# 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. 49. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 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.

DUVOY'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, Dr. 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 tablespoonful 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 as the glanders 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 UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE AND ANT EXTERMINATOR

is a powder for the sure extermination of all Vermine, 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 & Royes, are the wholesale Agents in Phil'a.

For sale by all respectable Drug and country stores

November 19, 1864—12m.

L. LYONS' PURE OLD

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. Horace Cox, Chemical Inspector, Ohio; 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. C. Smith, and G. A. Mariner, Consulting Chemists, Chicago, all of whom have analyzed the "Lyons Brandy," and commend it in the highest terms, for medicinal use.

*Analysis for the Massachusetts State Assayer, Jan. 25 1858*

When evaporated through clean linen it left no oily or offensive matter. Long experience in a pure spirituous liquor, I find the Old Brandy of this Brandy its flavor and aroma, is wholly malic fruit, or grape oil. Its odor partakes of both the fruit and oil of grapes—with acrid, it produces ethers of a high fragrance—The substitution of this brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the usual return of delirious spirits said under this name both at home and abroad.

Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D.,

Assayer to State Mass., by Boylston St.

*Boston, Jan. 1st, 1864.*

I have analyzed "L. LYONS' PURE CATAWBA BRANDY," with reference to its composition and character, being the same as that produced in past years. A sample taken from ten casks differed the same results with regard to purity, a slightly increased amount of the peculiar principle which is the flavor depends. Was determined by comparison with former samples. The indications of analysis show that this Brandy is produced by the same process as most of the imported Brandy. Respectfully, A. A. HAYES,

State Assayer, 10 Boylston St.

Manufactured only by H. B. LYON & CO.

(To whom all Orders should be addressed),

Depot, 21 Liberty St., New York

November 5, 1864—3m.

LADIES FANCY FURS!

AT

JOHN FAREIRA'S

OLD ESTABLISHED

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 selections of

Fancy Furs,

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

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 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. 19, 1864.—4m.

J. P. EVER. I. 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. Hogenbach, 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.

EVER & MOYER.

Bloomsburg, April 11, 1863.

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.

National Foundry.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for

All Kinds of Machinery,

for Collieries, Blast Furnaces, Stationary Engines, Mills THRESHING MACHINES, &C., &C.

He is also prepared to make Stoves, all sizes and patterns, plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.

His extensive facilities and practical workmen, warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for castings.

☞ This establishment is located near the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.

PETER BILLMEYER.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 12, 1863.


## Select Poetry.

### To Go, or Not to Go.

The following parody which we find in a rebel journal, is one of the most unmerciful satires of the kind we have seen for many a day. Many "exempt" on this side of the line will testily to both its poetry and truth. The fellow who wrote it should be furnished with a life exemption from military service:

To go or not to go, that is the question;
Whether it pays best to suffer pestering
By idle girls and garrulous old women,
Or to take up arms against a host of Yankees,
And by opposing get killed—to die, to sleep,
(Git out) and in this sleep to say "we sink
To rest by all our country's wishes blest,"
And live forever—(that's a consummation,
Just what I'm after.) To march, to fight—
To fight! Perchance to die; aye, there the rub!
For while I'm asleep who'd take care of Mary
And the babes—when Gill is in the lower ground
Who'd feed 'em, hey! There's the respect
I have for them that makes life sweet;
For who would bear the bag to mill,
Plow Dobbin, cut the wheat, dig taters,
Kill hogs and do all sorts of drudgery,
If I am fool enough to get a Yankee
Bullet on the brain! Who'd cry for me?
Would patriotism pay my debts, when dead?
But oh! the dread of something after death;
That undiscovered fel ow who'd court Mary,
And do my huggin—that's agony.
And makes me want to stay at home,
Specially as I ain't mad with nobody
Shells and bullets makes cowards of us all,
And blam'd my skin if snortin' steeds
And pomp and circumstance of war,
Are to be compared with feather bed,
And Mary by my side. EXEMPT.

