The Columbia Spy.

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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BLACK HORSE HOTEL, MILLERSVILLE, Lancaster County, Pa. A First-Class Hotel, well adapted to accommodate the traveling public. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. JOS. KNOTWELL, [je20-3m] Proprietor.

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

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SPECIAL ADVANTAGES FOR LADIES, particularly in MUSIC and the ORNAMENTAL Branches. CHARGES MODERATE.
Send for a Catalogue, addressing REV. T. R. VICKROY, A. M., President, dec. 7, '67-tf. Annville, Lebanon Co., Pa.

CABINET ORGANS, &c.

EDWARDS, LEE & CO.'S NEW BALTIMORE ORGAN! 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. CALL AND SEE THEM! SHREINER & SONS, Agents for Manufacturers, FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA. dec. 21, '67-tf.

J. H. GROVESTEEN, Founder of the old and favorably known house of Grovesteen & Co.
GROVESTEEN, FULLER & CO., HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW WAREROOMS, 5 Mercer Street, New York.
PIANO-FORTES. The great increase in the demand for our Piano Fortes throughout the country, have compelled us to extend our Manufacturing facilities 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 Piano-Forte maker by at least one-third, and we respectfully solicit by parties about purchasing to a comparison with all other makers. [may2'68-1y

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. 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.

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COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS. Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and BRANDIES of all kinds: Blackberry, Jamaica Spirits, Catawba, Kummel, Cherry, Ginger, Rum, 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.

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

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

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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.

HOOFLAND'S COLUMN.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS AND 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, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

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

Those preferring a medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

The Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing 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, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, 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 exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries, possesses true merit, is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and 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, AND 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, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, or Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY, Resulting from any Cause whatever; Prostration of the System, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, 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 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 cheeks, 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 years.

NOTICE. It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "Never feel well." They are 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 case 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 believed.

Testimonials.

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous 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 'Hoofland'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."

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 instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German 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, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.

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 the signature of C. M. JACKSON, is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa. CHARLES M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR. Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

PRICES. Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, $1.00; half dozen, 5.00. Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, $1.50 per bottle, or a half dozen for $7.50. 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, '68-1y.

Original Poetry.

[For the SPY.]

The Better Country.

BY EVA ALICE.

The emigrant leaves his green Isle of the ocean,
To flee from the Land where the poor are oppressed;
And he drops for the old land a tear of devotion,
As the bark bears him on to the far distant land.
'Tis not to some desert, some waste o'er the billow,
Some lone, sterile coast where the tempest winds roar,
Old friends in the new land have made him a pillow—
And welcome their kindred to yonder fair shore.

The home of his boyhood; still sweet the reflections,
Of mountain, and heather—his cot by the stream;
And the friends of his childhood,—those dearest connections
Are remembered—though oceans are rolling between.
But his home in the new world is dearer and better,
Here, all drink of life's pleasures without the less alloy;
No hand to oppress him, but freed from each fetter—
He lives in contentment and fulness of joy.

The world it is fair, and the hand that hath made it
Hath decked it with verdure and filled it with flowers,
And with comforts and blessings our God hath arrayed it—
That man might be happy through life's checkered hours.
We have friends and connections to comfort and cheer us,
And sunshine and pleasures to gladden our way;
But if we but love Him, he'll ever be near us,
And shed o'er our journey his soul-cheering ray.

But e'en with the good, this world has its sorrow,
We all, from its cup drink full deep of its woe;
If there's sunshine to-day—there's darkness to-morrow—
Joy and sorrow—as rivers commingling flow.
Death enters our circles, our dearest ones slumber;
Where was laughter and glee—there's a heart-broken moan;
Yon Better Land addeth one more to its number—
And we are left desolate, stricken and lone.

Thus one after one, for the land that's immortal,
They launch their fair barks for the glittering shore,
We, too, soon shall follow through yonder bright portal—
And dwell midst the "pleasures that last evermore."
Sweet thought—"to be there!" God's promise, how cheering,
The grave hath no terrors; 'tis robbed of its gloom;
Death's the christians good angel, we wait his appearing—
'Tis he ushers us home, through the gate of the tomb.

Original Story.

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished.

BERKELEY HALL.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES,

Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion," "The Beauforts," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BRIDAL—UNINVITED GUESTS—TRIUMPH OF RIGHT AND VIRTUE.

