

heard nothing and knew nothing, until Mrs. Edwards ran to awaken me and tell me what had happened. I looked after him; he was in his own bed, and burst out laughing when he saw me. "I got your knife, I got your knife," he called out, as if it were a feat to be proud of.

The steward stopped at an exclamation from Mr. Ravensworth. Lady Level, like a true daughter of Ere, instead of going down stairs as Mr. Ravensworth requested, had lingered to peep and listen. Her curiosity was excited by Mr. Ravensworth's determination to enter these closed apartments, and by the steward's agitated refusal. She looked after them; seeing however, she followed them, cautiously peeping here and there, and guided by the sound of voices, she had gone down the stairs. She was standing now inside the door, her eyes fixed in a fright at the object stopping there over his top. With a wild cry of alarm, she sprang for protection to the side of Mr. Ravensworth.

"Oh, Blanche! how could you come here!" she whispered.

"It is the same I saw! I know it is the same I saw!" she uttered in her terror; "but he had long hair then."

"He will not harm you," said Mr. Ravensworth. "Do not tremble. Reassure yourself. See: he is playful and imbecile, but not fierce."

"Who and what can it be?" "My lady sees now why I could not permit these rooms to be entered," cried the steward, with a tone and air that seemed to say that he washed his hands of the consequences. "It is a connection of the Level family, my lady."

He whipped his top too hard and it ceased to spin. Catching it from the door, he stalked up as before, "Do, do," Lady Level shrieked out as he neared her, and turned to fly from the room, drawing Mr. Ravensworth with her. The unfortunate being followed them up: "Do, do," and Lady Level sobbed convulsively in her agony of terror.

"Set his top going for him," hastily exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth, as he tossed it to the steward. "I must take Lady Level from here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A "DRY" SHERIFF.—A certain Western city, which shall be nameless in our story, lives one Jim Swigg, a character noted for his honesty, integrity and love of whisky.

Not many years since a gentleman from New England visited that section with a view to invest a few dollars; he bore a letter of introduction to Jim, also a knowledge of the fact that he wished to 'propitiate' that individual and obtain information in regard to chances to make good 'strikes' whisky was the article to accomplish the purpose.

Armed with a gallon of "cornjuice," they started for——, about five miles from town, to look at a "forty," which Jim had recommended as a good bargain; hardly had they crossed the river but Jim required for the leverage.

"Here it is," said Downcast, producing the jug. Jim took a good, long pull, then, setting down the jug, said—"Pretty fair whisky, that's all you've got is it?"

"All," exclaimed Downcast, "for Heaven's sake isn't a gallon enough?" "Enough," and Jim gave him a look signifying that he was not to be trifled with. "Why, stranger? what's a gallon amount to, with five miles to ride, and lack again with very grocery store on the road?"

The position of the team was reversed; instantly down east suddenly remembered something he had forgotten, and back they went to town again. Downcast never said that "forty," and Jim was now invested in something besides whisky and Western lands.

Mrs. Partington, I am collecting a little money for the purpose of founding a Seminary among the Caribbees. "Well, I'm glad of it. I never could see why founding a seminary should be buried in a cemetery as well as other people." The destination of the Caribbees is very great, Ma'am. "Yes they have great constitutions, all that I ever knew of. There's the humble bees, and the honey bees; it's hard to kill one of 'em, unless you strangle them with brimston." But they live in darkness, madam! "Do they? I'm glad of it. I wish all the demons in the world could be kept there; living on the fruit of other people's exactions, and talking themselves in the sunshine of assembly, the lazy things!" The benevolent gentleman all at once recollected that he had an engagement, and would have left, but he found his hat anything but agreeable to a fit. It was his own new straw hat, no doubt of that, but it had mysteriously become too small for his head, or his head too large for the hat. He was at there.

What a blessed thing it is, said Mrs. Jones to the widow Partington, one day during the long recess, "that so many poor souls are being called to be saved." "Dear me, yes," replied the widow. "I only wish that my dear late concert, Paul Partington, could have lived to see this blessed revival. He was a most eminent Christian in his day and generation, Mrs. Jones, although I say it, and have no doubt that he is now lying in Beelzebub's bosom." And as the old lady closed her eyes to get a better glimpse of the spiritual vision, a loud scream of pain came from Isaac, who had been catching flies at the window and had got a hornet between his thumb and finger.

