## Cacob Eshlerran. The Color of the Color of

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VOLUME XXXIX, NUMBER 20.1

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

## THE COLUMBIASPY. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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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 adver-

nitract.
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trainsient rates will be charged for all matters
training tricitly to their business.
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st insortion. 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-ly. H M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made in Lancaster and J. W. FISHER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on Front Street, between Locust and Walnut, Columbia, Pa.

J. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, llections made in Lancaster and adj Conties.

Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all claims gainst the government promptly prosecuted.

Office—Locust street, between Front and Sec-

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, on Second St., adjaining Odd Fellows J. Z. HOFFER, DENTIST. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.

-Front Street, next door to R. Williams' ore, between Locust and Walnut Streets. 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, setween the Stations of the Reading and Columbia, and Pennsylvania Railroads, FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA. CHOCE LIQUORS,

CHOUL LINE
And the Tables furnished with the best fare.
URIAH FINDLEY,
Proprietor Columbia, April 29, 1867.] TRANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and dostres of the traveling public.

MARTIN ERWIN,
Proprietor

DRENCH'S HOTEL, On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Par New York. R. FRENCH, MISHLER'S HOTEL.

West Market Square, Reading Renn'a.
EVAN MISHLER, EXCHANGE HOTEL, MOUNT JOY, PENNA

First-Class Accommodations. The Choice Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE, Propriet

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m M}^{
m ALTBY}$  HOUSE, MARYLAND,

MISCELLANEOUS. ADIES' FANCY FURS! 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 mos-eautiful selections of FANCY FURS ' 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 ver reasonable prices, and I would therefore solic a call from my friends of Lancaster County an yieldaltr. inity. Remember the Name, Number and Street! JOHN FAREIRA, No. 718 Arch St, ab. 7th, south side, Philad

\*3. I have no Partner, nor connection with any other Store in Philadelphia. [oct.5,'67-4m. TEW NOVELTIES EW NOVELITIES

IN WEDDING INVITATIONS,
c Largest Variety of Styles ever offered to the
Public. New Novelities constantly
added to our samples. Orders
attended to by mail.
Prices reasonable.
RHOSKINS & CO.,
gravers, Stationers, Envelope and Blank
ook Manufacturers.

Engravers, Stationers, Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers, nov 9-3m] 913 Arch Street, Philadelphia DURE WINES AND LIQUORS! For Pure, Unadulterated Wines and Liquors 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, Ol Monongalicia of all grades. Give us a call an 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 o NEW WARE ROOMS, JOHN SHENBERGEB. Columbia, Mar. 2, 1807-tf.

CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. ICE CREAM by the Freezer, or in Moulds, with promptness 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 ROOF SAFES.

Warranted the best in the world! Never cor-de the Iron. Never lose their fire-proof quali-es. Are the only Safes filled with Alum and rode the fron. Acc., Are the only Safes filled with Alum and Dry Plaster.
Please send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue.
MARVIN & CO.
Principal Warehouses:
No. 295 Broadway, New York.
No. 721 Chestant Street, Philadelphia.
March 9, 1867-1y.
P.

CEORGE BOGLE, LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. Also, PLASTERERS' HAIR.
Office—Front Street, between Locust and Unior
COLUMBIA, PA.

MORTON'S CELEBRATED GOLD PENS. The Best Pen now made which SHREINER & SON. Mishler's Bitters.

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 his facilities for doing

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED HERB BITTERS PURE AND UNADULTERATED, Fresh from the Manufactory of Dr. B. Mishler

These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures hey have performed in every case, when tried. Dr. Mishler offers five hundred dollars to the prerietor of any Medicine that can show a greate umber 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:

Current and Muscat WINES.

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

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 establishent in town, and is warranted to keep frui

The Best Brands of Imported SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.

J. C. BUCHER'S. TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.

BUCHER will still keep on hand the SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO. SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also. SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPESthousand and one varieties. Call at J. C. BUCHER'S. Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store It is the greatest establishment of the kind this

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, John Miles & &

ing, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lébanon, 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 3,55 P. M. Trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Plue Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, 3,10 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 Potts-Schuyleith Haven, and Auburn, via Schuyleith Haven, and Auburn, via Schuyleith Haven, and Auburn, via Schuyleith Schuyleith Haven, and Auburn, via Schuyleith at 3,15 A. M., and 3,39 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.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Ex-ursion Tickets, to and from all points, at re-luced Rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed sch 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 Penn-sylvania R. R. Time. READING AND COLUMBIA R. R

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 6.15p. m. Arrive at Lancaster 9.20, and Columbia 9.25 a. m., and 8.30 p. m. TO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA, via READING. READING.

