The Columbian.

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THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindess shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while to that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The fireside and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. Its Conductors are determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any deleterious doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use their very best endeavors to fulfil in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publishers of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully placed it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editors will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publishers and all payments therefor enforced in their names.

*** THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails, to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; one square one month $2,00, two squares $3,00, three squares $5,00, four squares $6,00, half column $10,00, one column 15,00. Executors or administrators notices $3,00; Auditors $2,50. Editorial notices twenty cents a line. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract. Transient advertisements must be pre-paid. Jobbing of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another—or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription

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BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLICE, FRANK R. SNYDER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting (on his part) to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the varioˢ railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

POETRY.

DOGMATIC.

We hear that a bill has been presented to our State Legislature proposing to tax dogs. As almost everything under the sun seems likely to be taxed, we are not surprised that the canines should be "counted in." But, surely, our Solons are getting into a bad way, which it is manifest they are "going to the dogs"—for money. If dogs are to be taxed, may we not expect that cats will soon be in the same category, or, as Shakspeare says, "in a consideration accordinable." And then the canaries—why not? And where is it all to end? *Quien sabe?* as the Spaniards say. Meanwhile, let us speak a good word for the dogs, who are really in more danger than they are aware of. For taxation will beget contentment; and, alas! contentment in this case means more than the sound of the word seems to hint. It will be heads, not tails, that will be "egotized."

Some years ago, when a dog tax was proposed in the Legislature of a neighboring State, a member who opposed the bill and succeeded in defeating it, published a clever bit of "doggerel" on the subject, which we annex—commending it, most respectfully, to the members of our own Legislature:—

TO MY DOG JOWLER.

Jowler, they've taxed you, honest friend;
Assessed you, put you in the roll;
To exile every dog they'd send,
Unless some friend will pay his poll.

By all that's good, the rascals meant
Betwixt us two to breed a strife,
And drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

But, Jowler, don't you be alarmed!
If politicians do neglect you,
Confound their tax! you shan't be harmed,
I know your worth, and I'll protect you!

But taxes, by the Constitution,
Convey the right to represent;
So dogs, by this same resolution,
Might just as well as men be sent.

Now, dogs and men, and voters hear,
That Jowler's put in nomination
To go, upon the coming year,
And aid in public legislation.

Jowler, beware of demagogues,
Keep clear of the minority;
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority!

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW I LOST MY WHISKERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you object to smoking, sir?"

This I asked in my blandest manner of an old gentleman, who sat with his face hidden by a newspaper, opposite to me in a railway carriage.

All the seats in the carriage were filled; I and four others were on our way from Cambridge to enjoy the Christmas vacation. Our spirits were high, for there is a delight in banishing for a time all thought of conic sections, Newton's "Principia," and little-go, and entertaining in exchange, vision of "hops," skating parties, and all the orgies which every right-minded family hold at this season in honor of King Christmas.

But I must introduce you to my chums, for chums we were, although our tastes did not lie in the same direction. Jack Stirrup is (or rather was at that period) a riding and hunting man, and was frequently to be seen at Newmarket! Stretcher, on the other hand, loved boating, and preferred the sight of a well developed biceps to that of the best bred hunter, and would often remark to Jack "How on earth you can say you would rather see the 'Two thousand' than the 'Time-race' in the 'Colquhoun Skulls,' I cannot for the life of me make out." Edwards was a poor and reading man, but whose wit and talents rendered him a universal favorite; whilst Davies was a rich, open-handed, good hearted fellow as ever lived. For my own part, I do not think I had any well defined peculiarity, but did a little of everything. I read a little, rowed a little, hunted a little, had a fair income—in short, if I had any characteristic at all, it was a love of laziness and practical jokes.

We congratulated ourselves in getting a carriage to ourselves (with the exception of the old gentleman I have named) for we intended to keep out the cold, and beguile our journey with sundry pipes and cigars. We had our cases out and were preparing to light up, as a matter of course, when we were astonished by my *vis-a-vis* dashing away the newspaper which had hidden his face.

