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VOLUME XL, NUMBER 14.]

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

EWHOLE NUMBER, 2,042.

THE COLUMBIASPY,

DAILY AND WEEKLY. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M. and from 6 to 9 P. M. [apr.20, '67-1y.

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Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

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Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

F. HINKLE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON; offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. He may be found at the office connected with his residence, on Second street, between Cherry and Union, every day, from 7 to 9 A. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will heave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

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Nos. 9, 11, 13 & 15 CONTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK THOS. D. WINCHESTER, PROPRIETOR. This Hotel is central and convenient for Pennsylvanians.

Able Mishiner, of Reading, Pa., is an assistant at this Hotel, and will be glad to see his friends at all times.

"ONTINENTAL." THIS HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY LOCATED

FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA. Ample accommodations for Strangers and Travelers. The Bar is stocked with CHOICE LIQUORS, And the Tables furnished with the best faro.
URIAH FINDLEY,
Columbia, April 29, 1867.]
Proprietor

RANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect
adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the
traveling public.
MARTIN ERWIN,
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On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. Sept. 19, 1868. MISHLER'S HOTEL.

West Market Square, Reading Renn'a. EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor

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

MALTBY HOUSE,
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This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore.
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EBANON VALLEY COLLEGE! FAIL TERM COMMENCES AUGUST 3, 1868.
This institution aims to alwade youth of both sexes in all the solid or ornamental brouches. Its officers hold that students should be trained with a view to the sphere of life they are to occupy, and to occomplish this object, the following courses of study have been adopted:

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7. Commercial course.

These courses of the course o

educate, to visit this School pelore senan-where. It presents many advantages, where. It presents many advantages, timong which are left. Thorough and practical instruction. 1st. Thorough and practical instruction. 2nd. Accommodations not excelled elsewhere. 3rd. 20 per cent. less in cost than other schools of equal grade.

150 Folly and fashion are not part of our programs. We aim at refinement, but a refinement springing from a good heart and a cultivatal intellect. ect.
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T. R. VICKROY, A. M.,
Annville, Lebanon County, Pa.
July 25'68-tf.

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I ANCASTER MARBLE WORKS LEWIS HALDY, Proprietor. All persons in want of anything in the Marble ine, will be furnished at the very lowest prices. Only the best workmen are employed, conse-quently we are enable to turn out in a superior

manner

MONUMENTS, STATUARY, TOMESTONES,
ORNAMENTS, MARBLE MANTLES,
BUILDING FRONTS, SILLS,
And Marble Work of every description.
[IJ-Orders promptly attended to
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CHARLES M. HOWELL,

NO. 66 NORTH QUEEN STREET, EAST SIDE. The Oldest Marble Works in Lancaster County Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofor bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. He has on hand the largest, most varied and complete stock of hished

MONUMENTS, MANTLES, GRAVE STONES, &c., &c., to be found in the city, and which will be sold at the lowest prices. Building work and Jobbing of every description punctually attended to. Fersons in want of Monuments, Mantles, or Grave Stones, are invited to call and examine the stock on hand, also the portfolios of designs, june 29-tf]

SEEING IS BELIEVING! AT 704 ARCH STREET NEW PRICES! NEW GOODS!
RICH SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED

WARES, Including every Style and description, made ex-pressly for the Winter Trade, which, for neatness and durability caunot be surpassed at JOHN BOWMAN'S

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 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 pronictor of any Medicine that can show a greater umber of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than MISHTER'S HERR RUTTERS.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS Is for sale in Columbia by

> J. C. BUCHER. At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia

WINES AND LIQUORS!

Embracing the following; Catawba Port,

> Cherry, Maderia. Champagne, Claret,

Rhine. Blackborry,

Kummel,

Ginger,

Elderberry, Current and Muscat WINES.

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS. Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and

BRANDUES of all kinds: Jamaica Spirits

Catawba. Cherry,

> Gin, Superior Ota Rye, Pure Old Rye,

XXX Old Rye, XX Öld Rye X Old Rye, Pure Old Rye, Menongahela,

Rectified Whisky, London Brown Stout.

Scotch Ale, &c., &c., &c. AGENCY FOR

MACT AND 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, At J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS! PURE & UNADULTERATED

For Sale by

J. C. BUCHER.

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 purch -- at any other establish

The Best Brands of Imported SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE. For Sale at

ment in town, and is warranted to keep fruits

and vegetables perfect.

J. C. BUCHER'S.

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

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also. SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPESthousand and one varieties. Call st J. C. BUCHER'S,

Locust Street, adjoining Haldenian's Store.

DRY GOODS.

