

The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXV, NUMBER 29.

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1864.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,737.]

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
OFFICE, IN LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA BANK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
\$1.50 a year if paid in advance or within 6 months.
2.00 " " if not paid within 6 months.
2.50 " " if not paid until the expiration of the year.

FOUR CENTS A COPY.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the editor.

Rates of Advertising in the Spy.
10 lines or less, 10 cts. per line, 3 mos. 25 cts. per line, 6 mos. 50 cts. per line, 1 year 1.00 per line. Longer advertisements in proportion.

Executors and Administrators' Notices, 6 insertions, 25 cts. Auditors' Notices and Legal Notices, 3 insertions, 25 cts. Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cts. a line for one insertion. Yearly advertisements shall have the privilege (if desired) of renewing their advertisements every three weeks at the same rate as for the first insertion. Our agents will be charged extra, and one-half the rates above specified for transient advertisements. Yearly advertisements will be charged the same rates as transient advertisements for all matters not relating strictly to their business.

ADVERTISING WILL BE CONSIDERED, OR COLLECTED BY MAIL, ON 30 DAYS.

JOB WORK.
Having just added to our office one of Goss's Improved Job Presses, we are enabled to execute in a superior manner, at the very lowest prices, every description of printing known to the art. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable. Give us a trial and our work will speak for itself.

POETRY.
Written for the "Spy."
Friendship's Offering.

Dedicated to Mrs. Helen Corwin Fisher, author of "The Wolf of the Wilderness," "Who Killed Anson Lyell," "The Wolf of the Wilderness," "Eve, or the Secret Terror," &c.
BY JAMES A. COONROD.

I, Helen Corwin Fisher, I have read
The poems which you have written,
Which do great honor to thy heart and head,
And which make thousands of true friends for you.

To the myriad readers of the "Weekly,"
The loved name is like a household word of fame;
And in their love and admiration,
I do rejoice—may I be credited in thy
Friend's column, and may your words
Be early read for more we cannot do.

Unless it be at noon, or noon, or night,
To think of kindly, or to pray for you,
Thou'st many friends whom you have never seen,
And ne'er may see upon this populous earth;

In many a heart thy name (beloved) is queen,
All love the for thy mental wealth and worth.
I, Helen Corwin Fisher, happily find
That thou art equal unto the best,
Ideas of thee, for thou art to my mind—
(My dream of what I thought thee turn out real).

The very notes of a poetess—
Even thy prose writings with sweet poetry team,
And I do find a pride and happiness
To know thee—may I have thy name for this theme.

Well, Helen Corwin Fisher, here's to thee
Kind wishes, happiness, success, and health;
May thy earth-life from all earth's ills be free,
If *mind* be riches, thou hast mines of wealth!

I hope among "the Great" to see thee yet,
I dedicate this outpouring to thee;
I owe thee friendship as an honest debt,
And I pray you'll sign a full receipt for me!

Write on, then, HELEN CORWIN FISHER,
Thy poems and stories which the public reads;
Each new production, like God's sun, gives light,
Devoid are all thy writings of all weeds!

Thy pen (would that all pens were so!)
Endeavor to do good—with proud success;
Nothing in life escapes thy wonderful ken—
I'll e'er pray for thy health and happiness.

New York, December 18, 1863.
Written for the "Spy."
An Evening Prayer.
NOT ALL FICTION.

(Alone, in an attic, cold and hungry,
By a window that looks down into the cold,
Deserted street, sits the sailor's widow,
Cold and hunger have made her nervous
and sensitive, her head wanders wildly,
One moment she thinks of herself,
The next she is attracted by something in
the street below.)
First a carriage passes quickly by. Then
she notices the cheerful light in a house
nearly opposite. Next a poor outcast goes
by, wearing so miserably that she is heard
above the storm. Suffering has made her
charitable, and she pities the poor wretch,
"This wretch of mine, in some respect than
heretic. And then she tells her story and
prays. Ah! in that prayer she shows that
in her poverty she is yet rich.)
The doors of day have now been closed an
hour.
And all the fierce cold winds in savage
power,
Sweep o'er the roof,
And I must shiver through this night
alone—
How coldly clear upon the pavement stones,
Rings the iron hoof!