## Interesting Sketch.

### THE HEROINE OF TYNDON.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seems almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate organization. Here is a striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares.—We copy the adventure, promising, by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was on the eve of marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that of which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride was discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight, which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late, long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since had packed up her jewels, &c. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased she thought she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants, still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Tyndon, and the bride elect, without a single thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bed door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was of her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressing him in a whisper:

"You are come," she said, to rob us.—Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed.

"We won't make no naise," he replied suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love gifts, remarking at the time that there were two other masked ruffians at the door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmation; he wasn't a going to run all risk and leave the tin behind. She proposed instantly that she would go herself, saying:

"I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room.—Very gently she stole across the chamber and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers, who stood at the door. The old man slept calmly and peaceably thus guarded by his child, who safely shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they got the show of plate spread out below, and that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dinner room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been lain to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number, when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them, and then seated at the head of the table she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye had time to study, in her quiet way the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaid's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader approached her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly wench, regulate game and that they wouldn't hurt her, but she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be safe. To this, of course she was obliged to assent, and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffins had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in a despoiled room, Adelaide faint and exhausted, waited the first gleam of daylight, then as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family the next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding that the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's blind description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the three fingered Jack being the guide to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self possession and judgment of his daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sounds and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of air soon brought restored health.

No PEACE.—Senator Wade of Ohio thus expressed the general sentiment of his portion of the Republican party in the Senate last week:—

"You can have no peace as long as that relation (Slavery) exists in the United States; and, as God is my judge, *I hope you will have no peace till you abolish it.* I ask for no peace until slavery is extinct in these United States. We hear men sometimes talk about the object for which this war is prosecuted. They biggle over the idea was to defend the United States against the aggression of the South. That was a fact. It was, in its commencement, a strictly defensive war; but war was commenced,—and thank God, I think *I see that it cannot end until that which gave rise to it shall have ended; and I hope it will not. If it continue thirty years, and bankrupts the whole nation, I hope to God there will be no peace until we can say there is not a slave in this land.*

"I say again, I ask no peace until that is done. I am glad of the stubborness which the South hold out. I hope they will hold out in their blindness until they provoke us to do that which the occasion demands, without which being done you ought to have no peace, and you can have no peace."

### High Prices---Complaints of the People.

For the last two or three years all classes of people have been loud in their complaints about the exorbitant rate they are compelled to pay for everything they consume. In most instances these complaints are excusable, and again they are not. Editors and publishers, of all other men, have good grounds for complaint, for the price asked and received for white paper is positively beyond endurance. This is owing, not so much to an advacne in the price of rags and chemicals used in the manufacture of paper, as to combination. Paper manufacturers have formed themselves into a league, and thus regulate the paper market themselves. The duty upon foreign paper is so foolishly high as to make it prohibitory, and not a pound arrives here. This fact gives our own manufacturers the monopoly, and they can ask and receive just what they please.—They have made immense fortunes in two or three years, and editors and publishers have become poor in about the same ratio So much for our own business; now for a few words about other men's affairs.

The place to hear men and women complain loud and long about prices, is in our town market. "What's the price of butter?" ask, one. "Fifty cents," is the reply. "The devil you say," is the response of the would be buyer, as he hurries on to ask the same question of another butter man, who gives him the same answer. He is evidently in a bad humor. "How much for eggs?" inquires a lady who had half made up her mind to please her husband by gracing his table with a nice pound-cake. "Fifty cents," is the response "Bless me, *how dear*," and away she goes, hoping to get her eggs a trifle cheaper, but in this she failed. She too feels wolfish—Everything in our market appears dear—chickens per pair from 75 cents to $1; turkeys from $1 50 to $2 50 each; cabbage 20 to 25 a head, small at that; apples from $2 25 to $3 per bushel; beef, pork, mutton, sausages, &c., about three or four times as high as formerly. These articles are the product of the farm, and a few words in behalf of our agricultural friends may seem called for.