THE SUCCESS Of our One Dollar sale has caused such a COMPLETE

REVOLUTION IN TRADE,

That in order to supply the demand occasioned by our constantly increasing patronage, we have recently made importations for the Fall Trade, direct from European manufacturers, AMOUNTING TO NEARLY \$500,000, S00,000, that we are prepared to sell every description of Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Albums, Jewelry, &c., of beter quality than any other concern in the country, for the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE. With privilege of exchange from a large variety of useful articles, not one of which could be TWICE THE AMOUNT

in any other way.

Life The best of Boston and New York reference given as to the reliability of our house, and that our business is conducted in the fairest and most legitimate manner possible, and that we give greater value for the money than can be obtained in any other way.

ALL GOODS DAMAGED OR BROKEN IN TRANSPORTATION REPLACED WITHOUT CHARGE.

Checks describing articles sold sent to agents in Clubs strates mentioned below. Weguaran-toe every article to costless than if bought at any Boston or New York Wholesale House.

OUR COMMISSIONS TO AGENTS Exceed those of every other establishment of the kind,—proof of this can be found in com-saring our premiums with those of others for alubs of the same size, in addition to which we laim to give better goods of the same char-cter.

clabs of the same size, in addition to whene we claim to give better goods of the same character.

WE WILL SEND TO AGENTS FREE OF CHARGE, FOR A CLUB OF 30 AND THREE DOLLARS—One of the following articles: 1 doz. good linen Stirt. Fronts. 1 set Solid Gold Studs. All Wool Cassimere for Pants. Fine white Counterpane, large size. 1 elegant Balmoral Skirt. 29 yards brown or bleached Sheeting, good quality, yard wide. 1 elegant 100 lieture Morocco-bound Photo. Album. 1 double lens Stereoscope and 12 Foreign Views. 1 silver plated engraved 5 bottle Castor. 1 elegant Silk Fan, with Ivory or Sandal Wood Frame, feathered edge and spangled. 1 Steel Carving Kniff and Fork, very best quality, ivory balanced handle. 1 handsome beaded and lined Parasol. 29 yards good Print. 1 very fine Damask Table Cover. 1 pr. best quality Ladies' Serge Congress Boots. 1 doz. tine Linen Towels. 2 dozen Rogers' best Silver Dessert Forks. 1 Ladies' large real Morocco Traveling Bag. 1 fancy dress pattern. 2 doz. elegant Silver plated engraved Napkin Itings. 1 doz. Ladies' line Merino or Cofton Stockings. Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring. 1 pr. Laties' high cut latinoral Boots. 1 elegant Delaine Dress Pattern. 1 Violin and Bow, in box complete. 1 set Jewelry, pin, ear drops, and sleeve buttons.

FOR A CLUB OF 50 AND FIVE DOLLARS.—1 black or colored Alpacea Dress pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. all Wool blankels. Engraved Silver plated bottle Revolving Castor. 1 pr. 1 p WE WILL SEND TO AGENTS FREE OF CHARGE,

Send Money by Registered Letter. On SEND FOR OUR NEW CIRCULAR.
PARKEL & Co.,
Nos. 93 and 100 Summer street, Boston.
oct31'65:iw:C&D

MISCELLANEOUS. ANTED—AGENTS—INEVERY
Town for CUSHMAN & CO'S
GREAT ONE DOLLAR STORE.
Descriptive checks 310 per hundred. Consumers supplied direct from the manufactories, and all goods warranted. Circulars sent free.
Address CUSHMAN—& CO., oct24-121w-cad] 10 Arch St., Boston.

1000 PER YEAR guaranteed, and STEADY EMPLOYMENT.

e want a reliable agent in every county to sell r PATENT CLOTHES LINES (EVELLASTISO) diress WHITE WHE CO.. 75 William St., N. or Dearborn St., Chicago, II. [oct31:iw:cap CARPETS! DON'T PAY THE HIGH PRICES!! DON'T PAY THE HIGH PRICES!!

The New Excland Carrier Co., of Boston, Mass, established nearly a quarter of a century ago, in their present location, in Holls over 71, 73, 75, 78, 81, 83, 85 and 87 Hunover street, have probably furnished more houses with Carpets than any other house in the country. In order to afford those at a distance the advantage of their low prices, propose to send, on the receipt of the price, 20 yards or upwards of their beautiful Cottage Carpeting, at 50 cents per yard, with samples of ten sorts, varying in price from 25 cents to 83 per yard, sultable for furnishing every part of any house. [cottl'@stwcc.b.g.]