The sun is slowly sinking in the west, setting amid huge mountainous masses of murky clouds, that are rolling up, pile upon pile, dark harbingers of the approaching storm. Wildly wails the wind, and lurid flashes of lightning illume the sky, darting like fiery serpents down the sides of the dark clouds, hissing through airy space, while hoarse peals of thunder shake the blue dome above.

Sitting at the open window, in her own chamber at Oakdale Grange, is May Wallace. How beautiful she looks with her raven tresses falling in wild disorder on her shoulders, and her dark eyes gazing upward at the frowning heavens, as though they would read the deep and wondrous mysteries that are hidden there. But the gaze is full of touching sadness, and those soul-lit orbs are dim with unshed tears. Her cheeks are pale, and drawn sighs come struggling up, as though her heart was full of bitterness.

She heeds not the rain drops that fall heavy on her hand, as it rests on the window sill, nor does she start when the glare of the lightning lights up the heavens.

Why should she fear when her heart is pure and innocent, when her soul is sinless as a child's, when her trust is in Him who holds the lightnings in his hands?

'Tis the guilty who tremble. Those who put their trust in the God of tempest, quail not when the storm cometh.

* * * * *

"Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death!"

* * * * *

"Mistress, don't sit there any longer," exclaimed her maid, "for the rain is wetting your garments, and you will surely take cold. Besides it's dangerous to be near an open window in a thunder storm, for the lightning might strike you dead. Do come and let me dress you! You don't know how beautiful you will look in your bridal robe, and see—here is the pearl necklace that master bought from Chiarini's and the tiara of diamonds Captain Charles purchased at Levy's, and I am to braid it in with your hair. Oh! you will look so queenly, and I know the Captain will be very proud of his young bride! If I was in your place I wouldn't be down hearted, not I!

Charles Berkeley is such a handsome man—so straight, and tall—besides, he looks so manly and fearless in his uniform, and the sabre-cut across his cheek adds to his beauty. I am sure I would almost worship him if I were in your place, for he is such a gallant! The other day he kissed me on the stairs, and chucked me under the chin, saying, 'You are a nice, good girl, Florine.'

"Miss May, don't sit there looking so melancholy and sad! Don't for goodness sake, think any more about that poor author that Captain Charles turned out the cottage, for I'll warrant he has another sweet-heart in London, and he has forgotten you ere this; if he hadn't he would come to see you—or write. Author's are never happy with their wives, for see how many get married, and then seperate.

"I don't pretend to say whose fault it is, but it must be the men. The Lord Knows I wouldn't marry an author—not I!

* * * * *

Now I'll light the lamp and dress you, for you won't be ready one moment too soon."

The unhappy girl did not hear half of this harangue, for "her thoughts were with her heart, and that was far away." She had been a prisoner in her own chamber, since the day when she told Charles Berkeley the name of the man she loved. She knew not that Arthur had written to her, telling her to be of "good cheer," until he came again. His letter was kept from her by Captain Berkeley, who opened it, read its contents, and then burned it contemptuously. Had Arthur forsaken her? Would he break his solemn vow, and leave her to misery and despair? No! she would not beleive it; for he was too manly, too noble to wrong her thus. But why did he not come? Why had he neglected to write and tell her of his plans for the future, after Captain Berkeley had ordered him to leave the cottage?

She knew Charles Berkeley to be a bad man, but she thought, "he is too proud to intercept a letter from Arthur—to open it or read it, when he knows that I am a prisoner, and Arthur cannot come to me."

Alas! little did she imagine to what petty acts of meanness man will sometimes stoop, when he is bent on carrying out, or determined to accomplish a wicked and selfish design.

Her heart was tortured with grief, and her mind was perplexed with doubts and fears as day after day passed by, and he came not.

She was forced to receive Captain Berkeley's visits daily—compelled to listen to his odious declarations of love—obliged to sit in his hateful presence, while he talked of "undying affection and future happiness." What could she do, poor girl? He was her jailor—a strong, unfeeling man—and he was most ably assisted by his cruel mother, his haughty father, and the cunning Florine, who had been taught well the part assigned her.