Lord was a good saying of one to a great Lord, upon his showing his stately house and pleasant gardens: "Sir, you had need make sure of heaven, or else, when you die, you will be a very heavy leuer."

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1859.

A meeting will be held in the Lecture Room of the Lutheran Church, this evening, at half past eight o'clock, for the purpose of forming a Columbia Bible Society. All are invited to be present.

New Goods.—See Bruner's advertisement of Fall and Winter Goods. They have just received a new stock of every class of goods in which they deal, which will compare favorably with that of any other store in town. The Messrs. Bruner select with care and taste, and sell at the very lowest prices.—They are deservedly favorites with the public, always keeping good goods, selling cheap, and giving with every bargain courtesy and attention to the buyer.

CHURCH GRAVES.—We tender our acknowledgements to Mr. S. H. Purple for a fine lunch of most splendid "White Muscat" Grapes from the hot house of his Hill-side Nursery and Garden. They were the largest and most luscious we have ever seen—we think they are, as Mr. Purple claims, the finest ever grown in this neighborhood. We would incidentally call attention to the complete assortment of trees, shrubs and flowering plants now for sale at Mr. Purple's establishment. Give him a call.

SHERIDAN'S PREMIUM.—In noticing the success of Columbia exhibitors at the recent Lancaster and York County Fairs, we spoke of the success of Sheridan's New Improved Stove, but did not at that time know that he had received, in addition to the ordinary prizes and complimentary mention, the special premium of a Silver Tea Set, awarded to the most useful and original invention by a citizen of Lancaster county, exhibited at the Lancaster County Agricultural and Mechanical Fair. This prize could not have been better bestowed. The Stove succeeds perfectly, and is sought after by parties from all quarters of the country. We congratulate Mr. Sheridan on his deserved good fortune.

CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.—An concert will be given on next Wednesday evening, by Prof. Friem and the Cecilia Musical Society, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the poor of the borough. The first-rate musical abilities of Professor Friem, the excellent attainments of the Society and the known talent of many of the individual performers—among whom will be recognized some of our most lovely and fascinating citizenesses—will insure in this entertainment a veritable musical treat.—The programme indicates a careful and choice selection of musical gems, and we can assure the public that the music will be worthily rendered. We hope there will be a general turnout, not only on account of those who are to benefit by the performance, but that proper encouragement may be extended to the musical talent and enterprise of our town.

READING AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD.—An election for twelve directors and a President of the Reading and Columbia Railroad is advertised to take place on Wednesday, Nov. 2d, prox., at the public house of John W. Gross, at Ephrata, in this county. That Columbia may be properly represented at this election it will be necessary that some course of action on the part of our citizens shall be agreed upon, and to that end we have been authorized to give notice through the columns of the Spy that a meeting will be held this evening, at the Town Hall, at 8 o'clock. We have already conscientiously discharged our duty to our own particular public in urging action in the matter of a proper subscription to this road, but will again ask the people to give the project the support it most certainly deserves. All around us the citizens of various localities, all more or less antagonistic to Columbia, are moving energetically, and it is left only for us to distinguish ourselves by a supineness that may in the end drive from us an improvement from which we cannot anticipate too great benefits. We are weary with recapitulating the good effect of the building of this road with a terminus in our borough, and we do not think the people require information on that subject; but they need stirring to action, and as we have said so much to encourage it as is right and proper, we leave it to personal influence on the part of some of our most energetic citizens to effect this. We entreat, however, a general attendance at the meeting this evening, a sinking of all personal differences and antipathies, and a general pull together for the good of the old town. Remember, at 8 o'clock, when the bell will be rung.

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We have received the November number of this favorite Ladies' Magazine. It is of the usual entertaining stamp, and contains besides matter for general reading, much information, particularly adapted to ladies, in the way of fancy work, &c. Since its removal to New York, the Magazine has been a success.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This popular Ladies' Magazine for November has been received. A very good number.

Official Vote of Lancaster County, October 11, 1859.

