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COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1868.

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THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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. . THE BEST MANUFACTURED, : Combining in one INSTRUMENT all that is. VALUABLE IN OTHERS.

MORE PERFECT, MORE DURABLE, And Less Liable to Get Out of Order. TO CALL AND SEE THEM! TO

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Founder of the old and favorably known house of Grevesteen & Co. GROVESTEEN, FULLER & CO., NEW WAREROOMS;

55 Mercer Street, New York. PIANO-FORTES. The great increase in the demand for our Plane-Fortes throughout the country, have compelled us to extend our Manufacturing inclities to three times their former size, and having added many new improvements in Manufacturing, we shall continue to keep our prices the same as they always have been, the lowest of any First-Class Plano-Forte maker by at least one-third, and we respectfully solicit by parties about purchasing to a comparison with all other makers. Imagy 28-19.

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Wines and Liquors!

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HERB BITTERS!

PURE AND UNADULTERATED, These Ritters are celebrated for the great cures

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Embracing the following: Catawba. Port.

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TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS. BUCHER will still keep on hand the Best Brands of

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HOOFLAND'S COLUMN.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS Is composed of the pure juices, (or, as they are medicinally termed, Extracts,) of Roots, Herbs, ing a preparation, ed, and entirely admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Sunta Cruz Rum, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever

offered to the public.

Those preferring a medicine free from Al coholic admixture, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN DITTERS. Those who have no objection to the com-bination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the sume medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most pulatable.

The Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged thizing as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Ful-

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Ful ness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of Constipation, Flattlence, Inward Files, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausca, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should warries the greatest cuttion in the selection

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest cuttion in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is as sured from his inthat which he is as vestigations and in true merit, is skill of fully compounded, is free from injuri ous in gredients, not has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

PREPARED BY, DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaund Chronic Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhæa, or Dis Case of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

- DEBELITY, Resulting from any Cause whatever: Pros-tration of the System, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Ex-

posure, Fevers, &c.
There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the tite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the checks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being. PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE. And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining

NOTICE. It is a well-established fact that fully onehalf of the female portion of our population are seldom good health; or, to
great languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or
the TONIC, is especially recommended. WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every ense of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietors, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note, and of such standing that they must be be-

Testimonials. HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

sylvania, writes:
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
"I find 'Hoofiand's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, in cases of debility your action in the system.
"Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Penn'a. PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

"I consider 'Hoofund's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

"Yours, with respect,
"JAMES THOMPSON."

"JAMES THOMPSON."

FROM REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Phila.
DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various in stances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's Gor man Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,

Eighth, below Coates St. FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL, FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL,
Ass't Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.
I have derived decided benefit from the
use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel
it my privilege to recommend them as a
most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility, or from diseases
arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

.... CAUTION. Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that
M. JACKSON is each bottle. All on the wrapper of others are counterfall. ett.
Principal Office and Manufactory at the Serman Medicine Store, No. 631 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

He read as follows: PRICES.
Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1.00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, \$1.50 per bottle, or a half dozen for \$7.50. To Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers in
Medicines.

[Jan, 18, '68-ly.

Original Zoetry.

[For the SPY.] God Bless Our Wives. BY VOX POPULI.

God bless our wives, They fill our hives With little bees and honey: Why give them all your money. God bless our wives, They mix our lives With joys as sweet as honey; But poor or rich— No matter which,— They're death on spending money.

God bless our wives: When man connives
To change our joys to sorrow; They are our rock. To ease life's shocks And brighten hopes to-morrov God bless our wives,

When man derives

To tell us why.

comfort from his calling; She is his joy ; His lasting toy. Which keeps his hopes from falling. God bless our wives, They're like the shyoes,* Quite good for many cases; But who would try,

me will deceive their faces? God bless our wives,-Are not men's lives. The best for woman's present The' sometimes less, Than we would guess They're yet our very essence God bless our wives, What were our lives

Of envy, strife, And nothing here worth kissing Then let us all, From Adam's fall, Give her a higher station For when she's true, The angels do Rejoice in her salvation.

* Shyots is a medicinal plant.

Original Story.

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished

BERKELEY HALL.

(For the Spy.)