"Do I object to smoking? Yes, sir, I do object very strongly, sir! and I beg that you will instantly replace your cigars in your pocket. I insist on having no smoking in this carriage."

We looked aghast at this sudden burst of old-gentlemanly wrath.

"Might I ask if you intend traveling far on this line sir?" inquired Edwards, in his comically polite tone.

"What is that to you, sir? What business is it of yours where I am going to?"

"I merely wished to suggest, in case of your traveling far, that, pleasing and delightful as it would be for us to enjoy your agreeable society, yet, nevertheless; we would try to bear the loss, should you prefer to change carriages at the next station."

"No doubt you would wish to get rid of me; but no, sir! I do not move my seat, and the first one that smokes I report to the guard."

"In that case, I fear we shall be obliged, painful though it be, to tear ourselves away," I said, as we drew up at a small station.

Fortunately we found the next compartment empty, and as we started again we pulled out our cigarcases, this time to light their contents.

"The old boy has certainly got out of bed the wrong side this morning," said I, puffing away.

"Or has made a mistake in his betting book," remarked my sporting friend. "We'll give him a benefit now, at any rate; I vote we 'take it in turns to puff smoke through the lamp hole. Let's look at him: ha! cooled down a little, is about to compose himself to sleep. I'll trouble you for his nightcap; come and look at it Fred."

I did so, and roared on seeing a red, woven cap of conical shape, which added very considerably to the irascity of the wearer's features.

With a perseverance which deserved a better cause, we each made a paper tube, and putting the end through the lamp hole, took our turn at "smoking him out;" and I blush as I now think how heartily we enjoyed the enraged state in which he paced up and down the empty carriage, like a caged tiger.

The next time we stopped, however, the guard put his head into our carriage window, and said with a wink:

"Gentl'm in next compartment complains of your smoking sir."

"Smoking!" we exclaimed, with mock indignation. "Do we look as though we'd been smoking? What nonsense?" and added in a mysterious manner, "You see there's one vacant seat; of course we're not going to tell tales of the man who occupied that."

"All right!" said the guard, laughing, "I wasn't born yesterday." And after a slightly confidential transaction of a pecuniary nature, left us in peace.

The snow, which had been falling heavily all day, now lay thick all around. Our eyes ached again, as we looked out of the window (which was itself all frosted over,) on to the dazzling snow which covered all the landscape; and as we stamped our feet on the floor of the carriage, we began heartily to wish ourselves at our journey's end, and by the fireside.

* * * * * *

"Halloo! what are we stopping for now? I wonder whether we're going to do an upset, or anything exciting of that kind, said Davies, looking out of the window. "I don't see a train anywhere that we can have a friendly collision with."

"Get out here, gentlemen," said the guard, passing the window; "the line is snowed up, and we shall have to wait till it is clear."

The grumbling which this pleasant announcement caused was immediately stopped by our hearing the voice of our disagreeable companion in the next compartment.

"Line snowed up, is it?" said that gentleman, trying to appear calm in his fury, and we get out here? Ah! and do you suppose I am quietly going to submit to this? The line ought to have been cleared ready for us. I shall bring an action."

"But sir, how on earth could they ——"

"Might I request to know who spoke to you, sir? I consider your remark and interference excessive impertinence."

This was a little too bad, and I turned to Jack and whispered that we would devise some plan of giving our friend a lesson demonstrative of the evils attending bad temper at Christmas time.

We were fortunately stopped at a distance of only two hundred yards from a station; but a very poor station it was without any waiting-room or refreshment rooms.

The station-master, who was a pleasant sort of fellow, said we should have to wait but a couple of hours, and gave us a room, where we made the best of a bad job, and having sent for some beer from the nearest "public," became, as Edwards mathematically observed, approximately happy. The old gentleman, however, had not yet vented all his wrath, but kept on anathematizing the snow and the railroad people at intervals. After we had warmed ourselves, Stretcher proposed that we should have some songs; but as no one volunteered, I suggested that we should get on our way sooner if we all went out and helped to clear away the snow from the line. To this all agreed (with the exception of our amiable friend, of course.)