Auditor General.		
THOMAS E. COCHRAN	7602	4169
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT	3433	
Surveyor General.		
WILLIAM H. KEIM	7598	4155
JOHN ROWE	3443	
Assembly.		
NATHANIEL ELLMAYER, JR.	7475	3845
SAMUEL KEMAGY	7528	3898
JACOB E. CARREL	7263	3873
AMOS S. GREEN	7507	3837
DAVID REESE	3630	
BENJAMIN HERR	3577	
ROBERT S. McLEVIN	3548	
WILLIAM HAYS, JR.	3511	
Augustus Stoner.	47	
District Attorney.		
EMLEN FRANKLIN	7562	4029
Aldus J. Neff	3533	
County Treasurer.		
MICHAEL S. SEIRE	7280	3460
JOHN W. CLARK	3811	
County Commissioner.		
LEVI S. REIST	7459	3854
ABRAHAM PETERS	3605	
Prison Inspectors.		
HEGH S. GARA	7520	3982
JOSEPH SAMSON	7530	3983
Daniel Hartman	3547	
Samuel Long.	3502	
Directors of the Poor.		
DAVID STYERS	7560	4022
SIMON GROSS	7572	4014
CHERN WARELL (2 yrs.)	7553	4034
ALBERT G. KILLIAN	3525	
George L. Kober,	3538	
Joseph Zecher, (2 years.)	3539	
County Surveyor.		
JOHN S. LEWIS	7516	3931
Daniel Fenton,	3585	
Auditor.		
JOHN MERTZPATY	7534	3969
William W. Woods,	3564	

acres of land, and the privilege of retiring to the Soldiers' Home near Washington City. Had tried that delightful retreat, but found the life too monotonous for a man of his stirring disposition. There was no tobacco and no whisky, without which what is life? A burden, a miserable burden! Manufactured for himself a new wooden leg, and started on a pedestrian tour. Passed through the city of Baltimore and the towns of Gettysburg, York, Carlisle, Harrisburg, Middletown and Marietta, in all of which places he was permitted to get drunk *ad libitum*, and he must take the liberty of remarking, seeing the presence of the magistrate and Richard, that to be debarred from one of the most sacred privileges of a soldier in a d—d, contemptible, one-horse town like Columbia, was cutting it just the least taste of life too fat. "Now, Colonel, bring on your file of men and order me to execution!" The prisoner drew himself up with dignity, and giving the justice, the military salute, awaited his doom with the heroic fortitude of the drunken American warrior. The "Colonel" fetched the "Squire." Springing to his feet and striking a majestic hermaephroditic attitude, half military and half judicial, he exclaimed: "Perish the man who'll restrain the defender of his country from getting drunk! [A little selfish in the 'Squire' Ed.] The sentence of this court is that you be honorably dismissed from your present state of temporary restraint, receive an apology from Richard for his mistake in profaning your sacred person by the hand of the law, and that you be and are hereby invested with the privilege of getting drunk when you please, and as drunk as you please, anywhere within the jurisdiction of said court. Curran." In furtherance of which the "Squire" tied to the tune of fifty cents, and the man of war proceeded to carry the sentence into immediate execution.

A FLY-BY-NIGHT.—On Tuesday last complaint was made before Justice Welch that during the preceding night the proprietor and premier artist of the clean and easy tennorial department of the Blue Front, William Jackson, wit, had departed mysteriously, carrying with him the valuable fittings and belongings of that justly celebrated saloon. By invitation of Hollingsworth William appeared at the office the same day and demanded a hearing, denying with indignation the charge of larceny. He claimed that the chattels were his own lawful property, and that he had a freeman's right to remove them at will, and at such hour as to him seemed meet. He would not have his ownership questioned, nor his rights infringed. He removed at night to avoid the wind and dust, and he'd like to see the nigger who would gain his authority so to do. He gave this explanation voluntarily; not that it was anybody's business when or where he moved, but when a man has a good and sufficient reason for his actions, it's as well to satisfy neighborly curiosity by assigning it. Several witnesses were called to prove the ownership of the personal. Charles Williams, deputy shepherd of the establishment, was put on the stand, and after a protracted struggle was brought, by a threat of thirty days, to waive his conscientious scruples in favor of affirmation, and be sworn. On his solemn engagement to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, Charles informed the Worshipful Court, in answer to a leading question as to the ownership of the goods, that "Gruby knows 'em." This was the amount of Charles' valuable testimony, and on a hint from the "Squire" that he had better prepare to go down long enough to become thoroughly sober—say thirty days at the lowest calculation—slipped out of the door and "broke for de Hill." The testimony not satisfactorily establishing Williams' claim to the movables, he was ordered to file security in the sum of \$100 for his appearance at the November term, to answer the charge of larceny.