* * * * *

When Charles Berkeley intruded himself into her presence she treated him with indifference and scorn. When Lady Berkeley came to plead in her son's behalf, she sat in silence, listening to her words, but making no reply. She seldom saw Charles' father, and therefore she could not hope for his aid, for whenever he did come he would only thrust his head in at the door, inquire kindly after her health, and then depart if she ventured to speak of her captivity, locking the door behind him.

Unable to make her consent to become Charles Berkeley's bride, they at last determined to compel her to wed him. Lady Berkeley had informed her of their decision, and bade her to prepare for the bridal.

Tears and entreaties availed not, and all her eloquent pleading failed to touch the flinty heart of the unfeeling, obstinate woman. Lady Berkeley left the half distracted girl weeping bitterly—sweeping from the chamber with stately tread, as though conscious of her pride and power—a smile of malignant exultation playing over her pinched, pale face.

The die was cast, and there was no escape from a fate she dreaded worse than death. They were all leagued together against her. To whom could she turn for aid? Alas! she was alone in the world, friendless.

Perhaps Sir Richard would aid her! She would write to him. Vain hope! They had taken the precaution to remove all writing materials from the room, and even if they had not, who would deliver the letter to Sir Richard after it was written? All hope was gone, and the future rose up before her, filled with misery—darkened with despair.

A wailing cry, wrung from her heart ascended to heaven, "Oh God! must I be led like a lamb to the sacrifice? Aid me, Heavenly Father, for thou art mighty! Deliver me from my persecutors and I will praise the evermore!"

Was that prayer heard? Hark! the hoarse thunder shakes the vaulted sky! It is the voice of the great Creator.

The lightning is the glance of His eye. The rain-drops are the tears that are shed for fallen Man.

That prayer was heard—Omniscience never sleeps!

* * * * *

There was one question that May had oftimes asked herself, and she was unable to answer it. Why did Charles Berkeley wish to wed a poor gipsy girl? He was a gentleman by birth and fortune, and why did he wish to link himself for life to a wife who would be the means of disgracing him? The more she thought the more her perplexity increased—and strange thoughts darted in rapid succession through her mind. She hoped—she knew not what. Perhaps there was a mystery connected with her birth—perhaps—what?

* * * * *

"Come mistress, I must dress you now for it is getting so late," exclaimed the impatient maid; and she gently moved May's hand from the window sill, pulled down the sash, and drew the costly lace curtains together.

"Ah! you must not weep. Tears ill become a fair young bride. Wreathe thy brow with smiles to cheer the bride-groom when he cometh. Tears should not be shed in an hour like this; but let those weep whose hopes have been blighted, those whom death has robbed of a friend, those whose joys are buried in the grave.

Smile, mistress, while I braid your dark glossy hair—smile as I twine the orange flowers around thy beauteous brow. Let the love-light sparkle in your eyes as I clothe you in costly robes—let your young heart be glad."

"It will never know joy again, Florine. Would to heaven those beautiful flowers were a cypress wreath, and that bridal robe my shroud! Gladly would I hail the bridegroom if his name was—Death! Away, Florine!—I—will—not—wear those costly gems! Take from my sight that satin robe, for those things are but a mockery, a cruel mockery! If Charles Berkeley wishes to wed a maiden who scorns him, who hates him, let him take me as I am, broken-hearted, but not decked out with all this finery!"

"But mistress, I must surely dress your hair, for you look like a wild woman!"

"Wild!" exclaimed May, so passionately that Florine started back a pace, "Yes, I am wild! I am mad! beware how you approach me or I may do you harm."

Florine began to grow frightened. She had never known May to speak and act so strangely before.

She ventured to remonstrate once more, but May was resolute; she would not allow her to approach her.

"What am I to do?" cried Florine in despair. "I shall be blamed for this when Lady Berkeley comes; for she told me to make you appear very beautiful. Oh, dear! I shall lose my place, I am sure! mistress, do let me put on your dress, won't you?"

"No! Florine, I will not wear it, neither will I yield willingly when they come to take me before the clergyman, and if he is a good man he will not perform the ceremony. I will tell him they are forcing me to become the bride of a man I hate, a man I cannot love. On my knees I will implore his mercy, and he will listen to my prayer! Hark! Florine, there is some one at the door! Oh God! give me strength for the dreaded hour has come, and I am in the hands of my enemies!" She had clasped her hands together, and her eyes were gazing upward, when Lady Berkeley entered the chamber.

