COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

TERMS: One Dollar & Seventy-five cts. in advance.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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LEVI L. TATE.
In Bloomsburg, Columbia Co.,

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☞ Ordinary advertisements inserted and Job-work executed at the established prices.

Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, by the laws of this Commonwealth, it is made "the duty of the Sheriff of every county to give notice of the general elections, by publication in one or more newspapers of the county, at least twenty days before the election," and to enumerate therein "the officers to be elected," and to "designate the place at which the election is to be held." Therefore, I, STEPHEN H. MILLER, High Sheriff of Columbia county, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of Columbia county, that a GENERAL ELECTION will be held throughout said county, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER being the second Tuesday in said month, at the several districts within the county to wit:—

Benton township, at the house of Ezekiel Cole.
Beaver township, at the house of Christian Shuman.
Bloom township, at the Court House, Bloomsburg
Briarcreek township, at the Town House, Berwick.
Catawissa township, at the house of the late Stacy Margerman Catawissa
Centre township, at the house of Jeremiah Hess dec'd.
Fishingcreek township, at the house of Abraham Kline, now occupied by William Long.
Greenwood township, at the house of Joseph R. Patton.
Hemlock township, at the Buck Horn.
Locust township, at the house of David Reinbold.
Franklin township, at Clayton's School House.
Mifflin township, at the house of John Keller.
Madison township, at the house of Jno Williver, dec'd.
Mountpleasant township, at the house of William Hutchinson.
Montour township, at the house of John Richards now occupied by William Hollingshead.
Main township, at the house of Isaac Yetter.
Roaringcreek township, at the house of G. W. Driesbach now occupied by Franklin Shuman.
Orange township, at the house of Peter P. Kline, Orangeville.
Pine township at the house of Albert Hunter.
Sugarloaf township, at the house of Alinas Cole.
Scott township at the house of Enoch Howell, Espy'n.
Conyngham township, at the house of F. R. Woloerth.
Jackson township, at the house of Joshua Savage.

It is further directed that the election at the said several districts shall be opened between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue open without interruption or adjournment, until 7 o'clock in the evening when the polls shall be closed.

The officers to be elected at the time and place aforesaid, are—

A GOVERNOR.
TWO JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.
A CANAL COMMISSIONER.
A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.
A STATE SENATOR.
TWO MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY.
A COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
ONE PERSON FOR PROTHONOTARY, CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS, OF THE ORPHAN'S COURT, AND OF THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER.
ONE PERSON FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.
A COUNTY TREASURER.
A COUNTY AUDITOR.

And the said election of Congressman is held in pursuance of a writ to me directed by the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, wherein it is directed that because a vacancy has happened in the representation of this State in the House of Representatives of the United States, in consequence of the death of JOHN G. MONTGOMERY, Esq., elected a member of the Twenty Fifth Congress from the Twelfth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Luzerne, Montour and Wyoming, that I, Stephen H. Miller, High Sheriff of Columbia county, shall hold or cause to be held in each township, at the time and at the places aforesaid, an election for choosing a Representative of this Commonwealth in the House of Representatives of the United States, to fill the vacancy aforesaid.

And, whereas, I have been directed by the Governor to give notice that a joint resolution, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this Commonwealth, has been agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each House of the Legislature, at two successive terms of the same, and that it is provided by the Constitution that any amendment so agreed upon, shall be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection. Therefore for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the citizens of this Commonwealth in regard thereto, I, Stephen H. Miller, High Sheriff of Columbia county, do give notice and proclaim to the qualified electors of said county, that an election will be held in each of the townships, wards and districts therein, on the SECOND TUESDAY OF OCTOBER A. D. 1857, for the purpose of deciding upon the adoption or rejection of the said amendments, or any of them; which said election shall be held at the places and opened and closed at the time at and within which the General Elections of this Commonwealth are held, opened and closed, and it shall be the duty of the Judges, Inspectors and Clerks of each of said townships, wards and districts to receive at the said election, tickets either written or printed, or partly written and partly printed from citizens duly qualified to vote for Members of the General Assembly and to deposit them in a box or boxes to be for that purpose provided by the proper officers; which tickets shall be respectively labelled on the outside "First Amendment" "Second Amendment" "Third Amendment," and "Fourth Amendment;" and those who are favorable to said Amendments or any of them, may express their desire by voting each as many separate written or printed or partly written or printed ballots or tickets, containing on the inside thereof the words "For the Amendment;" and those who are opposed to such Amendments, or any of them, may express their opposition by voting each as many separate written or printed ballots or tickets containing on the inside thereof the words, "Against the Amendments."

And further, I do hereby give notice, direct and proclaim, that the election on the said proposed Amendments, shall be opened and closed at the same time and in all respects be conducted, as the General Elections of this Commonwealth are now conducted, as well as respects the qualifications of voters the time and manner of making returns, as in all other particulars.

It is further directed that the meetings of the return judges, at the Court House in Bloomsburg, to make out the general returns, shall be on the first Friday succeeding the general election, which will be the sixteenth day of October.

The Congressional return Judges of the Twelfth District composed of the counties of Columbia, Luzerne, Montour and Wyoming, will meet at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for member of Congress.

The Senatorial return Judges of the Thirteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Snyder, Northumberland, Montour and Columbia will meet at the Court House, in the borough of Sunbury, in the county of Northumberland on TUESDAY the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for State Senator.

The return Judges of the Representative District, composed of the counties of Wyoming, Sullivan, Columbia and Montour, shall meet at the Court House in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of October next, to make out returns for member of Assembly.

And in and by the said act, I am further directed to give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, or executive, or judiciary department of this State, or of any incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the select or common council of any city, commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or any officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office then to be voted for.

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bloomsburg, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1857.

STEPHEN H. MILLER, *Sheriff*

Bloomsburg, Sept 5, 1857

HOWARD EXPRESS COMPANY.

FORWARD and deliver packages on the line of the Pottsville and Reading Cattawissa, Williamsport and Erie and Williamsport and Elmira Railroads.

Drafts Notes and Bills promptly collected

Principal Office, 148 Chestnut street. Orders for Goods delivered, and Goods collected free of charge.

Philadelphia, Aug 29 1857—y

AN assortment of Confectionery, Jewelry, Perfumery, Soaps, Hair Oils, Pomades &c., to be had at C. CLARK'S Book Store.

Bloomsburg, May 30, 1857.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

DOCTOR JOHNSON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

Marriage.

Married persons or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr. Johnston, and be restored to perfect health.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician

Organic Weakness

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victims of improper indulgencies. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough, symptoms of consumption &c.

☞ Office No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, seven doors from Baltimore street East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Warranted, or no Charge Made, in from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

Dr. Johnston,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London Graduate from one of the most eminent colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind were cured immediately.

A Certain Disease.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin bones, and arms, blotches on the head face, and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." To such therefore Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

Take particular Notice.

Dr J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgence.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions General Debility, symptoms of Consumption. &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

Dr. Johnston's Invigorating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored. Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembling and Weakness, or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston.

Young Men

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore Md.*

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

To Strangers.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Take Notice.

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless Quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation that his credentials and diplomas always hang in his office.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer be will sent.

January 7 1857.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
BLOOMSBURG COLUMBIA CO.

Residence, first Brick building below Hartman's store on Main Street

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in Dentistry, and is provided with the latest improved

Porcelain Teeth,

Which will be inserted on pivot or gold plate, to look as well as the natural.

☞ A superior article of TOOTH POWDER, always on hand. June 13 1857. ov. 15, '53.

BLOOMSBURG BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public in general, that he has opened a

Boot and Shoe Establishment,

In the white building on Main street, above Else's & Wilson's Bakery where he has constantly on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.,

And will make up work to order on short notice. His long experience in the business, and general knowledge of the wants of the people, will enable him to render satisfaction to all his customers, and should secure him patronage which he hopes to merit.

HENRY KLEIM.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1857.

FRISHMUTH & BROTHERS.
WHOLESALE
TOBACCO DEALERS,
NO. 105, NORTH THIRD STREET
Five doors below Race.
PHILADELPHIA.

January 10, 1857.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

Respectfully dedicated to the friends of the Sufferers by the Central America.

BY A. J. HARRIS.

Mourn not for the dead; though in haste they departed.
The old and the young; the sad and light hearted;
Like trees and like flowers before the same gale,
The lovely, the feeble, the hearty and hale.
Mourn not for the dead.

Mourn not for the dead, they know not of sorrow,
Have no tears for to day, nor no cares for to morrow.
While we shiver and freeze on this wintry earth,
They bloom in the spring of their heavenly birth.
Mourn not for the dead.

Mourn not for the dead, all vain is your weeping
For those who are in his holy keeping;
Who gave, who can take, and who claims but his own,
When he calls a new circle around his pure throne.
Mourn not for the dead.

Mourn not for the dead, your tear-drops are falling
Like dew on dear flowers, there is no recalling
Of life when its gone, wipe the tears from your eyes,
They heed not your weeping, they heed not your sighs.
Mourn not for the dead.

Mourn not for the dead, who in haste have departed,
The free and the brave, the young and true hearted,
They live not to linger in sickness and pain,
As will many of us who have to remain.
Mourn not for the dead.

Mourn not for the dead, I hear angel voices,
Which welcome them home, all heaven rejoices,
For the sufferers now know no anguish no more,
Their trouble is past and their pilgrimage o'er.
Mourn not for the dead.

Philadelphia, September 25, 1857.

[*From the Press.*]

The Wrecked Steamer.

On the 8th of this month the steamship *Central America*, with a full crew, 525 California passengers, and $1 600,000 in specie, on freight, (besides what the passengers must have had with them,) quitted the port of Havana. Next day a hurricane arose. Fiercely it raged until the 12th—nobly the ship and the gallant crew battled with the tempest. Human efforts availed not. On the 12th, when the tempest was most fierce, the vessel foundered. Out of all the human beings on board, only sixty were saved.

That same hurricane caught other vessels, and did them more or less injury.—Among these was the steamer *Norfolk*, from this port for Norfolk and Richmond. Late on Sunday night, she was wrecked—she went to pieces early on Monday morning—but crew and passengers escaped.—The last man to leave the sinking ship was the commander, Captain J. R. Kelly, who was nobly seconded by his officers and crew. But for their coolness, courage and gallantry, the sad tragedy of the *Arctic* might have been repeated. As it was, the greater portion of those on board were picked up by the steamships *Joseph Whitney* and *Caledonia*, the commanders, crew and passengers of which treated them with surpassing humanity, kindness and care. The *Norfolk*, a Philadelphia vessel, is utterly lost.

The *Central America*, on which life and treasure have been such a great sacrifice, was heavily insured, with her freight worth $1,600,000. This is not the place to discuss the mere worldly question of dollars and cents. But we may say, *en passant*, that this large amount of specie was looked for, with anxious expectation, by the monetary interest in New York—to relieve the pressure on the money market. The insurance of the gold was chiefly effected in England.

All considerations of this sort, however, sink into the dust, in comparison with the solemn and impressive thoughts which this mournful catastrophe *must* force into the minds of even the least reflective. For many years there has not been such a tragedy at sea as this. The only parallel, within our memory, is that of the *Amphitrite*, lost off the coast of France, over 25 years ago, with about eight hundred convicts on board, who perished in a sudden squall, the greater part of them being hand-cuffed and linked two and two with fetters, and unable, therefore, to make any effort to save themselves.

The number of persons who have perished, as far as is yet known, in the *Central America*, has been estimated as follows: Passengers, 525; officers and crew, 101; total on board, 626. Out of this, it is said that ninety-five were saved. As many, therefore, as five hundred and thirty one of our fellow-creatures have been lost.

In the flush of life—of hope—of expectation, many of these have perished. Who can measure the amount of pain which this loss will strike into many an anxious and loving heart, all over this vast territory.—Who shall coolly calculate the deep sorrows—the wild and bitter griefs—the deadly disappointments—the baffled expectations—the heart-rending bereavements—the rent affections—the absorbing desolations which this sad intelligence must bring into many a loving bosom. Not we. The contemplation makes us shudder—and the one pervading thought in our mind since the news reached us has been an imperative conviction, forced, as it were, into us, by the great and sudden shock, of the uncertainty of human life, and happiness, and hope,—of the certainty of that death which Faith assures us, terminates only our earthly being—of the necessity, amid the whirl of business and the crowded action of our daily life, of remembering by what a brief tenure of sufferance we "live, and breathe, and have our being"—of the necessity of being *always* prepared for the change to which this poor mortality of ours is momentarily subject.

California, that modern El Dorado, to which all ages and sexes have made pilgrimages for gold, sent back to us, in that doomed and lost vessel, a little army of eager minded persons—men, women, and children—the greater part of whom, no doubt, were bringing back with them more or less ore of that necessary evil—Money. It has gone down into the depths of the sea, and they have miserably perished with it.

Amid such a large number of passengers, almost an epitome of life might, perhaps, have been found. There was the politician, eager and earnest; prepared to stand by his party, and honestly believing that his party was the best. There would be husbands, coming home in prosperous circumstances, once more to clasp his wife and little ones in his arms, able and anxious to provide them with some pleasant homestead in which the remainder of their years might happily glide on. There would be the betrothed lover, who had self sacrificed his best years of early manhood in the pursuit of a competency to share with the beloved one, proud of the energy and perseverance which had enriched him, and gladly anticipating the delight and enjoyment of mutual and virtuous affectation. There, too, would be wives returning to their husbands, children to their parents—the millionaire and the merchant—the soldier and the artisan—the seaman and the clerk—all ages, occupations, rank, and property fairly represented, and most of them returning with high hopes and flushed expectation.

And now, we ask, "Where are they?" The waves, which wash their cold and stark remains—the winds, which sadly sigh a requiem over the victims of the hurricane—these moan back a wailing and melancholy answer, and the reply is but a sad and voiceful echo of the words, "Where are they?"

Manhood and youth, beauty and deformity, all the elements of society comprised in an assemblage of five or six hundred persons, all were there, as it were, so lately as yesterday, and now they are no more. The world of waters has rolled over them, and they have perished. To them never again will return the human sounds of mirth or sorrow, the light laughter of joy or the sad accents of grief. Never again for them will human passion make the heart swell or the pulse run with quickened speed. Love and hatred, admiration and envy, confidence and jealousy, avarice and generosity—all that degrades, and all that elevates, are now the same to them. Their human race is run. "After Life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

To such a mournful catastrophe as this, how sadly and singularly applicable is the impressive language of inspired Revelation. It is when under the pressure of such thoughts as this event forces upon us, that we *feel* the simple grandeur and truthful beauty of Holy Writ. How touchingly applicable are the following sentences, at the present moment: "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end."

Here we might close. But one reflection forces itself upon us. How comes it to pass that, throughout the land, a universal wail arises and a general sympathy is awakened, at such a loss as this,—while carelessly read, without sympathy or sorrow, but simply as part of the ephemeral intelligence of the day, how in the Crimean war thousands and tens of thousands perished of disease, and perished in the battle? In less than two years, as many as 250,000 human beings were destroyed, in the Crimean campaign, and for them we had no pity. How is this? It may be answered that those whose death at sea we have recorded belong to ourselves, and literally are our own flesh and blood, members of our own households, as it were. We grant this—but let our readers remember the late war with Mexico, and recollect of what small account was private sorrow over the brave who perished, how in the lightning flashing word "Victory" all other feelings were absorbed. In the case of this wreck over 500 lives are lost, and every one is deeply concerned; in the event of a battle, many thousands miserably perish, and, with our feelings blunted by the consideration of what is called Glory, few (save the near relatives of the departed) shed a tear over the dead or lament their loss.

The *Central America*, it may be necessary to state, is not a new vessel, but an old steamer, with a new name. She was built in 1853, by George Law, of New York, and bore his name until last June, when it was changed under the following circumstances—

The *George Law* made her eighty-ninth voyage, and arrived at New York on June 13. When she reached the Quarantine, an indignation meeting of nearly seven hundred passengers was held, at which such strong resolutions, complaining of the treatment received on board, including provisions neither of the best quality, nor in the greatest abundance, that, to get rid of such a reputation she went out, on her next voyage, as the Central America.

It will be impossible, we fear, to obtain anything like a correct and full list of all the passengers until after the arrival of the next California mail. Each steamer brings her own list, and a duplicate is sent on by a subsequent vessel. The *Empire City*, it is said, had such a duplicate list, but it was carelessly left at Norfolk, whence there is just a *chance* of its turning up.

THE LAUGHING HERO.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

The line was formed, and then broke into two columns, when every instrument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved away with a quick step over the prarie to the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred between the two leaders of the front columns of the prisoners.

"What makes you walk so lame Col. Neil? Are you wounded?" asked a tall handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravery flashing forth in all their beams.

"Colonel Fannin, I walk lame for fear of being wounded; do you comprehend?" replied the other, with a laugh—and such a laugh as no words might describe, it was so loud, so luxurious, like the roars of the breakers of a sea of humor—it was in short, a laugh of the inmost heart.

"I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles," rejoined Fannin, smiling himself at the ludicrous gayety of his companion, so strangely ill-timed.

"You discover that I am lame in each leg," said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and mimicing the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. "And yet," he added, in a whisper, "I have neither the rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my toes, but have two big revolvers in my boots!"

"That is a violation of the treaty by which we agreed to deliver up our arms," Col. Fannin mournfully suggested.

"You will see however, that I shall need them before the sun is an hour high," replied Neil. "Ah! Fannin, you do not know the treachery of these base Mexicans."

At the instant the sun rose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million of flower cups flung their rich odors abroad over the green prairie, as an offering to the lord of light, when the mandate of "halt" was given by one of Santa Anna's aids, and the columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over the plain in small hollow squares, encircled on every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horses, with loaded muskets and drawn swords.—And then a momentary pause, awful in its stillness, and disturbed only by an occasional shriek of terror, and the most timid among the captives realized the impending storm of fire and extinction of life's last hope.

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims; but not so with the giant O'Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer to his men to fire, our hero stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second. Thrusting a hand into the leg of each boot, he rose with a couple of six-shooters—the deadly revolvers—and commenced discharging them with the quick rapidity of lightning into the thickest ranks of his foes.

Panic-stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which O'Neil bounded with the spring of a panther and fled away, as if wings were tied to his heels, while a half a dozen horsemen gave chase. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the giant Col would not distance even these, so much had the peril of the occasion increased the national elasticity of his mighty muscle.—But presently a charger fleeter than the rest might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approached so near that the dragoon raised his sabre for a *coup de grace*. O'Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared to mingle with the very hair; and then wheeling suddenly, he fired a round from a revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining troops, as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the caution of their pursuit; for they galloped afterwards in one body greatly retarding their progress so that O'Neil reached the river before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck for the other shore! The dragoons discharged their fire-arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase.

In a few minutes O'Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was perfectly safe, burst into an insuppressive convulsion of laughter and exclaimed, "It will kill me, just to see how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled my revolvers out of my boots!"

Such was Col. O'Neil; possessing a fund of humor that no misfortune could ever exhaust, a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the grave of all his dearest friends, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution.

The Two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob."

The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal shocks of them, and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. "My brother," said he to himself "has a wife and children to support; is it just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his?" Upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to that of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had committed an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected.

On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife: "My brother, lives alone without a companion; he has none to assist him in his labor, or reward him for his toils while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; is it right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness!—If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased.'—The object was approved and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; each kept adding to his brother's store, but the stacks remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine the miracle, they met each other. It was thus that all was elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place were so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.