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE. WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

This great remedy is an excellent appetizer. It purifies the blood, invigorates the system, passesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartlest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. Smokers and Choivers for SIXTY YEARS CUIRD. Price, Finy Cents, post free. A treatise on the injurious effects of Tobacco, with lists of references, testimonials, &c., sent free. Agents wanted. Address Dr. T. R. ABBOTT, Jersey City, N. J. [oct24-12wcxD]

MONEY EASILY MADE, WI With our Complete STENCIL AND KEY CHECK OUTFIT. Small capital required. Cir-culars free. STAFFORD MANFG. CO., 65 Ful-ton Street, New York. [oct21-iw-cad

H. GROVESTEEN, Founder of the old and favorably known hous

GROVESTEEN, FULLER & CO., HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW WAREROOMS, 55 Mercer-Street, New York.

PIANO-FORTES. Fig. 1. The Country of 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 Plano-Forie maker by at least one-third, and we respectfully solicit by parties about purchasing to a comparison with all other makers.

MILES & AUXER, TIN & SHEET-IRON WORKERS, NO. 3 WEST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER

(opposite Shober's, Eagle Hotel.) Beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a first-class TIN AND SHEET-IRON STORE, at the OF TIN & SHEET-IRON WARE.

TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING, and Repairing of all kinds executed at the lowest cash prices, and in the best workmanship manner.
Call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Apl 25'68-1y]

B. MILES. HAIR, IMPROVED.

It is an elegant Dressing for the Hair.
It causes the Hair to Curl Beautifully.
It keep the Scalp Clean and Healthy.
It invigorates the Roots of the Hair.
It stops Hair failing out.
It keeps the from changing Color by age.
It restores Grey Hair to its original Color.
It forces the Hair and Beard to grow.
It is always beneficial and never injurious.
Solid in 8 oz. bottles at \$1 each, by Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods everywhere; at Wholesale by the lending Wholesale Druggists and Dealers in Fatent Medicines in New York and other cities. DEEVES' AMBROSIA FOR THE

K. BAUMAN,

DEALER IN WHITE AND RED SOLE LEATHER CALF SKIN, KIP, UPPER AND SPLIT LEATHER, MOROCCO, LININGS. Also, A VARIETY OF SHOE FINDINGS, &c., At East end of Pennsylvania Railroad Depot CHESTNUT STREET,

Original Zoetry.

DEAD FLOWERS. BY "CON."

A sad, sweet sense the low wind yields, So touching wild I can but weep; Faint-felt from the far-off meadow fields Where gently blown, the wild flowers sle My spirit sees them as they lie

Astrewn the fields where first they grew; When April's promise cleared the sky,
Where first their lifelets sought the blue. How calm they lie on grassy biers;

The grass their stars did once adorn, When sunny smiles and joyful tears Did cheer the young May's dewy morn The meadow waters softly hush. The clover trembles with a sigh,
The mead-lark trills a mournful gush,
The down-of-thistle floats the sky.

Fit time for one alone to roam; To kneel uncovered in the fields And with the dead flowers' wafting home, To send the prayer that sadness yields. May soon the flowers be with our hearts; To cheer the brooklets wandering way, To smile the love that Spring imparts.

To teach the lark its morning lay."

Columbia, November 3d, 1868. Miscellancous Bending.

(Written for the Spy.) THE DEAD SECRET.

BY EUGENE DE MAIRECOURT.

Author of "Andrew, The Sorcerer;" " Catharine Teressa," &c., &c.

The war was over, and Spain was again at peaceful rest under the reign of her much prized sovereigns. "Plow shares and pruning hooks" had been made of the implements of war, and the public mind was tranquilly resting from excitement, save in an occasional startle it received. attendant upon the daring and unpardonable exploits of Don Hernandez Pedro, the outlawed rover of the high seas. The circumstances of this blood-stained pirate formed a historical problem, one which occasioned much inquiry by the crownleads of the Eastern Hemisphere during the latter part of the seventeenth century ; and had given rise to many conjectures, and excited in a particular manner the curiosity of the public. The mere mention of the name of Hernandez Pedro was enough to freeze the blood in the veins of the mariners, not only those trading along the Indian coast, but of those who naviga-

ted the waters of the English Channel, and along the coast of Spain itself. In '16-after her Commerce had been preyed upon almost to extinction in the Indian seas. Spain driven to her last extremity, fitted out an Armado for the capture of this more than relentless rover, and after a very expensive and unsuccessful cruise of ten months, the piratical craft was overtaken, and Don Hernandez Pedro with his crew, were taken to the Bastiles of Madrid, there to await the punishment his

rimes so richly merited.: Senor Lopez, a convict, who had been temporarily confined in the Bastile, and who, propose to allow to finish this little sketch. "I was ushered into a damp dark cell; the heavy creaking portals had closed upon me, and my heart sank within me as I listened to the clanking of chains and the omi-

