of perpendicular bars, so placed as to allow liquid matters to escape, but preventing the passage of solid substances. The spectators continued to wait on the top of their wall.

One of the iron gates in the wall opened. Four men hurriedly entered, dragging after them with ropes the dead horse, the hero of the play, the principal actor, who had been so impatiently expected. As soon as they had rapidly disengaged the poor creature from its last connection with human society, they left it naked on the stones and retreated hastily, slamming the iron gate behind them.

At all the iron gates at the end of the gutters, and doubtless from other unseen portholes, there instantly appeared several rats, attracted by the mighty feast. They were the scouts of the army in ambuscade. A few individuals, detached from the first platoon, advanced on the tips of their toes to within a few yards of the carcass; and there they turned, by common consent, their sharp muzzles and their quivering smellers toward the gates by which they had entered, as if to make sure of a retreat in case of need.

The first signs of timidity disappeared when they found themselves joined by other rats, who came in crowds to share the banquet. Their numbers gave them mutual encouragement; and the pavement began to be blackened all over with reinforcements of fresh recruits of rats. Balzac remarked that, among these rats there was a progression of stature and strength from the first to the last, or rather from the first to those that followed, for the first had not yet shown themselves. The earliest arrivals, lean, long, and wiry, were full well by others in better plight, who, in turn, were followed by still more steady and thrifty guests.—The first comers were clearly the hungriest.

The floor of the court disappeared under an ever-thickening carpet of rats. There were black rats, brown rats, tawny rats, yellow rats, chestnut rats, rats of orders generally so called rats, and even white rats. Just before it was completely covered, there advanced from the mass a detachment of rats bolder and more adventurous than the rest. They reached in three columns, and in the form of a triangle, up to the carcass, of which they took possession. It was a successful military reconnoissance. Their other companions, thus encouraged, charged with much greater resolution; the leaders climbed up the horse's flanks, ripped up its skin from one end to the other, just as a tailor unstitches an old coat to tear it up into rags, and then hundreds, thousands, myriads streamed in at every aperture, crowding thick and anxiously, like an audience rushing out of a theatre on fire. They scramble over one another, and their rustling movements, their little shrill whistlings, inaudible at first, produced by their multiplication the hum and humor of a crowd, in which you could almost fancy you heard the sound of human voices. Life was boiling in the animated mass. It made you shudder to think of what would be your fate were you to fall in the midst of it from our perch on the wall.

The Montfaucon rats had opened the horse; and they cut it up, boared it, riddled it through and through and chopped it into mince meat. The work of destruction was hidden from sight a few minutes afterwards, the horse having completely disappeared beneath the hideous brutes, who, hanging on, with the voracious precision of leeches, to its rounded form, soon offered the spectacle of a magnificent horse composed of thousands of living rats, after the fashion of the shell work toys and ornaments that are made to represent men and animals.

"Now let in the dogs!" was the second word of command given by Brisset Thivars to his man.

The dogs entered the arena, and the carnage began. The first two minutes were glorious for them. They were mad with joy. They bolted; they gave tongue, they gave tongue, they bolted; they bagged two at a shot, like first-rate sportsmen. A pair of rats were often entrapped in the same snapping bite. And when they thought their victims dead, they shook them about, as puppies will shake an empty glove. Then they cast them aside, and recommenced the massacre. But all pleasures end in exhaustion. The excitement of the dogs gradually diminished; it early gave place to clemency, clemency which was only fatigue in disguise. And yet, if they had attacked death in earnest, they had destroyed just nothing at all. The first quarter of an hour was all their own, the second was by no means so. There were barkings, which sounded more like accents of pain, than shouts of victory. The reaction had begun. There were many and many the long cases there were muzzles from which long lanches of rats, who were willing to revenge on the enemy. It was in vain to try and shake the assailants off; they held on fast and tight that the countenances of the combatants were disfigured for life. Others clung along with wounded feet, while others could not stir a peg. The rest, doubtless, defended themselves bravely, but still they had to act on the defensive. The original position was completely changed. The chances might have turned out unfavorable to the dogs, if their masters, alarmed at their danger and also to crown the fete, had not issued from the lion's cave with naked arms, brandishing clubs, turning the tide of battle, and changing defeat into victory.