Leave Laneaster 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., and Philadelphia at 5,30 p. m. Arrive at Laneaster and Columbia at 5,30 p. m. Arrive at Laneaster and Columbia at 5,30 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 Read-ing Railroad, 15th and Callowhill Streets, Phila-delphia.

Through tickets to New York and Philadel-Through tickets to New York and Philadel-phia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Bag-gage Checked Through gage Checked Through.

GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

E. F. KLEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
dec 1 '85.

DNNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

- TRAINS DEAVE COLUMBIA-COING EAST, Lancaster Train... Harrisburg Accon TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION. ting with Day Express for Pl WM. F.-LOCKARD. perintendent, Phila. Div.

TORTHERN 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., 0.50 A. M., and 3.09 P. M.
For Wrightsville, 6.45 A. M., 11.45 A. M., and 3.50 P. M.

For Wrights the, var A. A., 4.20 A. M., 11.35 A. 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 16.10 P. M. From Wrightsville, 8.15 A. M., 1.20 P. M., and 6.45 P. M.

6.45 P. M.
From Harrisburg, 4.10 A. M., 10.05 A. M., and
3.65 P. M., and 6.25 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. arg. No train arrives from Baltimore at 10.10 on nurday night; and none from Harrisburg at and none from arring.
J. N. DU BARRY,
General Superintender

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOOP SKIRTS! 628. WM. T. HOPKINS. "Our Own Make."

After more than FYEY YEARS' experience and experimenting in the manufacture of STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY HOOP SKIRTS, we ofter 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 BELAY.

Our assortment embraces every style, length and size for Ladles, Alsees and Children. Also, Ask for "Hopking lown Malee", 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, 828 ARGH ST., PHILADYA," upon each tape. No others are genuine. thers are genuine. Also, constantly on hand, a full line of good New York and Eastern made Skirts, at very low

rices. Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Hoo kirt Manufactory and Emporium, No. 623 Arel 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. CASSINERE BUSINESS SUITS. SATINETT & JEAN SUITS. 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 promp HAGER & BROTHERS, Loneister, Pa.

TALL'S VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER AND

RING'S AMBROSIA, These popular Hair Restorers and Tonics hand, at R. WILLIAMS, Drug Store, Columbia, Pa

RODGERS BROTHERS' CELE-BRATED SILVER PLATED WARE. The finest and largest Stock ever brought to town, fresh from the Manufacturers, at lower ates 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 Fee Poly Miss & Ten Pots, Mugs, &c. Selling very low at SHREINER & SON'S.

Selected Boetry.

MEET ME EARLY. MEET ME EARLY.

In the morning meet me early,
When the grass with dew is bright,
When the flow'rs look gay and cheerily,
Having slumber'd thro' the night;
When a thousand tiny voices
Twitter forth from ev'ry tree,
And the wakened world rejoices,
As it welcomes thee, and me.
Then at noontide thou wilt meet me,
When the gorgeous king of day,
Sheds his hotest rays, and greet me,
With a smile more bright than they,
By the silent branches shaded,
Or within some mossy cell, Or within some mossy cell, Ne'er by human foot invaded Oh, what wonders I will tell!

When the weary day is dying, And the evening sky is red, When the peasant homeward hieing, Early seeks his humble bed: Early seeks his humble bed:
Thou wilt meet me, meet me surely,
While the sun in glory sinks,
Will the heart confess securely,
All it feels and all it thinks?
While the moon array'd in splendor,
Views the valley and the plain,
With a look benign and tender,
Thou wilt meet me love again,
Thou alone hast pow'r to cheer me,
Thou should never quit my sight,
I would ever have thee near me,
In thy presence all is light.

> Original Story. (Back numbers of this story can be furnished.) [Written Expressly for the "Spy."]

THE ASHLEYS;

Lights and Shadows of Life.