Insurrection at Harper's Ferry. We give below the condensed particulars of an outbreak at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, during the month of September, 1859, by the aid of the United States Government, and its remodeling of a new and improved principle. Were it not for the accompanying bloodshed, the slaughter of several innocent citizens, and the reflection cast upon the people of the north, were the "revolutionists" and "revolution" saw the light, the whole affair would excite only ridicule and contempt. Of course the entire north will have to bear the burden of obloquy excited by this insane and wicked attempt at insurrection, but we cannot bring ourselves to look upon the affair as incalculating more than a handful of fanatics, driven to madness by persecution in Kansas, and an equally contemptible number of dupes, excited by the ravings of the leaders into what they deemed a crusade of freedom. We will give such particulars as we can make room for. We copy from the Baltimore American:

The principal originator of the insurrection, and the chief leader in its short but bloody career, was undoubtedly Captain John Brown, a member of the famous scenes of violence and border warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious to the whole country. Captain Brown made his first appearance in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons, the whole party assuming the name of Smith. They bought a large number of muskets and pistols, and for some time boarded at Sandy Hook, one mile east of Harper's Ferry. After an absence of some months they reappeared in the vicinity, and the elder Brown rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from Harper's Ferry. They bought a large number of muskets, and apades, and thus confirmed the belief that they intended to mine ore. They were seen frequently in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Captain Brown, or that he intended embarking in a movement so desperate and extraordinary. Yet the day of the insurrection was fast approaching, and his visits to the Ferry and his lease of the farm were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection which he supposed was to be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Virginia.

Capt. Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near Harper's Ferry for some time. He was first employed in tending a lock on the canal. He afterwards taught school on the Maryland side, and after a brief residence in Kansas where it is supposed that he became acquainted with Brown, returned to the Ferry, and married there. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, known to be anti-slavery, but not so as to excite any suspicions. These two men with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about the Ferry. All were brought by Capt. Brown from a distance and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

At the first active movement in the insurrection was made about half past ten o'clock on Sunday night, Wm. Williams, watchman on Harper's Ferry Bridge, whilst walking across towards the Maryland side was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and told them so, and the matter was closed; but the men, who they conducted him to the armory which he found already in their possession. He was retained till after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williams at midnight, found the bridge lights all out, and immediately was seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he started to the Ferry, and on reaching the tower on the track he escaped. The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded there, and seized Col. Washington, and told him he was a prisoner. They advised all the slaves near the houses, took a carriage and horse and a large wagon with two horses.

Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine-house, where his dead body was found the next morning. The murder of Mr. Beckham excited the people and the cry was immediately made to bring out the prisoner Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge and shot down; from the bridge he fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining he was again riddled with balls.

At this time a general charge was made down the street from the bridge towards the Army gate by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and the Ferry people.—From behind the Army wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the Army buildings. Whilst this was going on, the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town and entering the Army grounds by the rear made an attack from that end. This force was largely composed of the railroad employees gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing through the Army buildings, and galloping by the side of the Army gate, they carried the building in which the Army men were imprisoned and released the whole of them. They were however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot guns, and when they came within range of the engine house, where the elite of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to their fire, and numerous use of Sharp's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evan Dursey, of Baltimore, was mortally wounded, and conductor George Richardson received a wound from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Murphy, of Harper's Ferry.

At ten o'clock on Monday night the train of military and United States Marines arrived at Sandy Hook, where they waited for the arrival of Col. Lee, deputed by the War Department to take command. The night passed without serious alarms, but not without excitement. The marines were marched over immediately after the arrival of Col. Lee, and were stationed at the armory grounds, so as to completely surround the engine house. Occasional shots were fired by country volunteers—what for was not understood; but there was only one return fire from the insurgents.

The building in which the insurgents had made their stand was the fire engine house, and was a two-story building, and was the only one in the town. It had double brick walls on three sides, and on the fourth, large doors, with window-shutters above, some eight feet from the ground. Various opinions were given as to the number of persons within, and the amount of resistance they would be able to offer. Cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of Col. Lee's quarters, and the safety of other citizens, who they still held prisoners. Shortly after seven o'clock, Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, of the 1st Cavalry, who was acting as aid for Col. Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, bearing a flag of truce, and was received at the door by Capt. Brown. Lieut. Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising them protection from immediate violence, and trial by law. Capt. Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially, "That he should be permitted to march out with his men and arms, taking the prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpunished to the second toll-gate, where the would free their prisoners. The soldiers were then at liberty to pursue and they would fight if they could not escape." Of course this was refused and Lieut. Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expectation though, by ear-shot was every day present, and the courage of the Lieutenant and the courage of his aged flag-bearer worn war prize.

At this moment the interest of the scene was intense. The volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off escape in every direction. The marines divided in two squads were ready for a dash at the building. Lieut. Stuart, however, halted and paused all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door. Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Col. Harris and Lieutenant Green advanced in two lines on each side of the door. They were every way met by the insurgents, who with heavy sledge hammers attempted to batter down the door. The door swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows. Failing thus to obtain a breach, the marines were ordered to fall back, and twenty of them took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and endeavored to run up with it. The ladders were thrown back by the insurgents, and a guard stationed at all the windows, that the people found they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of the insurrectionists at once magnified from fifty which was probably their gross force, including the slaves freed to him, to from five to six hundred. In the meantime, a number of the workmen knowing nothing of what had occurred, entered the Army, and were instantly taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined.

As the day advanced, and the news spread among the country people, and the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists. A guerrilla warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers whose house commanded the Army yard. A colored man named Hayward, railroad porter was shot early in the morning for refusing to join the movement. Next came Joseph Burton, a citizen of Harper's Ferry. He was shot whilst standing in his own door. About this time also Saml. P. Young, Esq. was shot dead. He was coming into the town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the Army, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

The insurrectionists at this time finding a disposition to resist them had withdrawn nearly all within the Army grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge. About noon the command of Lee, under the leadership of Col. Robert W. B., an officer crossing the Potomac river some distance up and marching down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists who retreated rapidly down toward the Army.—In this movement one of the insurrectionists named William Thompson, was taken prisoner. The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fontaine Beckham, Chief of the town and agent of the Railroad Company, in the breast, passing entirely through his body; the ball was a large elongated slug, making a dreadful wound. He died almost immediately. Mr. Beckham was without arms and was exposed only for a moment whilst approaching the water station. He escaped, one of

between Lawrence and Osawattamie was destroyed by fire by the pro-slavery men, and his body was found next morning. Belle Captain Brown, the prisoners taken are his son, who is seriously wounded in the abdomen and not likely to live; Edwin Coppuck, who belongs to Iowa, and a negro named Shields Green, who came from Pittsburg to join Brown. The stories of all these men are precisely the same; they agree as to the object they agreed to accomplish, and the number of parties in the movement. Young Brown in answer to a question said that there were parties in the North connected with the movement—thus differing with his father on this point. Coppuck, the other white prisoner, is quite young, and seems less shrewd than the others. He said he did not wish to join the expedition, and when asked why a reply which showed the influence Brown had over him. He said: "Ahl you gentlemen don't know Captain Brown, when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come."

Several slaves were found in the room with the insurrectionists, but it is not believed that they were there willingly. In the Brown's expectations as to the slaves running to him was entirely disappointed. None seem to have come to him willingly, and in most cases they were forced to desert their masters. But one instance in which a slave made a public appearance with arms in his hands is related. A negro who had been sharply used by one of the town people, when he found he had a pike in his hands, used his "chief" and arrested the citizen and have him taken to the Army.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 19.—The wounds of "Old Osawattamie" Brown are not at all dangerous, and he is to-day almost well again. Dr. Dunbar has attended him, professionally, as skillfully and kindly as if he had been a slave, and he is calm, cool, and exhibits that resolution, in view of his certain fate, which is a part of his nature. His fanaticism is of that character which shuts out all doubt from his own mind about the propriety of the desperately wild foray in which he was engaged. He takes it for granted that he was right, cares for nobody else's opinion, and shows the murderer he and his men committed as merely the necessary result of the war in which he had engaged against slavery. He professes to be prepared for trial, though having no doubt of his conviction, and avers his readiness to die on the scaffold, though he would not like to be slaughtered by the mob.