Notwithstanding everything raised on the farm appears, and indeed is, very dear, in comparison with former prices, it is nevertheless a fact that farmers, in their charges, come nearer the mark of justice than any other class of men. Fifty cents a pound for butter, and the same for a dozen eggs, sounds like extortion, but then we must remember that we pay the farmer rags and not money for his products.—Pay him in money—gold or silver—and he will sell at very near the same prices he received three or four years ago. We must recollect that this trash that the LINCOLN administration issues and calls money, is at a discount of almost if not quite fifty-five per cent. A dollar note is only worth some 45 cents. This is the money we use now—and when the farmer takes it to the store he gets about as many goods for $4 or $5 as he formerly got for $1. Again, the farmer labors under peculiar disadvantages just now.—Everything he uses is up to an exorbitant figure, and its next to impossible to obtain help. Nearly all the able-bodied white men are in the army, and the thousands of "freedmen" who are loafing in the country are not worth having.

We repeat, then, that it is a fact that farmers, as a class, hold what they have for sale at about their rates. Their profits are not to large, considering all things. We wish we could say as much for paper-makers, manufacturers, dealers in foreign and domestic goods, rail-roads, and mammoth corporations. These are the gentlemen who are skinning the people alive; it is not the farmer. A tanner mentioned to us a few days ago that his taxes were enormous—several thousand dollars. He was whining about it. We told him he was mistaken, and that he did not pay one cent of tax, but that the poor man, who wants shoes for his family, paid it for him. This is a fact that every man knows. It is not the manufacturer, but the consumer who pays the tax. Tax any manufacturer, and he at once adds the amount of the tax—and sometimes a good deal more—to his profits. Hence he pays no tax. Rail-roads are taxed, but they don't pay a farthing—they make their passengers and their freight-men pay the whole of it. So we go. The consumer is the man who is saddled with the taxes, and hence it is that we hear this universal complaint about "high prices." But, enough for the present. We may, at a future date refer again to this subject.—*American Volunteer.*

### Reasons for not Enlisting.

"Signa," of the Boston *Transcript*, says: The following reasons for not going to the war are believed to be authentic:

I. I was brought up by kind parents to do nothing, and have done it for thirty years, and cannot think of changing my vocation. I therefore pray thee have me excused.

II. I have a hereditary horror of strife. My grandfather ran away at the battle of Brandywine. If he had then and there been killed my father would not have hid in the cypress swamp at the battle of New Orleans. My mother always cautioned me to be careful how I meddled with edge tools. I cannot go.

III. I am rather delicate; must have a fire in my chamber; couldn't live in a tent; must have my mulled wine at ten; besides, what should I do for lobster salad and broiled oysters? Pray have me excused.

IV. When I was poor I could not restrain my patriotism; but somehow or other it has not troubled me much of late.—This war has lasted long enough. I have married a rich wife. I cannot go.

V. Talk not to me about your *decorum est pro patria mori.* I've no notion of it. I want none of your *dulces* and *decorums* My maxim is, *dum vivimus vivimus.* I bought a couple of trotters last week—cost me $2,000. Guess I shan't go while the sleighing lasts.

VI. I cannot deny it, the smell of buant gunpowder acts like a cathartic on my stomach and bowels. Have me excused immediately.

VII. My heart is with our gallant troops, No tongue can tell how I long to join the Army. But, when I refer to the subject my poor wife goes into hysterics. "Dearest Eleezer," she cries "have you the heart to leave your own, your dearest Jerusha Matilda Anne!" and over she goes, tossing up her arms, and kicking out her legs, like all possessed. It is irrestistible. I give it up. I cannot go.

VIII. I have no time for it. The very few hours I can spare from eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping, I give to the fine arts. War is not one of these. I would be excused.