Educational Department.
EDITED BY NOUKOSMOS.

All Communications intended for this column should be addressed to Nookosmos, Spy Office, Columbia, Pa.

SIMON SYNTAX having been taken down, it becomes necessary that some one should figure as editor of the Educational Department, and hence we have been considerably exercised to find a name of magical import, as some people think that everything depends on a name. But as yet we have not been able to find a name which might be an open sesame. We have, however, concluded to adopt that of NOUKOSMOS, which expresses the adornment and beautifying of that immortal principle which *thinks, wills, and feels*. We commence with the new year and hope that in the future more interest will be taken in educational matters by teachers of this vicinity than has been in the past. The teacher's work does not end in the school room. He should be "a city set upon a hill" and should feel that it is at least a part of his duty to inspire his pupils with a literary spirit.

We are glad to see that something intellectual in the shape of lectures is being provided for our community. Prof. Wells will electrify us, we trust; and we hope the cause these lectures are intended to promote, will not fail of success.

We need to be roused. We need a new intellectual life. Exercise and continued application are essential to mental growth. The man who simply reads becomes a literary dyspeptic. He must mingle with the world and modify and prune his notions with the scythe of practical life.

The intellect is expanded by thinking, and thinking involves the various processes of comparison, classification, selection, generalization, and synthesis.

The tracing of all effects to their legitimate causes. The science of common things, the political questions of the day, the deep truths of the Bible, &c., are all subjects worthy of thought, as they are instinct with immortal interest. The man that thinks will generally act, and right thought will always make men better. Simon Syntax had to sustain the school column without assistance. We hope the teachers will now avail themselves of this medium to discuss any or all school topics.

SCHOOL RULES.
Discipline is essential to good order. Children must be taught to act from principle and not from transitory motives. It is right that teachers should seek to control their pupils rather by love than by fear, but yet there is a dignity which the relation confers which should demand and require the prompt obedience of every pupil.

The teachers should distinguish between that which is wrong *per se* and that which is made so by the rules of the school. Punctuality, for instance, is of great importance, but only he who can control all the circumstances which surround him can live by this excellent rule. Children should be punctual and yet there are circumstances which are adequate to excuse.

We have heard of schools where children were prevented from entering the school during that session, when they came after the school hour. We doubt the wisdom of such a rule. It may be to the teacher's advantage, but it certainly injures the pupil. It makes truant and discourages many a child. Many parents are thoughtless and many children prevented from coming to school promptly by various circumstances. A little child starts to school. He is late. Domestic arrangements detained him. He is locked out. He goes home. Tells his parents. They abuse the teachers. The child becomes discouraged. The school loses the prestige of a good name. Thus the rule works *ruin* rather than *cure*. What say our teachers to this?

MR. A. M. RAMBO—I send you the answer to your "Biblical Enigma," but I find there is an error. First, MAGNET gives the father of Nabor, Yerah, the Bible tells us it was Lerug. Second, he gives the name of the Prophet of Judah, Ido. In the bible, in 2nd Chron., thirtieth chapter and 29th verse, it is spelled Iddo. And lastly, he gives Thessalica a city of Macedonia. I did not know there was a city by that name, neither could I find it in the Bible, but one of the chief cities is Thessalonica.

DATE.

Answer to Biblical Enigma.