L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

CHAPTER XV. The account of the great battle at Bull Run spread like wildfire over the land, and thouands of hearts were saddened, thousands of homes made dark and desolate, where the

Angel of Death waved his gloomy wings over the broken household bands. Fathers mothers, brothers, sisters and fair maidens, whose betrothal vows had been solemuly spoken, mourned in bitter anguish the loss guised admiration. She started and colof some loved and gallant hero, who had per-ished and died on that bloody field of fratri-yale, so ghostlike in his white summer cidal strife. Conflicting accounts, and erroneous statements were published, (for it was impossible to learn the true statement of affairs, and a long time elapsed ere the losses on either side was correctly ascertained and I doubt, much, if the true account was ever given to the people, who awaited so

anxiously the sad tidings. Mrs. Brown was sitting in her rocking chair by the open window one pleasant afternoon, knitting, and wondering why Joey hadn't written. It was so long since she had heard from him, her heart was troubled, and the care marks began to from your lips." deepen on her brow.

Patiently she had waited for a letter, long ing, hoping, praying that one might come, but all in vain-no tidings from Joey-her Joey, who was all she had to love on earth. Hetty Sparks came down from the farm house almost every afternoon to spend an . ow forgot for a while her anxiety and sorrow; but when she was gone, her heart-grew sud again, and she would sit weeping for hours, sometimes neglecting to get any

tea, because Joey was not there to drink it with her. How dear every thingthat belonged to him had grown; even his linen coat, and the old straw hat that hung on a peg behind the door, constantly reminded her of the soldier boy who had gone to the war Every afternoon she went into his room to see that nothing was out of its place, and as she gazed upon the bed, with its snowy as in the happy days gone by.

counterpane, she wondered when he would sleen there again, as calmly, and peacefully There was a knock at the door, and the old lady looked up from her knitting, saying, "come in!" Mr. Bell, the schoolmaster entered, wip-

ing the perspiration from his brow with a large cotton handkerchief. "How d'ye dew, Mr. Bell?" exclaimed the old lady; "I'm so glad to see ye, ranly. Set down an' take the fan that's layin' on the table thar, an' fan yerself. It's orful

hot weather, aint it?' "Very warm, Mrs. Brown, very warm indeed!" and the schoolmaster loosened his neck-tie, while he fanned himself vigorousv "Haven't heard anything from your son lately, I suppose," he said, inquiringly. "No sir, not lately; though I'm expectin" aletter every day: I'm very anxious to

hear from Joey, raaly." "I suppose so," said Mr. Bell thoughtfully; and then he drew a paper from his pocket, adding, "our forces have had a desperate engagement with the rebels, and the

loss was very heavy on both sides.' "Land sakes! ye don'tsay so!" exclaimed the widow as she dropped her knitting and clasped her hands. "And who beat, "I regret to say our brave troops were de

feated, although they fought with almost superhuman bravery against overwhelming numbers, who had every advantage of position, and masked batteries that dealt death and destruction on every side. It was not a cowardly retreat, but one that could not be avoided under the existing circumstances." "Lord help us! and so there was thou-

ands killed. Was my Joey among the number ?'' The widow's voice was tremulous as she asked the question, and her eyes were lim with tears. "I don't know whether your son was tilled, wounded, or taken prisoner. He may have made his escape. However, let us hope for the best, and in three or four

lays we shall have all the particulars." "Is the Thirty Eighth mentioned in the "Yes ma'am. they fought bravely, and they were badly cut up: but the Irish Sixty linth, the Fire Zouaves, and the Brooklyn Fourteenth, rushed into the strife like tigers, charging amid a storm of leaden hail up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns. Oh! if every regiment had been as brave as these, the victory would have been

ours. But I will read the account of the

"Yes dew;" and the widow turned toward him to listen, thinking all the time he vas reading of Joey, and not half understanding what he said. She interrupted him frequently with such exclamations as, "Lordy! Oh my! Land sakes!" and "Raaly!" and when Mr. Bell had finished, he bade her to "have good courage, and hope for the best." "When I have any more news, I will call again," he said, as be prepared to depart. "Couldn't you lend me the paper this ar ernoon?" inquired the widow; "I'd like to hev' Hetty Sparks read it. She and Joey are engaged, you know."

ing his emotion, he threw the paper care-

courtier, and departed.