ous footsteps of the retreating turnkey. The blood in my very soul seemed as ice -and my breath seemed curdled as I felt the dampness and gloom of that dismal dangeon-wrought prison house. There 1 was, a prisoner, a convict, but not a felon, thrust in among thieves, pirates, murderers, and brutal, loathsome wretches of al-

most every conceivable description "The tenderness of a Mago...ene stole into my heart, and I fell upon the hard cold floor only to weep-and covering my face in my hands, I freely suffered my cheeks to be drenched by the large hot tears that gushed out so freely from the springs of agony in my soul. The night had waned, and the small hours of morning had broken in upon my sufferings, when the keeper. that inevitable turnkey again intruded upon my hoped for privacy. He was a large man, having the look of a brute, and apparently, the heart of a devil incarnate. Every vile, bad passion seemed to have added an expression to his scoundrelry face, while his eyes, of a small and green ish gray, a pointed hooked nose, enormous black whiskers, and a billious, sallow complexion, were set off with a frown which the constant bullying among the wretches under his charge, had deepened into a permanent scowl of cruelty and hatred, seldom mistaken, and not easily forgotten by those over whom he presided. His voice was brazen and disagregable even to the most hardened in crime. It, to me, resembled the discordant cry of a savage bird of prey, and always sent a shudder through my frame

that unstrung my nerves for hours after he had departed. "Get up, clear out from there, you ras cal!" he said, with a kick, "Its nigh bed

time-off with you!" The manhood that was sleeping within me was aroused—and the blood mounted to my temples with a rush of fury that was painful. I raised my arm to strike, when he gave me a blow that laid me upon the floor, and screamed out for a guard, who grasped me by the shoulder with the grip of a vice, and almost lifted me from the floor. Loading me with every epithet of insult, the barbarous keeper struck me again with his baton, while the soldier held me with the strength of a giant, and the next moment I found myself stretched at full length on the cold stone floor of a nar-

row cell, in which, I perceived, I was locked for the night. A faint light shone in through the bars of the window, and discovered to my view two straw beds, the only furniture, on one of which sat another figure. He was as notionless as a statue, and in the confusion of the moment I scarcely knew whether it was an apparition conjured up by my excited fancy, or a figure hewn out of granite, or a human being and prisoner like myself. I gazed upon him through that dim light, with a fearful interest, for he was of a collossal size. An expression of fixed and stern despair was pictured in his rough and savage-like face;" and seated on the rough bed, his cheek and temple rested on he open palm of his brawny hand. Silence reigned for some time, and so far as I knew he did not look even, ulthough the manner in which I was hurled into the com or cell, was apparently sufficiently abrupt to have, at least, excited the attention of an ordinary man. As I have said, there was a dead silence for some time, during which he sat steadily gazing at the narrow strip of sky visible, with its bright constellations, through the narrow, barred were to sail the next day but one. My vindow. There was something in his attitude and aspect that made my blood cold, and sent it tremblingly back from the swol-

whisner, so low that I scarcely knew whether it was my own words, or merely a thought, but it sounded distinctly through the deep hush of that dangeon, and seemed to echo back the words from its cold, damp walls, while he slowly turned his large, fierce eyes upon me. As he moved, too, there was that horrible rattling of chains, and I perceived that he was heavily fetter-

massive iron rings close to his ankles and wrists. "I am Don Hernandez Pedro, Senor," he said, with a foreign accent, and a voice full

ed by manacles which were fastened by

of melody. No one can describe my feelings when I heard that name. I actually startled, and lay with my head thrown back as far as possible against the rough stone wall, and a through every nerve of my frame. He was a pirate, of noted ferocity, who had committed more monstrous murders than man could enumerate. He was a by-word around the hearthstones of thousands of families, and his name used to check the sweet smile of the sailor's wife, and make he merry faces of his children turn white with awe. Now I remembered that this terrible rufflad was said to have been capured, and was awaiting the punishment of death in the "Old Bastile," but in the hurry and untold anguish of my own sudden calamity, I had entirely forgotten it, but, reader, I was not now likely to forget it

"As soon as my eyes began to graduate themselves to the dim light of the cell, I commenced more plainly to distinguish his features and I noticed a smile suddenly dawn upon the sombre shadows of his face, betraying a line of white teeth, contrasting finely with the sable curl on his lip, and his deeply expressive eyes lighted up for a

He really looked beautiful. A picture of him with that proud, deliberate smile, the black, soft hair curled closely upon his broad, clear forehead, and a milk-white collar of linen falling carelessly back from his athletic throat and chest, might have passed for the hero of many a romance which steals the white eyes of the enamored maiden from her midnight slumbers.