When she beheld the wretched girl, a scowl of rage darkened her brow, and confronting the trembling maid, she demanded, "Why is your mistress in this plight, minx? Why havn't you obeyed my orders and prepared her for the bridal?"

"She will not let me dress her hair—she will not wear the bridal robe—and she threatened to harm me if I went near her," replied Florine.

"Threatened to harm you! let us see if she will harm me!" The proud woman strode up to May and grasped her firmly by the arm. "The clergyman has arrived, and my son is waiting to conduct you to his presence! Prepare yourself for the solemn ceremony. Florine, come and attend to your mistress, for time flies."

"No—no—Florine, don't touch me, for I cannot, will not wed him!" cried May. "Oh! Lady Berkeley, have pity on me, for I'm a poor, helpless, friendless orphan! Do not force me to this sacrifice, for it will break my heart! I would love him if I could, but God hath willed it otherwise! Let me go, and I will be your slave—his slave—anything—but not his bride! Oh! if you was again young, if you was friendless and helpless as I am, if your heart was given to a noble youth whom you dearly loved, would you not call anyone a fiend who forced you to wed a man whom you hated and despised? Answer me! pity me! have mercy!"

"She has fainted!" exclaimed the unfeeling woman whose strong heart no voice of pity could reach; "and now Florine, help me to dress her; I'll warrant she'll offer no resistance now."

* * * * *

Florine's practiced fingers moved rapidly, and in a few moments the tiara of diamonds was interwoven with May's dark, glossy hair. Lady Berkeley rendered valuable assistance, and when the fair form of the unconscious girl was robed in the costly satin, she stepped back a-pace, exclaiming: "Isn't she very beautiful, Florine?"

"I never beheld a bride more lovely," said the admiring French maid.

"Shall I put on her silken hose and the white satin slippers, my lady?"

"Yes, Florine; and be quick about it, for her senses are returning. Carefully, carefully, my good girl! I would not have her recover until she is ready for the bridal."

How skillfully Florine performed her task, and when she was done she held one foot in her hand a moment, saying: "Isn't it very small, and how nicely the instep is arched. I never saw a woman who had such a foot, save one—the Duchess of Montpensier—and hers was just like this—fit only to tread on flowers."

"Hush, Florine; she is recovering!"

May opened her eyes and gazed wildly about. "Has Arthur arrived?" she whispered. "I am to be his bride to-night, you know, and I must be ready to meet him when he comes."

"He has arrived—he is waiting for you now," said Lady Berkeley, smiling. "Shall I conduct you to his presence? Lean on my arm and we will go to him."

"Flighty—wandering," she whispered, turning to Florine; "everything works well."

Florine nodded, and smiled.

Poor May was confused—she did not understand what was passing around her, and she arose, saying, "you may lead me to Arthur, for I wish to see him very much."

"Lean on my arm, my child," said Lady Berkeley, and May obeyed, walking towards the door, mechanically, like one in a dream.

The rustling of the satin robe recalled her wandering senses for a moment, and she halted, inquiring with earnestness,

"Why did you allow them to dress me in such gay attire?"

"To please Arthur," cunningly replied Lady Berkeley; and then she added, "come along *faster*, for you cannot imagine how anxious he is to see you!"

* * * * *

Very pale, but very beautiful May looked, as she descended the stairs, grasping her treacherous companion's arm for support, and a triumphant smile wreathed Lady Berkeley's thin lips as she hurried along, almost dragging May to the sacrifice.

Florine followed close behind them, and Lady Berkeley managed to whisper, "Florine, hasten to Captain Berkeley's presence and tell him May is out of her mind—tell him how we are deceiving her, for fear he might spoil all if he is too hasty! Tell him to say very little to May before the marriage ceremony is ended."

With a knowing mind, Florine hastened on before, to apprise the impatient bride-groom of their coming, and whisper in his ear the warning from his lady mother.

Charles Berkeley was pacing up and down the room with his hands behind his back, while his father and the clergyman were enjoying a quiet conversation in one corner of the apartment, when Florine entered.

She went up to Captain Berkeley and delivered her message. He bent down to listen, and when Florine had ended, he turned away muttering, "Damn it, I don't half like this business! Perhaps she will go mad when she is my bride, and I would not fancy being the keeper of a lunatic asylum. Egad, I'd back out of this race altogether, and forfeit the whole amount if my ambitious mother would let me!"