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion," "The Beauforts," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c. CHAPTER XVI. THE PLOTTERS—LADY CLIFFORD'S MISSION.

Lady Clifford is reclining on an ottoman in her magnificently furnished boudoir. She looks pale and careworn, as though the exciting events of the past three days had deranged her nervous system, and prostrated her physical powers. Her widow's garb becomes her, its dark hue contrasting with her pale face and thin hands, as they lie half buried in the folds of her robe. Lord Clifford's body has been laid in the family vault, beside his ancestors, and his death is no longer a topic for discussion,

save among those who were his most intimate friends. No person suspected that his lordship had been foully dealt with, while the favored few who were fortunate enough to have been his lordship's confidentes, vaguely hinted, and at times asserted positively. hat Lord Clifford had often remarked,

'Life is a burden to me, and I will end it ere long." The daily papers announced Lord Clifford's death, one differing from another in their version of the affair, while each expressed the greatest sympathy for her lady-

ship's bereavement. The upper circles were "shocked" to lear the "horrid news;" but they soon re covered, and carriages again halted in front of the wealthy widow's door, while ervants were continuously handing cards to the wretched woman, saying:
"Lord so and so begs to be admitted," or 'Lady Flurry desires to see you," or

Madame Montague's compliments, with an invitation for your ladyship to spend the first month of your widowhood at Haugh-Lady Clifford admitted no visitors, unless we except Sir Mortimer, her brother who came and went when he pleased. He had taken the management of Lady Clifford's affairs in his own hands, and assumed control over the entire household.

Lady Clifford was so broken down with fear, grief and excitement, that she remained in her chamber, while Sir Mortimer sat in the library, ransacking the drawers of the murdered man's cabinet. and perusing his private papers.

Lady Clifford is reclining on an ottoman in ber boudoir, looking fearfully beautiful, even in her misery.

Now that he was dead, she wished him back, and a shudder ran through her frame as she realized the enormity of her guilt, as she thought, "I am a murderess." That thought will haunt her, embittering her existence, until the angel of death shall break life's brittle thread, and then she must meet him before the great Judge. Harassing thoughts and conflicting emo-

tions had plunged her into a listless apathy. She heard not the footsteps of Sir Mortimer, as he came in and stood beside her. For a moment he stood, gazing at her in silence: a smile in which pity and contempt were mingled, curled his thin lips.

"Agnes! Agnes! Are you dream-She started, gazing up at him wildly. "Dreaming," she repeated; "no-nono-would to beaven it was all a dream,

this dread reality—would to heaven I was not the guilty thing I am."

"Hush! it is too late for vain regrets, and the past, with all its misdeeds, can never be recalled. Agnes, your revenge is not complete, and you should never leave anything half finished. Have you forgotten that Arthur Melville still lives, and that if his mother's marriage with Lord Clifford should by any accident chance to be proven, the heir would soon strip us of our wealth, and you would be forever disgraced? Shake off this despondency, and nerve yourself for what you have yet to

"Advise me, for I am powerless to act for myself, brother.' "I have examined all Sir Guy's private papers, and while thus occupied I found a memorandum, written on the back of a letter. The writing is his, and the item, though small, is important to us. I will Sir Mortimer drew a crumpled letter from his pocket. It was yellow with age.

"Married, at Hampton Parsonage, by the Rector, Hiram Kirk, Arthur Melville to Frances Warwick. May God forgive me for deceiving her. "Is that all? Is there no date?" cried Lady Clifford, eagorly. "There is no date, Agnes; doubtless the writer penned it while in a fit of abstraction. There now remains but one thing for | until she turned the corner of the church.

you to do, and that is to go to Hampton without delay, examine the church register, and when you have found the record of this marriage, tear out the leaf on which it is written, and destroy it. You will be ruined and disgraced if you do not obey

"I will obey you, for I have no one to counsel and guide me but you," exclaimed the unhappy woman, sobbing bitterly. "Courage, Agnes; calm yourself, for no cloud dims the brightness of your future. Few women of your age retain so many traces of former loveliness; and now that you are free, you may marry again, and be happier than ever you were with Lord

This was uttered mockingly, and Sin Mortimer inwardly rejoiced to behold his sister's misery. A triumphant smileshone in every feature, as he saw how sunken and colorless were her cheeks, how dim and lustreless those eyes that looked up at him so mournfully, how pinched the lines about the mouth, and when he marked the ravages already wrought in so short a time, he chuckled at the thought: "Agnes will soon die, and then Guy Clifford's wealth will be mine, all mine

ship and brotherly love, until her heart "Speak not of marriage to me again, and do not smile at your sister's withered charms, for I was once called beautiful, Mortimer. Now I am a shattered wreck -the shadow of my former self-ready to sink into the grave, and wed the bridegroom, death. The grave! No-oh God! I am not ready-no-no-no-spare me!