When the dogs saw this reinforcement, they recovered fresh vigor. Their ranks were superb. Every blow of the stick sent coveys of rats—some might have said partridges—flying. The dog snapped them up in mid-air, crushed them against the ribs, &c. The rats exasperated, desperate, bounded over the backs of dogs, climbed up the men, ran into their beards and hair, round their necks, between their legs, over their shoulders, hunted, whistled, clung together, and bit the sticks with such fury as to leave their teeth in them. Many broke their own necks by a rush against the wall, committing suicide rather than yield. Naturally the victory remained on the side of the men; but it cost them dear. A duel fought with sabres with their foils unbuttoned would not have put them more in requisition.

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1858.

I. O. R. M.—An election was held in the Wigwam of the Chiqueswalungo Tribe No 39, on the 28th Sun of the Hunting Moon, G. S. 5618, when the following bros. were elected to office:

S., W. Y. Upp; S. S., J. E. Tyler; J. S., J. Meldrum; P., S. Robison; C. of R., J. W. Tyler; K. of W., G. Brandt.

ELECTION.—On Monday, 4th inst., E. Hershey, Esq., was elected President of the Columbia Manufacturing Company, in place of Mr. Harford Fraley, resigned. Mr. Hershey is well known as an energetic man of business, and in his hands the affairs of the company are likely to progress rapidly and favorably. We hope, at no distant day, to see the works of the Manufacturing Company among the largest and most flourishing in the State.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—We have received Graham for November; an unusually good number. Graham is too well known not to be appreciated, and we can say nothing in its praise that has not been repeated again and again.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey for November excels in its peculiar province, and furnishes a variety of prettinesses for feminine admiration, imitation and laudation. In the grateful office of caterer to the refined tastes of the better half of creation, Godey has no rival; his magazine always stands first favorite in the betting, and, moreover, justifies the confidence of its backers, by winning and retaining the prize of popular favor.

The Election.

It will be an old tale to our readers to repeat that the election has gone against the Administration. We give below such returns from the County as we have been able to collect. First,

THE VOTE OF THE BOROUGH.

	N. WARD	S. WARD	TOTAL.
JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.			
Jno. M. Read,	107	248	355
W. A. Porter,	124	172	296
CANAL COMMISSIONER.			
Wm. B. Frazer,	106	248	354
Wesly Frost,	125	172	297
CONGRESS.			
Thaddeus Stevens,	104	250	354
Jas. M. Hopkins,	121	173	294
ASSEMBLY.			
N. Ellmaker,	106	250	356
S. H. Price,	107	234	341
A. S. Green,	135	260	395
S. Keneagy,	108	248	356
H. E. Leman,	124	166	290
H. Shreiner,	110	162	272
S. Holl,	117	169	286
J. H. Brenneman,	122	172	294
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.			
Joseph Boyers,	105	247	352
T. W. Henderson,	125	168	293
PRISON INSPECTORS.			
Hiram Evans,	105	246	351
Jacob Sides,	105	248	353
Henry Shelly,	125	168	293
Jno. Rineheld,	126	167	293
DIRECTORS OF POOR.			
John Heller,	104	246	350
D. Overholtzer,	106	247	353
Jno. Rowe,	129	171	300
F. Kreamer,	127	169	296
AUDITOR.			
Jas. B. Lytle,	106	246	352
W. F. Jenkins,	127	169	296

We give below the reported vote for Congress in the county.