H o s e a
1 23 28 36 2
A h a b
2 14 39 24
T i t u s
3 9 18 15 7
R a b b i
4 39 24 24 9
E v i l
5 23 20 27
D e a d
6 12 2 6
S a t a n
7 39 37 2 44
T e r r h
8 12 11 23 1
I r o n
9 10 28 44
R e u b e n
10 22 25 24 36 44
R u t h
11 25 37 38
E p h o d
12 16 14 23 6
T a b o r
13 2 24 33 11
H a o d
14 12 11 28 6
U n i t a r i a n s
15 44 20 8 2 11 9 39 44 45
P a t i e n c e
16 2 13 9 12 44 81 5
S a u l
17 2 25 27
T o h e t
18 28 14 12 13
R u b i e s
19 25 24 43 30 45
I d o
20 6 28
F e s t u s
21 22 45 26 25 45
E p h e s u s
22 16 38 22 45 25 17
S i a o r
23 20 44 2 0
B e t h s a i d a
24 22 18 14 23 2 20 6 39
U r i a h
25 19 20 2 38
T r u t h
26 10 25 13 14
L o v e
27 32 29 30
O b a d i a h
28 24 2 6 20 39 38
V i n e
29 20 32 22
30 41 32 44
C a b
31 2 24
O l i v e s
32 27 20 29 34 23
Y u l t u r e
33 15 40 26 25 11 22
E a s t e r
34 39 7 8 36 11
R a h a b
35 39 14 2 24
B u a i e
36 25 44 9 31 12
T h e s a l i c a
37 38 36 45 23 39 41 20 31 39
H a r a u
38 39 35 2 44
A a r o n
39 2 4 28 44
L a v e r
40 39 33 36 10
L i c e
41 9 31 36
S e i r
42 36 20 10
I s r a e l
43 45 19 39 36 41
N a t a n
44 2 26 35 39 44
S h i n a r
45 38 20 44 2 10
H a t r e d s t i r r
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
e t h u p s t r i f e s
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 10 20 21 22 23
b u t l o v e c o v e
24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34
r e t h a l i s i n s
35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

tions—but by her firmness, unconquerable spirit and example often averts disaster and calamity that would otherwise overwhelm those on whom the storm fell. But we are dwelling too long on this interesting theme, and must now hasten to the narrative of our sketch, illustrative of the powerful influence exerted by the words and actions of one of the other sex.

Very nearly every reader is familiar with the early history of Texas, and the heroic, bloody struggle of that brave people for independence. The fearful tragedy at Nacogdoches is remembered, as well as the leading incidents, with the thrilling interest they excited throughout all the States; scarcely a mail arrived from that distant province on the border that did not record some daring deed of individual prowess, some instance of self-sacrificing devotion or courage so strange and romantic, that an ingenious novelist would have had no difficulty in selecting material for an interesting romance.

A few miles distant from Nacogdoches, on one of the most beautiful and extensive plantations in that section of the province, resided a somewhat distinguished personage by the name of JUAN ALMERON; wealthy and educated, clear sighted and discriminating, and withal generous and with pleasing address it is not strange that he possessed a wide and commanding influence over the settlers for miles around, who invariably sought his advice on all occasions, accepted cheerfully his decisions as arbitrator in contested matters, and were controlled by his wishes.

Almeron had a daughter, an only child, just entering her twenty second year; her mother died when she was quite young and for a number of years she had resided with an aunt, who lived in a retired manner some distance from Monterey. Anita Almeron was a perfect type of the loveliest maidens of her land; her symmetrical form was a masterpiece in its harmonious proportions as it is possible for a human figure to be, and all her movements even her careless gestures were bewitching in their gracefulness, and her small head with its wreath of silky brown hair was borne proudly on an exquisitely arched neck; her complexion was perfect, and her lustrous eyes, in their melting tenderness or glorious brilliancy by their mute eloquence alternately awoke the sweet and gentle emotions, or sent the life blood speeding through one's veins in excitement and wild enthusiasm.

Anita had not attained the age we mentioned above, without having suitors for the number and irresistible power of her charms in connection with the well known fact that she would be the sole heiress to all her father's immense wealth, had attracted numerous admirers, not only from near her paternal residence, but from Monterey and vicinity. But all of the suitors for her preference were not influenced by mercenary motives, for there were many who knew and appreciated the rare qualities and winning charms of mind and heart, the accomplishments and numerous virtues she possessed; yet Anita was in no haste to bestow her heart's first, warm love, until she met one, with the congenial nature, taste and disposition essential to secure her real and permanent happiness.