"What is the matter now, Charles? Has anything gone wrong?" asked his father anxiously.

"The devil's to pay, just the same as usual," replied the youth, sulkily, "and I don't think I ought to be wedded to a *crazy woman* on *Friday* night, and *a thunder storm raging without!*"

"Ha! ha! you are not superstitious I hope! Don't make a fool of yourself, sir!"

Charles frowned and bit his lip. He was angry, but he would not show it in the presence of a stranger, and that stranger a clergyman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from Wisconsin.

DELAVAN, Wis., Aug. 12, 1868.

BRO. RAMBO.—My last spoke of a proposed fishing excursion for the next day, and here is an account of it: At 4 A. M. we started for the lake, distant about nine miles, got there and began fishing at 5½. At 11 we had secured about 100 lbs. of perch, bass and sunfish, and the heat becoming too much to the equivalent, we adjourned to dinner, after which a ride was proposed, and within 15 miles distance we passed twelve lakes, varying from two to four miles in length. In the last one we again threw out our tackle for pike. We had no bites for some 15 minutes, and all were impatient, when *whiz*, went the line out of Charlie's hand, and nothing but the block to which it was attached gave evidence of its location! A sharp rowing match of nearly half an hour was required to recover it, and the boat was probably turned oftener in that time than had ever occurred before in that vicinity. At last it was grasped, and the pulling-in commenced, and the excitement began. In consideration of the fact that I was a visitor, I was permitted to capture the thief, and amid many a caution not to give any play, nor to draw in too fast, I finally landed a 16 pound pike. Wasn't I proud? You bet! At it we go again, and by dark we had made the acquaintance of six more, varying from four to nine pounds each. Well tired, but perfectly satisfied, we reached home at 10 P. M. My dreams were divided that night between chasing pike and avoiding the massisangers (a reptile much like a rattlesnake, and of the same species) of which we had seen three large ones during the day.

On Friday started for Olivet; missing connection at Jackson did not reach the railroad terminus (Marshall) till nearly 9 P. M. when a ride 14 miles over a good road on a splendid night brought us to our stopping place—a quiet, old-fashioned sort of a town, having one of the best institutions of learning in the State. A severe headache next morning prevented an expected excursion, and the day was passed in resting.

Monday morning a stage coach of the old style took me to Marshall again, to meet the noon train west. Passing through several growing places, like Niles, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, and many a one that *don't* seem to be improving, and a rolling country. Michigan City is at length reached, and a glimpse of Lake Michigan (the deepest of the five great lakes) is obtained. The road then takes a turn South, and the lake is invisible till near Chicago, at which babel-like city I hang up at about 7½ P. M., having came about 200 miles since 12½ o'clock.

Next morning, a visit to the water-works and crib (really a stupenduous undertaking) which gives Chicago the best water of any large city in the country, the tunnel, the Court House and some of the stores, consume the time till dinner, after which a visit to the Ball Grounds and Rink. The place has grown over half since I visited it last, and they now claim over 300,000 population. At 5 o'clock I step into the cars of the Northwestern Railroad, and for 25 miles pass through what may well be called one of the garden spots of the earth—nearly as level as a floor, with corn fields measured by the mile instead of acre, wheat and oats in same proportion. The eye at length wearies with the monotony; at length the ground becomes more uneven, but no hills. Now a beautiful river is seen for miles, meandering through a charming valley—the little villages of white frame buildings come in sight and are passed—the cars pass on so smoothly over the extensive rails of this road, that one has to look out occasionally to realize that he is moving; 30 instead of 15 miles per hour; the night comes on, and a reverie commences, lasting till Clinton Junction is called by the conductor, and I step off and an hour later take a freight train for this place (15 miles) to pass a day with the friends of early years. On the morrow I push on for Winona.

Yours fraternally, K.

Letter from Bucks County.

NEWTONVILLE, Pa., Aug. 12, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—The ingathering of hay and harvest is done for this season, and I now have leisure to write a letter for the SPY as you requested. But I am no politician, and I fear anything that I can write on any other subject will not be interesting to your readers at the present time; so I must contrive it, some how, to write a political letter, to amuse some of my old Democratic friends in and around Columbia.

