COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: $2 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 18.—NO. 47. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865. VOLUME 28.

The Lehigh Cattle Powder

IS warranted to be the most powerful agent for the stomach and blood of Cattle, Swine, or Sheep, in promoting digestion,cleansing the system and transforming the purified animal fluid in flesh, fat, milk, butter and strength and establishing health and vigor.

DUVOV'S HORSE & MULE POWDER is the only medicines legally patented in France, England, Switzerland and Holland, and duly admitted by their Courts, honored with prize medals, and invented by Mr. Duvoy, Professor of the Imperial College for Agriculture at Paris, and now manufactured by C. G. HIRNER, Hy of Z. and A., Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.

All diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels, speedily and certainly cured. Healthy stock will be brought into the very highest state of perfection, and one or two tablespoonfuls a week, is of great value to hard working horses, breeding stock and colts, and saved thousands of valuable horses from contagious diseases, as well at the barn-yard as in the army.

THE LEHIGH WORM CONFECTIONS effectually overcome all the obstacles which usually prevent the expelling of worms, are pleasant to take, and also one of the most agreeable purgatives for children. So confident is the inventor of the success of his laborious studies, in the pathological composition of this preparation, that he furnishes every graduated physician, with a written prescription, as a new era in materia medica.

THE LEHIGH ROYAL RAT, MICE AND ANT EXTERMINATOR, is a powder for the sure extermination of all Vermins, will never change with age and climate, and much preferable to the old Phosphorous Paste, which hardens in a short time, making it worthless. For directions and particulars see the small bills in the boxes.

☞ One hundred and thirty-seven premiums have been awarded to these celebrated preparations, up to October 23, 1864.

Boyer & Rover, are the wholesale Agents in Phil'a. For sale by all respectable Drug and country stores November 19, 1864.—12m.

L. LYONS' PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY,

AND

SPARKLING CATAWBA WINES.

Equal in Quality and Cheaper in Price than the Brandies and Wines of the Old World

For Summer Complaint, Cholera Infantum, Bowel Complaint Cramp, Colic, and Diarrhœa.

A sure Cure is guaranteed, or the money refunded.

In support of the above statements, are presented the Certificates of Dr. Jas. R. Chilton, Chemist, New York; Dr. Hiram Orr, Chemist, Cincinnati; Dr. James R. Nichols, Chemist Boston; Doctor N. E. Jones, Chemical Inspector, Cleveland, Ohio; Prof. C. T. Jackson, Chemist, Boston; Dr. Chas. Upham Shepard, Charleston, S. C.; and J. V. Z. Blaney, and G. A. Mariner, Consulting Chemists, Chicago, all of whom have analyzed the Catawba Brandy, and commend it in the highest terms, for medicinal use.

Analysis of the Massachusetts State Assayer, Jan. 25 1858.

When evaporated through clean linen it left no oil or soft waxy matter. In every respect it is a pure spirituous liquor. The oil which gives to fine Brandy its flavor and aroma, is wholly unlike fusil, or grain oil. Its odor partakes of both the fruit and oil of grapes.—With acids, it produces ethers of a high fragrance.—The substitution of this Brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the manufacture of fictitious spirits sold under this name both at home and abroad.

Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D.
Assayer to State Mass. 16 Boylston St.

By the s me, in 1864.

I have analyzed "L. LYONS' PURE CATAWBA BRANDY" with reference to its composition and character, b ing the same as that produced in past years. A sample taken from ten casks afforded the same results with regard to purity; a slightly increased amount of the principle on which its flavor depends was determined by comparison with former samples.

The following are of analysis show that this Brandy is produced by the same process as most of the imported Brandy. Respectfully, A. A. HAYES.
State Assayer, 16 Boylston St.

Manufactured only by H. H. LYONS & CO.
(To whom all Orders should be addressed.)
19 pot, 91 Liberty St., New York.

(November 5, 1864.—3m.

LADIES FANCY FURS!

AT

JOHN FAREIRA, S

ESTABLIS

FUR MANUFACTORY,

No. 718 Arch St., above 7th

PHILADELPHIA.

I have now in store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the LARGEST and most BEAUTIFUL selection of

Fancy Furs,

for LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WEAR in the city. Also, a fine assortment of Gent's Fur Gloves & Collars.

As my Furs were all purchased when Gold was at a much lower premium than at present, I am enabled to dispose of them at very reasonable prices, and I therefore solicit a call from my friends of County and vicinity.