For a long time the neighborhood had been seriously annoyed by the frequent depredations of marauding parties formidable on account of their numbers, and dreaded for their cruelty and rapacity. The community, too weak to oppose successful resistance to the ravages, were kept in a state of constant apprehension and excitement; applications for assistance and redress were made to Colonel Pindon, commandant at the nearest station, but such requests were uniformly treated with indifference, for Pindon was two much interested in the spoils plundered by the marauders, frequently being presented with portions of stolen gain, and himself and followers were often engaged in acts of oppression and extortion against the people; but being the stoutest man hesitated to brave—

Timid modest women have in an hour's time been transformed from delicate tender creatures into fearless heroines, perilous life and all that makes it dear to shield a loved one from impending danger, or in the execution of some cherished purpose, unammurungly bearing scorn, pain and persecution, her energies, hopes and thoughts all concentrated on the one predominant idea. Innumerable instances prove incontestably the truth that woman not only adorns and beautifies our life—ennobling our nature, and imparting the richest peace and truest happiness by her loving presence and affection—

Original.
Written Expressly for the Spy.
ANITA.
AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF TEXAS.
BY J. A. REYNOLDS.

The history of every country is gloriously illustrated by instances of the lofty heroism, and dauntless courage of its females, their noble devotion to the interests and happiness of those entrusted to their guardianship, their unshrinking fidelity and unflinching endurance of dangers, privations and suffering, which the stoutest men hesitated to brave—

Timid modest women have in an hour's time been transformed from delicate tender creatures into fearless heroines, perilous life and all that makes it dear to shield a loved one from impending danger, or in the execution of some cherished purpose, unammurungly bearing scorn, pain and persecution, her energies, hopes and thoughts all concentrated on the one predominant idea. Innumerable instances prove incontestably the truth that woman not only adorns and beautifies our life—ennobling our nature, and imparting the richest peace and truest happiness by her loving presence and affection—

settlers. On more than one occasion he had met the lovely Anita, and unprincipled, cruel as he was, detested as he knew himself to be, he sought to win her favor. Affecting a friendship he did not feel, he visited her father several times, and manifested an earnest solicitude for the interests of the family as a pretence for presenting himself before them. But his dissimulation was too transparent to deceive, and an ungracious reception and treatment just within the bounds of civility met all his unwelcome advances. When, at length, he professed his love, his proposals were rejected indignantly by the father who refused to permit his daughter to be insulted by an offer, he knew to be even more odious to her than to himself.

The baffled suitor, when Almeron disdained his suit grew livid with rage, and as he left the house threatened with bitter curses to be revenged for the insult he had received. A few evenings after as Anita and her father were seated at the supper table, the sound of horses feet was heard, and in a few moments more the room was filled with armed men. Anita flew to her father's side and, trembling, begged him to tell the cause of the harsh intrusion. But he knew no more than she did; in an instant, however, Colonel Pindon, his little, inflamed eyes, glittering with malice, and his sensual visage lit up by exultation came forward and answered Anita's question:

"I have come to arrest Juan Almeron as a traitor, and my authority is here;" producing an order from Santa Anna, "I swore I would repay him for insulting me, and I have got him now in my power, from which he will never be released. Here men, some of you bring in the irons and fasten them on him."

Almeron saw the hopelessness of resistance or entreaty and submitted silently to the taunts that were heaped on him, but Anita, on her knees implored the marauder to release her father, but all in vain. Her piteous prayers were unheeded, and she was left to weep and lament, and laughed at her tears and supplications. More beautiful in her misery than ever the maiden continued to beseech the unfeeling leader to take off the fetters and leave her parent unmolested. In her agitation and alarm, her loveliness and earnest appeals would have softened the heart and changed the purpose of any other than Pindon, but his brutal nature rejoiced at the terror and wretchedness his successful exploit caused.