IX. I should go, were it not for my religious scruples on the subject of war.—Often, as I have been sitting all alone, in my distillery, something within has told me that war was wrong—probably the workings of the spirit—I cannot go.

X. I have consulted the spirit of old Mrs Pitcher, of Lynn, and am assured that, if I went, I should certainly run away and be shot in my back settlements. Of course I can ot go.

XI. My mind is in a very unsettled state. Upon every confederate success I am all for secession; and upon every Union victory I am for crushing the rebellion at once. If the war was over, I think I might be tempted to volunteer; but I cannot as matters are at present. When I read the little telegrams as they are brought in at the insurance office, if the tidings are in favor of Jeff I find myself, almost unconciously, nodding and winking significantly at Major Piddler, who goes for secession; and if the news is unfavorable to the rebellion, my hand seems of its own accord to grasp that of Deacon Blunt, and and "the Lord be thanked" slips out of my mouth before I know what I am saying. I must be excused.

SMALL POX PANIC IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New York Evening post has the following:

"A private letter from New Orleans, dated on the 8th ult., says: The small pox has come to alarm the people to an extent only second to the worst ravages of the yellow fever. There are not less than fifteen hundred cases in the city and vicinity at this time, and it is by no means on the decrease. More than one hundred patients have been admitted into the hospitals in one day, and the average now is not far from seventy-five a day. An extensive hospital is just completed on the extreme outskirts of the city, in the vicinity of the Marine Hospital which is capable of accommodating five hundred patients.

RAPID PROMOTION.—In the beginning of September last, Sheridan was simply a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry. Twenty days later he became a brigadier, and inless than two months' time a major general in the regular army.

☞ Mrs. Boggs says that she observes the people in the legislature have put her poor neighbor, Mr. Crown, on standing committee, which will be a dreadful trial to him, as he is very weak in the legs, and never could keep his feet a long time.

### Letter From Gen. McClellan.

At the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, by the Keystone Club, of Philadelphia, the following letter from General McClellan was read:

ORANGE, New Jersey, Dec. 20, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received with pleasure your very polite invitation to unite with the Keystone Club, on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

Certainly there is no association with whom I could more gladly participate in that celebration; but the course I have marked out for myself, renders it necessary for me to beg that you will accept my apology for failing to be with you.

I will venture to express my gratification at the gallant manner in which the Keystone Club bore its part in the recent contest. I am confident that its members will ever prove by word and deed their loyalty and devotion to our country, and that, when the due course of time begins on the next great political contest, they will render to whoever may then be honored with the proud position of the standard-bearer of the party, the same honorable and zealous support that has filled my heart with pride and gratitude that can never be effaced.

With my sincere prayers for your prosperity, and the hope that the celebration may be in every respect a most pleasant one, I am, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

A REMINISCENCE.—*How the News of Peace was Received in* 1815.—Years ago the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover square, Boston, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Sebra and another gentleman were left with father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak.

"He has great news!" exclaimed Mr Lang.

Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly—"Peace! Peace!"

The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say—

"An English sloop is below, with news of a treaty of peace!"

They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than ever he used before—and all hands rushed into Hanover square exclaiming—"Peace! Peace"

The windows flew up—for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows begun to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of Peace! peace! spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stooped to enquire about "free trade and sailors' rights"—No one enquired whether even the national honor had been preserved. The matters by which the politicians had irritated the nation into the war, had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard, 'To Let,' which had been long posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after there was general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of peace.

WE live in a period of uncommon excitement. The spirit of the age is restless, presumptuous, and revolutionary.—The rapidly increasing appetite for wealth the inordinate taste for luxury which it engenders, the vehement spirit of speculation and selfish emulation which it creates, the growing contempt for slow and moderate gains, the ardent thirst for pleasure and amusement, the diminishing reverence for the wisdom of the past, the disregard of the lessons of experience, of the authority of the magistracy and the venerable institutions of ancestral policy—are somany bad symtoms of a deceased state of the public.