☞ Remember the Name, Number and Street!

JOHN FAREIRA,
718 ARCH Street, above 7th., south side,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ I have no Partner, nor connection with any other Store in Philadelphia!

Sep. 10, 1864.—4m.

J. P. EYER. L. N. MOYER

NEW DRUG STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

THE undersigned would inform their friends and the public generally that they have taken the stand formerly occupied by Geo. M. Hagenbuch, in the Exchange Building, on Main street, in Bloomsburg, where he has just received a full supply of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Lamps, &c,

Which will be sold on moderate terms for ready pay. Also, NOTIONS generally, of every variety, sort and size.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded, at all times and on short notice.

☞ Confectionery of the best selections, and Soda Water in season.

☞ A share of the public custom is respectfully solicited.

EYER & MOYER.

Bloomsburg, April 11, 1863.

RE-OPENED.

THE DANVILLE HOTEL.

CHARLES N. SAVAGE,

LATE of the Pennsylvania House, has purchased the above well known Tavern Stand, lately occupied by George W. Freze, situate on Market & Ferry streets, in Danville, Pa., and has re-furnished and re-opened it for the accomodation of the public.

The House is large and commodious, and has abundant stabling. It is pleasantly located in the central and business part of the Borough.

To all who may favor him with their patronage, he promises his utmost efforts to promote their comfort, and assures them that nothing shall be wanting on his part to make his House the Traveler's Home.

CHARLES N. SAVAGE.

N. B. Smith's Omnibus runs from the above mentioned House, to and from both Rail Road depots at every arrival of the Trains. (Dec. 10, 1864.

OYSTERS!

EATING AND DRINKING SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully gives notice to the public that he has at his Saloon, on Main street, Bloomsburg, constantly on hand,

FRESH OYSTERS,

Either in the SHELL, or by the CAN to suit customers. Families can be supplied by the can or by the quart upon short notice. He also keeps constantly on hand XX ALE, Cyder and Minerals. Give him a call.

B. STOHNER.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 26, 1864.

Select Poetry.

The Soldier's Widow.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

She knelt beside his dying bed,
And kissed his pallid brow;
She vainly pressed his icy hands—
He cannot heed her now.

She calls his name in accents low,
Her tears are on his face;
He speaks not, moves not, for he lies
In death's last cold embrace.

They tell her that the angel's wait
To bear him to his rest;
She hears them not, she only strives
To clasp him to her breast.

She only knows that he has been
The sunlight of her home,
She only feels that she is left
To walk this world alone.

Where is the hand that strewed her path
So lovingly with flowers?
Where is the heart that clung to hers
In sunshine and showers?

That hand is cold, that heart is still,
Her dream of love is o'er;
And now, upon this dreary earth,
They'll cheer her path no more!

Interesting Sketch.

THE PHANTOM SKATER.

John Philips was, and is one of the most accomplished skaters I ever saw.—Morning, noon and night, through every skating season, found Jack skimming over the glossy surface of the river that ran by the foot of his garden, or whirling in wondrous curves and gyrations manifold within a magic circle of a few yards in diameter, whose periphery was closed by a tripple line af admiring spectators. He seemed to live on ice. People who wanted to be witty insinuated that ice was his meat and drink, and that he had been seen making a hearty lunch off a good-sized block of it, washed down by a draught of the clear, cold water of which it was composed. I have too often lunched with Jack on cold chicken and ale, however, in the noontide interval of his skating, not to know that this was pure invention.

These were a number of cottages along the bank on each side of the Philips mansion, and a number of pleasant people lived in them—amiable old folks, clever lads and pretty lasses, all of whom (saving the eldest, whose skating days had gone by) were more or less familiar with Jack's favorite accomplishment, and many merry skating frolics were held thereon.

Perhaps the most graceful and accomplished artiste, after Jack was a charming young damsel of some seventeen summers (and winters, for every season must and will count in the race of life,) by name Fanny Leyton, who lived in the cottage down the river, nearly half a mile below Philip's house. Fanny and Jack often ran races, and it was a doubtful matter which was the swifter of the two on a straight ahead match, though Jack far surpassed her in the arabesque, if I may so call them, evolutions and figures of the art. My readers will not be surprised to learn that Jack Philips was desperately smitten with Miss Fanny; but it will give them pain I fear to know that she looked coldly (even in summer) upon his passion. What the reason was I never knew, nor did he, I believe. Probably it was simply one of those mysterious caprices that seem incident to maidenhood. At all events it was a fact, and to Jack a melancholly one, though he bore up under it manfully, and believing that a faint heart never won fair lady, kept hoping and persevering in his suit with praisworthy ardor.

