and the doctor pulled the bell cord angrily.

"It must be taken care of by somebody," said Henry, as he began pacing to and fro with the child, whistling and chirping to keep it quiet.

The tinkling of the bell had not died away when an aged negress thrust her turbaned head in at the door, inquiring, "Did ye ring, mar'sr?"

"Ring, yes; take that baby away with you, and give it to one of the women to nurse, and *to-morrow see that it is sent to* the foundling institute."

"Dat baby?" exclaimed Hulda, in amaze; "sakes alibe, has ye got a *picaninny* fur sartin? What did it come from, mas'r, an' what's it's own mudder?"

"I don't know anything about its mother. Don't stand there grinning and asking questions, or I'll break every bone in your black skin! Obey me instantly, and take the young one out of my sight!"

Hulda approached Henry Ashley with her withered arms outstretched to receive the helpless innocent, but he only pressed the babe closer to his breast.

"No one shall take it from me," he said; "and I shall see it is provided for. Hulda, you can't have the child."

Kindly, though firmly spoken were the words; and Henry Ashley laid the little one in the basket, put on his hat, and started towards the door, carrying his precious treasure with him defiantly.

"What the devil are *you going to do* with the child," asked Doctor Littlejohn.

"I'm going to find some person who will take good care of it; for none of the niggers shall have it. If *you* haven't any love or pity for it in its present helpless condition, *I* have, and I'll be its protector besides. If any person harms it while I'm away with my regiment, I'll shoot them when I return! come, Fly!"

"The boy is crazy," ejaculated Doctor Littlejohn, when he heard the front door close with a shock that re-sounded through the mansion; and then turning to Hulda, he added, mysteriously, "That babe was left on my stoop by an unknown woman, and Henry is doubtless its father: you understand, Hulda?".

"I *spect* I does; an' now w'at'll Miss Fannie Carroll say w'en she hen's 'bout it? She's berry much 'tached to him, 'least so de niggas up to Milledgeville talk, an' pra'ps dis'll break off dere engagement. She's a proper nice lady, an' a kind missis, an' I wouldn't like fur her to hab any dis-'pintment or trouble, an' mebby as how we hadn't betta' say one word 'bout de chile till we am mo' enlightened on de subjec'. Isn't I right, ma'sr?"

"Yes, perfectly right;" said the doctor—"you and I will keep this affair a secret between ourselves: I think I can trust you, Hulda; you won't say anything to the servants?"

"Not a word, ma'sr, ef I was to be whipped; cause I isn't like some o' de nigga's w'at tells all dey knows 'bout fam'ly 'fairs. Dem's ig'nant darks, dem is; but I doesn't chass myse'f with 'em nohow. I jes consida's Aunt Hulda's a peg or two higher'n sich *common stock*, an' a deal mo' 'spectable."

Having thus delivered herself, with a pompous air aunt Hulda left the room.

When she had gone Doctor Littlejohn poured out a glass of wine and emptied it at a draught; then he sat down by the window and leaned his head on his hand, sighing heavily.

"Curse the luck," he exclaimed; "the cat is nearly out of the bag this time in spite of me! If Henry had been away I should feel easier; but now his suspicions are aroused, and he will sift this matter until he finds out more than I wish him to know.

I wonder how Madelon escaped, and how she found the way here with her child? I wonder where Henry will leave it? I must have Madelon confined in some place from which she cannot escape, and the child must be disposed of, for I don't wish to be annoyed with any little responsibility. If Leonore should hear of this, my cake would soon be all dough, and the very devil would be raised by the Judge. I must put my wits to work if I wish to get out of this cursed dilemma."

He sat lost in thought, unheeding the flight of time. Hour after hour passed by, and when the silvery chimes of the little French clock rang out twelve, he started up, rubbing his eyes, and gazing wildly about him. Something touched his arm, and he drew back from the window, shivering with terror, as though he dreaded the coming of one whom he did not wish to see—her whom he had wronged.

"Conscience makes a man a coward," he muttered, when he saw it was only the cat that had rubbed against him; and when he reached forth his hand to stroke her back, she burried her claws in the soft flesh, and then darted away, leaving him groaning with rage and pain.