	Stevens.	Hopkins.
City,		maj. 154
Elizabethtown,	maj. 49	" 39
Strasburg bor.,		
Marietta,	" 244	
Columbia,	" 60	
Mount Joy,	" 311	
Petersburg	132	73
West Lampeter,	" 54	
Conestoga,	" 187	
New Holland,	" 51	
Litiz,	267	132
Bainbridge,	" 120	
Neffsville,	" 40	
Millerstown,	" 138	
West Earl,	" 49	
West Hempfield,	" 303	
Strasburg twp.,	" 103	
Indiantown	" 170	
Blue Ball,	" 99	
Paradise,	" 67	
Rohrerstown,	" 31	
Lancaster-twp,	" 38	
East Lampeter,	" 83	
Upper Leacock,	" 41	
Penn,	" 35	
Pequea,	" 72	
Providence,	" 44	
Salisbury,	" 140	
Martic,	" 35	
Leacock,	" 84	
	180	167
Manheim-bor.,		
Bart,		maj. 17
Sadsbury,	" 133	" 27
Drumore,		
Clay,	" 117	
Little Britain,	" 51	
Elizabeth,	" 58	
Ephrata,	" 58	
West Cocalico,	" 26	
Churchtown,	119	117
Fulton,	" 46	
Eden,	" 8	
Ream-town,		" 15
Breckenock,	" 17	
Maytown,	" 2	
Colerain,		" 44
Adamstown,	" 43	
Washington bor.		" 9

The above makes Stevens' majority 3094.

☞ The editor of the Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal* is pretty good on a sharp reply and play upon words. A correspondent wished to know the reason of the hump on the Camel's back. He replies:

We will mention for our correspondent's benefit, that the Arabs have two legends in regard to it. One is that the Camel took offence at not being allowed to lead the procession into the Ark, and *got his back up*, and Allah, as a just punishment for his vanity and presumption, and a memorable and perpetual warning to others, never permitted him to get it down. The other is, that he was grazing at a distance from the Ark, when Noah put out his bills for sailing, and in order to reach the boat in time, was compelled to *hump himself* in a most extraordinary manner.

☞ Prentice wishes that the individual who invented what was called the paying out machinery for the Agamemnon, would get up a little machine of this sort to be used in the case of every newspaper subscriber.

Items of News.

In Ohio, the democrats have carried the First and Third Congressional districts, and the People's party have the Fifth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth districts. A later dispatch says that the Republicans have elected fifteen members of Congress out of twenty-one, and carried their State ticket.

We have some returns of the election for members of the Kansas Territorial Legislature. The republicans have carried Leavenworth, Douglas, Lykens and Atchison counties. In Doniphan and Jefferson counties, the democrats have succeeded.

Return of the election in Indiana show that the People's party has elected members of Congress from the Third, Fifth, Sixth Eighth, Ninth and Eleventh districts; while the Fourth district elects an anti-Lecompton democrat, in place of the Lecompton ignoramus, Foley. The Second district re-elects English, by a small majority, the First district, Hovey, anti-Lecompton democrat.

The election in New Mexico has resulted in the choice of an entire democratic Legislature.

The charter election in Newark, on Tuesday, resulted in the success of the People's ticket by 446. It carried eight of the eleven wards.

A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says that Colonel Preston has accepted the post of Minister to Spain.

Two freight trains came in collision on Friday night, on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, near Mitchell, Ind., killing a conductor, engineer, fireman and brakesman.

At the last accounts, the yellow fever was raging with great violence in Matamoras and Brownsville, ten to fifteen persons dying daily, and a large number of persons being down with the disease.

It seems to be pretty well established that the fillibuster Walker was himself the author of the recently started report, in one of the New York papers, to the effect that he had sailed from that port for Nicaragua, with a band of followers. He was in New York at that time, but went west at once, via Philadelphia.

A person writes to the Cincinnati Commercial, from St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 27th, that the excitement along the whole Missouri river about the Pike's Peak gold mines is intense, and that thousands of bold and hardy men are either on their way to the mines or about to start. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of gold there, though many persons represent it as very scarce.

The first overland mail from California, under the great contract with Butterfield & Co., has reached St. Louis, in twenty-three days and four hours from San Francisco. The stages brought through six passengers.

We have news by the overland mail from California, Oregon, etc., ten days later than any previously received by the Panama route. There is nothing encouraging from Frazer river; but good gold diggings, it is now confirmed, exist at Wenatche, Washington territory, where a fight has taken place with the Indians.