At length, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he ordered his men to retire to the lawn, and leave the fettered prisoner with him, and when he was alone with father and daughter, who were wondering what the meaning of this strange movement could be, he said:

"Juan Almeron you cannot wonder that I sought to get you into my power; not content with refusing my alliance with your daughter you taunted me and ordered me from your presence. Nay, do not interrupt me," he said, as his prisoner endeavored to speak, "for I have but little more to say. Your freedom is in your own power, and not only your liberty, but protection and security for your person and property on this condition—give your consent to our union and urge your daughter there to accept my suit."

"Never! never! and cowardly robber as you are, you would not dare to insult me again with the offer of an alliance so detestable, if I were not bound and helpless," exclaimed Almeron, his tone and countenance expressing his scorn and indignation.

Apparently unmoved by the contemptuous language of his prisoner, Pindon, with a malicious smile and tone of mock courtesy addressed Anita, who had stood near her father, trembling with anxious solicitude for his safety: "But what says the lovely Senorita to my proposal? there is scarcely a maiden in the province who would hesitate to accept so tempting an offer, for I have wealth in plenty."

Until the brutal intruder spoke directly to her, Anita's thoughts and fears had been wholly engrossed by her beloved parent's welfare, but his supercilious manner and insulting vanity aroused all her quick, southern spirit, and her lustrous eyes flashed with indignation, as she replied:

"Then take the tempting offer of your hand and wealth to those who do not scorn them, for rather than degrade myself by listening to your suit I will gladly bear the utmost your cruelty can inflict. But if you be a man release my father; he is growing old, spare him, and I will be grateful for your kindness."

As Almeron sought to speak, Pindon interposed:

"You have both decided and have only yourselves to blame for the consequences."

I will have the revenge I promised and despite your indignation and contempt I will possess the beauty, too, but now, I will not bother myself with the formality of a marriage ceremony. That will be easier for me," and the coarse visage of the ruffian was lit up by a sensual gleam and gratified malice.

Before the agonized parent could do more than execrate the villain, he had ordered his men to remove Almeron, and as Anita, wild with apprehension sought to follow him, he placed himself before the door, and with a sneering laugh said: "Not so fast, my radiant beauty; I will take charge of your precious self, and leave the old man to my followers."

"Dare to touch me with your vile hands, and I will prove I have the power to defend myself. Back! I say," exclaimed Anita, as Pindon advanced towards her; but on he came to seize his prize, inflamed by passion, and deriding the strength of the delicate girl; as he grasped her in his arms, she aimed a blow at him with a small knife she had hastily caught up. As he staggered back from the weapon, which slightly pierced his arm, Anita glided past him to the lawn in front. The marauders were gone with their prisoner—where, she knew not, but Pindon's horse was standing near by; she was an expert equestrian, and hastily gaining the saddle, she sped swiftly onward, like an arrow, ere the baffled ravisher had ascertained that he was but slightly wounded. When he reached the door and saw the lovely girl fast disappearing in the distance on his own horse, his rage was furious and he cursed loudly and bitterly, but pursuit, being hopeless for the present he started towards the case, uttering vows of vengeance on his prisoners when he caught them again and he was confident that Anita would seek her father at the station as the most probable place.

Onward flew the beautiful girl; her luxuriant hair flowed in wavy tresses over her dark eyes glowed and sparkled with lustre imparted by excitement and determination. Still onward, sped the high mettled steed over the country; at every house, before each cabin on the roadside and in the villages, she paused, but only long enough to rehearse the stirring story of the wrongs inflicted on her father and herself. She was no longer the timid, modest maiden, shrinking with a blush from a stranger's gaze; sensitiveness, shyness had vanished and in their stead, were now the fearless manner, the spirited bearing and burning words that kindled the fire and aroused the spirit of every manly heart. Vengeance! vengeance! was her earnest appeal, and from every home and all the resorts the honest hearted settlers eagerly crowded around her; she spoke of their happy home which had been invaded by the minion of an infamous tyrant to load her beloved father with chains, and wantonly insult her in her helplessness; there were parents now before her listening to her words and the cruel oppressors might next select them as victims, the innocent daughter they so much loved and their wives, dearer far than their own lives might be torn from their embrace at any day to meet a fate to which instant death would be preferable. With expressive gestures, and a voice that thrilled like a trumpet blast, she narrated in volubility, passionate language the story of all the outrages committed by Pindon; with flashing eyes and quivering lips she spoke of his attempt to pollute her with his touch;—she parted the silken folds of her dress, and bared her pure bosom, and there, where delicate blue veins coursed their way over the polished expanse of that virgin white, was the braided and purple impress of the ravaging touch;—on that innocent bosom, never before rudely touched, the cowardly tool of a base tyrant had dared to place his sensual hand.