Spare me yet a little longer!" She sank down on the cushions, shuddering and moaning piteously. A demoniac scowl of well pleased satisfuctory malice distorted Sir Mortimer's features, as he gazed at the frail form writhing before him. He had long hated Guy Clifford, and it was his advice that caused Agnes to consent to Lord Clifford's murder. Blinded by jealousy, in an evil hour she consented; and now she would willingly have given worlds, (had they been in her possession.) to have called her vicim back to life, and feel soul and conscience free from this damning stain of

The deed is done. Alas! it is recorded in Henven. Sir Mortimer began pacing to and fro, waiting patiently until Agnes became calm. When she looked up, all traces of her emotion had vanished, but an expression of frightful calmness remained that was startling to behold, and Sir Mortimer shuddered, and turned away as their eyes met.

guilt that was crushing ber. Too late!

"Why do you shrink from me?" she demanded. He came and sat down beside her, taking her hand. "I do not shrink from you, sister; but it pains me to see you unhappy."

"Pains you-then you do love your sister, she exclaimed, brightening. "There is none in the world I care for so much as for thee; and I strive to soothe your sorrow, and make you happy, but in vain. Think no more on the past, but with it budy all its panial memories in oblivion. Am I not near thee to counse and advise?"

She smiled, gazing in his face as he spoke, even as a child looks up to its guardian when it has none other to love. "Yes-my own dear brother; and without you I would sink down and die. When are twenty-two years back, that is some of listened to the tempter's voice, and barshall I start for Hampton? I am myself

is fine, and delays are dangerous." "I will prepare myself. You may order the carriage." He arose and went towards the door. She called him back.

"You need air, and a ride will do you

good; you might go to-day, for the weather

now."

"Will you accompany me?" she inanired. " No. Agnes; I have important business of my own to transact-otherwise I should be pleased to go with you.'

"Very well; you will have the carriage at the door in an hour." "Yes." He went down and gave the coachman his order, and then he walked slowly back to the library to burn a package of worthless papers that belonged to the deceased nobleman. When this was done, he stood gazing out of the window, waiting for Lady Clifford to depart. She soon came down, and in a few moments the carriage rolled away with its wretched occupant.

'Thus far everything has worked well," exclaimed the plotting villain; "and now I must begin to work for myself. When the record of Lord Guy's first marriage is destroyed, I will soon manage the rest." He stood a moment tapping the window panes with his fingers, then he drew on his gloves, put on his hat, and left the mansion. He walked rapidly down Lennox Square, and turned into a narrow, gloomy street, where several coaches were standing idle. One of the drivers recognized

him. He approached, doffing his cap, and "A carriage, this morning, Sir Mortinier?" he asked. "Are your horses fresh? You will have long drive, Philip." "Fresh as two daisies, sir; and they

baven't been drove since yesterday, sir. Where shall I drive you, sir?" "To Berkeley Hall; you have been there before." "Yes, I remember. I know every foot of the way, and I'll warrant the grass won't grow under the horses feet on the road." Sir Mortimer sprung into the coach, and

it rattled rapidly away. CHAPTER XVII.

SEARCHING FOR THE RECORD—A MYSTERI-OUS DISAPPEARANCE. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when Lady Cliffords carriage halted in the shade, before the old stone church near Hampton. She had enjoyed her ride very much; for the scenery along the road was fine, and Nature is a great soother of our sorrows. The cool breeze had restored the color to her cheeks, while the gentle rocking of the

"Here we are, my Lady," said the coachman who had descended from the box, and opened the door for his mistress to alight. She got out with difficulty coughing, and pressing her hand to her side. "Are you ill, my Lady?"

conch had lulied her turbulent passions to

The stout fellow gazed at her sorrowfuly. He loved his mistress, and he pitied her, for she had always been kind to him. "I can proceed now. Where is the Sextons Lodge?"

he stood leaning on the gate, watching her

The old sexton was sitting on the bench beneath the porch, reading his bible, while the small, grizzled terrier lay dozing at his feet. The dog suddenly looked up and growled, and the sexton looked up, closing the volume when he beheld the strange ady coming down the graveled walk.