We had worked very merrily for about an hour and were congratulating ourselves on being able to start again, when Jack came running up again with a very pleased expression of countenance, and as he tapped me on the shoulder, I remembered that he had not been with us for the last half hour.

"Fred," he said, "I've an idea."

"Keep it then," I replied, "for it is so rare a commodity with you, that I would not deprive you of it for the world."

Don't chaff and I'll tell you all about it. I went up into the room at the station just now, and found our friend, the old boy, fast asleep in his chair, completely collapsed under the soporific effects of the fire, and a glass of brandy and water. I immediately ran into the village and bought these, he said, showing me a gimlet, and a screw-driver.

"What in the name of everything ridiculous do you want these for?" I asked.

"Don't you see? we shall be able to start again directly, now that the line is clear; we meanwhile run up stairs, and screw the old gentleman firmly into the room—the train goes on—we are revenged for his surly behavior to us, and he will then learn that 'old gentlemen should not be ill tempered at Christmas time.'"

"Capital!" I said, always ready to fall in with a practical joke, "let us be off at once."

We certainly found the old gentleman in as Morphean a torpor as we could wish. His feet were propped up in a chair, whilst his boots were drying, and he was breathing with his mouth wide open, in rather an apoplectic manner.

"Shall I put a snow ball into each of his boots?" I said.

"No! that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll tell you what you shall do: you're rather a swell at drawing, aren't you? I'll just burn the end of that beer bottle cork, and you shall artistically adorn his face."

"That is splendid," he whispered, as I finished off with giving him a moustache, which turned up in a facetious manner. "Just move that looking glass, and put it so that he may admire himself directly after he wakes; and now let us be off."

We walked on tiptoe to the door. The hinges began to creak, and cold as the weather was, a faint perspiration began to develop itself on my forehead, as I noticed the old gentleman to move in his chair. It was, however, only to turn his head to the other shoulder, and we closed the door in safety.

"Give me the screws, quick," I said, "and go to the bottom of the stairs and prevent any one from coming up."

I bored hole after hole as noiselessly as I could, and having made the door as fast as eight good screws would make it I ran down stairs and whispered "All right!"

"Is there a gentleman up stairs, sir?" said the station master, walking toward us. "He asked me to wake him in time for the train, and it is just ready to go."

"Oh! he won't like to be disturbed until the last moment, you may be sure," said Jack. "By-the-bye, I wish to talk to you of a plan, by which your station might be much improved."

Now architecture happened to be one of the station master's hobbies, and they were soon deep in discussion. I beat a hasty retreat to the guard, and producing a sovereign, said:

"If you get us off five minutes from now, waiting for no one, and ring your bell at the very last minute, this is yours."

"All right, sir! the luggage is all in, and most of the passengers. Take your seat going on!" he shouted, whilst I stood with my watch in hand.

"One minute left! Ring the bell now!" I said. "If they undo those screws in one, or even five minutes, I'll eat them."

We jumped into a carriage, the guard gave the final whistle, and the train moved slowly on. We anxiously watched the result of our plot, with our heads out of window. After waiting one or two minutes, we noticed a figure gesticulating at the station window. The train then passed into a deep cutting, and we lost sight of it.

CHAPTER II.

I think that I have forgotten to say that I was going to spend the Christmas with a college friend. He had gone down a few days before, and had promised to meet me at C—— station.

You may imagine that I was not sorry to find myself arrived there, nor yet to see my friend Tom stamping his feet on the platform, no doubt thoroughly tired of waiting for the train. As he drove me up, he began talking of the different arrangements he had made for our mutual amusement. "To-morrow," he said, "I've set aside for a skating party; I have had the pond of the park swept, and invited all 'les jeunes demoiselles' within reach, and as they have accepted it will give you a fair idea of our 'native' beauty."

"Now, of all jolly things in the world I think a skating party is the jolliest. Tom says that I am fond of showing my skating off; but I deny that this has any thing to do with it. In the first place, the frosty weather and the mulled claret) induce high spirits; then there are the tumbles to laugh at, and the ladies' skates to strap on (which last, in my own mind, is not the least pleasant part of the entertainment.)

