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 19.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1867. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,995.

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.

	1 w	2 w	1 m	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 yr.
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
½ Col.	8.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	60.00
1 Col.	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	60.00	100.00

Double the above rates will be charged for display or blank advertisements.

Advertisements not under contract, must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

Special Notices 25 per cent. more.

All Notices or Advertisments in reading matter, under ten lines, $1.00; over ten lines, 10 cts. per line, minion type.

Yearly Advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of the year, will be charged at full rates as above, or according to contract.

Transient rates will be charged for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

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 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-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 Renn'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. JOHN SHENBERGER. Columbia, Mar. 2, 1867-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 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, Lititz, 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 3.35 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 8.30 A. M., and 1.00 and 8.45 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 6.15 P. M., for Ephrata, Lititz, 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.; Harrisburg 5.25 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 8.30 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 $2.90 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, 13th 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.............5.58 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, 5.55 A. M., 7.00 A. M., 9.50 A. M., and 3.09 P. M.

For Wrightsville, 6.45 A. M., 11.45 A. M., and 3.50 P. M.

For Harrisburg, 1.30 A. M., 6.20 A. M., 11.35 A. M., 2.39 P. M., and 10.15 P. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK:

From Baltimore, 1.25 A. M., 11.30 A. M., 2.34 P. M., 6.50 P. M., and 10.10 P. M.

From Wrightsville, 8.15 A. M., 1.20 P. M., and 6.45 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.

J. N. DU BARRY, General Superintendent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOOP SKIRTS! 628. WM. T. HOPKINS. "Our Own Make." After more than FIVE YEARS' experience and experimenting 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, do. 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 & SON'S.

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.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the "Spy."]

"Honor Thy Father and Mother."

BY EVA ALICE.

One would think 'twere needless for God to command,
That we love the dear beings who gave us our birth,
But ingratitude reigneth in every land;
Oh, how many bad children are found in the earth!

"Honor thy father!" Oh, what love there is due
To him, who for thee toils throughout the long day,
Love him, who so cheerfully labors for you,
That happiness o'er thee may shed its bright ray.

His duties are out 'mid the world and its care,
He's obliged to be absent from morning till night;
He cannot remain ever with thee to share
All the smiles that at home shed their cheering delight.

Then, when he returns from the toil of the day
Go and meet him—and welcome him home to the fold;
Be obedient, loving—God may call him away—
How many dear fathers die, ere they are old!

"Honor thy mother!" Oh, what love is so pure!
What a care thou hast been through the many long years;
No task was so great, but that she would endure—
Oh! little thou know'st of her trials and tears.

"Honor thy parents!" be ever dutiful, kind!
E'en our best love through life can never repay;
No others so loving on earth will we find,
When they from our circle are taken away.

Be their joy and their comfort, as older you grow,
A blessing until life's brief journey is o'er;
Like a stream, let their lives ever tranquilly flow,
'Till they launch their fair barks for the Ever Green Shore.

"Honor thy parents—that thy days may be long!"
Oh, how sweet is the home—the dwelling where Love
Ever singeth her cheering and beautiful song,
'Tis an antitype here of your Heaven above!

Original Story.

(Back numbers of this story can be furnished.)

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

THE ASHLEYS; OR, *Lights and Shadows of Life.*

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

CHAPTER XII.

When doctor Littlejohn recovered, he found himself lying on the sofa and Hulda sitting beside him. He remembered almost instantly all that had passed between himself and Harry Ashley, and his first exclamation was: "Where is Harry, the — rascal?"

"Deed I doesn't know, mas'r," replied Hulda, "but I spect he's gone'd away sumwhar, or some place. Did ye hab high words or heavy blows togedda?"

"We exchanged a few angry words, and he in his passion threw the inkstand at me, and knocked me down. Have I been senseless long, Hulda?"

"Bress yer soul, no! I heard you fall on the flo', an' den I come'd runnin' to see w'at de matter was. Wasn't I skeerd wen I seed you a layin' dar wid yer face all cov'rd wid ink an' blood? Nebber so frighten' sence I was borned, an' fust I didn't know wat to do; but in a minute I guessed wat had happened, an' den I sot to work, without tellin' any ob the nigga's, an' I soon dress' your woun', an' laid ye on de sofer.

"Is the wound a bad one?" and the doctor shuddered as he touched his forehead with the tip of his forefinger.