☞ It is doubtful if any place in the world can rival New York in enterprise.—The other day a poor omnibus horse fell by the way, and died opposite the Astor House, and before the animal had ceased kicking an enterprising bill-poster had him covered with "Cash paid for old rags a No 19 Ann street."

CROCKET'S LAST.—Davy Crocket says in his life he once went a hunting, and after hunting for three or four hours, he came to the conclusion that the game was scarce, so to *pare* away time, to use his own expression, he put up a mark against a tree and commenced to fire target, when he had fired all, but one load, a deer came bounding immediately in the front of Davy—who sprang right in pursuit of it, he followed it up until he came to a deep creek, where he saw the deer drinking under a large tree. Davy was about to fire his remaining load, when a large flock of wild turkeys happened to alight on a limb of the tree that hung over the water.—Drawing back his gun and resting it on the ground, he thought he would try a little, *strategy*, so creeping on his hands and feet until he came to a deep ravine, here he came to one of them wise *conclusions*, of which Crocket was noted for which was, "if he fired at the turkey's he would of course sker the deer, and if he fired at the deer he would "sker," the turkeys," as he only had one load left he would resort to said strategy. Taking out a pocket knife, he split the ball in half and rammed down one half, and then broke off the blade of his knife and rammed that also down, in the centre of his rifle barrel, and then forced the other, part of the ball home, one half of the ball now being on one side of the blade and the other, he (David) brought his rifle to an aim at the deer, and then as quick as a flash of greased lightening he drew off and fired at the turkey's which split the limb on which the turkeys had been roosting. He had now done what he wanted to do, one half of his bullet lodged in the brain of the deer, which killed him as dead as a door nail, and the other half ball split the limb on which the turkeys had been standing, which went together as soon, as the ball had traversed the limb, *and caught the turkeys by the feet.* Davy then climbed the tree and cut the limb off, which fell into the creek, going in the creek for to drag the limb on shore, he thought he was getting heavy in his legs all at once, pulling off his boots he recoiled with terror, for out of his boots rolled fish to the amount of *five buskels.*

DEATH IN PRISON.—Mr. Edward Burke, a native of Cambra county, died in prison at Fort Mifflin, on the 25th day of December last, at the age of seventy-two years. He had been in prison for about two months, but for what crime, or under what charges, neither himself nor his family ever knew. He was kidnapped and taken away as many others have been, without notice and without a knowledge of the cause. It would indeed be strange if a man of that age, who had been a lifelong patriot, and whose property and family and interests were all here, could commit a crime worthy of death. But his life was sought, no doubt, by personal, as well as political enemies, and private grudges were avenged under the specious pretense of aiding the Government, whereas, if the facts had all been known, the government would have had nothing to do in the premises. It is said that he was denied even the consolation of religion in his last illness. He leaves an aged widow and six children to mourn his loss.—Two of his sons are now in the army and were fighting for the flag and laws which should have protected their father in his old age. He died on Christmas day when others were reveling in luxury over their ill-gotten gains. We could not desire to be in the place of those who made secret information against him. Their revenge certainly can afford but little gratification to their feelings. May the good old man rest in peace, beyond the pursuit of his enemies.—*West Chester Jeffersonian.*

SINGLETON'S MISSION TO RICHMOND.—The Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati *Inquirer* sends the following from Washington:

"The mission of General Singleton is of a semi official character. His plans for bringing about negotiations for peace were submitted to Mr. Lincoln and some members of the Cabinet, and by them approved, and he went to Richmond upon the passes and orders issued by the President and the Secretary of War. This mission was intended to be kept a profound secret until the result of General Singleton's conference with Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Cabinet should be communicated to Mr. Lincoln, but shortly after General Singleton left here, on last Monday, some leaky person in the secret let out the object of the visit to Richmond and the facts are now known generally.