Soon after I left your place, I turned *independent voter*, opposing all cliques and parties that I considered wrong, and for the last twenty years have not went on the election ground on an average more than fifteen minutes before the closing of the polls. Although an independent voter, yet by no means do I consider myself neutral in the contest between the so-called "*Woolly-head*" and "*Copperhead*" parties, but rather warm in the cause of upholding the Union, and dispensing justice to all and the advance of civilization. But it is enough to make the blood curdle in my veins to read the *pronunciamento* of the Rebel Democracy which assembled in New York on July 4th. To all appearance the party is in the same attitude it was in 1860, at the Charleston Convention, appearing as if no tremendous war had intervened between now and then, and making preparations for another rebellion. Independent, unbiased voters can see at a glance, from the composition of the delegates to the New York Convention: Wade Hampton, the murderous Rebel General Forrest, Alexander H. Stevens, and many other influential leaders among the rebels, made themselves conspicuous in the proceedings of the Convention, plainly indicating what may be expected if such men can carry the election, and once more get into power. If partizan politics could be held in check by the independent voters using their power and influence against unprincipled, scheming office-hunters, the Republic would be safe, but apathy and indifference to consequences seem to be the characteristic of the neutral or independent voters, neglecting to vote on all occasions. Take for example the election in our own State when Sharswood was elected Judge, thousands of independent voters declined to vote, who had previously voted on the dominant side, while the Democrats collared their laggards, and brought them to the polls, and then their success was claimed as a reaction in favor of the rebel policy of President Johnson, while if there had been a full expression of the voice of the people, Sharswood would have been defeated by more than ten thousand votes. In 1824 the old party lines of the political parties were rather knocked out of sorts by bringing forward as a candidate for President, General Jackson, an independent, no-party man, and in 1828 a complete revolution of parties was effected, by nominating him as the Democratic candidate, turning out of the party John Quincy Adams, formerly Democratic Secretary of State, according to the routine of the party, and at the time serving only his first term as President, in accordance with the programme of the Democracy, that the Secretary of State should fill the office of President for two terms in succession, as had been the case with Madison and Monroe; but this was too nice an arrangement for the people, who professedly wished to rule themselves, and not be governed in the matter by the wire-pulling leaders of the party politicians, consequently the old party lines of Federal and Democrat were completely obliterated, and General Jackson was the candidate of the new Democracy, and Adams, as aforesaid, was cast aside, and laid the foundation for the new Whig party.

A short time previous to this metamorphosis of parties, our late respected friend, James Buchanan, in his zeal for the Federal party, declared that if he had one drop of Democratic blood in his veins, he would let it out; but, soon afterwards, with Gen. Jackson for the Democratic candidate, his veins became filled with Democratic blood, was made Minister to Russia by the party, afterwards Secretary of State, and finally, with a full flow of Democratic blood in his veins, was made President, and run the Democratic machine in the ground before the expiration of his first term of office. The party becoming demoralized, the Southern part openly raised a rebellion, against the Government, and the Northern portion of the party sneakingly sympathised with the Rebels, and passed resolutions in the Chicago Convention, that the war for the Union was a failure, and that the United States should compromise and truckle to the lash of the nigger drivers in the South. Forbid it God! Forbid it justice that such a party should ever get in power in this country again.

The Democrats and Rebels have nominated Seymour, the ring-leader of the New York mob, in opposition to Grant. Can any one have the least doubt about the result of the contest? Can the independent voters, the true friends of equal rights, support such a party in their unhallowed efforts to inaugurate another civil war. Whilst Gen. Grant, the hero of twenty victories, was doing his best to batter down the Rebel host, Seymour, the ring-leader of the mob, was out of danger, whining in nasal cant, "*nigger and the Constitution*," amid the desperation of his mob party to overturn our glorious fabric of Freedom, an army corps had to be withdrawn from active service to watch him and his fellow-citizens, the New York mob, and at a time of an urgent pressing crisis, for, that corps to be in action. Will the young men of your town about to cast their maiden votes give their suffrage to such men as Seymour and Blair? I hardly think they will in opposition to the true and tried soldier and modest embryo statesman, whose chief regard will be to conform to the will of the majority of the people, and give peace and quietness to the country.