"On'y a bruise," replied the negress, "an' it'll be all heal' in free days, sartin suah, ef yeh leab de plasta on."

"I'll leab it on; I shan't take it off. You may go now, for I wish to be alone."

Hulda arose and left the room.

I'll pay the insolent rascal off while he's away to the war," muttered the doctor when he was alone. "I'll marry his sister; I'll make the old man a beggar; and ruin his prospects of future happiness with Fannie Carroll—see if I don't! The ungrateful whelp! I'll let him know who doctor Littlejohn is! Ah! but first I must dispose of Madelon, and that devlish brat, for they are stumbling blocks in *my* path to happiness. To-morrow morning I must put some person on the search for mother and child. The doctor paced the floor in no very amiable mood, muttering broken and unintelligible sentences, and gesticulating violently. At length he became weary with mental excitement, and sinking heavily on the sofa, he tried to slumber. In vain did he woo the drowsy god; in vain he strove to forget in repose the torturing thoughts that oppressed his mind, but a pale, sad face, haunted him, and an infant's feeble wail kept ringing in his ears continually. The night passed gloomily away, and morn found him pale and haggard for want of rest.

* * * * *

The sun was shining brightly when he arose. He went to the window and gazed out: the negroes were at work in the fields, and he smiled with a well satisfied air, as he ran his eyes over the vast extent of fruitful land that yielded annually the large crop that filled his coffers with gold. Doctor Littlejohn suddenly seized his hat; a new idea had almost instantaneously found birth in his mind; and he exclaimed, as he started towards the door, "I must let some person into the secret—I must have some person to assist me—and he is the very man! I think I can depend on him; for he loves money, and gold will seal his lips."

So saying, the doctor waddled out into the hall, out into the open air, and hastened towards the sugar-house, before which, marching to and fro in the shade, was a stout, ruffianly looking fellow, flashily attired, with a whip under his arm. He was puffing away at his cigar, and watching the negroes at work in the field.

"Halloo! what the devil brings *you* out so early?" he exclaimed, when he saw the doctor approaching. "Why doc, you look as though you'd been sick a month! got a fever, hav'nt you?"

I'm not well, Lashem; not well either in body or mind; and I passed a miserable night—couldn't sleep."

"You think too much about that little gal up in York State, doc: Miss Ashley, I mean."

"You are sharp at reading other people's thoughts, Lashem."

"Always was," said the overseer with a smile. "A man *must* be sharp now-a-days, if he isn't he can't get along. Now doc;" Lashem laid the forefinger of his right hand in the palm of his left: now doc, if I was in your place, I'd go North and marry that gal right away, for if you don't somebody else will. Handsome flowers don't generally remain long in Life's garden without some one's stealing them from the parental stem."

"I would marry her right away, Lashem, but I can't.

"The deuce you can't," said the overseer with a hoarse laugh; I'd like to know the reason why. Haven't you got her father in your power?"

"How did you know that?" inquired the doctor in amaze.

Ha! ha! ha! I know *more* than that my friend—more than that."

The doctor was puzzled; he did not understand his companion's meaning. His face was a shade paler as he inquired, "What mean you? you speak in riddles: explain yourself."

I don't choose to tell all I know, without I am well paid for it," said Lashem, cracking his whip carelessly.

Well, well, I'm willing to pay for information that will be useful to me; but I will not buy a pig in a bag.

"Lashem smiled. "I suppose you'd like to find Madelon Lingard and her child, wouldn't you?" and Lashem poked the doctor in the ribs with the butt of his whip.

"Good heaven'! Lashem, how came you in possession of *all* my secrets? speak—tell me."

"I *can't* tell you, because I wouldn't be any better off, if I did. There—don't get excited! Let go of my arm, and stand up like a man! why you are as nervous as a sick child."

"You won't expose me, will you?" gasped the doctor, trembling in every joint.

"I haven't made up my mind yet: I can tell you better in a day or two."

Doctor Littlejohn's temper was now thoroughly roused. His face grew purple with passion, and from his quivering lips he hissed in angry tones, "D——n you, villian, leave this plantation instantly, and never let me see your face again! seek service elsewhere, and do your worst, for you cannot injure me. I defy you—do your worst."

"Very well doc; I'm off—but you'll hear from me again before long." said Lashem; and throwing down his whip he walked away.

The doctor watched him until he had proceeded a short distance, and then he exclaimed, "Really, I actually believe he is going! I never saw the like in all my life! He must be offended at *something.* I'll call him back and inquire." Doctor Littlejohn had twice discharged Lashem before, but Lashem made his appearance, and went to his post, after being absent an hour or two, for little he heeded the doctor's sudden outbreaks of temper, that were soon over. But now the case was different; for Lashem knew more than his employer wished him to know, and he feared that Lashem might expose him, and by so doing, ruin his reputation in fashionable society, and perhaps blast his dearest hopes in another quarter. Furthermore, he believed, and rightly too, that Lashem knew where to find Madelon and her child, and this was the very thing he wished to know himself. Lashem must not go. No —no—he must stay; and so the doctor ran after him, shouting at the top of his voice, "Lashem! Lashem! come back, for I wan't to see you a moment!"

Lashem paused, gazed back a moment, and then marched resolutely forward.

"Lashem! Lashem! wait one moment!" The overseer smiled and quickened his pace. "Oh! Lashem *do* come back!" cried the doctor as he fell sprawling on the ground. The overseer turned about and assisted the doctor to rise. "Ah! thank you—thank you—help me back to the house, and—and stay with me till I die. I shall never recover—never. I am injured internally. Oh! Ah! Lashem. for God's sake don't leave me, *will* you?"

"I'll call some of the niggers to carry you in," said the overseer, laughing; for I don't wish to see you die."

"No, that won't do, for I wan't no person except yourself near me: come along, and forgive me for the manner in which I spoke to you, won't you?"

"I suppose I must; but if ever you insult me again, I'm off, never to return."

"I think I can walk now," said the doctor, and together man and master wended their way to the mansion.

I have now got this man completely in my power, thought the doctor; and when I get him entangled in the meshes of the web I have woven, I can use him as though he was my slave.

What an old fool doctor Littlejohn is, thought Lashem: I know all about his private affairs, I am in possession of his secrets, and with my knowledge I'll win many a golden dollar, and outwit him in the end.

Mind plotting against mind. Two rogues walking arm in arm, enjoying friendly converse to all outward seeming, but in their hearts hatred and envy lies rankling.

Thus it is with the world, and thus it ever will be. A man extends one hand for a friendly grasp, and with the other he will pick your pocket, or plunge a dagger to your heart.

Oh! world of sin, and treachery! Where is the pure love, the everlasting friendship of which we oft times hear? It lives and flourishes alone beyond the grave, in that blest clime where angels dwell—where parting is never known—where sin and sorrow cannot enter.

CHAPTER XIII.

So much has been said and written about the battle of Bull Run, we shall not attempt to describe it here.

The incidents connected with that field of fearful strife, (where our gallant troops were mowed dow, rank after rank, by the murderous fire of shot and shell, grape and canister, that rained upon them from the masked batteries,) are familiar to every intelligent reader in the land.

Bravely they held their ground, in the very face of death and destruction, until reason and prudence demanded a retreat.

Who dares to call those noble sons of Northland, cowards?

Let those who are braver, (in their own estimation,) shoulder the musket, and march with them *now* over the gory plains they tread, for our country needs *their* aid. Come forth, yo *base slanderers* and rally 'round the "Banner of the Free," or remain at home and be *yourselves* called cowards.

Three days have passed since the first great struggle on Virginia's soil, and the dead are buried—the wounded are in the hospitals that have been provided for them —the prisoners are all safely secured in their prison houses, where they sigh and pine for the pure air, and the bright sunlight of heaven—and for liberty, God's best and dearest gift to earth born man.

In a long, dingy room, on the second story of one of the tobacco warehouses that stands near Shockoe Hill, a number of Union prisoners are confined. Many of the warehouses in Richmond were converted into prisons immediately after the battle of Bull Run, and as such they are used still. Many members of Company E are among those who have been incarcerated in the Shockoe Hill warehouse, and Micky Ragan is one of the number, while our friend, honest, rough-spoken Joe Brown, is another, who was captured when the 38th made its last gallant charge with the fearless 69th.

The two prisoners are walking arm-in-arm together, halting occasionally to listen to a fierce looking zouave, who was telling about the fiery onset made upon them by the Black Horse Cavalry.