As she spoke, and appealed by her weakness, her injuries and words to brave hearts and strong arms to avenge her wrongs and save her father, the hot blood leaped like living flame through the veins of her hearers, their eyes kindled, as they answered with a shout her appeal to their manhood.

And still onward she pursued her way—there was inspiration in her words, and her utterances aroused an enthusiasm none could resist. The people gathered, and everywhere reechoed a wild cry for revenge against the execrated tyrant and his unscrupulous minion. On a certain day the people rendezvoused at the home of the imprisoned Almeron, for the purpose of devising the best mode for executing the popular will, and electing a leader; numerous plans were proposed,

but where so many were assembled there was great diversity of opinion, and at one time it seemed as if the unfortunate difference would result in breaking the assemblage up in confusion. At this juncture, when all were undecided, there stepped forward a stranger to most of the multitude—a finely formed, athletic young man with an open prepossessing countenance, and addressed them; his voice rang out clear and full and his dark blue eyes sparkled with a brilliant light as he spoke:

"I am a young man and a stranger, and it may be bold in me to volunteer words of counsel to you, but I have a heart that throbs responsively to the stirring appeals of the maiden, Anita. In my youth, my mother—may Heaven richly bless her—impressed me by her words and gentle, loving life with a sincere, earnest reverence for woman, and in manhood, remembering her trust and worth and all that I owe to her guidance, I have ever honored and respected the sex. And now an injured, helpless woman, insulted, deprived of an affectionate father, asks us to help her against a powerful ruffian, and in her behalf I invoke you to arm and seek the accursed tyrant at once. If you refuse now this pleading maiden's prayers, may God in your hour of sorest need reject your cry for assistance. For one I am ready, and here I devote my life, its strength and all its energies to the holy work of redressing the foul wrongs inflicted by oppressors on this innocent girl, her father, the entire community. Come for the sake of insulted innocence, for the honor of our manhood and in defence of our rights let us at once to the rescue of the imprisoned Almeron—it is the work of men who prize their liberties, it is the cause of the weak against wicked power and God will give us strength and success."

The deafening shout that greeted the young speaker as he ceased, spoke the hearty approval of the multitude in the assembly, and by their united voices they replied to the eager questions "who is he?" "where is he from, &c." it was said that his name was "Harrison Buckner" and he had just arrived from the States. While an organization was being hastily effected, Buckner was called aside by some one, and unexpectedly found himself in the presence of Anita who earnestly thanked him for his stirring words, and the prompt generous devotion of his services to the rescue of her father; the countenance of the beautiful girl glowed with emotion, and her voice trembled with feeling; the young stranger, who was so fearless but a moment before and would have charged undismayed Pindon and his followers was much embarrassed as Anita addressed him, and the warm light in his eyes, the flush on brow and temple and the expressive glances he cast on her from time to time proved that his susceptible heart had been touched by her beauty and gracefulness, no less than by the affecting story of the injuries she had received.

But there was no time then for them to improve the acquaintance thus suddenly formed—the men were impatient for him to lead them; renewing his pledge to rescue her father Buckner pressed his lips to the little white hand extended to him, and hastened to the front with new and tender emotions swelling his heart while Anita stood just where he had left her, a rosy glow mantling her soft cheek, and an unwonted sparkle in her bright eyes.