FOREIGN.

By the arrival at Halifax of the steamship Canada, from Liverpool the 25th ult., we have advices from Europe three days later than any previously received. The commercial and monetary advices by this arrival are of about the average interest, while the political intelligence is of but minor importance. There is nothing new in regard to the Atlantic cable; the controversy started by Mr. Whitehouse with the directors, continues. The Bank of France had reduced its rate of discount to three per cent. The interest on Treasury bonds was also reduced one-half per cent. The details of the treaty between France and China had been published, from which it appears that France claims indemnity to the amount of fifteen millions of francs.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.—Despatches have been received at the War Department of the Interior from New Mexico, giving account of fresh Indian war in Navajo country.

Captain McLean, of the Rifles, was returning from Santa Fe to Fort Defiance with seventeen mounted riflemen and a few friendly Indians and Mexicans under Captain Blas Lassero, when, within two days march of Fort Defiance, he discovered a large body of Indians attempting to surround him. He forthwith dismounted his men and attacked the Indians, who had signified by their war-whoop their intention of attacking his force. He led the attack, and at a distance of three to four hundred yards fired, killed several Indians and dispersed the rest. A party of them, who gained McLean's flank, opened a sharp fire of arrows and bullets. McLean was badly wounded, supposed at the time mortally. His men continued the fight, and took a large amount of property, horses, &c. It is supposed this is the band of Indians which protected the murderer of Major Brooke's servant. Col. Miles, commanding at Fort Defiance, reports that this precipitates another serious Indian war, and that he will take the field without delay with all his force, consisting of about three hundred mounted riflemen and infantry. It is said these Indians number about two thousand warriors. They are defiant, for when McLean's party drew their arms they laughed in their peculiar fashion.

"GAB."—Mr. Hubbell, of Philadelphia, has replied to a circular from his Alma Mater at New Haven, asking money for a society or club instituted to train young men to premeditated or extemporaneous speaking or discussion, declining to contribute. He says:

"Gab is the fatal epidemic of republics. What distracted Greece? Gab! What factionized Rome? Gab! What anarchized France? Gab? What will dismember this Union? Gab! This eternal propensity of gabbing upon all occasions and at all times is the curse of our country."

☞ "Cesar, what's become of dat darkey who stole de taller?" "He has been taken up to de sperm court to hab it tried."

"NATURALS" ON A TOUR.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune narrates the following incident of a recent journey of Professors Agassiz, Felton and Dr. Holmes, "the Autocrat," to the White Mountains:

"The party was so numerous as to require a special conveyance for their transportation from Conway to the Crawford House. This conveyance was a large country wagon, drawn by a team of fine Green Mountain horses, and driven by a sturdy son of the Granite State.

"The day was one of the finest of the season, and admirably adapted for such an excursion, and every one, after his speciality seemed to take the keenest delight in its incidents. Occasionally the geologist would spy out some curious conformation or remarkable specimen of rock, and would insist on the driver stopping to allow him to alight and investigate it. This would often consume much time, and it more than once occurred that the impatient Jehu was obliged to remind the deeply absorbed party that the day was wasting, and that they had a long ride before them.

"In the height of his impatience, the depth of his despair, and the extremity of his perplexity, he turned to his companion on the box, for Prof. F., I should remark, had taken no part in the scientific researches of his brethren.

"'What on airth's the matter with them men, Squire?' somewhat petulantly demanded the bothered Jehu. 'What are they about, stopping the team and jumping out every time they come across a loose stone or a big dandylion, or thistle in the road?—Whoare they, anyhow, 'Squire?' he exclaimed in an agony of mingled curiosity and impatience.

"'Oh,' quietly remarked our absorbed Grecian, 'they are naturalists.'

"A few days after this the same team was engaged for this identical trip by a party of Bostonians. As they rattled along the turnpike through the Notch, one of them said to the driver, who was delightedly ruminating on the contrast between his present orderly company and the troublesome party he had been so perplexed with a day or two before—

"'Good deal of travel along here this Summer? Eh, driver?'