"He bowed low when his visitor came near, but did not arise to welcome her. The lady returned his salutation coldly inquiring; "Are you the sexton of this

"Yes ma'am." "I have called to look at the church Regster: can I come in and examine its pages fow moments? I am willing to reward

you for your trouble." "Lie down, Snap! you must never bark at a gentleman, you rascal! Come in ma'am-sit down in you easy chair by the window where you can get the cool air from the garden-my old woman has gone over to the Parsonage to do some sewing for the rector. There-sit right down and rest yourself, for the day is warm, and you look overcome with the heat. I'll dust off the table and attend to you in a minute." A spasm short and sharp contracted the muscles of Lady Cliffords face, and as she I'll torment her behind the mask of friendseated herself a harsh hacking cough rack-

> and a bright hectic spot burned, (like evil omens,) on either cheek. Symbols of health? No-harbingers of decay. * * * * * "A bad cough, ma'am," said the old man. 'I had a sister who was taken off with just such a hacking as you've got. She had two doctors, but they could'nt save her, an' so she died. She's buried in the churchyard just behind the lodge, poor creature. Her husband died very sudden, about a year before she did, an' because they lived unhappy together some thought that she noisoned him. Bless my heart, how pale

you do look, to be sure! Shall I give you drink of cold water?" "Water! water!" she huskily gasped, extending her hand to receive the cup.

She drank eagerly, and then leaned back in her chair, as pale as a corpse. The cool breeze stealing in at the open lattice revived her, and in a few moments she re-

"Better ma'am?" said the sexton inquir-

covered.

bowing.

ingly.
"Yes, much better; I will look at the register now." He went to an old closet that stood in one corner of the room, and took from it a large volume adorned with strong clasps: this he placed on the table before her. She opened it with considerable difficulty,

plancing at the pages as the leaves glided through her fingers. Suddenly she closed the book with a disappointed air. "I do not want this; bring me the old one. I see by the dates I shall be unable to

find what I am looking for." "Yes ma'am; I will put it back again an' get the old one, an' a very old one it is too. Many a fair an' youthful couple whose names are written in that book have I laid side by side in the graveyard, an' when I sit by the window, where you are sitting now. I offilies sigh as T gaze out at their tombstones, standing so white and spectral-like in the twilight. There beside the I shall slumber with them. I care not how soon, for I am ready to go ---- but here's the old Register, an' the dates in it

He dusted the musty volume with the sloeve of his coat, and laid it on the table,

One of the clasps was broken, and Lady Clifford had no difficulty in undoing the How eagerly her eyes ran over the pages vhen the volume laid open before her, following her finger as it moved along the lines. She leaned forward, rapidly devouring the contents of the musty tome. Several leaves were turned over before she discovered the particular record which she so much longed to find. At length it met her eye, and a gleam of satisfaction flashed over her pale features. She must have that leaf, and yet she did not dare to tear it out, fearing lest the old man might see her. She glanced around. The sexton was sitting on the porch with the Bible on his knee. He could see her from where he sat, and he might chance to look up. She hesitated, uncertain how to act. She arose and went to the porch. "I may be a long time searching for what I wish to find. My carriage is at the gate, and the coachman will

out and tell him to be patient? "Yes ma'am, with pleasure." Lady Clifford watched him as he hobbled way. "Now for the leaf," she exclaimed. "The old man is simple and unsuspecting, and I will have it in my possession ere he comes back." The haughty woman glided back to her chair. She was about to sit down. when suddenly she started back as though she had received a blow, a wild cry of astonishment broke from ber lips, and there

probably be tired waiting. Will you go

she stood pale and trembling in the centre The Register was gone! The wretched woman remained statuelike in the same position for several moments, with her gaze rivetted as though spell-bound on the vacant spot where the book had lain, unable to imagine or conjecture by what singular and mysterious agency it had been removed. A thousand distracting thoughts rushed instantaneously through her mind, and her hearts throbbings were audible in the awful silence that

reigned. "Oh! what shall I say to the sexton when he asks where the Register has gone? He will not believe when I tell him it was stolen away while my back was turned! I shall be accused of fulsehood, and theft! shall be disgraced-ruined. Oh God! what will be become me?" She heard the sexton coming down the

A sudden resolution seemed to take posession of her-she was moved by a sudden impulse. She hastened forth to meet him with tottering footsteps. He paused when he saw her advancing,

walk, the gravel crunching beneath his

then assist me to my carriage." He thrust the gift in his bosom. It was eavy, and the yellow coin glittered through "Thank you! may God bless you, ma'am; plished—she is considered "finished." the silken meshes. don't know how to express my gratitude

He laid his hond on his heart, making profound obcisance; then offering her his arm, he supported her to the carriage. * * * \$

ed; and then he stood by the roadside, gazing after the handsome equipage as it rolled away, flashing in the sunlight-leaving s dense cloud of dust floating on the sultry

Lady Clifford's life has turned to bitterness and gall. She was once light-hearted joyous and gay, innocent and happy, but now she was wretched in the fullest sense of the word-uye, and she was a murder-

Oh! what a weight of agony and remorse weighed upon her spirit when she reflected on the past-but the burden grew heavier as her mind strove to pierce the veil that shrouded the mysteries of the future. The past filled her with regret, while the future overwhelmed her with fear and dread. Was it not for the unknown beyond, guilty learts would find repose, and fear would be a stranger to the sin blackened soul; but " the still small voice" is ever whispering unto us, and we must listen, however unwillingly, to the warning words.

The lamps were casting a sickly glare in the busy streets when Lady Clifford's carriage halted before the mansion in Lennox Square. She alighted without assistance, and hastened up the terrace steps as fast as her trembling limbs would permit; shuded her feeble frame. Large drops of perdering as she cast a glance across the vine spiration stood out on her pale forehead embowered piazza, as though she expected to see some ghostly figure flitting through the dim twilight. How her hand trembled when she rang the bell; and when the door was opened, she glided in like a spectre. causing the servant to draw back in alarm until she passed by. How voiceless and deserted seemed the dim old hall, and when she reached her own chamber, his portrait seemed to frown on her as she entered. Her gaze fell-she could not meet the glance of murdered innocence-and she sank helpless on a costly divan, hiding her pale facin the soft cushion, as though see would fain shut out every object from her view. Thus she lay, shuddering and weeping, until sleep scaled her eyelids-and then for a while life's many cares and sorrows were

orgotten. Oh, how blissful would it be, could the guilty, sin burdened soul forever thus reoose-but alas, the awakening must come and the blissful visions of dreamland fade into thin air, bidding the heart to mourn o'er the flecting delusions of an hour.

Lady Clifford dreamed. Again she was child, wandering in the garden near her father's grand old mansion, listening to the song notes of the birds, chasing the butterfly, her musical laughter floating on the air, or sitting in the shade of some old tree in the park, weaving flowery garlands to twine around her youthful brow, while fancy reared her airy structures in which was to dwell naught but purest happiness and holiest joy. Childhood, with all its sinless, simple joys and pleasure, passed away; and then came fonder longings, tenderer hopes, extatic wishes, passionate yearnings-after, love. He came-a dark eyed, handsome youth, and unto him she cave her young heart's wealth of affection. as they roved together one fair summer eve beneath the glorious dome of stars. Years passed on, and with the dawn of womanhood he called her bride, and soon her woes began. In dreams her past life was recalled, with all the woes and joys of

Each scene was passed again, and one church is my village of the dead, and soon that ne'er would be forgot, that haunted all her waking hours, came in its turn in slumber-the time when, maddened by jealousy and urged by a brother's evil counsel, sh

> In rapid succession, in lightning flashes memory's magic panorama passed before her view, and when appeared the corpse swinging on the piazza, as she had seen it on that fearful night, she started up, a cry of horror breaking from her lips.

gained for a husband's blood.