The band of brave settlers, led by Buckner, directed their course towards a village near where the town of Milrose now stands, on a branch of Angelina river. Each dwelling on the roadside gave them recruits and each mile their number increased. At the village they were met by another and more formidable force, which had been collected for several days. The outrages and fendish cruelties committed by Pindon and his heartless master had become at last unbearable, and the people were resolved to attempt their deliverance from a tyrant which had become so oppressive. The movement had been agreed on for some time and the outrage on Almeron had hastened the good work. When the various bodies were united, the command was unanimously given to one, who from that hour up to the day of his death, was intimately identified with the history of the infant republic, and who, while dreaded and feared by enemies, was fervently loved and nobly honored by his countrymen—a warrior, orator and statesman—THOMAS J. BUCKNER. The next day after the organization had been effected, the whole force took up the line of march, and there was heard for the first time that rich land of the towering

but where so many were assembled there was great diversity of opinion, and at one time it seemed as if the unfortunate difference would result in breaking the assemblage up in confusion. At this juncture, when all were undecided, there stepped forward a stranger to most of the multitude—a finely formed, athletic young man with an open prepossessing countenance, and addressed them; his voice rang out clear and full and his dark blue eyes sparkled with a brilliant light as he spoke:

"I am a young man and a stranger, and it may be bold in me to volunteer words of counsel to you, but I have a heart that throbs responsively to the stirring appeals of the maiden, Anita. In my youth, my mother—may Heaven richly bless her—impressed me by her words and gentle, loving life with a sincere, earnest reverence for woman, and in manhood, remembering her trust and worth and all that I owe to her guidance, I have ever honored and respected the sex. And now an injured, helpless woman, insulted, deprived of an affectionate father, asks us to help her against a powerful ruffian, and in her behalf I invoke you to arm and seek the accursed tyrant at once. If you refuse now this pleading maiden's prayers, may God in your hour of sorest need reject your cry for assistance. For one I am ready, and here I devote my life, its strength and all its energies to the holy work of redressing the foul wrongs inflicted by oppressors on this innocent girl, her father, the entire community. Come for the sake of insulted innocence, for the honor of our manhood and in defence of our rights let us at once to the rescue of the imprisoned Almeron—it is the work of men who prize their liberties, it is the cause of the weak against wicked power and God will give us strength and success."

The deafening shout that greeted the young speaker as he ceased, spoke the hearty approval of the multitude in the assembly, and by their united voices they replied to the eager questions "who is he?" "where is he from, &c." it was said that his name was "Harrison Buckner" and he had just arrived from the States. While an organization was being hastily effected, Buckner was called aside by some one, and unexpectedly found himself in the presence of Anita who earnestly thanked him for his stirring words, and the prompt generous devotion of his services to the rescue of her father; the countenance of the beautiful girl glowed with emotion, and her voice trembled with feeling; the young stranger, who was so fearless but a moment before and would have charged undismayed Pindon and his followers was much embarrassed as Anita addressed him, and the warm light in his eyes, the flush on brow and temple and the expressive glances he cast on her from time to time proved that his susceptible heart had been touched by her beauty and gracefulness, no less than by the affecting story of the injuries she had received.

But there was no time then for them to improve the acquaintance thus suddenly formed—the men were impatient for him to lead them; renewing his pledge to rescue her father Buckner pressed his lips to the little white hand extended to him, and hastened to the front with new and tender emotions swelling his heart while Anita stood just where he had left her, a rosy glow mantling her soft cheek, and an unwonted sparkle in her bright eyes.

The band of brave settlers, led by Buckner, directed their course towards a village near where the town of Milrose now stands, on a branch of Angelina river. Each dwelling on the roadside gave them recruits and each mile their number increased. At the village they were met by another and more formidable force, which had been collected for several days. The outrages and fendish cruelties committed by Pindon and his heartless master had become at last unbearable, and the people were resolved to attempt their deliverance from a tyrant which had become so oppressive. The movement had been agreed on for some time and the outrage on Almeron had hastened the good work. When the various bodies were united, the command was unanimously given to one, who from that hour up to the day of his death, was intimately identified with the history of the infant republic, and who, while dreaded and feared by enemies, was fervently loved and nobly honored by his countrymen—a warrior, orator and statesman—THOMAS J. BUCKNER. The next day after the organization had been effected, the whole force took up the line of march, and there was heard for the first time that rich land of the towering

but where so many were assembled there was great diversity of opinion, and at one time it seemed as if the unfortunate difference would result in breaking the assemblage up in confusion. At this juncture, when all were undecided, there stepped forward a stranger to most of the multitude—a finely formed, athletic young man with an open prepossessing countenance, and addressed them; his voice rang out clear and full and his dark blue eyes sparkled with a brilliant light as he spoke:

"I am a young man and a stranger, and it may be bold in me to volunteer words of counsel to you, but I have a heart that throbs responsively to the stirring appeals of the maiden, Anita. In my youth, my mother—may Heaven richly bless her—impressed me by her words and gentle, loving life with a sincere, earnest reverence for woman, and in manhood, remembering her trust and worth and all that I owe to her guidance, I have ever honored and respected the sex. And now an injured, helpless woman, insulted, deprived of an affectionate father, asks us to help her against a powerful ruffian, and in her behalf I invoke you to arm and seek the accursed tyrant at once. If you refuse now this pleading maiden's prayers, may God in your hour of sorest need reject your cry for assistance. For one I am ready, and here I devote my life, its strength and all its energies to the holy work of redressing the foul wrongs inflicted by oppressors on this innocent girl, her father, the entire community. Come for the sake of insulted innocence, for the honor of our manhood and in defence of our rights let us at once to the rescue of the imprisoned Almeron—it is the work of men who prize their liberties, it is the cause of the weak against wicked power and God will give us strength and success."

The deafening shout that greeted the young speaker as he ceased, spoke the hearty approval of the multitude in the assembly, and by their united voices they replied to the eager questions "who is he?" "where is he from, &c." it was said that his name was "Harrison Buckner" and he had just arrived from the States. While an organization was being hastily effected, Buckner was called aside by some one, and unexpectedly found himself in the presence of Anita who earnestly thanked him for his stirring words, and the prompt generous devotion of his services to the rescue of her father; the countenance of the beautiful girl glowed with emotion, and her voice trembled with feeling; the young stranger, who was so fearless but a moment before and would have charged undismayed Pindon and his followers was much embarrassed as Anita addressed him, and the warm light in his eyes, the flush on brow and temple and the expressive glances he cast on her from time to time proved that his susceptible heart had been touched by her beauty and gracefulness, no less than by the affecting story of the injuries she had received.

But there was no time then for them to improve the acquaintance thus suddenly formed—the men were impatient for him to lead them; renewing his pledge to rescue her father Buckner pressed his lips to the little white hand extended to him, and hastened to the front with new and tender emotions swelling his heart while Anita stood just where he had left her, a rosy glow mantling her soft cheek, and an unwonted sparkle in her bright eyes.

The band of brave settlers, led by Buckner, directed their course towards a village near where the town of Milrose now stands, on a branch of Angelina river. Each dwelling on the roadside gave them recruits and each mile their number increased. At the village they were met by another and more formidable force, which had been collected for several days. The outrages and fendish cruelties committed by Pindon and his heartless master had become at last unbearable, and the people were resolved to attempt their deliverance from a tyrant which had become so oppressive. The movement had been agreed on for some time and the outrage on Almeron had hastened the good work. When the various bodies were united, the command was unanimously given to one, who from that hour up to the day of his death, was intimately identified with the history of the infant republic, and who, while dreaded and feared by enemies, was fervently loved and nobly honored by his countrymen—a warrior, orator and statesman—THOMAS J. BUCKNER. The next day after the organization had been effected, the whole force took up the line of march, and there was heard for the first time that rich land of the towering

but where so many were assembled there was great diversity of opinion, and at one time it seemed as if the unfortunate difference would result in breaking the assemblage up in confusion. At this juncture, when all were undecided, there stepped forward a stranger to most of the multitude—a finely formed, athletic young man with an open prepossessing countenance, and addressed them; his voice rang out clear and full and his dark blue eyes sparkled with a brilliant light as he spoke: