

NIGHTMARE ON THE RAILS.

Under this head, Frazer's Magazine for November has an extremely spirited and thrilling article, which has excited the admiration of the English press, and is now 'going the rounds' of all the papers in America. The hero is an ill-fated reporter, who has to travel up to London with express, and to cover two hundred miles in three hours. He rides on the engine—their being no train—and speeds at the rate of a mile a minute. He has not been long on the rails, however, before he discovers that the engine man is a maniac! A mile a minute with a mad driver!—What a treat! Presently the madman seizes the stroker in his arms, and with a demonic laugh hurls him over the reporter and the engine driver are now alone together. A dreadful scene ensues. The maniac increases the engine's speed to a hundred miles an hour, and raves wildly about his dead wife. At length exhausted, he sinks down a sobbing and quivering mass upon the engine-mat. The denouement the writer must tell in his own words.

'Now was my time—now or never. I looked forth. Ahead of us, sparkled the light of D—. They were miles, many miles away, but minutes at our present pace would shoot us in splinters through the walls of the station. Westrope lay hysterically; I had enough of acquaintance with the locomotive to know the mechanical process of shutting off steam, and, grasping the handle of the lever, I turned the tide of the fierce vapor from the mechanism.

'The wheels had not spun round a single turn when Westrope, as if by instinct, sprung up, and with a roar of horse fury dragged me from the machinery. One of his huge hands was clutched round my throat—I writhed under the workings of its great iron muscles—while with the other he wrenched the lever, and I felt the steam set on again. I gasped faintly. He relaxed his hold of my neck, and grasping me by the shoulders, drew me to him. I made one effort—one struggle. Twining my legs round his, by a sudden wrench I succeeded in flinging him backwards with a heavy crash, partly upon the engine floor, and partly upon a box destined to keep grease, tools and other implements in case of accidents. The advantage was but for a moment; I felt his strength rising beneath my weight like a tiger's. With one bound he was on his feet grasping me a struggling mass, in his arms.

'There, go after Jeffries! he roared. My muscles involuntarily contracted; I seemed to shrink into a ball, as I felt by the winding up, as it were, of the muscular power of his arms, that he was almost in the act of flinging me down the high embankment we were then shooting across. All at once he screamed out—

'D—! D—! there's the lights of D—! the station light—the green signal to stop! Stop! he! he! ha! ha! stop! D—! Through the station, we'll go through it! Through—through walls, houses, streets! Stop! he! ha! ha!'

'I held my breath—I was still grasped in his arms, my head spun round and round—blue and yellow flashes appeared almost to luminise my pain, the sway of the engine increased; it rocked and bounded, and roared down the incline leading to the station; I saw gleaming past the lights in the baggage and engine sheds; I heard the exulting scream of the maniac, with shouts and whistles, and the ringing of bells, which seemed to rise on every side; I saw the dusky lines of standing carriages; I saw the glitter of the brilliantly lighted station, I saw the flying groups upon the platform; I saw the pillars, lamp-engines; one mass—one confused, gleaming; shooting mass! I gasped; then, with a yell that seemed to transform all nature into that wild, ghastly death shriek, we—we dashed—on—

'On nothing! Now, then, ticket please! Gentlemen, get your tickets ready; D— station gentlemen. Ten minutes allowed for refreshments gentlemen! I started up with a stammering cry. 'Hellow! hellow! what's the matter with you? You've been groaning and

moaning in your sleep for the last half hour.' 'Westrope! Westrope! I gasped. 'The man's asleep still. What chance do you mean by Westrope? Rouse up, man, and let us have some stout and sandwiches.' 'I sink back. 'It was a dream then? I muttered. Did I not warn you of that beef-steak pie at Leeds? But what was it all about—You were thinking of some of your expressing work, were you not?' 'I was. Thank God, it was but a dream; as you say, a Railway Nightmare.'