"D—n the cat! her coming is an evil omen;" he exclaimed, "and every thing will go wrong with me in the future! I'll have her killed for scratching me as sure as my name is Littlejohn, and another cat shall never find shelter beneath my roof. Her ingratitude and treachery shall never be forgiven! I'll give her laudanum, or corrosive sublimate to-morrow, and throw her defunct carcass to the dogs. Deception is common in this world, but *I never expected to be deceived by a cat.*"

A quick, impatient step sounded on the piazza, and in a moment Henry Ashley came in. His brow and cheeks were flushed, and his clothes splashed with mud.

An angry scowl contracted his features, and his breath came hard, as though respiration gave him pain.

He drew a chair up to the table and sat down without speaking, and the doctor ventured to ask, "Harry, what's the matter with you, my boy?"

"I was thinking about matters that concern only myself and those who are dear to me," he replied, haughtily.

This reply rather nettled the doctor, but he again inquired, "Where did you leave the child?"

"I left *your* child with those who will take good care of it, and you needn't trouble yourself any more about it."

"*My* child!" and the doctor held up both hands in horror.

"Yes sir, your child, and it's mother's name is Madelon Lingard: I have found out *that* much, and I intend to make good use of my information."

"What use can you make of it," faltered the fat little coward.

"If you wait a while you'll find out. One thing I *will* tell you: and that is, my sister shall never give her hand to an *unprincipled libertine:* I wish you to remember that."

"Beware, boy, for your insulting words may rob you of a fortune: please remember that Fannie Carroll will not wed a penniless adventurer; that your future happiness depends on my generosity."

"A curse on your generosity," exclaimed the youth contemptuously. "You robbed my father of his wealth, and I ask none of your ill-gotten gains; but if you dare to mention my name to any member of Mr. Carroll's family, save with respect, I'll have your worthless life!"

"And be a murderer like your father," tauntingly added the doctor.

The young officer's eyes flashed, and quicker than thought he seized a heavy stone inkstand that was on the table before him, and hurled it at his companion.

Fair and true was his aim, for the doctor reeled and fell to the floor, with the rich blood trickling from a wound in his forehead.

"Lie there, and die like a brute," muttered the youth as he took his hat and left the house.

CHAPTER X.

A letter! Who is there but loves to receive one when it comes from a *dear* friend, or relative? How oft have *you* watched for the postman's coming, kind reader, hastening out to meet him, taking from his hand the precious missive with trembling eagerness, breaking the seal ere you moved from the door; in haste to read the lines that are always welcome when coming from the absent and beloved? * * * * Company E had been absent two weeks, and having joined their regiment, they departed immediately for Washington, ready to meet the foe on Virginia's sacred soil. Leonore Ashley has not heard from her lover since they parted; and as day after day passes by, her heart grows sad, for she fears he will not write to her at all, and she finally made up her mind to call upon Mrs. Watson, at Rose Hill, and inquire if *she* had heard from him.

Mrs. Brown has received a letter from Joe—a course, miserable scrawl, but none the less welcome although it *was* blotted and blurred in many places, and almost unintelligible because *for* frequent erasures.

It was written at Washington, and its contents run nearly as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER:—Arter bein' knocked about, an' toted round, our ridgement has got to washinton with flyin' colors. Jokes cheered an' shouted *at* us wherever we stopt, jest as though we was a cirkus, or Van Amburgs menagerie; an' when I ask'd the cupt'n what it was for, sayin' we hed'nt done nuthin, ses he laughin'. They expect we *will* do sumthin', an' I hope they won't be disapp'inted." Then sum of the boys gave three cheers, an' a feller called Mickey Ragan yelled out, "Be dhe powers, we'll fight like the divil!" We ar' havin' a good time here, puradin', an' gittin' reviewed ev'ry day; but we expect orders to cross the potomac ev'ry minit, an' then there'll be some fitin'.

I don't keer how soon it comes, cause I want tew git at it an' make an' end of it rite away. Ef anything onusual happens you'll see it in the papers, an' if I don't write very soon you must'nt worry. Keep up a stiff upper lip, an' give my love to Hetty ef she makes enny fuss 'bout my bein' away.

Mickey Ragan never had no schoolin', an' he can't make a *pot hook;* so he wants me to giv' his love to Biddy McGee. Don't forgit to do so, cause he's well. Capt'in Willis sends his respects to everybody. Tho-enkes that you put in my knapsack got all mouldy, and I had to throw 'em away; and the pie was *mashed into my wooden stockin's* so they felt orful *stickey* when I put them on. Mickey Ragan tore half the leaves out of the Testament that Hetty give me, to *light his pipe with;* an' I had to throw it away too, cause there wasn't anything left for me to read except half of John, and a few chapters in Revelations. Don't say a word to Het about it, or she'll go crazy. I haint got room enough to write more, so I'll *dry up.* When you write, direct to company E, 38th New York ridgement; an' you'll obleege,

JOE BROWN."

The widow wept when she read Joey's almost unintelligible scrawl, and putting on her hat she hastened across the meadow to tell Hetty Sparks "the news," tears of joy streaming down her wrinkled cheeks.

Flushed and breathless she reached the farm house where she found Hetty churning in the kitchen.

"Oh, you have heard from Joe," she exclaimed when Mrs. Brown came in. "Is he well? Did you bring the letter with you?" and her fingers moved nimbly as she untied the strings of the old lady's hat, placing the rocking chair close to the churn where Mrs. Brown could sit and read to her. "No, I did not bring the letter with me, Hetty, because he didn't say much of anything in it, an' I thought I could tell it better'n I could read it." "Well, what did he write? Sit down and tell me all: there take the fan, for it's *awful* hot!" "He's in Washington," began Mrs. Brown, an' his health is tip top I spose; ef it was'nt he'd let me know. Folks made a great fuss about 'em, an' they expect to cross the Potomac ev'ry minit an' go to fightin' the pesky rebels. Joey is anxious to git at 'em; an' when he does, they must look out; or he'll hurt some of 'em *bad.* He sends his love to you, an' that's about all he wrote, 'cause his letter was only a scrap of paper, an' he hadn't room for more."

"I'm *so* glad he's well," exclaimed Hetty. "When shall you write, Mrs. Brown?" "This evenin'," replied the old lady: "I know he won't stay in Washington long, an' I want him to git my latter afore he goes away from there, for when they git to fightin' they'll be knocked about from *pillar to post the* hull blessed *time.*" "You must stay and take tea with us, and then after supper we can write a good long letter together: I'll go home with you when it's nice and cool this evening. Mother will be in soon, an' she'll keep you company while I'm busy at work. You *will* stay, won't you? I'm going to make you a present of a little pot full of butter, because you didn't object when I spoke about putting a few words in your letter to Joey." Thus the good natured girl rattled on, never thinking that she hadn't allowed the old lady *time* to object, even if she had wished to do so; and Mrs. Brown concluded to stay, because she felt so lonely, sitting day after day and night after night in the cottage, with no person to converse with unless Hetty came in with a basket of eggs, or vegetables, or the schoolmaster called to leave a tract. * * * * *

Leaving Mrs. Brown in Farmer Sparks' kitchen, we will turn to the great mansion on Rose Hill, where Mrs. Matson goes wandering through the silent and darkened rooms like a spectre, wondering how "any sensible young man like Frank Willis could leave his home and go away to this hateful, horrid war." Mrs. Matson, being a good, old fashioned women, considered warfare a great sin; and she firmly adhered to her own opinion that all national disagreements or quarrels could be satisfactorily and amicably settled without resorting to warfare and bloodshed. She knew nothing about the jealousy and pride that generally exists among two distinct classes of men whose principles are antagonistic, nor how firmly they would adhere to the creed, however false it might be, they are taught to believe as right. Furthermore, she boldly asserted a *sensible woman* could settle the present sectional *misunderstanding* to the entire satisfaction of all classes, if the people would but allow her to have a *voice* in our legislative and congressional halls. "If I could have my own way, if I could fill President Lincoln's place, (she weighed at least one hundred and eighty,) "I would call all the governors from each State together, and *we* would soon settle everything so that all would go on right once more." An exploded theory was Mrs. Matson's, and very fortunate are ye, people of the United States, because Mrs. Matson didn't find her way to the capitol at Washington! * * * *