Fanny didn't dislike Jack, mind you; on the contrary, she seemed fond of his society, for he was a genial fellow and a thorough gentleman; but whenever he attempted to pass beyond the limits of simple friendship, and to speak of his love, she turned the subject aside with a laugh saying she did not intend to allow any thought of love to trouble her till she was five-and-twenty, at least, and that Jack was too agreeable as a friend and companion to think of changing him in that character; upon which Jack would look quite moppish for a moment but soon brightened up and again join in the laugh and the conversation would continue in the bantering tone Miss Fanny had just adopted.

This was the state of affairs between them when the events I am about to relate suddenly and essentially modified them.

Jack has been kept in town all day, very much to his disgust, by some business it was impossible to delay or neglect. The ice was in splendid condition and Jack had been picturing to himself the gay scene it doubtless presented while he was tied down to his desk in a musty law office. And as if to vex him the more, there was a large space of dirty frozen water in the court on which his widows looked, and every time he glanced up from his papers he beheld some five or six boys, most of them with a single skate, scudding up and down his oasis with shouts of laughter and many a trouble on the opaque surface of the frozen puddle, which only made them the merrier.

"Confound the brats!" said Jack, savagely. "How the deuce can a man think, with such an infernal row in his ears! I've a great mind to go and drive them off!"

However, as Jack was a most amiable fellow at bottom, he didn't execute his threat, but contented himself with semi-occasionally anathemas on the joyous urchines in the intervals of his labor.

When he finally stopped to light his gas they were gone, and a couple of hours' perfect silence enabled Jack to finish his task, and prepare to go home.

"Let me see," said he to himself, as he went along. "Yes; it will be moonlight by about ten to-night, and by George! I'll have a glorious skating frolic all to myself, for there won't be any one out, it's so excessively cold!"

Jack was quite consoled with this idea; and by the time he had had his supper, lighted his cigar, and sat down in front of a cheerful wood fire by the side of his widowed mother and his only sister Kate, he was in a capital humor.

"Kate, how I wish your poor foot was well," said he, "so that you might go with me on the river to-night. There won't be a soul out, and we would have it all to ourselves."

Kate had violently sprained her ankle a few days before, in skating.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Philips, "you surely don't think of going out skating such a bitter night! You'll freeze to death my boy."

"Not a bit of it, mother!" cried Jack, cheerily. "I'm used to it, you know.—And haven't I that splendid worsted jacket you knit me? I'd defy Lapland in that jacket."

"They've been cutting ice up the river to-day, Jack," said Kate. "Look out for air-holes"

"Pooh! as if I didn't know all about it," answered Jack, chucking his sister playfully under the chin. "I'll jump them, my dear, if I don't see them in time to go round."

Being aware, from experience, that remonstrance would be useless, neither Mrs. Philips nor Kate volunteered any further remarks of that nature; and, at ten o'clock, Jack bade them both good night, and, apparelling himself in skating guise, went merrily forth to his solitary ice frolic.

Fortunately there was no wind. A still, bitter cold made everything crisp and brittle. The turf crackled under the foot, and though it was many inches thick, the ice ever and anon gave a sharp snap as the weight of Jack Philips pressed for an instant upon it, here and there in his erratic course over its moon-lit surface.

After loitering, as it were, back and forth in front of his own grounds for a while, an idea, and a very natural one under the circumstances struck Jack that it would be a pleasant thing to skate down the river as far as Fanny Leyton's domicial, and have a look at the windows thereof, especially certain two that gave air and light to that young lady's chamber. Jack immediately acted on this idea, and in a very few minutes brought himself gradually to a stand in front of the Leyson villa. His hope, however, if such it was, of seeing a light glancing from the casements, or from any special of that mansion, proved faliacious. The house was entirely dark within, and the moon, which was but lately risen, shed a pale, cold glitter on the gray stone walls, blackened fantastically here and there by the shadows of the old trees that stood around them.