Remarkable Seizure of a Supposed Burglar.—Thrilling Scene.—A gentleman living in the western part of the city experienced a truly exciting event, and became suddenly and unexpectedly the hero of a stirring scene the other night. He had retired to bed at his usual hour, his wife being sick, and fortunately, as it seems, under the necessity of taking medicine during the night, which, with a lamp, match box &c. were placed upon a small table near the bed. At about two o'clock, as it afterwards proved, his wife awoke and discovered that the lamp was out; and wishing for her medicine, awoke her husband, requesting him to reach to the table and hand it to her. He was, it seems, lying upon his left side, and the table directly before his face, accordingly extending his right hand to feel for the bottle, he placed it upon the hand of a man upon the table. With admirable presence of mind, he instantly tightened his grasp, and, firmly holding on, at once called out, 'There's a man in the room!' His wife screamed, and cried aloud, for assistance upon others in the house, unwilling to move while her husband, feeling the risk of moving from his first position, to turn so as to get at a loaded pistol beneath his pillow, struggled enough, however, exclaimed sternly to the man, 'If you dare to move, I'll blow your brains out.' The noise occasioned by such an occurrence, with the crying and screaming of one or two children in the room, who had been woken up by it, soon brought in two or three of the other members of the household, with lights, when our excellent friend was discovered holding in the vice-like grip of his right—his own good left hand! Under the interrupted circulation caused by the pressure of his hand, stretched out upon the table, the unfortunate cause of this frightful scene was just coming to itself, the grip of the other hand almost starting the blood from the tips of the imprisoned fingers. The supposed burglar was released instantly, and our worthy friend, with his daring and presence of mind, at a marvelous discount, hid under the blankets to enjoy his laugh by himself.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE. It happened, in 1778, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age having obtained his mother's permission to find out & secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder the boy then left his cover, went softly behind him cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, 'You are my prisoner; I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road.'

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made his prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, 'A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat!' The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side arms but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR. The Philadelphia *Christain Observer* (Presbyterian) has the following remarks on the life of an editor: Who thinks of the daily recurring cares, and the exhausting toils of an editor's life? Few of his readers ever estimate the amount of labor required in the due preparation of a single number for the press. It is, perhaps unknown or forgotten, that he has no season of relaxation for mind or body

from the beginning of the year to its close—that he is chained to his post of toil from week to week, through the long protracted heat of summer, with scarcely a day of recreation for breathing the fresh air of the country.

While thus proceeding his unceasing labors, if he presumes to speak on great controverted questions according to his convictions of truth and right, (and this is the only wise course for one under the government of God)—there will be more to censure than pray for him, and aid his efforts in the diffusion of truth. Few can estimate the difficulties of his position, or enterism for him the regard due to a brother—unless he shall advocate their peculiarism.

Then there are those who do not even think for years together, to send to the editor the small sums due, in return for his exhausting toils, if they think of it their thoughts do not ripen into acts. They forget that he depends under God, on these small sums for means to defray the large weekly expenditures incurred by the press. And a hill he labors amid embarrassing cares and responsibilities—he is tired, if not discouraged, by many proofs staring him in the face, that his incessant toils are unremitted.

BIROGRAPH.
"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."
BLOOMSBURG:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

AGENTS.
Y. B. PALMER, Esq. is authorized to act as Agent for the 'Democrat' in all parts of the State, and to receive all orders for Subscription and Advertising at his Agencies in:
Philadelphia No. 59 Pine-street.
New York No. 140 Nassau-street.
Boston No. 16 State-street.
Baltimore S. E. cor. Bal. and Collect-sts.
Merchants, Mechanics and Tradesmen may find it to their advantage to advertise in this paper as it is the only one published in the County Seat and has a greater circulation in the county than any other paper published within its limits.

Circumstances beyond our control, we regret to say, compels us to issue but a half sheet this week.

General Ross, Senator from this district, presented to the Senate a few days since, a Memorial signed by the New Court House Building Committee, the County Commissioners and the Grand Jury for January Term, asking the Legislature to authorize the County Commissioners to pay \$2500 towards defraying the expense of erecting Fire Proof and other extra work about the new Court House not required under the provisions of the Memorial Bill, but which the County Commissioners were satisfied would save the County great expense by being added to the building while going up. The memorial was referred to a special committee, which had not reported at the last date. A few gentlemen, however, of Danville, true to their character, have got up a weak and feeble remonstrance against this reasonable request, and have been circulating it with little success, as but few out of Mahoning township will sign it, all agreeing that the friends of removal are doing even more than was required without having this extra work added upon them.

THE ARMY. The news from the army is not of a very interesting nature. General Taylor has taken possession of Victoria, a town about two hundred miles from Monterey on the road to Tampico without opposition. It was generally supposed that the main force was pushing forwards to Vera Cruz, for the purpose of making an attack upon that place. Santa Anna still remained at San Luis Potosi. Reports are in circulation, but not credited, that the Mexican Congress had resolved to send a Commissioner to this country to negotiate a peace.

By a letter from New Orleans we learn that a young man from Muncy, J. F. Montgomery, was shot on the 10th inst. by one of his own men, and died instantly. He was a member of one of the Volunteer Companies from Pittsburg.

LETTER IV.
CAMP JACKSON, January 18, 1847.
COL. WEBB:
I embrace the present opportunity to say that I am in good health. I must take up the narrative where I left it off at Pittsburg. The merchants and shop keepers of Pittsburg are in general a hard faced nation as they extorted by exorbitant prices the hard earnings of those who are engaged in the defence of the country. It is well known that during our stay in Pittsburg, we had some severe cold weather, and the barracks were by no means comfortably, and those of us who went to the lavatory for lodgings, had to pay from twenty five to thirty seven and a half cents for a night's lodging, and this unchristian price was charged us because we were in the service of our country. And yet these land sharks have the impudence to say they are the friends of the volunteers—but from such friends our prayer has been Good Lord deliver us. But while I am bold to attack these sharks, I shall speak with respect of those who showed us any little kindness, and we met with many such, but I believe in every instance it occurred in the humble walks of life.

We left Pittsburg on Saturday the 9th, at 12 o'clock in the Steamer Wisconsin, and we never set foot on land until we reached this place on Saturday the 15th. We had a fine time on board the boat, with this exception, that some of the boys were sea sick from the rocking of the boat. I had anticipated the pleasure of writing on the boat but she was so unsteady that it was impossible to write, and for that reason I am so late in writing.

The scenery on both sides the river was charming, though for the two first days the weather was so inclement that we were confined to the cabin of the boat. All the most important towns we passed at night, but the scenery along the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio compensated fully for a loss of a view of the large towns, and I can truly say,

Give me a cot on this pleasant land, On the plains of Missouri where the corn-stalks stand, I care not how far back in the woods it may be, If my own dearest Anna shares it with me.

The Ohio and Mississippi are filled with islands which in many instances are covered with cotton wood and the growth of the timber appears to be so regular that the tops of the trees are as even as though they had been trimmed by the hand of man. But as we proceeded down the river; the country became more level and both banks of the river for miles is covered with the most dense forest of timber. Again you come in view of a cotton plantation where you see a stately mansion, and in the rear are the houses of the slaves, which stand in two parallel lines and to all appearance neat and comfortable. They consist of frame and painted white or built of brick, and I have counted upwards of twenty on one plantation. The cotton was gathered and in many places they were clearing off the stalks. As we got further down the great river we saw an abundance of Cane, Orange and Cypress, as well as five Oaks and the country a perfect level as far as the eye could reach. The Cypress and five oaks covered with Spanish moss, which gives the forest a gloomy appearance.

Camp Jackson is on the ground on which was fought the memorable battle of the 8th of January 1815, and in pitching our tents we dug up a 24 pounder. I herewith send you a leaf and piece of moss from one of the live Oaks under which Gen. Pickens's animals were sheltered. The four oaks stand so as to make a square, and bear the marks of cannon and musket balls. The ground is low and level, and the time Old Hickory was encamped here must have been very tough.

I have to write to day in true soldier style—that is, I sit on the floor of my tent, lean my back against the tent pole, and lay my knapsack on my knee for a writing desk. There are at this time part of three regiments encamped on the ground, and you may be sure it looks something war-like. The first Pennsylvania regiment left here on the 16th, and 17th, & there are rumors (this morning that the second will leave on the 20th but of that I cannot speak of certainty. New Orleans is a harp and the hucksters invest the camp by day and night, and I do assure you they get the last cent from many a poor fellow.

Nothing to be had for less than a half dime, not even an orange, and a person in Uncle Sam's dress they look upon as fit subject to rob.

Yours,
CHARLES W. FORTNEY.

MARRIED.—On the 28th inst. by the Rev. William J. Eyer Mr. GEORGE MARSHALL to Miss ELIZABETH BRATS, both of Catawissa township.

On the 24 inst. by the same Mr. DANIEL HARTMAN, to Miss REBECCA BRIGHAM, both of Catawissa.

CIRCULAR.
The Democratic citizens of Pennsylvania who have not already appointed, or requested to meet at the usual places of holding their township and county meetings and select delegates equal in number of their Senators and Representatives in the State Legislature to represent them in the State Convention to be held at Harrisburg on Thursday the 4th day of March next for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Governor and Canal Commissioner, and of performing such other duties as may pertain to them in accordance with the usages of the party.

By order of the Democratic State Central Committee,
JOHN C. BUCHER,
HENRY BUCHER, Sec'y. Chairman,
Harrisburg, Nov. 28 1846.

DELEGATE NOTICE.
The Democratic Republican citizens of Columbia county are requested to meet at the places of holding the General Election in each Election district, on

Saturday the 13th day of February, next between the hours of three and six o'clock in the afternoon of said day to elect two delegates to meet at the house of John Clayton in Bloomsburg, on Monday the next following (February 15th) at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of appointing Delegates to represent Columbia county, in a State Convention, to be held at Harrisburg on the 4th day of March next, to nominate a suitable person as a candidate for Governor, and also a candidate for Canal Commissioner to be supported at the next October Election.