"Boy," said he, in a rich Spanish accent, and in the same mellow tone, which touched me like a rebuke for its gentleness, "look at me—are you, too, afraid of the manacled Hernandez? He will not hurt you. Ho will never hart any one again. Then let us be friends. Come, boy,

here's my hand." I reached out mine, and he, the miserable pirate, shook it with such feeling as to moisten my eyes with tears. "And how long have you been here, Her-

nandez, or Friend Hernandez?" I asked,

in some measure recovering my natural

"But two short months," said he, bow ing his head. "And how long ——" I stopped "You are a stranger here-no?" he in

quired, with a smile. "Yes, Senor, I miswered." I never was "Then I know what you want," said be.

'You want to know when I shall die?"
I shuddered, and nodded my head. "To-morrow morning, boy," said with an indescribable expression, and a kind of ashy paleness settling over his features, yet in a voice remarkably firm. "I must be dragged out of this cell, this miserable pen, to-morrow, like a beast, before my fellow men, and to-morrow night you will be sitting here alone-and where shall I be?

od! Oh. God! where shall I be The barrier of his feelings seemed to have been no longer strong enough to contain them, but to break away on a sudden, and he shook with an agitation so tremendous that I thought his existence would end at once. Presently he recovered. It was wonderful to see him force himself back into an air of resolute calmness, and dash away the large, hot tears from his long lashes.

I had always experienced a feverish curiosity respecting the effect upon the mind of a brave villain of immediate death, and began, in conversation with this wretched individual, to realize a fearful pleasure. He was strongly hardened upon the subect of his crimes, and in that respect, only, differed from other people. We have a false idea, many of us, that a murderer, or professed pirate is an intrinsic monster; but I found this unfortunate being only a man, gifted with man's best attributes, compassion, courage, perseverance, gene-rosity, and even delicacy of sentiment. He was only a man, who had committed monstrous deeds, with the same qualities as ourselves, but led away into dark places by sophistry and passion. I name this distinction, that the innocent and highminded, in perusing the history of such a creature, may not look upon it as something with which they themselves have no relation, but rather as a career into which they may be plunged, unless ever watchful to shun the most trifling deviation from

principle, and avoid cruelty or impetuosity in ordinary affairs. As the weary hours of the night rolled on I spoke these sentiments to the condemned irate, and won so on his confidence that he told me I was the only being who had ever-treated him with kindness since his

boyhood.

"Had you been fortunate enough to have ossessed parents," said I, "to train you ip in the way you should have gone." "It was my father's cruelty," interrupted he, "that made me what I am. When once guilty, I despaired of forgiveness from man or heaven, and went on desperately shedding blood; but my father drove me from my home by a blow. Yes, a blow?" he repeated with a fierce glance, as if he even yet wirthed beneath it, "and I was a villian from that moment. I shall think of that to-morrow when strangling before the thou-sands. I will tell you," he said, "how I was blusted when I was but a boy. I was not tame and croaching, like other boys, but nature had filled me with unmanageable feelings. When any one made me angry I lost my self-command; when they were kind to me, I never forgot it. My father was a cruel man; he never loved me, and I should have left him before, but for a girl. I was only a boy, and we loved each-other. One night I had been sitting with her, we had mutually promised to be faithful, and I left her with such a full happiness, that I scarcely heard the stern question of my

father. "Where have you been so late?" and, instead of repeating it-or waiting my reply -he struck me. I dashed away like a wild deer. It happened that the very day before I had been strongly persuaded to embark as a sailor on board of a ship bound for the West Indies. I flew to the friend who had made me the offer and accepted it. We heart failed me afterwards, and I went back to my dwelling at night. It was a cloudy and blustering evening. I looked in at the

lented, and I was about to rush in, when the door opened, and my father entered with his erect form, and cold, stern, cruel look. The sight of him brought back all the tumult of my bosom. I stamped my feet and clenched my fist, then cast one last

look upon my aged mother, my affectionate sisters, and dear Rosa. I never saw them more. To-day they are ignorant of my fate and, perhaps, to-morrow, when I am struggling in the last agonies of death they will be smiling. They have forgotten me. Oh, that to-morrow was past!"

I asked him if he did not repent of his

crimes since committed. "No," he answered, with the look of a demon-"No! I glory in them! Man has bunted me, and fortune, too. I have never known friendship or kindness; and now feeling of horror thrilled and vibrated they have taken me as others would a monster, and would put me to death. I have no regret for any crime except one, and that, I confess, haunts me, and always has haunted me. When I was in the Carribean Sea, I commanded a piratical brig, and we boarded a merchantman well loaded with specie. We murdered all the crew. cut them to pieces, or shot them down just where they happened to be. The deck was slippery with their blood. They were all

massacred !" "Monster!" exclaimed I, - Execrable they had been so many hissing adders I had destroyed by grinding their venemous

heads with my heel. But—"

He paused, drooped the lids over his large black eyes, and drew his breath in between lip betrayed his agitation; but he was firm his half closed lips, as if recalling to memonand proud in his demeanor. He shook me ry some horror which stung him actually o the nerve. I was almost frightened to be thus alone, at midnight, in a dungeon, with a being capable of such atrocious deeds of next induce him to grasp my throat with those giant hands, and from the very wantonness of the madness that came creeping over him, add one more victim to the bloody entalogue of crime.