We had by this time reached the house, and, after having accomplished our toilettes, Tom took me into the drawing-room.

"The guv'nor isn't at home; but let me introduce you to my sister Minnie."

Miss Minnie rose, and held out her hand at once, but for my own part, I was too dumb-founded to utter a single word. I am told that I am far from eloquent when describing female beauty, so I will not attempt it here; but I must say that I had never, and have never since, seen such a pretty face. When dinner was announced, however, I had recovered my equanimity sufficiently to offer her my arm, and after a short time we got to know one another thoroughly.

The dinner (perhaps it *may* have been the port wine) had opened my heart, and we removed to Tom's sanctum to smoke (where, by-the-by, Miss Minnie insisted on joining us, saying that she liked the smell of tobacco, and found it so dull by herself,) I began to relate my adventure with the old gentleman.

Peal after peal of laughter arose as I proceeded with my narrative. I warmed with my subject, quite outdoing myself in the description of the gentleman's angry face and his irrate behavior.

"Here," I said in triumph, "is my trophy!" and I held out the nightcap.

Never shall I forget that moment—brother and sister stared at it for one second, and then Tom, looking vacantly at me, immediately went into an hysterical fit of laughter. His face began to grow quite black, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

My face presented anything but a laughing appearance, for I was struck with amazement at this behavior. At last, with what little breath he had left, he managed to get out the words:

"It's—the—guv—nor's—night—cap!"

As he said this he pointed to a small label inside the cap, which I had not noticed before, and there, sure enough, were the words

T. GRUMBLETHORP, Esq.,
Grumblethorp Hall.

Reader, have you ever wished the earth to open and swallow you up? How heartily did I wish it at that moment. I saw the whole affair at a glance; I had been playing a practical joke upon the gentleman in whose house I was sitting, and had been describing him in the most ridiculous light to his daughter. How I hated Tom for laughing (his sister was nearly as bad, by the way,) whilst I sat turning alternately red and pale, considering what on earth was to be done. At this moment a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Miss Grumblethorp."

She hastily looked over it, and then read aloud to us:

"Shall come by the 8:30 to-morrow morning. Some young jackanapes have played a practical joke, and caused me to miss the last train to-night."

At last I found words. "Tom," I said, "I must fly. Miss Grumblethorp, I cannot sufficiently apologise to you for——"

"Oh! you need not apologize to me, nor must you go either. Tom, you must devise some escape out of the dilemma."

"It would certainly never do for the governor to recognize you; he'd never forgive you, and would cut me off with a shilling. Oh! I have it; I sentence you, in punishment, to cut off those whiskers and moustache—he'll never know you then."

"Never!" I said, with a determination. "I'm not a vain man, but I will never voluntarily make a fright of myself."

"Oh! I'm sure you would look much better without them," said Miss Grumblethorp; "besides, remember the skating party to-morrow; I want you to teach me so much. You really must not go."

I was not proof against this. The adorable Miss Minnie actually wishing me to stay! Again, I recollected that I had no other invitation for Christmas, and all my family were spending the winter abroad. Under these circumstances, I determined to risk all, and stay where I was sure to enjoy myself.

Next morning I rose early, had a "clean shave," and borrowed a pair of light blue spectacles. When I met Miss Grumblethorp on my way to breakfast, she declared the disguise was capital, telling me at the same time that her father had arrived and was in the breakfast room. I was formally introduced, and by the way that he received me it was evident he had not recognized me in the least.

"Always glad to see Tom's friends," said the old boy, in quite a cheerful tone. "Thank goodness he doesn't choose for companions such puppies as those who insulted me yesterday. I wonder whether they consider themselves gentlemen?"

In this strain he continued to talk all breakfast time, whilst I answered with perfect gravity, not daring to look at Minnie, for I felt sure she was enjoying the joke.

My story is nearly over. I enjoyed the skating party thoroughly, for I spent most of the day in teaching Minnie. I also accompanied her the next evening to a ball, where I found she could move much more quickly and gracefully than on the ice.

* * * * *

I am now married; and though I have since grown my whiskers, yet my father-in-law has never suspected that I was "the young jackanapes that made him late for the train" (he has never mentioned the burnt cork business) and has always been so kind to me that I have heartily repented of it.

KISS MY WIFE OR FIGHT ME—AN OSCULATORY ALTERNATIVE.—There are few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed, but an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife wasn't kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming young country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except B——, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, for suddenly he expressed himself. Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that secured marked attention, said: "Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the men that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B—— was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourself, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

WITTICISMS.

EXAMINER—"Who was the strongest man we read of in Scripture?"

SMART BOY—"Jonah."

EXAMINER—"Why so?"

SMART BOY—"Because the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

A TOAST at an Irish Society's dinner at Cincinnati: "Here's to the President of the Society, Patrick O'Rafferty, an' may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave."

AN old minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by argument: "Now if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman."

One of the deacons, who sat just behind him responded: "Yes: and if everybody was of my opinion nobody would have her."

BILL went into a hardware store.—"You sell all sorts of nails here?" said he to the obliging gentleman behind the counter.

"Yes, my little man all sorts of nails."

Says Billy, "I'll take a pound of toe nails, if you please.

Exit Billy, sharply followed by a set of toe nails, done up in a heavy boot.

LITTLE JIMMIE, only about ten years old, was standing on the steps of his father's store, smoking a cigar. A gentleman passing, asked him, with surprise. "Why, Jim! when did you learn to smoke?" "Oh," says the child very coolly, taking the cigar between his fingers, "When I was a little feller."

A MODEL return upon a writ was made by a deputy sheriff in Indiana. It was: "Sarved the within, but was fit with brickbats by the woman, so that I could not sarve it."

A CLERK in a post office heard a tap at the window of the ladies' department when who should there be but a man by the name of Drake. "Mr. Drake," said the clerk, "will you please to go to the other side; this department is for *ducks*."

"OLD COOPER" is a Dutchman, and like many other men, of whatever nationality, has a wife that is "some." One day the old man got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a fight. The neighbor was getting the better of the old man, who was resisting to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with, "Lie still, Cooper, if he kills you I'll sue him for damages!"

A GENTLEMAN had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married, one after another with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were present, and the old gentleman said to the guests—"I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN SMITH.

A ROMANCE RUDELY DISPELLED.

The remorselessness with which modern criticism is sweeping away some of the most popular historical traditions, finds a fresh illustration in the famous story of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, which for two hundred years has excited the wonder and admiration of the world. A Massachusetts antiquarian, Mr. Charles Deane, in some recently published works of which the *North American Review* for January gives a summary, comes to the conclusion that no such occurrence ever took place, and that the whole story was invented by Captain Smith himself. The incident is alleged to have taken place in December, 1607,—yet in a history written by Smith, and published in London in 1608, called the *True Relation*, though the account of his captivity and release by Powhatan is given, not a word is said of Pocahontas; nor in all the histories of the colonies published afterward—one written by Wingfield, the deposed Governor, in 1608; another written by a Dr. Simons, to accompany a map of Virginia; by Smith himself, and published in 1612; nor a third by Thomas Studley, in 1615; a fourth by Raphe Hamor, once Secretary of the colony, in 1615; and a fifth by Purchas, derived from Smith himself, in 1617, is there the slightest mention of the celebrated incident in question. Both Hamor and Purchas give full accounts of Pocahontas herself, of her capture and detention as a hostage by the colonists, of her conversion to the Christian faith, her marriage to Captain Rolfe, her visit to England, and the interest she excited there; but not a word of her having interposed to save the life of Captain John Smith. The first hint of that story seems to have been given in a pamphlet published by Smith himself, in 1622, in which, speaking of his captivity, he says, "God made Pocahontas the King's daughter, the means to deliver me;" and the full account as it has ever since been received is found in another publication made by Smith in 1624, *sixteen* years after the alleged occurrence entitled a "General Historie." In both these last works Mr. Deane detects sundry instances of exaggeration and mendacity. They seem to have been written by Smith mainly to enlist public sentiment and sympathy in his claims to reinstatement in the colony from which he had been deposed:—and it is suggested that this fiction was invented as likely greatly to enhance his own importance, after the romantic visit, reception and death of Pocahontas in England. To those who knew of the Indian maiden only through the poetry, painting and sculpture of which she has been made the subject, this picture of her, when a child of ten or twelve years old, given by Strachey, may be curious. "Pocahontas," he says, "a well featured but wanton young girl, Powhatan's daughter, sometimes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve years, would get the boys forth into the market place, and make them wheel, falling on their hands, turning their heels upward, whom she would follow and wheel so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over." This is not the attitude which has generally been selected by artists who have employed their genius in illustrating her history and character.