CHARLES CONNER,
WM. J. KEELER,
GEORGE MACK,
ISAAC S. MUNROE,
WILLIAM HENRIE,
Democratic Standing Committee,
January 21, 1847.

NOTICE.
SUBSCRIBERS of Stock to the Catawissa Bridge Company are hereby notified that the FOURTH and FIFTH instalments are required to be paid to the Treasurer on the 8th of March and 1st of April next respectively.
DAVID CLARK, Treasurer,
Catawissa, February 4, 1847.

Sheriff Sale.
By virtue of a writ fieri facias, to me directed will be exposed to public sale at Danville in Columbia county on

Monday the 1st day of March, 1847, at 1 o'clock, P. M. the following property to wit:
One undivided moiety or half part of all that certain piece of ground lying and being situated in the town of Danville, Columbia county, being 56 feet in front on Mill street and town, and 150 feet along the street which divides Joseph Cornelson's property from the lot lieved on, — 50 feet running from said street along an alley to lot occupied by Thomas Clark, thence along Thomas Clark's lot 150 feet to Mill street, bounded on the east by Mill street on the west by a back alley on the south by Thomas Clark's lot, and on the north by a back street running from Mill street along the lot owned by Joseph Cornelson to the street terminating at the aqueduct, which said lot are erected

on a three story Brick House, occupied by George B. Brown & L. B. Essign bookseller and stationer, a frame kitchen, a white frame dwelling house occupied by John P. Grove, a frame Stable &c. together all the houses, out-houses, buildings and privileges and appurtenances, to the above described property, belonging or in anywise appertaining as the property of defendant.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of George B. Brown.

ALSO—At the same time and place a Lot of Ground situated in the town of Orangeville, Columbia county, containing one hundred and forty two poles more or less, bounded by lands of John B. Edge on the north, John Cohenoven on the west and on others and on John-st. whereon is erected a two story Frame Dwelling House, a large Frame Store House, a small Barn and a Tailors Shop, with the appurtenances.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jesse Coleman.

ALSO—At the same time and place by virtue of a Levas facias to me directed;
A certain two story Frame Dwelling House situated on the east side of Mill-street, in the town of Danville, Columbia county, between the canal and Mulberry-street, containing in front on said Mill-street sixteen feet, and in depth thirty feet, and the lot or piece of ground and earthledge appertenant to said dwelling.
Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George Neadar.
BENJ. HAYMAN, Sheriff,
Danville, Va.,
February, 5, 1847.

Public Sale.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Columbia county, on

Public Sale.
In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Columbia county, on

Plaster.
The subscriber has a quantity of the best

COME AND SETTLE.
The subscribers feeling the want of the one thing needful, wish to inform their customers that (as the custom of the country is getting to be small profits and speedy collections) they expect all those having accounts with them of over six months standing to call and settle up before the first of April next.

2 Farms For Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale the Farm on which he now lives, situated in Hemlock township, Columbia county, near Fishers creek, about one mile from the Furnaces of the B. & R. Iron Company, and about one and a half miles from Bloomsburg, the county seat, containing about

117 Acres,
about 100 acres under improvement, and in a good state of cultivation. Upon the premises are a good House, a large Barn, a good well, and other out houses, and a good Apple and Peach orchards, with never failing water in almost every field. There is also upon the Farm a large body of Iron Ore of the best quality.

A Farm
SITUATED on Little Fishing creek, in Mount Pleasant and Hemlock townships, about four miles from Bloomsburg, and three and a half from the above furnaces, containing about

280 Acres,
about 125 acres under a good state of cultivation, the remainder is covered with heavy timber. Upon the premises are three DWELLING HOUSES, a Barn and other out houses, and a good

SAW MILL,
with an excellent water power. There is also upon the property IRON ORE.

The whole will be sold together or separate to suit purchasers on reasonable terms, and possession given the first of April if required.
ADAM STROUP, Jr.,
January 30, 1847—April 4.

NOTICE.
I have given to Letters of Administration granted upon the estate of ANDREW HELLONG, late of Catawissa township, Columbia county, deceased. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, to present them without delay, to the undersigned at his residence in Light-street.
SAMUEL MEHRK, Administrator.
January 25 1847—6x41

NOTICE.
The BOOKS of the subscribers have been balanced up to the 1st January 1847, and as it is the first time they have been balanced since they commenced business in Bloomsburg they ask and expect every one having an open account with them, to call immediately and close the same.

ALBRIGHT & MENGAL.
January 23 1847.
CARPETING.
A new supply of elegant carpeting just received at the new store.

L. B. RUPERT.