"'Wal, considerable, this week or so,' was the reply.

"'I suppose you have about as much as you can do, now-a-days, carrying people to the mountains, don't you?' continued the tourist.

"'Pretty nigh,' replied our Jehu of the wagon. 'I had a queer party along, the other day—the last before you. I never see such a set of fellows!'

"'What were they like?'

"'Like? Like loonatics, more'n anything else I know on! Why, I thought I should never git up to Crawford's. Every once in a while they'd stop the team, and jump out, and pick up a stone, or pull up a weed, and then one of 'em would preach a long sermon, and when he'd done, all the rest would chatter over it, and it was e'en a most as much as I could do to git 'em into the wagon agin, and as it was, it was daylight-down before we got to Crawford's.'"

"'But who were these people?' inquired the whole company of listeners, in a breath. Didn't you find out?'"

☞ "'Wal, not exactly, I axed their *keeper* who they were, and he told me they were *naturals!*'"

The Last Victim of the Gauntlet.

An imperial rescript, bearing the date of the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished forevermore, within the realms of the Austrian Empire, that terrible chastisement, running the gauntlet. Terrible it was indeed; a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning in the year 1851 the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt, on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in a file, stood a company of a Rifle Battalion, to which the delinquent belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there were three hundred) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence deep and oppressive the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was as fine looking a man as ever I have set my eyes upon; tall, powerful and well formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, only they were of a deadly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer, and during the last campaign in Italy, in 1849 he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion. Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—if it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper; he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had not vowed him revenge. He had never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military service—the most minor duties of which he discharged with the utmost exactness—he went his own way, proud, reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it over in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude; but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than of love. Moreover, there was a vague rumor about his having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell-mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossippings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradietory to lead to a formal investigation of the the matter; besides it was at the victory of Novarra. He had greatly distinguished himself, and old Field Marshal Radetzky had—with his own hands—affixed the golden medal on his breast. The rumor, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended for higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to him, he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than ever; but always—as it was well understood—for the benefit of the service; the slightest demands of which he performed with the same immutable strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo, he was mounting guard in the outworks with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night: and, when the sentries were relieved, they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard-room.

The floor not being very clean, (floors seldom are in these localties,) and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off, when the wearers were roused by the serjeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean, the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavors by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard room.

"Attention!" commanded the serjeant; and, saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice whatever of this important news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner:—

"What he was again striking the men for?"

The serjeant already much annoyed at this interference gave a surly and unwilling answer; and, when the young officer rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps somewhat haughty manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as lightning. The uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground, and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed whilst both parties were on duty, and the Austrian Military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the superior's anniversary day; capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he had remained cold and impassable; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—what should he care much for that? But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through a whole battalion, and not been worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonor—and his proud heart was well nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the Second Rifle Battalion of Kherenhuller Infantry would have been unfit for service; the men were drunk. They had got up a carousal in joy and honor of the coming day. But in the morning they were sober enough. The drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of the company. There was a dead silence; not a respiration was to be heard from all the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence over to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men according to custom, to dispense with all feelings of compassion, and to do their duty conformably to the law. The colonel went through this part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as if he were unwilling to perform it. So he was; he knew but too well that, in this instance, there was no need whatever for exhortation. These preliminaries being over, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his Uniform the golden lace and galloons—the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with his gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled; its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke his fea- assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look, did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies would have been satisfied now; if it had but been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again.

There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures.

When the victim had arrived at the file leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said in a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place: "I have to thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.

A NEW FRENCH STORY.—A charmingly proper note of invitation to a ball was received, not long since, by young Monsieur Gaillard, a handsome and agreeable bachelor of twenty-five! With Barond'A———, the giver of the ball, he was not aware that he had the honor of acquaintance; but, supposing, as was frequently the case, that some kind female friend had taken pains to procure the invitation for him, he left his card, with his acceptance, at the Baron's door, the next day, according to etiquette; and on the appointed evening, he presented himself with the fashionable crowd.