"I say, Joe, dhis is dhe divils own' place to put a dacint *boy* into, isn't it now?"

"It ain't very comfortable nohow," replied Joe, "and the smell is sickening."

"Ye may well say that, begarra! Dhe divilish haythen bastes! fwhat ill manners dhey have to lock us in here, fwhere we can *shmell* dhe tobacky widout gettin e'er a pipe full of it. It's like puttin a hungry man in dhe cellar whin dhey're cookin' mutton chops in dhe back kitchen; or tyin' a starvin dog to dhe stump iv a tree, an' lavin a bone jusht fwhere dhe poor divil can't rache it. Bad luck to them! Sure dhey're *mane* whin dhey won't give a man dhe laste bit o' tobacky, an' us *shlapin on dhe sthims.*"

"Would you like some tobacco?" inquired a young rebel officer, who had come in to view the captives.

"Wud I *like* it, is ud? be dhe powers, I wud thin, sir, if it's plasin' to ye to give it. Sure I had plinty iv me own in dhe knapsack dhat was tuk off me back whin I was brought a presoner to dhis cursed place, fwhere dheres no wan, barrin black nagurs, an' hathenish divils. Didn't ould McGee put a pound in me knapsack, *wid hees blessin'*, dhe day dhat I was lavin' himself an' Biddy? troth he did thin; an' divil a lie I'm tellin' ye."

The rebel Captain smiled, and then his brow wore a stern expression, as he said, "You must be careful how you talk, or you will get worse quarters, and poorer fare. We are neither heathen nor devils, I can assure you; and if some other officer had chanced to hear your remarks you would have been severely punished. I warn you in time."

"Howly mother, luk down!" exclaimed Micky. "Can dhere be worshe quarthers dhan dhis, on earth? deliver me fhrom dhem fwhever dhey are, anyhow!"

The honest hibernian gazed thoughtfully on the floor for a minute, and then he raised his head again.

"Can I bave dhe tobacky now, sir?" he asked. "I'll be careful how I spake afther dhis; pon me sowl I will!"

"Here," and thrusting a plug of pure "Virginia leaf" into the prisoner's hand, the young officer marched on.

"I think I've seen that young chap, somewhere," said Joe, "but I don't remember now where I met him."

"Maybe 'twas on dhe battle-field," suggested his companion, biting one corner off the plug, and then thrusting it into his pocket.

"I don't think it was," said Joe, reflectively; "however, I've a great notion to ask him what his name is, when he passes us again."

"Do, an' maybe he'll turn out to be a friend: who knows?"

In a few moments the young officer, (having gone his round,) retraced his steps.

Many an angry and contemptuous glance was cast upon him by the prisoners, as he marched past them, but he heeded not.

Joe Brown stood directly in his path, and when he approached, Joe accosted him.

"Hold on a minute if you've got any spare time, Capt'in, fur I want to ask ye a question."

"What is it, my good fellow?"

"Wal, I kinder had an idea that you an' I had met sumwhar before now, an' I jest thought I'd ask ye if I was mistaken, that's all."

"Perhaps we have, but your countenance is not familiar to me."

"Wasn't you ever up North, in York State?"

"Yes, I have been there three times to visit my father and my sister."

"What part of York State ar' they livin' in? I guess as how I know the old man, judgin' from your feeturs."

"My father resides in Clinton, Oneida county."

"I knowed I was right in my calkerlations: your name is Ashley, ain't it?"

"You are right; my name is Henry Ashley. Have you any more questions to ask? my time is precious?"

"Wal' ef you're in an *awful* hurry I'll only ask one or two more questions. Is our Capt'in a prisoner?"

"Company E, Thirty-eighth regiment," said the young Georgian, running his eyes over a memorandum that he drew from his pocket.

"By jove! Captain Frank Willis—wounded—and a prisoner!" exclaimed Harry; and without waiting for farther questioning he hastened with rapid strides from the prison.

"Bedad, he knows dhe Capt'in," exclaimed Micky, "an' betune them dhey'll get us out o' dhis!"

"I'm kinder afraid you'll be mistaken," said Joe; "fur the mean rebellious cusses will keep us in this darned hole till we're exchanged."

"Exchanged fur fwhat? Will we thraded off fur anything as dhey do be thradin' an' sellin' dhe nagurs?"