He made a statement to Gov. Wise this morning, of which the following is the substance: "I will be sixty years old next month. I rented the Kennedy farm six months ago. It belongs to Dr. Kennedy, of Sharpsburg, Md.; had paid the rent up to March next. I never had over twenty-two men at any one time at that farm, who belonged to my regular organization, but I had good reason to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada (negroes and whites), and had arms enough on the farm to arm about fifteen hundred men—not quite full. The arms consisted of 200 revolvers, 200 Sharp's rifles, and 1000 spears. I left these arms in the house. We had plenty of powder and fixed munition. We brought all the arms from time to time from the Euet to Chambersburg, Pa., and they were there packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who hailed them to the farm. They were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy farm, that being the name we had assumed. The following is the list of the insurrectionists given by Captain Brown, with the rank they held in his service, and their place of birth. We have arranged the list so as to show who are dead and wounded:

- Captain John Brown, commander-in-chief—wounded; will recover.
 - Capt. Oliver Brown—dead.
 - Capt. Watson Brown—dead.
 - Capt. Aaron C. Stevens, Connecticut—badly wounded; three balls; cannot possibly recover.
 - Lieutenant Edwin Coppuck, Iowa—unwounded.
 - Lieutenant Edward Hazlett, Pennsylvania—unwounded.
 - Lieutenant William Leman, Maine—dead.
 - Captain John E. Cook, Connecticut—escaped.
 - Stewart Taylor, Canada—dead.
 - Charles P. Tidd, Maine—dead.
 - William Thompson, New York—dead.
 - Dolph Thompson, New York—dead.
 - Captain John Kagy, Ohio, but raised in Virginia—dead.
 - Lieutenant Jeremiah Anderson, Indiana—dead.
 - Dangerfield Newby, Ohio; raised in Virginia—dead.
 - O. P. Anderson, Pennsylvania—dead.
 - "Shields Green alias Emperor, New York, raised in South Carolina—killed by the Ferry.
 - Lewis Leary, Ohio, raised in Virginia—dead.
 - Copland, Ohio, raised in Virginia—prisoner at Charlestown.
- *Captain Brown stated that this man was a Member of Congress under the "Provisional Government" he intended establishing.

We have room only for the main incidents given above. In addition, the daily papers give many interesting particulars of the affair, with sketches of the previous career of some of the chief actors, the Constitution of the "Provisional Government," which "General" Brown expected to establish, &c.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.—The members of the Friendship Fire Company have made arrangements to give the West Philadelphia Engine Company a complimentary supper, at the "Brady House," on Monday evening the 21st of October. The occasion will be an interesting one, and creditable to the liberality of the "Bleedy Reds," who will spare no expense in getting up the entertainment.—*Larrisburg Telegraph.*

PATENT MEDICINES.—"I'm shure he's very kind," said Mrs. Partington, as she took out of his wrapper a box of "Hallelujah Pills," accompanied with the request that she should take them for the sake of old friendship—the agent being an early acquaintance of hers. "He's very kind, but taking them is another thing, though they are good for all ails that are impermanent to the flesh, double X inelcusible. O, what malefactors these medicine men are to the human family, to be sure! I remember a pictorial expostion once that brought up a whole family of children, and entirely cured a gentleman who had been troubled for a great while with a periodical spot.—Depend upon it, sir," continued she, addressing old Roger, "there's so much virtue in 'em that everybody will be made virtuous, and everybody be made over again new, and there'll be no excuse for dying at all." "The old lady put the box of pills up on the top shelf, out of Ike's way, lest he should take them by mistake, as he often did the preserved dmons. "They're doubleless purgatory," said she, getting down out of the chair in which she had stood. "Worse than that, I dare say," said Roger, buttoning up his coat, "for I smell sulphur in 'em." He went out, and she wrooded what he meant.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.
P. M. W. PACKER,
GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.
A PROCLAMATION.
FELLOW CITIZENS.—The blessings vouchsafed by a kind Providence through the past year, demand our grateful recognition, and again call for the sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise. Under the protection of a government that secures to all equal rights, we have pursued, unmolested, the various avocations of life, with more than usual prosperity. The earth, under the labors of the husbandman, has yielded her increase, and our barns and store houses are crowded with the fruits of the harvest. We have not only been preserved from the ravages of the pestilence, but the past has been a year distinguished for health in our large cities and throughout all our rural districts. Our country has been preserved in peace. Our homes have been the abodes of tranquillity, and blessings innumerable have clustered around our domestic hearths. Our various schools and seminaries of learning are diffusing throughout our community a higher intelligence, and imparting to our youth noble aspirations. The institutions of our holy religion are well sustained; and under its pure and genial influence the spirit of civility and love, the earnest of yet better days, is most happily developed. TO GOD THE GREAT AND THE GOOD, we are indebted for all and to him let praise be rendered.