Expecting, that, in the course of his promenades about the rooms, he should meet the friend to whose kindness he was indebted, he thought to begin the evening properly by asking the daughter of his host—to whom he had made his bow on entering, led up by the master of ceromonies—for the first quadrille.

Accepted as a partner, and chancing to dance and demean himself with peculiar elegance, he made unexpected progress in the acquaintance, and ventured—a few dances after—to ask her hand again.

Once more upon the floor with Mademoisille d'A———, and the music changing suddenly to a waltz, he again was favored by Fortune; for, his speciality was to give admirable support to his partner in that particular movement of the dance. She was borne around by him, as if buoyed, baloon-like, in the air—feeling and looking charmingly.

Briefly—that ball was the "ball set in motion," for Monsieur Gaillard! He called, of course, to pay his respects a few days afterwards, and was graciously received.—On the wholly unexplained mystery of his being invited, both parties delicately forbore to turn the inquiry. It would explain itself, each thought, in due time, and meantime, he was an agreeable young man, entirely *comme il faut* in dress, manner and conversation.

The proposal was made.

It was blushingly accepted.

Monsieur Gaillard stated his respectabilities of birth and connection, and that was enough—for the Baron could well give his daughter a fortune where once her heart had gone before.

The day of signing contract and papers came round.

"By the way," said the Baron, after all was arranged, "my daughter's destiny seems to have hung on this particular name. A very old friend had written to me, proposing the hand of his nephew—another Monsieur Gaillard—and, for the sake of seeing him, we had sent him an invitation to the same ball we had the pleasure of first seeing you. As he did not make his appearance, and sent no reply or excuse, we willingly gave up so ill-bred a gentleman, and here you are, in his proposed place! But my daughter has, still, nominally at least, carried out her destiny. She is to be Madame Gaillard, notwithstanding the non-appearance of the one originally intended for her.

The happy *fiance* saw through the mystery, in a moment. The note of invitation, for *the other Monsieur Gaillard*, had been mistakenly left at his door!

But he was very careful not to explain the enigma to the confiding Baron till after the ceremony.

Penn'a R. R.—Departure of Passenger Trains.

Trains East.	Leave Columbia.	Arrive at Phila
Express,	9.00 A. M.	12.50 P. M.
Harrisburg Acc.,	3.30 P. M.	7.45 "
Mail Train,	6.55 "	11.00 "
Fast Line,	8.00 "	4.40 A. M.
Trains West.	**Leave Columbia.**	**Arr. at Harrisburg**
Mail Train,	11.16 "	12.30 P. M.
Harrisburg Acc.,	7.40 "	9.00 "
		Arr. at Columbia
Express,		2.40 A. M.
Fast Line,		4.25 P. M

THE HAMMONTON FARMER, a newspaper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth full accounts of the new settlement of Hammonton, in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cts. per annum.

Inclose postage stamps for the amount. Address to Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land, of the best quality, in one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. Aug 21 28-3m

WHAT THEY SAY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Abbeville, S. C., Aug 21, 1858.

Messrs. Farrel, Herring & Co, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen.—The close attention which our own affairs have required since the fire, has hitherto prevented us from writing you about the Safe.

On occasion of the fire 19th of July, by which we suffered a large loss, our store, with a number of other buildings, was consumed. The Safe, of your manufacture, which we had in the store, was exposed to a most intense heat, as is well attested by the effects on its strong iron frame, which, from its flaked and scaly appearance, looks as though it had been heated for a long time in a furnace. The Safe, with heaps of molten glass and kegs of nails, fused into a mass, fell into the cellar, surrounded by burning materials, and there was ordered to remain, (as the contents had been removed before the fire reached us,) until the 26 of August, 14 days afterwards.

The difficulty in cutting it open with the best tools that could be procured, convinced us of its power to resist the attempts of burglars, and when it was opened, we found the interior, to the astonishment of all, entirely uninjured by fire.

