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LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

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BY LEVI L. TATE,
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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
DOCTOR JOHNSTON.
THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offering the most effectual and reliable remedy in the world for Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Seminal weakness, Pain in the Loins, Constipation, Irritability of the Bladder, Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Diseases of the Head, Throat, and Lungs, and all those serious and incurable Disorders arising from the destructive habit of using mercurial, and other violent and unwholesome medicines, and all those secret and insidious practices, are more fatal to their victims than the most violent poisons of antiquity, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

Young Men.
Suffering, who have become the victims of a secret, insidious, and destructive habit, which attacks the system in an insidious manner, and which, if not cured, will eventually destroy the system, and render marriage, &c., impossible. This disease is the most common of all, and is the cause of many of the most serious and incurable Disorders of the system. It is the result of the use of mercurial, and other violent and unwholesome medicines, and of all those secret and insidious practices, which are more fatal to their victims than the most violent poisons of antiquity, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

Organic Weakness.
This disease is the most common of all, and is the cause of many of the most serious and incurable Disorders of the system. It is the result of the use of mercurial, and other violent and unwholesome medicines, and of all those secret and insidious practices, which are more fatal to their victims than the most violent poisons of antiquity, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

A Certain Disease.
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Take particular Notice.
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Dr. Johnston's Investigating Remedy for Organic Weakness.
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Advertisement for a book or service.
This advertisement is for a book or service, and is located in the bottom left corner of the page. It contains information about the product and where to purchase it.

Select Poetry.

THE GALE.

BY DR. HOLMES.

It chanced to be our wedding day,
And all our things were dry;
The storm came roaring through the trees
And set them all a flying.
I saw the skirts and petticoats
Go flying off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
My boyhood's only friend,
I lost my Sunday breeches.

Interesting Story.

A Second Pocahontas.

There is probably no single incident in the whole negro range of American history which has been so often repeated, or which is so familiar to every one, as the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas. Thoroughly imbued with the romance with which the Elizabethan period was so replete, it has furnished a subject for the easel of the artist, the pen of the poet, and the page of history, until it has become almost common place. The life of Smith from its opening to its close, was a continuous romance, and it is probable that had Pocahontas' magnanimity been exhibited in behalf of one of Smith's men in place of himself, her name would never have filled the niche it now occupies. This deduction is drawn from the fact that a similar incident, of more recent date, in which, however, the hero was but a private soldier, had only a local reputation, and will probably be new to most of our readers. It furnishes the material for a lengthy romance, equal in point of interest to any of Cooper's or Irving's, and it is somewhat surprising that it has not been used.

It seems that at the famous defeat and rout of St. Clair's army, there were two young men belonging to the militia regiment which sustained the first shock of battle, named Howard and Fitz Gibbon, which, although it did not seriously injure him, yet had the effect to stun him; and when he recovered his senses, he found himself bound and a prisoner with many others, among whom was Howard. In this situation they were compelled to be eye witnesses of the orgies of the savages on their return from the pursuit of the retreating army, and they could readily imagine the horrid fate to which they had been reserved. They had been captured by the warriors of the Missauga tribe, and when the battle was over and the Indians returned to their homes, they were taken to their village, where they were obliged to pass the ordeal of running the gauntlet, and to receive the brutal treatment usual upon such occasions. They were then conducted to a cabin adjoining the council house, where they were left to reflect and their own sad forebodings.

The council met on the eve of their return to deliberate upon the fate of their captives, and the decision was unanimous that they must die at the stake. The tribe had lost many braves, whose spirits could not enter the happy hunting grounds unless accompanied by the ghosts of white men slain to avenge them; and when Sithe-yong-tah their chief asked—"What say the Missauga braves? shall the white men die?" there was a universal "Ugh!" and their fate was sealed.

On the following morning preparations were made to carry out the decision of the council, and, at an early hour, the entire population of the town might be seen coming from all directions, and centering about the foot of a gigantic pine oak, which had been cleared of its lower branches, and otherwise prepared for the part it was to perform in the coming ceremony. There were old men and maidens, young men and matronly squaws, incipient warriors in their gaudy paint, and old men with white-tufted locks and tottering limbs, all gathered about the fatal tree to take part in the

sacrifice to the manes of their friend. At length the prisoners were brought forth—two sturdy, brave and fearless youths, whose span of life had not reached twenty summers. They were prepared for death by being stripped of all their clothing except a cloth about their loins, and were conducted by two warriors, while others formed a circle about them, with arms in their hands, ready to strike them down in case of an attempt to escape.

As they entered the circle which surrounded the tree, the human wall closed in and shut off every chance and hope of flight or rescue, and the victims looked around upon that assemblage in vain to discover the least spark of feeling or sympathy for their fate. Howard was the first selected for the ordeal. Feeling that no effort of his own could save his life, and that the only way to shorten his own suffering was to submit to his fate, he allowed no sign to escape him, no useless pleading or vain repining to add to his enemies' triumph; but with a stoicism that would have done credit to an older and more experienced warrior, he permitted the savages to bind him with his back to the fatal tree. His arms were drawn behind him, a thong passed around them at the elbow, and tied securely, while his feet were fastened in such a manner to the roots as to prevent all power of motion except to his head; this was left free.

When thus prepared, the sports commenced by the young men, who, standing at a little distance, made a mark of his head, at which they threw their tomahawks, endeavoring to see how near they could strike without hitting it, with the object of intimidating their victim, and wringing from his tortured spirit some evidence of fear or cowardice. Not a muscle quivered, however, under this severe test of his courage; and then came the old squaws, who stuck his flesh full of splinters, gashed him with knives and adoped every diabolical device which their ingenuity could invent to torture without killing; and finally, to close the scene, several Indians approached with flaming brands to light the funeral pile.

Already had the greedy fumes caught the dry faggots which surrounded the victim, and were curling upward in serpentine wreaths, when a light and graceful form was seen to dart from the circle of dusky figures, throw itself upon the burning heap, and encircle with its arms the neck of the young man. 'Twas Onaletha, the darling sister of the chief. Struck with sympathy for the sufferers she had witnessed, and horrified at the inhumanity exhibited by those about her, she nobly determined to save the prisoner or perish herself. The chief, astonished at this unexpected interposition, and horror-stricken at the dangerous situation of his sister, was for the moment powerless; the next he was dashing the faggots right and left, extinguishing the flames which had caught her robes in their greedy embrace, and endeavoring to tear her from her hold—but in vain. In the most pathetic tone, she begged the life of the pale faced youth—She expostulated and appealed to the warriors who surrounded her to spare the victims as they would be spared. As well might she appeal to the stern rock, or the spark giving steel, and it was not until she had offered her entire wealth of furs and a sum of money, that she induced them to forego their savage purpose and free the prisoners from their impending fate. They were not allowed their liberty even then, but were adopted into the families of those who had lost relatives, and remained in captivity until the treaty of Greenville freed all prisoners in the hands of the Indians. The act is not the less worthy of praise, however, and her name should be ranked with the brightest on history's page, and associated with Pocahontas and others, whose deeds have proved that the finest feelings of woman's nature are sometimes found among the forest wilds as well as in the hearts of cities.

"A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher:
"Do you believe," said he, "in the story of the 'Fatted Calf'?"
"Yes," said the preacher.
"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"
"A female," replied the divine.
"How do you know that?"
"Because, (looking the interrogator in the face,) I see the male is still alive!"

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

Paying an Old Debt.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18, 1803, at the age of 75. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found carefully tied up and labeled as follows:—
"Notes, due bills and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the eldest brother, the administrator, produced the packet, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at that moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other towards the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the packet put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother that it might be well first to make a list of the names, and of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled, and the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due bills, and accounts, which including interest, amounted to \$30,000, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued our informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, when there came in a hard-favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape, to pay a debt I owe to the old gentleman."
My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient looking pocket-book, and began to count over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the usual questions, his name, residence, &c.