STRANGE CASE OF SUICIDE.

A YOUNG WOMAN PREPARES HER OWN SHROUD.

The Albany *Times* relates a strange story of a determined suicide, and locates the occurrence in a "neighboring town." A young woman who had lived for years in the family of Mr. Joseph R. Snyder became acquainted some six years ago with a respectable young farmer, and was affianced to him. But he enlisted and was slain at Port Hudson, on the Eleventh of June, 1863. For two years the girl was inconsolable, but she then began to keep company with another lover. They were to have been married on Christmas, but before that day the bridegroom that was to be disappeared. The grief of the deserted one knew no bounds. The *Times* says:

"When her housework was done the girl would return to her own room and there work industriously, but upon what was not known. Last week she had the garment finished, and writing a letter, placed it and the garment in a bundle. These she carried to the residence of her mother, to whose care she entrusted them, saying, "Mother, do not open these things till New Year's morning." The mother, supposing the bundle contained a present and the restrictions were only to produce surprise, paid no more attention to her. The girl also handed her mother her bank book, which contained three or four hundred dollars, which, by her industry, she had saved, and said, 'There's enough to bury both sister and me when we are dead." This remark caused suspicion. The girl went to her room, and soon after was attacked with vomiting. Medical aid was procured. She suffered terribly, but fortunately recovered. She had taken a dose of poison, but it did not have the desired effect. The next day, in the forenoon, she again retired to her room and begged to be allowed to rest until 10 A. M., as she did not receive rest the night previous. She did so; and again partook of poison. When her folks went to the room it was found silent and locked on the inside. The door was burst open, and there lay the girl, as white as marble, and a corpse. She had quieted her troubled mind, and set at rest the vexations of disappointed love. This was on Sunday last. Then the mother opened the bundle which she had intrusted to her care, and lo! and behold, there was as neat, tasty and costly a shroud, made by the girl's own hands, as ever covered the form of the dead! The letter explained the cause of this most singular act. The unfortunate girl was wrapped in the sombre habiliments prepared for herself, and on New Year's day her body was consigned to the tomb.

MURDER BY NEGROES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—One of the bravest, best, most popular, most honorable, most amiable citizens of Lexington District—of all South Carolina—was Colonel Marcellus Steedman, leader for some time during the late war of the Sixth South Carolina volunteers. Since the close of the war he has been living on his farm on Edisto, and been engaged at the same time in merchandise. His dwelling and store were under the same roof. On Tuesday night, the 8th instant, he walked out into the piazza, and as he turned to go in, was shot by some person unseen. As he fell he cried out. His wife rushed forth, dragged him in and bolted the door. He survived but three hours. The wretched and bereaved woman with her two little children, spent the whole night alone with the corpse, fearing to give the alarm.

Immediately upon the shot being fired, there was a hubbub of voices, and Colonel Steedman recognized those of two negro men, formerly slaves of his father. This, with their names, he disclosed to his wife before he died.

And sure enough, on the following day the two monsters were arrested in Aiken. They made full confession. It seems that they had followed Sherman when he passed through Lexington, and had not returned thither until a fortnight before the murder. This fortnight they had spent in watching their chance. They had no grudge against their former young master, but knowing that he was in business, they killed him with the design of getting money and robbing the store. They intended to murder the lady and children, but with the first shot their hearts failed them. We take it for granted they are in Barnwell jail. Colonel Steedman was only about thirty years of age.—*Edgeville S. C. Advertiser.*