Jack heaved an involuntary sigh, and, after remaining a few moments longer in a sort of reverie by the river bank, struck out towards its centre with the intention of returning homeward. Gazing mechanically down the stream, as he shot out from the shadow of the bank his gaze was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a form that seemed to be skating in a circle near the further shore, about a couple of hundred yards lower down. He fancied for a moment that it was an optical illusion, as the distance and the uncertain light thrown by the moon through the belt of trees that lined the river bank made the figure some what shadowy and indistinct. He rubbed his eyes, skated further out into the line of vision, and looked again. No! there it was, an actual form, curving and swaying in the fantastic evolutions of an accomplished skater in the same spot where he had just beheld it the instant before.

"Who can it be?" muttered Jack.—"Some one from town, I reckon. At all events, I'll run down and have a nearer look at him."

And, suiting the action to the word, he struck out leisurly down the river.

A few yards below the point at which the form seen by Jack was gliding about, the river took a bend, and narrowed suddenly, running for more than three miles between lofty, overhanging banks, from which the trees, chiefly hemlock and pine projected themselves towards each other from either shore, throwing the stream into deep shadow, with here and there a band of light, where a few trees had been cut down, or had fallen away from the bank with the gradual wash of the soil from their gnarled roots.

To Jack's astonishment, no sooner was he fairly under weight for the mysterious skater than the latter, apparently seeing and divining his intention, suddenly ceased his gyrations, and after an instant's pause swiftly shot down the river, keeping close in shore, and evidently with the design of evading Jack's pursuit.

"Ho, ho!" said Jack to himself, half aloud. "That's your game, is it? Very well! Here goes for a chase, my fine fellow!"

And, putting forth an additional amount of strength, he increased his speed so far and quickly as to gain a hundred yards in a moment upon the flying phantom. But the other, apparently perceiving this again, immediately increased his own pace, and, without materially widening the distance between them, sped onward with a rapidity that defied Jack's utmost efforts to surpass. In a moment the form had entered the deep shadows beyond the bend, and Jack lost sight of it. In another moment he again beheld it flitting across a space of moonlight, still the same distance ahead, to become again lost almost instantly in the next line of darkness. It this manner, through gloom and through glitter, the chase continued with wonderful swiftness for nearly two miles, neither pursuer nor pursued gaining upon each other.

What the emotions of the phanton were (for Jack had begun involuntarily to call it thus to himself) of course, I cannot pretend to say; but Jack Philip's mind was aroused up to a pitch of excitement that sent the blood coursing hotly through his veins, and caused a profuse perspiration to start forth upon his bosome and brow in spite of the bitter cold. He, however, was utterly unconscious of this, and felt neither cold, nor heat, nor fatigue. His whole soul was possessed with the one fixed resolve of overtaking the phantom; he neither saw nor heard anything else but the fleecing form and the echose that rolled along the glib ice from the skate strokes; nor did he relax his speed for an instant whether in shade or in moonshine, nor give other heed to his course than to make it as straight and swift as that of an arrow launhed by a stout archer from an ashen bow!

The chase had now entered on its third mile, and here the river became torturous and irregular, a sharp curve spreading out into a broad, baylike expanse, and as suddenly closing up again into a deep dark gorge, only to carve out its banks again, a few yards further on, into another brief space of clear moonlight and calm water.

Whenever these open spaces occured, the phantom hugged the shore, which was always in partial shadow, while Jack held straight across the open space hoping thereby to gain upon the fugitive by substituting the straight line for the curve.—The advantage, however, had been but slight and transient so far, and the race bade fair to carry them both to the sea, which was but twenty miles further down, when, as Jack Phillips entered the third of the openings above described, he beheld (for his eye was ever steadily fixed in quest of the phantom,) with a grim delight, the form scarcely two-thirds of the distance around its margin, evidently gliding with diminished speed. The space had at last begun to tell upon it.

Jack's heart bounded fiercely, for he was possessed with a kind of rage against this weird skater, who had thus far foiled his power of speed and endurance, and, with a desperate effort, he shot, almost with the speed of light, straight out across the moonlit space, feeling confident that he should head the phantom off in the mouth of the opposite gorge. His eyes were still fixed upon the dark form seen indistinctly skimming along under the shadow of the further bank. He was more than half way across the opening, and nearly abreast of the figure, when there was a sudden crash. He felt the ice beneath him, and in an instant he was plunged into the deadly cold water with a shock that caused him to utter a wild, sharp shriek of mingled terror and pain ere his head sunk beneath the bubbling surface!