☞ Mr. Wm. Hancock is building a large addition to the Rough and Ready Iron Works of Danville.

☞ "Ned has ran away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Is it possible! I truly pity his sad mishap!"

☞ New York merchants allow only 20 cents for Spanish quarters.

Macaulay the Historian.

THE PEERAGE OF ENGLAND.

The elevation of Macaulay, the historian, to the British peerage, is generally commented upon as a tribute paid to literature. Probably it is so, to a certain extent, but not entirely. The want of a brilliant speaker in the House of Lords, on the side of the Minister, has long been felt, and though Macaulay is not a ready debater, and therefore does not shine in the Commons, his prepared orations will be quite an accession to the more dignified upper House. The bestowal of a peerage on him, even though the reasons are partly political, is the most gracious act which the House of Hanover has ever done for literature. Scott, though a personal favorite, of George the Fourth, obtained only a baronetcy. Bulwer, though descended from one of the oldest families in England, got no more. In fact, literature has never received its merited return in England, since the Guelph dynasty ascended the throne. Even Queen Victoria, that pattern of all the virtues, will not receive Dickens at Windsor as a guest. An author, who is merely an author, cannot be permitted "to come between the wind and her nobility."

As in all matters, however, so in this, there is something to be said on the other side. It must be confessed that literature has rarely been the friend of the British peerage. Governments, like men, want a *quid pro quo*. The nobility of England is an order, which has nearly outlived its day, and which must, sooner or later, succumb to progress, at least as a political institution. In the old feudal times, when the barons were nearly absolute in their own districts, the House of Peers, as a council to aid the king with advice, was a useful institution; but it has long ceased to be more than a convenient fiction. In these times, the House of Commons was composed of the knights of the shires and a few burghers from thriving towns; and was a body of little note; but it has long since become paramount over both king and peers. The ablest of England's literary men see this. The consequence is, that British literature continually exposes what a poor old lifeless fossil the peerage is: and naturally, the government, which rests one foot, if not both, on the peerage, cares little to honor literature.

The great body of the existing peerages, also, are of comparatively recent origin, which adds to the absurdity of the thing. It is not till we come down to the baronies that we find a creation that reaches back to nearly feudal times. The dukedom of Norfolk, the oldest English one extant, originated in 1483, when the wars of the Roses were nearly over; and when the "king maker," Warwick, had been dead many years, carrying feudality down with him forever. For, after the battle of Barnet, where he fell, the feudal system existed only as a pageant and fiction. The Marquisate of Winchester, the oldest peerage of its kind, dated from only 1551. The earldom of Shrewsbury, which has just fallen, temporarily, into abeyance, is of the creation of 1442, and that of Derby, the next oldest, from 1485. The Viscounty of Hereford, the premier of its class, old not exist before 1549. It is true that those holding these peerages can generally trace their lineage back, on one side or the other, to some noble or knightly family of a more ancient date; but the peerages themselves, through the oldest of their respective classes, are all subsequent to the really feudal times.

A few of the baronets, which existed when "nobles were nobles," really remain. That of Le Despencer, now held by a female, dates from 1264. The De Ros lordship, now in possession of the twentieth baron, is of the same year. That of Hastings goes back to 1290. That of Beaumont to 1309. Most of these owe their surviving for so long a period to having been inheritable by females as well as males. All these are baronies belonging to England proper. The peerage of Ireland boasts one barony still older, that of Kingsale, which goes back to 1181, or to within one hundred and fifteen years of the Norman conquest. The oldest Scotch barony is that of Forbes, which is as old at least as 1436. Nine tenths, however, even of the barons, the most numerous of the nobility, date their patents subsequent to the feudal age. Half of the nobles hold peerages not two centuries old. It is an institution, this order of nobility, which, as a political element of power, has lost all vitality. It belongs to the past. Literature sees this and says this; and hence the peerage owes it no thanks. —[illegible]