All was still in the chamber, and the silver moonbeams stole in the open window, forming fantastic figures on the carpet, weaving a ray of light as it were in the fan-

ciful woof. Lady Clifford shuddered. The silence seemed oppressive—the atmosphere stifling a heavy weight was crushing her heart, in the core of which rankled wormwood nd gall. She gasped for breath, as rising, she staggered from the room, to seek com panionship below, and as she descende he stairs, she murmured, sorrowfully: "Oh! the olden days! the olden days. they are buried in the bosom of the past, ever to return."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Do-Nothing Young Ludies. At a recent sociable gathering, a young lady informed me that she never sewed What do you suppose was the nature of my reflections on hearing the declaration? said to myself, either the girl speaks falsely or she is very lazy. Never sews! Who then I queried, made your dresses and cloaks. your skirts and bows? Who repairs the ips in your pretty gaiter boots, and darns the holes in your stockings? Is it your aged mother or your more industrious sister? Or do you hire all your sewing done? Should this last supposition be the case, may you never marry; and the chances are you never will. Not one young man in a hundred can afford to marry a woman who

habitually neglects household duties.

Young man, if it should ever be your for

tune to hear a woman declare that she never sews, beware! Shun her as you would the chills and fever. Be insune enough to make such a one your wife, and before the honeymoon is over, the horrors of buttonless shirts and hose full of holes will be upon you; your fair lady's sewing will be done by others, while she mopes in idleness of riots in fushionable dissipation. Then you may bid farewell to all your dreams of domestic felicity, they would fade as summer flowers at the touch of frost. I have heard ladies, educated and intelligent ladies, declare with actual pride their ignorance of the art of cooking. They "could not make a cup of coffee to save their lives;" and as to their making a loaf of good bread, or cooking a simple dinner, that was out of their power. Poor, miserable unfortunates: Doubtless mothers are much to blame for thus neglecting the education of their daughters; but surely there is no sensible girl who could not, by the exercise of a little energy, perfect herself in the most useful branch of domestic knowledge. False pride in every case, is the only barrier in the way. It is not considered "genteel"—how I do abominate that word-to do anything useful, and a fashionable Miss would consider herself disgraced should she be seen with her hands in dough, or caught in the act of sweeping the room. If a young lady of the present day can thump the piano, make uso of a few French phrases, dance, flirt, and do

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, in reply to the ques tion if he intends to support the Demcratic nominees, is reported to have said: "I can't do any thing else. I've nowhere else to go. The Democrats are too suspicious of me. They are too exacting. They don't do me justice. If they'll go on and do right they

Farm and Household Column. AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most not mployment of man.—Wasmvorox.

COMMUNICATIONS, Sclections, 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.

When to Manure Trees. Inquiry is often made as to the frequency and amount of manuring or cultivation for rees. The answer must be: According to circumstances. The question again recurs: How shall we know what our soils need? The answer is: Observe the results of growth. An examination or analysis of the soil will be of little use. But the trees will tell their own story. If the soil is so rich that they make annual shoots of two or three feet or more in length, without any cultivation or manuring at all, (which, however, is rarely the case,) then it will be needless to give additional care. The annual growth is the best guide to treatment. There are few apple or other orchards which, after reaching a good bearing state, throw out annual shoots more than a foot and a half long, and many not half this length. The owner may lay it down as an unalterable rule that when his trees do not grow one foot annually they

turist. SALT AND LAME FOR HAY .- " On reprolucing in the Boston Journal of Chemistry the letter in roply to the inquiries of E. L. Metcalf, Esq., as to the chemical effects of the mixture in preserving hay, Dr. James

need more manuring or cultivation, or

both. By observing the growth he can

answer all questions of the kind referred to

without difficulty .- American Fruit Cul-

R. Nicholas adds the following note: It will be understood from the above, that ime and salt are incompatible substances, so far as by their chemical changes and special preserving or antiseptic properties are secured. Partially cured hay, treated in the mow with these articles, is practically unaffected by their presence. How then does it happen that green hay is preserved, when it has been applied? In the experiments made, it is probable the hay would have cured equally as well if the mixture had been withheld. Two mows of the same hay, stored under precisely the same conditions, one with the salts, the other without, would undoubtedly be found alike in the spring. We have long entertained the idea that hay is cured too long in the ield. If grass is mown in the morning, ifter the dew is off, it may with safety be tered in barn in the afternoon, provided the day is clear and warm. The influence of dew upon grass after it is cut and lying a the swath, as effecting its preservation in