Slowly he sauntered along the narrow world and its deceit— a creature who longs path that led across the meadow, with his hands crossed behind him, and his gaze amid all change-through life-in death-in fixed upon the ground. "Engaged!" he exclaimed: "well, wo-

doubt. Here I've been with her to church, regularly for five weeks, every Sunday; I've taken her to hear the Wednesday evening lectures; I've accompanied her to the Friday evening prayer meetings, and all this time she has been laughing at me, I'll warrant. It was very wrong for her to deceive me so, when my intentions are bonorable; she should have told me of her betrothal, and it would have saved me a great deal of trouble-aye, and sorrow." Mr. Bell sighed heavily as he concluded slowly onward, with his chin resting on his this before. But it is too late now, and we his soliloquy, and a sad expression gradually overspread his pale features, as he walked breast, and his dark eyes fixed upon the ground. Thus he pursued his way, unconscious of whither he was going, until he found he had reached the turn-stile that separated the meadow from the orchard, That belonged to farmer Sparks. "What strange fatality led me in this direction?" he ejaculated: "I thought that I was in the other path." An old elm waved its drooping branches over the spot, and the

school master seated himself on a rude school and leave this place, where another bench that stood by the tree, and drawing drop has been added to the overflowing volume of Coleridge's Essays from his pocket, he began to read. "He had read but | into dissipation, and at the midnight revel, a few moments when a shadow darkened with the intoxicating bowl, I'll strive to the path before him, and a light footfall broke the silence that reigned. He looked up and saw Hetty approaching. She wore a white muslin dress that fitted her faultless form to perfection, and a little gipsy hat sat jauntingly on her

head, from beneath which escaped a rich mass of golden curls that floated lightly on the summer air. Her cheeks were tinged with the rosy hue of health, her eyes eamed with a joyous spirit's light, and the so low, I would hate, I would scorn, I rosebud lips, half pouted with a smile, revealed the pearly teeth within. Clarence Bell thought he had never beheld such a vision of loveliness, and he gazed steadfastly at her as she advanced, with undis-

"How do you do, Hetty?" inquired Clarnce, rising, and extending his hand.
"I'm well, thank you," she replied, and then she asked, playfully, "are you the spir it that haunts this solitary spot?" "I never heard it was haunted until now do I look like a spirit?"

"I don't know, for I never saw one," she replied, laughingly, "but I'm sure you are paler than usual. Are you ill, Mr. Bell ?" "Call me Clarence," he said; for Mr. Bell sounds too cold, too formal when coming "I am only a young girl," she replied,

tossing back her curls, "and I was taught to speak, and act with respect to those who are older than myself: besides, if I should eall you Clarence, I would be too famil-"I am not so very old : I am but twenty-

Would there be any harm in it? "I think there would when I am engaged caudther," she replied, raising her eyes to his own. "An! it is so then," he murmured, easing her hand from his grasp.

"Then you had heard of my engagem before!" she said, inquiringly. "Yes, but I did not believe it. How could bolieve that you would condescend to receive as your accepted an ignorant clodtopper who worked on your father's farm ? could I believe that you, a girl of re fined tastes, and more than ordinary intelligence, would consent to become the bride of a man who is devoid of all the finer feelings, and noble passions that find birth in your own heart. I would as soon think :

dove would mate with a crow.' Hetty spoke not a word in Joe's defence. and Clarence Bell smiled when he saw she was pondering on his words. Again he re-"Hetty, do you remember the day when first we met?" "Yes; I was at the Sominary in Utica.

and it was our annual exhibition day. I remember I dropped the prize that had been awarded me by the judges, as I was passing from the stage to the green-room, and you picked the volume up and handed it to me." "And when you entered the stage to return home on the following day, you found that I was a passenger also, didn't you?" "Yes sir.

"Well, Hetty, I followed you home that I might learn where you resided: your name I learned from the programme. I and made up my mind to become acquainted with you, so I engaged board at one of the hotels in the village, and wrote home for my trunk, informing my parents I had gone to stay a month with a young friend of mine. Every day I walked out in this direction hoping to meet you, but I was disappointed continually. One morning as I was sipping my coffee, and reading the paper, I chanced to see an advertisement for a schoolmaster. I determined to answer the advertisement in person, so when I had finished my morning meal. I set out to see the committee. To be brief, I was examined, was found competent to "teach the young idea how to shoot," and took charge of my school on the following Monday. Faithfully have I discharged my duties for two months, and during that time we have become acquainted-my object in part has been attained-and now, Hetty, I want to tell you a secret. You will keep it, won't

you!" He took her hand again and waited for an answer. There was a strange fascination in the voice of Clarence Bell, and a powerful mesmeric attraction lurking in the depths of his dark eyes; and although she did not love him, the emotions she experienced while in his society, were nearly allied to the sacred flame, and dangerous to her future peace of mind. She loved Joe, at least she imagined she did, and she intended never to deceive him; but surely there could be no harm in spending an hour in Clarence Bell's society, occasionally, while Joe was away to the war; besides Clarence always looked so melancholy and sad, just is though he needed a companion to cheer him. What subtle arguments the heart can bring in defence of its own deception,

and at such moments how softly the accusing voice of conscience is lulled to rest. "You will keep my secret, won't you? e asked again : and she replied: "Yes, if it isn't wrong to do so." "I wouldn't ask you to do anything wrong," he said: "and now listen to my words. You think me a schoolmaster, bu I am not. I am rich enough to purchase all this beautiful land in the Oriskany valley

as far as the eye can gaze, and then my coffers would not be empty. I came here and taught school so that I might be near you-so that I might woo you, and win you "Ah! I didn't know that " and the pale for my bride! Hetty, I love you madly; face of the schoolmaster crimsoned at hearing this rather startling intelligence. Hidpassionately: devotedly: say that you will e mine. I am no fortune-hunter, no nameless adventurer seeking to flatter and deceive lessly on the table, and with his usual you : but I a ma man who was once a votary good day," he bowed with the grace of a of dissipation—a man who is weary of the

for one faithful heart that will prove true Heaven! Hetty, dearest, turn not from me in coldness! Suy, oh! say you love me; say man are deceifful creatures, beyond a that you will be my bride!"

Oh! what a wild turnult of passionate emotions warmed in her bosom, where her heart was pleading for him who awaited her reply. For a moment she strove to be calm, but

cannot be your wife, Mr. Bell; indeed I cannot, because my solemn vow is already pledged to another, and it would be sinful to break it: I only wish that we had met long, long ago, and that you had told me must part forever." "Say not so," he cried; "doom me not

thus to misery. I shall, I must see you again! promise to meet me here to-morrow evening; and let this be our trysting place." you unless Joe is killed, or he should break

his vow." "You do not love me then," he said bitterly, "and there is no happiness henceforth for me on earth. I will give up my cup of my misery. Again I will plunge

thou hast broken." Have you made up your mind to sacrifice body and soul at the shrine of Bacchus, because a simple country girl cannot be your bride? For shame! did I for a moment think your noble, manly nature was sunk

would despise you! A shudder ran through his frame, and he turned away to hide the anguish that was art leading me in joy!" written in every feature. He knew, he felt that her reproof was just, and his lips were tremulous with emotion, as he stood with folded arms, gazing moodily on the ground. She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Have I offended you? Was my words

unkind?" she asked. CHAPTER XVI. "No," he replied; "you have said noth-

ing but what is right, but I'm afraid I shall go to destruction, headlong. I am a singuar being; and whenever any great disap ointment crosses my path, when any trouble comes upon me, I must drink to rown grief and care—if I did not, I would go mad. Call me a simpleton-call me a fool, or what you will, but when my heart is oppressed with grief, this monomania comes upon me, and I cannot shake it off. Oh! don't despise me - don't hate mefor the evil one has me in his power at times, and I am as helpless as a child."

"Look me in the face, and answer me one question," she said calmly." He turned around, her hand still resting hour with her, and in her society the wid- eight. And why shouldn't we be familiar? on his arm. Their gaze was steadfast; he raiting to hear her words, and she watching to see the effect those words would have upon him. . How calm, how earnest bor tones as she inquired: "Clarence Bell. when you are tempted by the devil to do vrong, and you find the temptation hard to resist, do you ever kneel, and ask God o give you strength to withstand it?" "No; I haven't said a prayer in many

> rankly replied. "Do you believe there is a God?" "I know it! the glorious works of Nature proclaim his Handiwork, and the Heaven above his mighty power! I am not an Atheist, although I am a great sinner." "When you are beset again by tempta-tion, when you feel unable to resist its baneful influence, ero you allow yourself to be whirled into the mielstrom of dissipation, promise me, and promise solemn ly, that you will kneel and pray God to give you resolution and strength to withstand the tempter's power. Oh! Clarence you are too gifted, too noble, too good to fill a drunkard's grave, when the future with all its bright and beautiful promises s before you! Clarence-brother-will you pray to God for strength when trials and troubles surround you, and despondency

> throws its mantle of darkness over your spirits-will you suffer and be strong, while I give unto thee a sister's love?" There was a fierce struggle going on in his heart while he stood listening to her words; a struggle between duty and irresolution. But his better nature triumphed, and he replied submissively, "When I am tempted again, I will pray, and perhaps God may hear me. Heaven bless you Hetty! I can go forth into the busy, toiling world a wiser and a better man; for you have aroused my slumbering pride, and awoke within me nobler thoughts and holier as pirations. Where'er on earth my lot be east, the memory of this hour shall ever haunt me, and your kind words will remain engraven on the tablets of my heart,

until it is cold and pulseless in death." "You won't give up your school and go away now, will you?" "Why should I remain here when hope has fled? I shall visit Europe again, and perhaps never return, until I come home to die Again that sad expression stole over his

face, and again his lips quivered ner-

vously.

She knew that he was suffering-she knew agony that words cannot express was torturing his heart, and a sigh escaped her lips, long drawn and convulsive.
"Why do you sigh?" he asked. Your brow should be wreathed with smiles, and joyous laughter burst from your lips, when no cloud casts its shadow on your life path: when your heart is blessed with love when the sunlight of happiness gilds the opening vistas of the future with its golden beams. 'Tis well that I should sigh-I who am about to yield thee to another, and breatheto thee a crushed and broken heart's farewell. To me the future is all darkness-no hope-no joy-no light-and

the flowers are withered in my life-path

while the thorns alone remain. Smile, as thou wilt smile when I am gone; and if it be not unmanly, I will turn aside and weep.' Crossing his arms upon the time worr style, he bowed his head upon them and age stamps separate from the envelope. wept bitterly. She stood and watched him - he, the strong man bent down beneath the agony created by hopeless love. He had offered ner his hand and fortune, and she could not loubt his sincerity when she saw him thus. Could she cast from her such a precious gift as his affection? Could she calmly say farewell, and part with him, never to meet

until that hour known.

and it was only a sisterly affection that 1 felt for him: it will not break his heart if I do prove false; for coarse natures like his are not easily crushed by disap-pointment or sorrow." While he was thus musing, Clarence again turned to her. His face was ghastly pale, but no traces of his emotion was otherwise visible.

"The struggle is over now," he said, with faint smile, "and I have nerved my heart to say farewell." He took her hand, tears dimmed her eyes, and sobs choked and the touch sentanicy chill through all her utterance as she replied: "Oh! I her veins, for his hand was like ice. "You will think of poor Clarence sometimes, when you pass this spot where we now stand in the shade of the old elm: for 'tis sweet to be remembered even by those we

have loved and lost. The golden glory of the summer sunset | the acre. The crop grew on land much inis lingering around us; but soon the darkess of night will settle down upon the world, even as the gloom of despair en- care, cultivation, and the advantage of a shrouds my heart, from whence the light of hope has fled forever. When the star of from land not naturally of the best quality. evening glitters on the bosom of the sky, I feel confident that I could raise larger cheering the lone mariner's heart, like that star thou shalt be to me, a light to guide me-when I am tempest tossed on the rough | Marietta, or on the Bethel property, within billows of life. Pray for me, Hetty; pray your borough. Your limestone land has for me when I am gone." He paused, for she was weeping. "Tears for me!" he exclaimed; oh! spare them girl, to shed upon required is to raise the clevis and plough the grave where I shall rest. One kiss - it

s the first, and it shall be the last—and then I leave thee forever." For a moment she gazed upward at his farms vertically like yours can be done, banish sorrow from heart and brain. pale, handsome face, beautiful even in grief, and then she clasped her arms about manure, to aid atmospheric manipulation Bell is dead, weep not for the heart that his neck, crying, as she hid her face on his heaving breast: "Oh! Clarence, do not say "Is this a manly resolve, Clarence Bell? | farewell; for I do love you, and we must

not part!" A thrill of unspeakable joy ran through his frame when he heard these words; and as he held the weeping girl in his arms, the | half the expense that we must incur to progolden curls floating over his shoulder, he raised his dark eyes to the blue sky above, nurmuring: "Father in heaven! I thank Thee-for out from my great sorrow Thou The purple shadows gathered in the

West ere the lovers parted, each with a new oorn joy living in their heart—a joy purer and more holy than they had ever known Mrs. Brown missed Hetty's usual visit. but thinking, "She must ha been very busy," the old lady consoled herself by

saying, "She'll come to-morrow arternoon. an' stay long enough to make up for it." TO BE CONTINUED.