"No," replied Joe, laughing at his companion's earnestness; "I mean we'll be exchanged fur an equal number of *their* men."

"Dhat's it, is ud? An' suppose ould Linkum don't capture an equil number; fwhat thin? Will we have to sthay here forever intirely?"

"Not forever," replied Joe, "but we'll be penned up here a long time, I reckon. I jest wish I could see Capt'in Willis; fur the poor feller is a darned sight wuss off than we are."

"Ye may well say that, an' him lyin' wounded. Didn't he lade us on bravely? shoutin' an' cheerin' an' wavin' his sword, whin the big cannon balls were tearin' up the ghround all us, an' the martherin' shells were 'sphlodin' on ivry side, slaughterin' the brave boys like sheep? The Lord sthand betune him an' harm, an' may the Saints bring him home safe ag'in out o' this."

"I reckon if the *Lord* don't git us out, we'll be likely to stay here till we're tired, that's all. I wonder ef the pesky divils would let a feller write home an' tell the fokes how we're fixed?"

"Sure dhey c'uden't say ag'in it, an' you payin' your own postage: whin wan o' dhe haythen comes in, ax him."

"I will," said Joe; "and now let's go an' set on that box by the winder, fur I'm a most roasted."

"Don't go near any of the windows," exclaimed a young Lieutenant who was marching to and fro with his arms folded on his breast; "don't go near any of the windows, if you do you'll be shot down like a dog! Look!" and he pointed with his finger towards the body of a handsome, dark haired boy, lying stiff and cold in death upon the floor; "they shot *him*, and he was my brother."

He resumed his march, and the two companions saw his lips were tremulous with emotion, while his fingers worked nervously, as though they would fain grasp the hilt of his sword.

"Poor crature, an' him to die so young," murmured Miky Ragan as he knelt down to gaze at the features of the corpse. "Oh! but his poor mother's heart will be sore whin she hears fwhat has happened her beautiful boy, an' manny's dhe long day she'll mourn his loss."

He drew an old faded handkerchief from his pocket, and gently covered the face of the dead: and as he turned away, he murmured, "May the Heavens be his bed this day! the poor gossoon was too young to die."

CHAPTER XIV.

Frank Willis is lying wounded, in one of the Richmond hospitals, where the rude pallets are arranged in a row along the wall, for the accommodation of the disabled and captured soldiers. The surgeons are busy at work, dressing wounds, and amputating limbs; and many a poor sufferer eyes the glittering instruments of polished steel with fear and trembling, thinking "my turn will soon come." Shrieks of anguish are often heard, when the probe is thrust deep into the festering wound; when the sharp knife enters the quivering flesh: or when the saw grates harshly as it cuts through the bone. The surgeons are skillful, tender hearted men; and although they hate to inflict pain on their patients, they are compelled to do so that they may save life.

"Frank Willis—poor, brave youth—a chill of horror ran through *his* veins, when he saw one of the surgeons point towards himself, as he addressed a few words to his companion who was unpacking a small box containing lint and bandages. He knew they were coming to him next, and his heart throbbed audibly, while the perspiration stood out in large drops upon his brow.

The surgeon had told Frank that morning his leg must be taken off, for the knee was badly shattered by the explosion of a shell, and he *must* lose it. "Oh! if I only had some one to stay by me, some friend, I think I could bear the pain; but it seems so hard to suffer all alone," murmured Frank in an undertone, as the surgeons came towards him.

"Will it hurt a great deal?" he asked nervously; and the elder of the two replied:

"Yes; but the work will be done in a short time."

"I think I'd rather die," said Frank, "for if I live, I'll be a poor helpless cripple all my life;" and he eyed the case of instruments with fear and trembling.

"If you dread pain so much, if you think you can't bear it, we can give you chloroform."

"Well, I'll take it," said the poor fellow; adding, "don't hurt me any more than you can help, and be quick, won't you, doctor?"

"It'll all be over in one minute," replied the old man, as his assistant approached with the chloroform.

But another person reached the bedside of the sufferer at the same time; and a glad smile stole over the pale face of Frank Willis as he extended his feeble hand, and said, "Oh! Harry Ashley, I'm so glad to see you! I'm wounded, and they're going to take my leg off: you'll stay with me, and let me hold your hand until they have done it, won't you?"

"Yes, Frank, if you wish me to," replied Harry; and then Frank bade them take away the chloroform, saying he felt stronger since he had a friend near him.