"Do not go on," I exclaimed, shrinking from him as far as I could. He seized my trembling arm with startling energy. The chains upon his limbs rattled and clashed. "But I will go on !" His voice had now altered to a scream-shrill and piercing .-'I must go on, boy. You must hear it. It has been locked up in the core of my heart for years, burning and burning and burning, and if I do not reveal it to you I shall never reveal it, for to-morrow, you know, I am to take the leap-ha, ha, ha,-short time for story telling, is'nt it my friend? but I will tell you; and I would tell you!" he added with an oath that made my head swim, as his dilated eyes glared with terrible ferocity-"I would tell you, though I knew it would bring those accursed walls tumbling about our heads. What! are you frighten-

ed, my poor fellow? Well, come," he said, relaxing his grasp, and patting my shoulder affectionately, "why should I injure you? Why should I rush into the presence of an already offended God; with my hands reeking and smoking with the blood of the only one who ever looked upon me with pity, or said a gentle word to me, since I urned away from those blue eyes of Rosa's forever and forever! Rosa," he repeated musingly, "Rosa, why may not this be all dream? Why may I not wake presently and find that same sweet face bending over me, and feel the soft, kind hand on my hot forehead, and hear that beloved voice, instead of the clank of chains, and open my eyes to the graceful drapery of curtains, and gaze on the soft June sky through the window, and feel these hideous dungeon

walls melting away from around me as the fumes of slumber pass off!" He resumed the attitude in which he sat when I entered, and remained long without speaking. I even began to feel sleepy. For several nights I had been a watcher: and so I stretched myself down upon the thin straw, and wished, like my companion, that this might be all a dream. He

soon followed my example, and by his silence I thought him "As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor. When it lies starkly in the traveller's hoves."

After some time he started up and faced he narrow cell with a desperate impatience, sometimes uttering such a groan that my eyes were filled with tears of compassion He saw them as our eyes met, and I perceived that he, himself was again weeping; he came to me softly, and taking my hand kissing it and said: "If you wish God to bless you in your

last extremity hear me speak this secret. I

will be gentle, I wish to unload my con-

science. It is the only act of my life that I ever could remember without trembling. I told you of the merchantman-the murder of the crew. Mother and child, husband and wife, were struck that day in each others arms, and went down in the still sea together. The bubbling water, stained with gore, told the flood had finished what the axe, the bullet, and the knife had but half performed. But of all these, there was one a young girl of such a remarkable loveliness, that her perfect face touched my soul-even me, whose red fingers were but just unlocked from the blood wet hair of her father. The old gentleman was game: I half-liked him; for he showed fight to the end, and fired at me with a pistol for putting my hand under his girl's chin. Ha, ha, ha-he'd have got over that squeamishness, if he'd lived a little longer; but that could not be. The girl prayed so hard for life on any terms, that I could not resist, and we spared her. I could not but think how many throned kings, how many dukes and lords would have given their eyes almost, to have had those red lips to touch-and to sit still, and make hose delicious blue eyes look up into their face for protection on any terms, as they did in mine. I saved her for several weeks; but we found it necessary to put into shore -and the crew began to grumble-and I thought myself that we stood in need of a rope-or I should have said a chance of a rope, should any one fall afoul of us with this tender thing on board. So one morning—(his face grew deadly pale) "the creature was standing with me near the gangway. She seemed to have clung to me through the whole of it, and called me her preserver--and I stood with her here talking, as I might have done to Rosa, herself, had I grown up to virtue and honor, and been a proud and happy husband of so much love and beauty. She had not the slightest suspicion of my purpose, and when I drew out the cutlass, she took the glittering blade in her fingers, played with the jewels on the handle, and even with a kind of sportiveness, fitted it to my thigh, and said.

"You look the soldier well, Senor. It becomes you."

"I should have spaced her at all risks, but I knew my mon, and they were exchanging signs together, and the mate, who was a devil incarnate, came twice up to me with a gruff shout, 'We're nearly

"Who are you, friend?" I exclaimed, in | the window where I stood. My soul re- | derness that could not be assumed, if I was unwell? I put my lips to hers, and kissed her with an agony, and then the flashing cutlass descended on her curly head, andoh, horror! I was covered with her blood! She screamed-" here lris voice falteredhis face grew paler, resembling the pallid countenance of a corpse.