Although I never was partial to the Republican party, yet I must yield to it my admiration for the firmness and fortitude of President Lincoln in the dark hour of danger, in the suppression of the Rebellion. Surrounded and opposed by insidious howling *Copperheads*, and I could not but give it my warm support, under the circumstances. But alas, like nearly all other things of this earth, the Republican party needs renovation or reconstruction. Chief Justice Chase has turned traitor to the party, and crawled on his belly to get a Democratic nomination for President, which, without doubt, would have been granted to him had not the wily Seymour changed his mind, and accepted the nomination himself. And Fessenden, and other Senators voting against impeachment, through motives of jealousy against Wade, clearly indicates that the Republican party needs purgation. But General Grant has been nominated under circumstances peculiar and different from any candidate that has been proposed since the formation of the Government. His nomination by the soldiers and sailors in convention unanimous, and with acclimation by the Republicans, shows that his popularity is greater than Gen. Jackson's; was in his day, and will secure his election beyond doubt. If the hero of New Orleans was powerful enough to tear up the party stakes of Federalism and ancient Democracy, and to infuse Democratic blood into veins wherein nothing but Federal blood was allowed to flow, what cannot the popularity of a much greater hero accomplish, with people more enlightened and further advanced in civilization, and most thoroughly disgusted with the ring-leaders of the treacherous partizan politics. The *World*, the *Age*, the *La Crosse Democrat* and other rebel newspapers are contributing much to direct the minds of the people with disgust at political rascality, and paving the way for a revolution among the existing parties of the day. Obviously, the people are beginning to get tired of being harnessed up by politicians to pull along the party machine, and will, before long, *repudiate* the custom, and support modest, unassuming men, fresh from the ranks of the people, in preference to old party hunks like Seymour, who have so often been candidates and nearly as often been defeated. Farmers, mechanics and laboring men will vote for the brave Union General Grant, whose modesty equals his merit, in preference to the Rebel sympathiser, who expects to carry every Southern State, by the *Ku Klux* of the Rebel trigger, giving warning to the negroes how they must vote, or what may be the consequences. I am scribbling more about politics than I intended, and I am out of patience with the thought, that Andrew Johnson should have been left in the presence of *High Heaven* in a position that redounds so much to the dishonor of our country's fame, and will weaken the cause of Republican institutions, and make the people look for some other form of Government which will be more congenial to their comfort, and happiness. My thoughts often take a retrospect back to my native town, to the loved ones yet living there, and the loved ones laid in the tomb, and many others dear friends, among whom I lived for the third of a century, and for whom I have the kindliest recollection. Fifty-three years ago this summer, I first entered your town to school, a white head, bare foot boy of short dimensions. I well remember my first day to school, "*Ben Caywood*," the *Ox Rib* minstrel carried me home on his back, then he was very tall, and as black as ebony and lithe as an eel. Poor old Ben, I often think of him, with his bones and his jingling bell, and his quaint old song of "*Will, the Weaver*," and his sardonic grimace in accompaniment with the rattling of the ox bones, to the passengers when they arrived in the cars. Many of whom would throw out of the windows, fips, levies, and quarters to old Ben as a reward for the song. Ben loved whisky, and the shining fips and levies, showered from the windows of the cars, more than supplied him with grog. Many has been the changes in your town in the lapse of half a century. Many incidents and occurrences might be noted down that has transpired if space would admit, but this rather long letter must come to a close, and I fear I have tired your readers, and perhaps have given demagogues and critics room to cavil at what I have written. When I visit your town again, I hope the new bridge will be finished, and a new *Market House* built, and blocks of new houses extending over the new survey of the town, and every indication that your town will be worthy of the great *National Foundry* that is destined to be built in the place.

Your friend,
PHILIP F. WISLER.

SOME men are insane enough to think Horatio Seymour a great man. The "loudest" admirer of the Governor that we have heard of, however, is a well known lawyer of Watkins, N. Y., who expressed his admiration of the great decliner in the following forcible, if not elegant language, a few days ago: "Horatio Seymour, sir," said he, "is the greatest man that God Almighty made, unless I must except Wilkes Booth!"

GINGER BISCUITS.—One pound of flour half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, two eggs; bake five minutes in a quick oven.

In 1860 the Southern fire-eaters threatened rebellion if they failed. They now threaten revolution if they succeed.