Fortunately, the river was not very deep at this point, nor was the current at all rapid, and in another moment Jack was struggling manfully among the broken ice to reach the firm edge of the airhole.—But, encumbered as he was by his heavy clothing, and nearly paralyzed by the intense cold of the water, it is more than doubtful whether he would have succeeded in rescuing himself from a horrible death! Help, however, was at hand!—The phantom had heard the shriek and seen Jack dissappear, and, swift as a swallow's flight, it sped to the rescue. On the very edge of the air-hole it halted, and, rapidly tearing off a long cashmere scarf, with which its throat and shoulders were protected, planted its skates firmly athwartwise on the ice, and flung the end of the scarf, with skilful aim, right into Jack's face, crying at the same time, in a clear, sweet voice—

"Hold hard, Jack, and never fear!—Now for it!"

That voice gave Jack new life. A sudden glow seemed to gather round his heart, and to start the warm blood afresh through all his stiffering frame. He caught the scarf in his teeth, and then, grasping it with his left hand, was enabled, without great strain upon his rescuer's strength, to climb upon the solid ice, hoarsly ejaculating, "God bless you, Fanny!" and instantly lost consciousness.

There was not a moment to lose. Assistance must be had at once, or Jack had only been saved from one death to succumb to another almost as speedy. There stood a small cottage on the shore of the stream, inhabited by a ferryman. To this cottage Fanny Leyton, brave and devoted girl, and no longer the provoking phantom, flew rather than skated. A few heavy blows with a largestone soon awoke the inmates, ten hurried words told the tale, and in a few minutes Jack Philips stripped, wrapped in blankets, and laid on mattress before a blazeing fire, while Enoch, the ferryman, concocted a powerful hot gin toddy, his panacea against all fleshy ills, for his slowly reviving guest.

Fanny Leyton, having sent Enoch, by land, to her own house with news of the affair, heroically rebuckled on her skates, and started as swiftly as ever up the river to bear the tidings to Mrs. Phillips and Kate. In an hour Jack was as well as ever, apparently, and took a second toddy with decided relish, and in less than two hours later Mrs. Phillip's carriage, with Kate and all sortes of remidies and clothing within, drove up to the ferryman's door and carried Jack home.

The next morning, however, Jack was not so well. He had a high fever and every limb seemed to burn and throb, as it with acute rheumatism. About nine o'clock came Fanny, with anxious inquirers about his health; and before she left Kate, with whom she was in close confab for an hour, she wrote a few lines with her pencil which she desired might be given to Jack as soon as she was gone.

As my friend would never show me the note nor communicate the contents, I am unable to give them to the reader. But that they were eminently agreeable I feel confident, for as soon as Jack recovered, which was in a very few days, he called at the Leyton mansion, and continued to repeat his visit daily for the next month, at the end of which period he announced to me, and to the rest of mankind who cared to know it, that he was engaged to Miss Fanny Leyton.

They have been married more than a year, and a happier couple I never desire to see. They still go a skating now and then, both by day and by night, when there is a moon; but always together, and so they are sure never to be betrayed into danger by the fantastic chase of Phantom Skater!

☞ A vast coal field has been discovered between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains. Th's will furnish fuel for the navigation of the Upper Missouri river, and will be a controlling element in the location of a railroad to the Pacific.

☞ It is claimed that the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and Seminoles are all in cordial alliance with the South. These Indians, located West of Arkansas, are devoted to the Confederate cause, and will give it a hearty support.

Curious Wife Hunting.

The native blacks of Australia have a singular mode of wife hunting, and we find it vividly described in a new English work, whence we extract the following:

In nothing is the bratality of their nature more clearly shown than in their treatment of their females. Among them, women are considered as an inferior class and are used almost as beasts of burden; so that it is not at all uncommon to meet a huge black fellow travelling merrily along with no load but his spear or war club, while his unfortunate *leubra* is panting under the weight of their goods and chattels, which she is compelled to carry from camp to camp. Courtship, as the precursor to marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife, he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers round the encampment of some other black until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired in attending one of the grand corroborries. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his *nulla nulla* (war club,) he stuns the object of his "affections," and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, when as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost in concealing their presence.—When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night; then quite naked, and carrying only their "jag spears," they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of those leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts the barbed point among her thick flowing locks, turning the spear slowly round; then with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open, she feels the sharp point of another pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently, she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their chivalrous exploit. Occasionally, an alarm is given, but even then the wife stealers escape amid the confusion, to renew their attempt at some future period. When a distinguished warrior carries off a bride from a strange tribe, he will frequently volunteer to undergo the "trial of spears," in order to prevent the necessity of his people going to war in his defence; then both the tribes meet, and ten of their smartest and strongest young men are picked out by the aggrieved party. These are each provided with three reed spears, and a wommera, or throwing stick; and the offender, armed only with his heilman, (a black shield 18 inches long by 6 wide,) is led out in front, and placed at a distance of forty yards. Then at a given signal, the thirty spears are launched at him in rapid succession, these he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons, that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having successfully passed through this ordeal, the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his leubra, and to have atoned for his offense in carrying her off; so the ceremony generally concludes by the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony.