"She clung to the shrouds: I seized her sweet form in my arms, and threw her over. Still she clung with a convulsive tenacity,

and—'' I covered my cars to shut out the con-

clusion, but could not.
"She gave me one look as I cut off her ands, one of which lay bleeding on the deck. The body fell with a heavy splash into the clear, smooth water. Her levely head, with its beauteous tresses, lingered t moment on the surface—then the ripples died away quietly in extending circles. I heard her voice never again, except when that scream startles me from my midnight

"I have told my secret-it was to me :

lead sceret! To-morrow at sunrise-" He started up wildly, and gazed from the window. The stars were paling their light, and a faint beam of light arose from the horizon, growing broader and brighter every instant. Then the fiery streaks shot up and glanced far along the reddening arch. My companion shook his head, and monster !!" "Nay," he continued, with a calmed his manner, then he stopped and hoarse, horrid laugh, "that was nothing. It | laid his car to the floor. A minute after the is no more to me at this moment than if | door opened, officers of the law and justice, accompanied by a clergyman, entered. A man gave him a white dress, which he put on in silence. His face was absolutely yellow, and a streak of white upon his upper once by the hand, closed his eyes a moment, and then motioned them to lead the way. There was a bustle in the prison.

All had now become silent, save the dull? death. I thought his desperation might faint sound of their retreating footsteps. I sat watching the fantastic clouds burning in the East, till the dazzling rim of the sur peered above them, and as it slowly lifted is vast circumference into full view, Don Hernandez Pedro was no more. He had paid the penalty of his crimes, and gone to stand before that bar where his victim good ready as his accusors.

A kind stranger an hour later brought me a striped ribbon, which he said Pedro ad desired should be handed me, after all was over, with his last farewell. I still hold this token of friendship, but I cannot express the strange thoughts I have whenever I gaze upon it.

Strange Story, The Galveston Bulletin says: "One of the strangest incidents of domestic life that ever came under our notice, occurred or fuesday of last week. The story is thus told: Mrs. Bowen is a widow of forty one years old, whose husband died last year with the yellow fever. Thirty years ago, being then only eleven years old, and a resident of Comanche county, Alabama ier eldest sister married and removed to

another portion of the same State, "This marriage was unhappy. The hus-band was unkind. The only child of this narriage was a daughter, who was stolen from school, and seems to have been reared in almost total ignorance of her family. All that we know of the child is that she is now a lady of twenty-nine years, and resides in her native State. About a year since Judge Dean, of Batts, Dean & Watson, received a letter from this lady, saying that she believed her aunt resided in Galveston, and that she desired to know of her whereabouts. After inquiring, he The ladies were put in communication, and he one in Alabama

er, from whom she had been stolen, was dead. "Thus matters rested until last Thursday, when a Mrs. Martin, at the suggestion of a mutual friend, was introduced to and visited Mrs. Bowen. During the conversation that followed it became plain that they were sisters, and that Mrs. Martin was the other of the Alabama lady who was stolen twenty-five years since. Thus the two met and were recognized, after an absence of thirty years, with never a strawberry mark on the left arm of either. One sister has been a resident of Galveston four-teen years, and the other eight. Both are happy in the meeting, and in the prospect of soon sceing the daughter of one and the

niece of the other. Presently. Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in presentlies. Look at nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open-for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shiming worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments, and celipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been pre-determined by the absolute will of the Creator. Prograstination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastmation in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishenered. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently may bo bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, pres-

ently is too late. Singular Case. A Vermont paper says: "There is a man in this State who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difficulty aroso between his mother and father. and for a considerable time she refused to speak with him. The difficulty was subsequently healed, the child was born, and in due time began to talk, but when sitting with his father was invariably silent. It continued so until the child was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer could not speak, though he vainly endeavored to do so. All who were present united in the opinion that it was impossible for the child to speak to its father. At a mature age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.

Reward Offered.

ATLANTA, Nov. 9,-Governor Bullock is sues a proclamation offering \$5,000 for the Larm and Nousehold Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble employment of man.—Washington, COINTUNICATIONS, Scleetions, Recipes and articles of interest and vidue, are solleited 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.