What strong minded *men* fail to accomplish, a strong minded woman could never achieve. Alas, for the lofty aspirations of Mrs. Matson! Her crinoline will never overspread the presidential chair—her voice will never echo in the capitolian hall! * * * * * Regular every day she airs the large rooms, and dusts the rich furniture, thinking, "how much nicer, and better, and pleasanter it would have been if Frank had got married and remained at home; for her part she didn't see what use there was for him to keep such a great house, furnished fit for a royal princess, with a piano that no person ever played a tune on from one year's end to the other, and a melodeon that wasn't never touched. Then there's the carriage horses standing idle in the stable, and his own horse, Hero, no one can ride, because he's so wild and ugly. Really she didn't know what Frank could be thinking about: such a nice, smart, handsome young man, and still single. Now there is Judge Ashley's daughter ——." Mrs. Watson's soliloquy was suddenly cut short by an unusual occurrence—some person rang the door bell. "Now I dew ra'aly wonder who's comin' now," exclaimed she, *sticking* down her hair with both hands, and waddling to the front door: I'm glad it's somebody, 'cause I feel kinder lonesome to-day, an' a visitor will cheer me up. But land sakes! who on a'th kin it be?"

Mrs. Matson's fingers trembled nervously as she drew back the strong bolts that secured the great oaken door, and an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips when she beheldher visitor.

It was Leonore Ashley who had called, to ask if Mrs. Matson had heard from Frank—and although she felt courageous enough, before she ascended the steps, yet when she stood face to face with the old housekeeper her cheeks and brow crimsoned, for she thought; "Mrs. Matson will think me very bold for coming over to Rose Hill to make inquiries about him, when I never was here before." The old lady marked her embarrassment and confusion, and she hastened to re-assure her, by saying, "Come right in. Miss Ashley, fur ye don't know how glad I am to see yo! I've of'en heard poor Frank speak about yo, an' many a time I have wondered why you an' yer father didn't make yerselves more neighborly, an' sociable; an' why neither o' ye paid us a visit." "My father seldom goes out, *and I couldn't*, with propriety, visit a young bachelor at his own residence. I called to-day to inquire—to ask if Captain Willis has written since he went away: my father would like to know if he is well."

Ah! Leonore, why do you tell a falsehood; and why does your agitation increase?

"I received a letter from Frank, yisterday, an' you kin tell yer father he's well," said Mrs. Matson; and a smile played a moment about her lips as she noted the young girl's embarrassment.

"He don't mention any body in his letter but me an' the servants; an' he didn't write over a dozen lines altogether. But bless me! how pale you look! Are you ill, or faint, miss?"

"At times a sudden faintness overpowers me," gasped Leonore, "but it soon passes away. Don't go for any restorative, for I shall be better presently."

"You must *come in* and rest till you're over this," said Mrs. Matson; and she grasped Leonore by the arm, half dragging the bewildered girl into the parlor, where she sank on the sofa, unconscious.

* * * * *

"Poor cretur!" muttered the old woman as she went stamping down the stairs after some restorative, "poor cretur; I know the natur' of her ailment to a T. fur I hed fits of faintin' jest the same way when Matson went to sea, afore we was married. She's in love; an' she want's to hide her *feelin's* from me, 'cause I'm *his* housekeeper, but she can't do it, nohow. I don't b'l'eve the Judge sent her over here neither, fur *he* never hed any likin' fur Frank as I know on—never."

Thus soliloquizing Mrs. Matson reached the small closet at the foot of the stairs, where, carefully arranged on the shelves, were many bottles and packages, whose value was a mystery to every one save herself.

After fumbling about for some time she succeeded in finding what she was in search of, and then she bustled up stairs again, panting heavily.

During her absence Leonore had recovered, and when the old lady entered the parlor she was sitting by the open window, where the cool breeze stole softly in, fanning her feverish brow with its perfumed breath.

Mrs. Matson uttered an exclamation of surprise when she beheld her fair visitor.

"I decl