Harry stood at the bedside holding Frank's hand; and when he saw the surgeon take from the case a long bladed knife, he turned his head aside and shuddered. The fingers of the wounded youth tightened around his arm, and when the cold sharp steel entered the flesh, the exclamation, "Oh God!" broke from the sufferer's lips, and the dark eyes were fixed on the physicians reproachfully, as though they might give him less pain.

"Courage, have courage, young man; I shall be done in one moment," said the surgeon; but when Frank saw him grasp the saw, his courage failed him, and he fainted.

The operation was skilfully performed, and Frank bore the pain manfully, groaning only twice as the saw ran through the bone: and when all was over, when the bleeding stump was bandaged and bound up, he extended *both* hands to his companion, crying in piteous accents, "Leonore won't love me now, because I'm a poor, miserable cripple." And when Harry said,

"That won't alter her feelings in the least." Frank only shook his head and wept like a child.

"I wish I was strong enough to write and tell her all about what has happened, but I'm not able. Couldn't you write a few lines, Harry?"

"Yes: you keep perfectly quiet while I'm gone, and when I return I'l have the letter with me."

"Perhaps you hadn't better tell them I've lost my leg: when I'm able to write, I'll let them know it myself."

"Very well," said Harry; "and now good bye for a short time; I'll be back soon." With a silent clasp of the hand they parted, and many months elapsed ere they met again.

* * * *

Frank Willis waited for the coming of Harry Ashley until he began to grow weary, and as hour after hour passed by, and he came not, his heart grew sad, and he sighed heavily. Sharp twinges of pain darted like electric flashes through his frame, causing him to groan aloud, and at intervals a faint, drowsy feeling weighed heavily on his brain. Thoughts of home and of her whom he loved haunted him, and he wondered if Leonore would welcome him, if she would be glad to see him, when he returned, a shattered wreck of his former self.

"I shall have to go on crutches, or use *one* crutch and a cane," he murmured, "and she is so proud, I'm afraid she'll be ashamed of me. Well, I can't help it, for whatever God wills is right; and if she *should* scorn me, I know I've done my duty, and lost my leg while fighting for my country, and I lose the other one before I'd see the old flag insulted by traitors."

"Soldier, here is a drink of cool water." The voice was kindly in its tone, and when he raised his eyes, he beheld an aged woman standing beside him. He took the tin cup from her hand, and drank eagerly, for his mouth was parched with thirst; and after he had murmured, "Thank you," the old lady passed on with slow and stately tread.

When she came back after supplying the wounded soldiers with water from the pail she carried, Frank beckoned for her to approach.

"What do you wish, young man?" she asked, pausing near him.

"Do you know captain Ashley, madam?"

"Of the "Georgia Tigers?" yes, I know him by sight: he had command of the guard that was placed over the Shockoe Hill prisoners."

"I wish to see him very much: he went out to write a letter for me, and he has not returned."

"You won't see him very soon," said the old lady, "for his regiment received orders to march about an hour ago, and they're off before this time"

"That's too bad," exclaimed Frank, "for now I have no one to write a letter for me!"

The woman did not hear him: she had passed on without heeding his words.

The day wore heavily and slowly away, and the twilight shadows settled down upon the world. Oh! how Frank's heart ached, when gloom and silence reigned in the great hospital, unbroken save by the groans of the suffering. He half forgot his own pain when he listened to the moans of his companions; and at times he fancied the lost limb was there, and he would reach down his hand to feel it, sobbing bitterly when he found it was gone.

Worn and exhausted by fatigue and suffering, tired nature yielded at last to the gentle influence of sleep; and for a while the soldier forgot his pain.

Brightly and beautiful the moonbeams stole in the open window, bathing the sleeper's brow in a flood of silvery light, and nestling down amid the tangled curls of his dark hair. Softly the evening breeze fanned his feverish cheek, as it went wandering by, laden with a delicious and intoxicating perfume. He dreamed of home; and a lovely face haunted his vision, the face of her whom he loved so well.

In slumber the heart for a time forgets its sorrow. How sweet, how blessed it would be, if we could fall asleep and dream forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Farm and Household Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble employment of man.—WASHINGTON.