Prints on Apples and Pears. A friend, who has lately been on a visit to

the "Hub of the Universe," writes us this: I have just seen a very pretty and fanciful idea developed on pears and apples in the orchard of a friend at West Roxbury, Mass. As you ramble among the trees you are ever and anon saluted by an inscription upon the fruit, done as if it were by the hands of nature herself. Here you meet with the familiar name of Mary, or Alice, or a date (1863)-in brief, everything that may suggest itself to your taste or fancy, and all done in the skin of the fruit, withou abrasion or any foreign impression. The liscovery was made by Hon, Arthur W. Austin, of West Roxbury, in 1851-2. He observed, during the former year, that apples did not redden in that part of the fruit where a leaf happened to lie upon it. In 1852, he cut out letters from newspapers, and when the apples were yet green, he pasted them upon them with paste such as the apothecaries use, made of Gum Tragacuth. The apples would redden in all parts not covered by the pasted letters. When the fruit had reddened to perfection the letters were removed, and they would anpear permanently outlined in green. So again, when he pasted on the apple a paper in which the letters were cut out, the parts covered by the paper would be green, and the letters would appear, distinctly turned in red, the green ground surrounding them. The experiment is a very pretty one, and produces a happy effect. Let our fruit growers try it. How much sweeter must be the relish of an apple or pear, if the name of a favorite should thus appear on it, as if written by the hand of nature. What price such fruit, so inscribed, would command in market, and what a pretty pres-

ent it would be to any lady at a feast. MAKING SAUERKBAUT. -- As several ladies within the past two weeks have desired us to republish our receipt for making this nuch esteemed dish by many persons, we herewith comply with their request, in order that it may be in time for this year's erop of cabbages. It is this: "In the first place let your 'stand,' holding from a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, and the stamper also well scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve them, remove the heart, and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of the cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space protty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabage should be cut tolerably coarse. The savory' variety makes the best kraut, but t is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch .- Germantown Tele-

graph.Use of Lemons,—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural indicated in some cases by a metalic taste in the month, especially after drinking found the missing aunt to be Mrs. Bowen water, or by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the tongue, one of the best 'coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some fine loaf sugar, work it downward into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from the lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with almost marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. Λ lemon or two taken thus at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary "supper" of Summer, would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea or supper "relish" and "cake" and berries or

peaches and cream .-- Hall's Journal of Health. To preserve citron melon, take two lemons to a pound of melon; let the sugar be equal in weight to the lemon and melon Take out the pulp of the melon and cut it in thin slices, and boil it in fair water till tender. Take it out and boil the lemon in the same water about twenty minutes. Take out the lomon, add the sugar, and, if necessary, a little more water. Let it boil.

When clear, add the melon and let it boil : few minutes. AFTER an experience of 50 years, a writer

in the N. E. Farmer says that good cows will eat, on an average, 20 pounds of hay per day when giving milk, and 15 pounds when dry. Not by guesswork, but tested by actual weighing for months at a time. They will pay well for their keeping by yielding an average of 6 quarts of milk per day throughout the year. He estimates ummer pasture at 50 cents per week, and milk at 3½ conts per quart.

LEMON PIR .- Two cups of sugar, two of

warm water, two eggs, two lemons, three

ounces of butter, one table-spoonful of corn

starch, grate the rinds of the lemons, use the juice of both, but the rind of only one, or it will be bitter; beat the sugar and eggs together, then add the juice and rind, then the butter and corn starch, then add the warm water, this is sufficient for two pies. To cure chapped hands take three drachms of gum camphor, three of white beeswax, three of spermaciti, and two ounces of olive oil. Put them together in a

tin-cup, on the stove, where they will melt slowly, and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on retiring at night, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them. TO PICKLE CARRAGE-Shred redand white cabbage, spread it in layers in a stone jar,

with salt over each layer. Put two spoon-

fuls of whole black pepper, and the same

quantity of all-pice, cloves and cinnamon,

n a bag, and scald them in two quarts of vinegar, over the cabbage, and cover it tight, use it in two days after. For THE SICK-SAGO MILK-Soak one ounce of sago in a pint of cold water an hour, pour off the water, and add a pint and a half of new milk. Simmer it slowly till the sago and milk are well mixed. Flavor with sugar, nutmeg and wine.

TO KEEP PUMPKINS FOR WINTER,-Cut up in pieces, and to every pound, add half a pound of sugar, and strew well, put down in jars, tie up tight, and it will be ready to eat plain, with meats or for puddings.

len veins of my forehead with a rush that window and saw my mother and sisters: ashore, Captain!' I never shuddered at arrest and conviction of the person or per It is the greatest establishment of the kind this Vitolesale and Retail Manufacturing Establish-ment, 7th Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA. Re-Pinting at Short Notice. Phil'a, dec. 14, 67-19. LANCASTER.PA. completely deadened the fury which had | they were weeping-weeping for mc-and BUSINESS CARDS, PRINTED AT anything before. My heart sickened, and sons who caused the death of Albert G. side of Philadelphia. burned in my heart since my last meeting Rosa was there, too; and several times sho my eyes were wet with tears-my hands | Ruffin, Sheriff of Richmond county, who 23_Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters. turned her large, clear blue eyes upon trembled. She inquired in a voice of ten- was killed in the election riot at Augusta.