This test has so fully convinced us of the capabilities of your Safes, that we would not part with the one we have in use for a large sum, were we deburred the privilege of getting another. Respectfully yours,

R. H. WARDLAW & SON.

FARREL, HERRING & CO., and
130 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,
Only Makers in this State, of
HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFE,
The most reliable security from fire now known.
October 16, 1858-2m

TO ALL wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. [Aug. 28-3m

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FARM LANDS FOR SALE 25 miles from Philadelphia by Railroad in the State of New Jersey.—Soil among the best for Agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, with a clay bottom. The land is a large tract, divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country are now settling and building. The crops can be seen growing. Terms from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years by instalments. To visit the place—Leave Vine st. Wharf at Phila. at 7½ A. M. by Railroad for Hammonton, or address R. J. Byrnes, by letter. See full advertisement in another column. [Aug 28-3m

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1000 DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for any Medicine that will *equal* PRATT & BUTCHER'S MAGIC OIL for the following diseases:—Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Affections, Contracted Joints, Cholic Pains, Pains in the Side or Back, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, and all Diseases of the Skin, Muscles and the Glands. None genuine without the signature of PRATT & BUTCHER attached to each label. Principal Office; 206 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The great number of persons that have been immediately relieved in all the cities and towns, where it has been used, as well as in this city, sustain them in saying, in all candor, that it is the greatest cure in the world for pain, ever sold.

Dr. E. B. HERR, Sole Wholesale Agent for Columbia. Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. [Oct. 17, 1857-1y

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☞ See advertisement of Dr. Sanford's LIVER INVIGORATOR, in another column
May 22, 1858

Rheumatism foremost of the van.
Was fought and conquered by Pratt & Butcher's plan.

PRATT & BUTCHER'S MAGIC OIL!

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Sprains and all aches and pains requiring an external application, is warranted the best in use.

Magic Oil will cure any curable case of Rheumatism, and cases of years standing are often materially benefitted by the first application, so quick and permanent is the operation of this wonderful remedy.

Magic Oil will cure Neuralgia pains in ten minutes.

Magic Oil will cure Nervous and Sick Headache in from five to twenty minutes.

Magic Oil will cure a Lame Back in one to two nights.

Magic Oil will cure Sprains.

Magic Oil will cure sore throat.

Magic Oil will relax contracted cords and muscles.

Magic Oil will make stiff joints limber.

Magic Oil will immediately relieve the pains of a burn, scald, cut, bruise, &c.

Our Traveling Agents are authorized to cure the above named complaints free of charge, whenever an opportunity presents, therefore this new remedy is fast coming into popular use. It needs no encomiums but will recommend itself upon the first application, as it never fails to relieve pain, and allay inflammation immediately. Try it.

Price 25, 50 and $1 00 per bottle.

For sale Wholesale and Retail by Pratt & Butcher, 206 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. WILLIAMS, Agent, Columbia, Pa.
October 2, 1858.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S
CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

TO MARRIED LADIES

it is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.

Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

CAUTION.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the FIRST THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, these Pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or anything hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved.

Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,
JOB MOSES,
(Late I. C. Baldwin & Co.,) Rochester, N. Y.

N. B.—$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized agent, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail.

For sale by Dr. E. B. HERR, Agent, for Columbia
T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Phila.
May 29, 1858.

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. [Aug. 28-3m

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Columbia Property at Public Sale.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28, 1858, the undersigned will expose at public sale, at Herr's Washington Hotel in Columbia, that three-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, Frame Back-Building, and the Lot of Ground on which the same are erected, fronting on Walnut st., between Front and Second streets in said borough, extending back to a public alley, adjoining properties of Thomas Lloyd and George Wolf, Esquires, and now in the tenure of Miss Entriken, to whom persons desirous of visiting it are invited to apply.

☞ Sale will commence at 6½ o'clock P. M.

Attendance will be given, and terms made known at the time and place of sale, by

Oct 16, 1858-3t THOMAS E COCHRAN.

VOCAL MUSIC.

A MEETING for the pur