"How do you like me now," asked a belle of her spouse, as she sallied into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you *any longer*."

A MAN once advertised his property for sale, and concluded his advertisement with, "A never failing stream of water before the door." Very true—his property was seated on the Delaware river.

"YOU'RE a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing master.

The Veteran and the Recruit.

"Put a recruit into a forest of pine trees with his shelter tent, and if he have nobody but recruits about him, ten to one," says an army letter writer, "you will find him under his shelter tent three weeks from that time. Not so the veteran. If he be camped in the pine forest, give him an old axe, a boot leg, a mud puddle, a board or two and a handful of nails, and he builds him a house, and a house, too, comfortable and commodious, and not wanting in architectural beauty. First he fells his trees, then cuts and notches his logs and lays together to the required height. His roof he puts on, giving it a great slope, and thatching it with the green of the pine tops.—He has been careful to leave window spaces, and tacking pieces of his shelter tent over these he was provided light, but keeps out the nipping air of winter. Then with his board he makes his door, and, the boot supplying hinges, it soon swings into its place. Then he fills the spaces between the logs with soft earth from his mud puddle, and his home is done, except his chimney, and the forest and the mud puddle soon provide that, for his chiminey is nothing but a pile of sticks plentifully plastered without and within with mud.—Then with his old axe he manufactures out of pine logs a full assortment of furniture, bedstead, chairs, table, wardrobe, and generally adds a mantel. Then, with a bright fire upon his hearth, he is prepared to laugh at winter, and generally does."

AMONG other incidents of the Sherman campaign through Georgia, the following disereditable story is told of some of the western soldiers. A foraging party visited a plantation, and entered upon the pleasant pastime of strangling chickens and bayoneting hogs. Finding a fine flock of sheep they "went for them," as the boys say, when the rebel owner came out and told them to take all but two imported merino sheep, which she highly prized.—Having pointed the pets out to the men, she returned to the house. A few minutes after, she says, they returned, informed her that they had killed the fatted sheep, and proposed to dine upon it. Said they:—"Madame, give us the piano; it is a sacrilege to cook so choice a mutton with common fuel." The piano, she avers, was carried out, broken up, the fire kindled in the yard, and dinner highly relished by the jolly foragers.

☞ Blackwood's Magazine has the following story, purporting to be original with Mr. Lincoln. It appears that before Virginia seceded, a committee of gentlemen waited upon him to see if something could not be done to avoid the impending catastrophe:—It was just after the taking of Fort Sumter, and Lincoln's having called out 75,000 men to coerce the South. "But what would you have me do?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," replied one of the deputation, "I would beg you to lend me your finger and thumb for five minutes," meaning, of course, that he wished him to write something that should allay the prevailing excitement. But Mr. Lincoln did not choose to understand him. "My finger and thumb!" he repeated—"My finger and thumb? What would you do with them?—*Blow your nose?*" The deputations retired in disgust, and Virginia seceded.

☞ There is much excitement at Harrisburg, Pa., occasioned by a proposition before the Legislature of the State to give the entire bed of the Alleghany River to a company of speculators. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Age says:

The effort to donate the bed of the Alleghany to one oil company is too stupendous to pass by without a more extended notice than it has yet received. Estimate, if you can, the value of one hundred and fifty miles of land (or water) half a mile wide, at a thousand dollars per acre, which is very low, and see if the aggregate does not make a sum sufficiently large to pay off the State debt! Yet this is to be given to some half dozen speculators.

MOTHER WIT.—A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gives them their own way.

"Poor things," was the prompt reply. It's all I have to give them"

☞ Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement, in this wonderful age.