he mow, is imperfectly understood. MACHINE FOR TESTING EGGS,-An egg ester has recently been patented in England. It consists of cubical box, with central funnel-shaped openings in two contignous sides.opposite which a mirror is placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. On looking into the box through either hole the image of the other hole, reflected by the mirror, appears directly opposite, To test the eggs the box is placed with one of the holes uppermost, in which the egg is placed. The light, then transmitted through the egg, forms a sharply defined disk. If the egg is fresh, the illuminated circle will be clear; if stale, the disk will be cloudy, and if bad, the image will be dark and unsightly. The apparatus, may be used by daylight or candlelight. The light reflected by the mirror to the eye passes entirely through the substance of the egg, and consequently every change from perfect translucency to thorough opacity can be ob-

served. Bothen Ham .- Scrape and wash it clean, put it in a kettle with cold water, and simnor it for five or six hours, but do not let it boil. When sufficiently cooked, take it out of the kettle, set it away, but do not skin it until it is cold, as the juices are by

these means retained. ANOTHER WAY,-Cook as above, when cold, take off the skip, rub in as much granulated sugar as you can make it hold, set away fortwenty four hours, then rub in more sugar, all you can get in, set away wenty four hours longer. Put it in a dripping pan with one quart of Champaigne. Bake in slow oven one hour, basting every ten minutes with the wine, when cold it is ready for use. There can be nothing cooked more delicious than a slice of this Nover let a Ham boil, it precipitates the

salt and makes the meat rancid. SEED CARE .- One pound of butter, six eggs, three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, pounded mace and grated nutmeg to taste, one pound of flour, three quarters of an ounce of caraway seeds, one wineglassful of wine. Best the butter to cream; dredge in the flour; add the sugar, mace, nutmeg, and carnway seeds, and mix these ingredients well together. Whisk the eggs, stir to them the wine, and beat the cake again for ten minutes. Put it into the tin lined with buttered paper, and bake it from one and a half to two hours. This cake would be equally nice made with currants,

and omitting the caraway seeds. OXFORD TEA CAKES .- To each pound of flour allow a descrispoonful of bread powder, one egg, and half a pint of cream or new milk, half a teaspoonful of suet, and two of loaf-sugar powdered. Rub the dry things well together, then briskly mix in first the cream and then the egg; bake quickly on buttered tins. If yeast be preferred, the milk should be a little warmed, and trained through the yeast as for bread; add the egg last. Let the dough stand to rise, then bake half an hour in a quick

ALL raspberry and blackberry canes set out this spring should be cut down to with-in six inches of the ground, if not done when set out. It will insure the growth of the new wood, and they will come into fine bearing order next year; whereas, should the canes be allowed to remain only pratially pruned, as other bearing wood, there may be a small crop of poor fruit, and only about half a crop next year. Some people are so eager to get fruit at once that they totally neglect this advice.

THOSE who have not set out "cuttings" of grapes, shrubbery, &c., can lay the branches down, say two inches under ground, letting the end of the branch appear. Sometimes it will require a forked stick to hold them in their places. A grape vine laid down its whole length, and if carefully done will throw out a sprout from each joint, making a beautiful arrangement for the trellis.

Ir you find any of your evegreous to become lighter in color than is natural for them, or rather if you wish the deepest green attainable give them a thorough dressing of good barn-yard manure, extending as far out as the extremity of the branches, and you will accomplish your

"Yes, very ill; and I'm sure I shall not

"Just behind the church, my Lady. Take that path to the left and that will lead you to the door. Wait-I will open the gate for you?"

She passed on, smiling her thanks, while

er face was so ghastly in the pure sunlight. Are you going, ma'um?' "Yes, I am very ill, and I cannot remain longer. Here, old man, take this purse as the gift of a dying woman, and

feet.

in words like learned people, but I feel it

"Good day, ma'am," said the sexton, justice. If they'll go on and do right they when Lady Clifford was comfortably seat- may always be easy about Andy Johnson."