Scraps from Life. "Papa's come!" And eves grow brighter and feet go lighter, and all the home seems illed with fairies. As the merry shout roes out from heart and soul, so full of nirth and music, so full of life and love, the birds sing softly, and the zephyrs stop to isten, and the life forgets to be weary. "Papa's come!" Day after day 'tis the and that of very poor quality, could be obame joyous pulsation, never feeling less, never weary of loving, never growing cold. Though the stern realities of life come upon us, and seize our time, and thoughts, and | each hill or intersection, the grains in close strength, and though cares and troubles absorb us entirely, the merry shout of "papa's

easy, and makes the sunshine brighter than " Papa's coming !" Wild willing hands will take off half your burden, and a willing heart will take your care, and just ap- done planting, with horses to the roller. preciation will make you happier and more

uning!" makes everything light one

eautiful than before. " Papa's come!" A strange and curious thing, this impress of a stronger life upon a long years-not since I was a child," He ome. Children fly to it, expand in it, love it. Woman would be desolate without it;

she would sadly miss its gaiety and mirth "Papa's come!" And night has come and quiet and appreciation, and earnestness, and confidence and rest. The home is still, and true hearts beat in unison. Happy home! happy father, happy mother joyous children! Sing your sougs of peace ingels hear them; raise your voices it orayers of thankfulness, God will hear hem. Sing softly in your heart of hearts Papa's come, may God protect him!

Nov Struck Blind for Blasphemy The vengeance of the Almighty was visted on a youth named Richards, a few Sundays since, in the most awful and sudden manner. It appears that the lad, who is thirteen years of age, and the son of parents | all the grass and weeds away that may in very humble circumstances, was playing have started to grow. This being finished, in the street with four or five lads of about his own age, at "cat and dog." Richards and his companions had been playing for some time, when a dispute arose between them as to the number of "notches," (or jumps.) Richards had scored. He declared that he had made more than twenty, and his opponents protested that he had not scored so many. High words and bad language were freely used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at keep down the weeds and loosen the soil length Richards, failing to convince his companions of the truthfulness of his statement, flew into a violent rage, and emphat ically shouted: "May God strike me blind if I haven't made more than twenty." He had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the "dog" fall out of his hands, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed: "Oh! dear, I cannot see!" His companions ran

miserable condition the unhappy youth has remained ever since, and we are informed that there is little or no prospect of his sight being restored .- Brighton (Eng.) Observer Stamped Euvelopes. The old-fashioned postage stamps, one considered so great a convenience, is now voted a nuisance. They are so often lost when used, or forgotten by writers of letters, that the Department has decided to discourage their further use. Accordingly, discontinuing their further manufacture, it has determined to issue in future only stamped envelopes. These will be issued of all sizes and of all rates of postage, and, to encourage their general use, they will be sent to any address, when three hundred are ordered, with the printed notification on the back to return to the writer, if not called for in a specified time. This re-mailing, also, will be done free of postage. In

to him, and finding what he said was true,

at his request led him home, where, on ex

amination, it was found that a thick film

had overspread each of his eyes. In this

so doing the Department has met a public

again until their spirits crossed the dark vaters of death, and were re-united on the boundless shore of eternity. He was so kind, so noble, so hand some. Ah! it was hard to give him up, for his passionate avowal of love had awakened feelings and emotions in her heart, such as it had never antil that hour known.
"I have never loved Joe," she thought; grove,—and afterward to Papa, upon the premises. Wedding-Ring, No. 4, Small.

## LWHOLE NUMBER, 1.996.

Karm and Kousehold Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble 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.