With these sentiments, and in accordance with the known wishes of many of my fellow citizens, I, WILLIAM F. PACKER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint THURSDAY the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, as a day of General Thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and recommend to all our people to lay aside on that day, their customary worldly business—assemble in their respective places of worship, and unite in praising God for his excellent greatness and loving kindness toward us—beseeching His gracious forgiveness, and the continuance of His goodness.

Given under my Hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this fourteenth day of October, in the fourth year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and of the Commonwealth, the eighty-fourth.
WM. F. PACKER.

BY THE GOVERNOR:
Wm. M. HEISTER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
This dangerous and often fatal disease had long baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, when the discovery of Dr. H. M. L. Liver Pills opened the difficulty, and presented to the world the greatest specific which has attained such widespread celebrity for its certainty of cure. This successful remedy was the result of many years' study, in which the symptoms were narrowly observed, and the cause described by the Doctor himself.

"Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.—Pain in the right side, and sometimes in the left, under the edge of the ribs—the patient being rarely able to lie on the left; pain sometimes under the shoulder blade, frequently extending to the top of the shoulder—often insupportable pain in the stomach, sickness, and loss of appetite; bowels usually constipated, but sometimes alternate with lax; dull, heavy sensation in the back part of the head; loss of memory, with unconsciousness of having neglected something; sometimes dry cough, weakness and debility; nervous irritability; feet cold or burning; and peculiar sensation of skin, low spirits, lassitude, with disinclination to exercise; and, among satisfied, I would be beneficial. In fact, patient distrust every remedy."

Have you any, or all of these symptoms? If so, you will find a certain remedy in Dr. McLANE'S PILLS. Prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S PILLS, and to give the name of the manufacturer, and presented to the world the greatest specific which has attained such widespread celebrity for its certainty of cure. This successful remedy was the result of many years' study, in which the symptoms were narrowly observed, and the cause described by the Doctor himself.

MEDICAL IMPOSSIBILITIES.
For long time a certain class of diseases have baffled the skill and practice of the most eminent members of the regular medical faculty. Foremost among these we might instance Epilepsy or falling fits. Happily now by the skill and energy of Dr. J. W. Daley, a chemist of Baltimore, Md., this disease has been brought within the means of a cure. We allude to the preparation called the Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, invented and prepared by Dr. Seth S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Since their discovery many persons who had given up all hope of ever being cured, have been restored to the full enjoyment of health. Prominent among these we might enumerate Mr. Harrison Lightfoot, of Huntsville, Ala. Mr. Lightfoot has suffered as much, Epilepsy, and every other person in the world never knowing what it was to pass a week without having an attack, and often falling in the streets of Huntsville. He is now fully restored and has had an attack for more than a year. Dr. Hance's Pills have been the sure cause of this cure. These pills also cure all modifications of Fits, Spasms, Cramps, &c., and are very serviceable for persons of weak nerves. Dr. Hance sends them in any part of the country at the rate of a remittance. Price, one box, \$1.50; two boxes, \$2.40. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Oct. 8, 1859—1m

The heavens were illuminated on the evening of Sunday the 17th inst., with a bright and brilliant Aurora borealis ever seen in the Country. Rays of particular light flashed across the sky, and the changes were beautiful. As our guests at the 24th have never remarked that he fancied he could see the sparkling light from themselves into their eyes, while the Aurora borealis, and the 24th have been the sure cause of this cure. These pills also cure all modifications of Fits, Spasms, Cramps, &c., and are very serviceable for persons of weak nerves. Dr. Hance sends them in any part of the country at the rate of a remittance. Price, one box, \$1.50; two boxes, \$2.40. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Oct. 8, 1859—1m