COMMUNICATIONS, Selections, Recipes and articles of interest and value, are solicited for this department of the paper. We desire to supply the public with the best practical information in reference to the farm, garden, and household.

Winter Care of Work Horses.

I propose offering a remark or two in regard to the care of horses in winter. It is scarcely necessary to say that the farmer who desires to secure a large amount of work from his horses in the spring, must prepare them for it in advance. It is bad policy to defer the preparation of animals for the hard labor of ploughing until ploughing time arrives. A very great deal of the power of draught in a horse or an ox depends upon the animal's weight. Where size of body is lacking, the deficiency must be supplied by muscular exertion. Excessive muscular exertion is always a wasting process, not merely of strength, but of spirits also. Its effects are the same upon man and beast, therefore wisdom and economy all point to the keeping of horses in good flesh condition. To secure this, generous feeding is the first grand essential. A second essential is careful and regular grooming. The liberal use of the brush and curry-comb is indispensable to the perfect health of the workhorse. A third important item is proper shelter. Without it, neither generous feeding nor careful grooming will produce the desired result. And here let me remark that the complete ventilation of stables is a matter of great importance. An animal may be too closely sheltered. Give him plenty of fresh air and light. The first will greatly promote his general health, while it will save his eyes from many of the diseases to which those delicate organs are liable.

These are brief hints, Mr. Editor, and some of your readers may feel disposed to regard them as unimportant, but to such I would remark that the farmer who desires a strong, lively team for spring work will best secure it by generous feeding, regular and careful grooming, comfortable shelter and thoroughly ventilated and well lighted stables.—*Journal of the Farm.*

CURING LAMB SKINS.—As soon as the skin is taken from the animal, stretch it tightly on a board, flesh side out; then, before it begins to dry, I apply an equal mixture of fine salt and alum, thoroughly pulverized together, until the skin is slightly whitened by the mixture. I then take no farther notice of the skins until I want them for use (which is always a few weeks from the time of applying the mixture.) I then take them and thoroughly wash them in warm soap-suds, let them dry moderately, and just before they are fully dry, rub them soft with my hands. After rubbing, they are soft and pliable as a kid glove, and will continue so.

Another receipt is the following, as we find it in an exchange:

Wheat flour, 20 parts; alum, 8 parts; salt, 3 parts. Pulverize, mix and rub this compound over the skin after nailing it out tightly. In about two weeks, rub the hide together and dress off with a knife.

TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pounds of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water, and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces a healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

STUFFING FOR TURKEYS.—Chop finely one-quarter of a pound of suet, and with it mix double the quantity of bread crumbs, a large spoonful of chopped parsley, nearly a spoonful of thyme and marjoram mixed, one-eighth of a nutmeg, some grated lemon peel, salt and pepper, and bind the whole with two eggs. A tea spoonful of finely shrewed shalot or onion may be added at pleasure.

KISSES.—For one pound beat the whites of 6 eggs to a very stiff froth and mix in one pound of sifted fine pulverized sugar. Drop with a spoon or press through a comet shaped bag with a tin tube in the small ends upon well greased and floured pans, or upon wet boards covered with paper. Bake by a very slow heat.

GINGERBREAD LOAF.—Two pounds of flour, two pounds of molasses, half a pound of coarse brown sugar, ounce and a half of ground ginger, one ounce of carraway seed, six ounces of butter, eight eggs, and a small table-spoonful of soda; melt the butter and mix with the other ingredients. Bake three hours.

COCOA NUT STEEPLES.—Pare and grate cocoanut, mix with one half its weight of pulverized sugar. If it be too dry to work, soften it with a little white of egg. Dress into small steeples one inch high, and bake upon a well greased and dusted pan by slow heat until the tops become yellow.

HONEY FROM BUCKWHEAT.—A German writer estimates that an acre of buckwheat yielded fourteen pounds of honey daily. Single hives gathered three pounds on favorable days.

A FAT BULLOCK died recently at Manchester, Vt. He was seven years old and was said to have weighed about 5,000 pounds, but we think that *about* may have meant 1,000 pounds less.

IN sinking a salt well at Bennington, Shiawasse Co., Mich., at the depth of 200 feet a bed of plaster was found, which proved to be 150 feet thick and of good quality.

IN Central Illinois, a fair article of bituminous coal is sold for three dollars a ton by the cart load. A late writer thinks coal is there three times cheaper than hickory wood.