LETTER FROM BUCKS COUNTY. Mr. Editor:-Your note has been received, and I left the sample of corn at the place designated. I have rather better speci-men ears than I sent you, which I have kept for a special purpose. The corn I selected from one of my fields, the crop of which is considered among the best in the county, producing about eighty bushels to ferior to your land in the neighborhood of Columbia, in point of fertility; but extra good season, will bring heavy crops of corn dars in the "Donegal flate," bordering on the Susquehanna, between Bainbridge and this advantage over ours-there is a good farm underneath in the sub-soil; all that is deeper, and the result in crops will be almost equal to two of our farms, side-byside. But if we attempt to double our in bringing fertility to the upturned maid-en soil. We have to bring lime sixteen miles to replenish our soils by that fertilizing element; while your farms have it on the premises-in the quarry, and in the soil—which renders its acquisition scarcely cure it. The wheat crop appears to be dwindling gradually less every year, and becoming in yield more uncertain, from various causes, in many sections of the country; and the corn crop is growing more in importance, and will be the main crop in course of time, if it is not so already. The late John Taylor, a distinguished dilettante farmer, of Virginia, and voluminous writer on agriculture, said, in his essays, in the Arator, that Indian corn might be "correctly called meal, meadow and manure." His ideas were that a crop of corn would contribute more to the sustenance of man, beast, and the renovation of the soil, than any other farinaceous crop; and the axiom holds good at the present day, as well as at the time Mr. Taylor wrote his essays. On poor land not well adapted to the cultivation of wheat, a emunerating crop of corn can be raised, by trifling extra labor and scientific culture. The mode of cultivation by which a crop of thirty or forty bushels of corn per acre can be produced where not six bushels of wheat, tained. Mark out the ground two ways, in perfectly straight lines, at right angles four feet asunder, drop three grains of corn to contact with each other if possible, and in perfect lines each way, to make easy the ter culture : then dro shovel full of rich compost, or well rotted manure, and cover with soil, then tread on the hill with the foot, or par with the hoe; or what is still better, go over the field after The manure, in contact with the corn, will cause the infant germ to sprout much sooner than otherwise, and give it a vigorous

start, which may be considered more than half the battle in producing the crop. Corn, to yield a good crop, must, of course, be well cultivated, till almost tasseling time; for without frequent stirring the ground, and keeping down gras and weeds, on rather thin land, a middling crop of corn cannot be gathered. On land not sufficiently impregnated with lime, after the corn is planted, manured in the hill, and rolled, as aforesaid, twenty bushels of fresh slacked lime per acre, should be spread over the field, and after the corn has sprouted sufficiently to commence re-planting, pass over the field, both ways of the rows, with a spike harrow, to loosen the soil made compact by the roller. By this time the corn will be several inches high; then commence ploughing from the corn a shallow furrow, ooth ways, running the bar of the plough share as near the corn as can be done, to cut the small corn is confined on isolated squares, and the roots of which, not yet far extended, will be exposed to the sun, which is almost equivalent to fertility, in making corn. In case of cold, wet weather, the water will sink in the furrows and leave the small corn high, warm, and dry. Next in order run the cultivator each way of the rows, to level down the balks made by the plow; afterwards, all that is required, is to with the cultivator, until the corn is big enough to plough, which should be done by

throwing two shallow furrows to the rows and leaving no balks standing between. When the field is thus ploughed both ways, every hill of corn will be on a square of four feet, surrounded by channels made by the clear-up furrows, and where it is more essential to be moist than nearer the corn. Farmers might naturally suppose farming corn in this manner would be more rouble than profit; but such is not the case. Among the numerous crops raised, none will re-pay for extra cultivation better than the corn crop; and on land inclined to be thin on the rib, by manuring the corn crop in the hill with compost, manure, bonedust, ashes, plaster, or any of the other fertilizers, more of Mr. Taylor's "medl, meadow and manure" can be obtained than by any other crop. In this section of the country our farmers take great pride in ruising corn: being very particular in "strking out" the furrows as they call it—have the rows made as straight as a line, equi-distant apart, which, when correctly done, looks very handsome and can be cultivated diagonally as well as at right angles. By the way there are patent implements extant, admirably adapted to the cultivation of corn in the hill or drill, operated by a two-wheeled vehicle—will mark out two rows at a time, with mathematical accuracy, and can be adjusted to any widths: plough cither to or from thecorn, and can be arranged to use the spike-harrow, hoe-harrow, shovel-plough, or any shaped implement that may be desired to loosen the soil. On smooth land, free of stumps, and stones, those implements will, in a short time, be universally used. Farmers will be seated in their vehicles at their case, and cultivate double the number of acres that can be done by ploughs in the old style of farming. Corn is my favorite crop, and upon which Among the numerous crops raised, none so doing the Department has met a public want, and soon we shall see no more postage stamps separate from the envelope.

Wanted.

By a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishment, who has studied everything, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies (when they arrive,) check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place, by letter, to Louisa Caroline, Linden grove,—, and afterward to Papa, upon the premises. Wedding-Ring, No. 4, Small.