The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. It had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit on his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quickly took a chair by his side, and conversation ensued between them which I never shall forget.

"Your note is outlawed," said he. "It was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and interest has never been paid. You are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover this amount."
"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and I wish to do with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid the bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take the money," was the reply of my brother.
The old man became alarmed. "I have east simple interest for twelve years, and counted it all year," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."
My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank bills he returned them to the old man's pocket book, telling him that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself,

and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said, "From the time I heard of your father's death I have raked and scraped, picked and spared, to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten days ago I made up the sum within twenty-five dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now what will my old woman say? I must go back to the corpse and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.'"

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.
After a short silence, taking his pencil, and making a cast, "There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale which I have told as it was told to me. To add to the evident moral would be an insult to the reader.

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A Mr. Bell, of Sonora, aged 25, about two and a half months ago, with a number of others were trying to make a little sport. They put eighteen inches of powder into an old gun barrel, and hammered in an iron plug for a breechpin, and then applied a slow match to the wrong end, and the temporary breechpin struck the side of Mr. Bell about the middle of the eighth rib and passed on and entered the chest by fracturing the sixth rib. Physicians of Toulumane county were consulted—could find the hole but not the thing that made it, and promised Mr. Bell, with extreme probability, a speedy death. He did not die as soon as he supposed he would, and concluded to make a slight effort to live. He put himself under the charge of Dr. E. Cooper, of this city. He was assured that the proposed operation for the removal of the substance was unusual, and would probably be fatal—possibly not. But death without the operation being certain, he consented to the experiment.

An incision, commencing at the opening of the skin over the eighth rib was made four and a half inches longitudinally, and another three inches transversely, and perpendicular to the middle of the first; the flaps of the T were turned back; 6th, 7th, and 8th ribs were exposed; two sections of the 6th and 7th—and two inches long each way—and a portion of the 8th were removed with the saw, and an opening was thus made sufficiently large to admit two fingers with facility. An ordinary silver probe was passed in against the heart, separated from that organ only by its delicate investing membrane.

The substance was searched for with one or two fingers, during which the fingers repeatedly came in contact with the palpitating heart. The substance not yet appearing, Dr. C. introduced a steel round, fourteen inches long into the cavity of the chest and moved its point in all directions, upwards, downwards, and backwards by turns, frequently gliding it around the vertebrae of the heart, and at length felt that the sound had touched the foreign substance, without being able to discriminate its character, whether metallic or not, in consequence of its being covered with matter or membrane.

Being satisfied it was no portion of the vertebrae, although behind and a little above the apex of the heart, he introduced a little Tommy forceps, and grasping the substance, withdrew it from that great depth, and found it to be the piece of iron described above. This was done in the presence of many physicians, whose names are too numerous to mention.

The patient did not take chloroform, nor any other anesthetic. A large quantity of bloody matter escaped from the wound. The lungs did not collapse on admission of air to the thoracic cavity. There was no suspension of animation during or after the operation. The patient endured all these necessary but prolonged manipulations with a calmness that was truly stoic—we had nearly said stolid—it was so entirely free from the manifestation of the agony he must have endured. Five days after the operation the patient is quite comfortable, converses freely, and is almost free from pain.

If he does not ultimately succumb, we shall look upon it as one of the most astonishing successes of surgery.

OLIVE LEAVES.

Written for the Columbia Democrat.
Charlotte was a married lady,
And a most amiable woman;
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

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County Treasurer.

Mr. Editor:—
In view of the approaching meeting of the Democratic County Convention, it would seem right and proper, that we should not only find men to fill the offices, but select those who have served the party long without reward, and are competent to the discharge of the duties thereunto pertaining. We know of one such, and think he ought now to be nominated, for the office of County Treasurer.

WILLIAM COLE, Esq., of Benton, is the gentleman, to whom we allude. He is a working man, of proverbial honesty and of undoubted democracy. His nomination would be justice to the county and gratifying to the

A PAINFUL SCENE—BURNING OF A MOTHER AND HER CHILD.—A sad affair occurred in the town of Aleppo, near Steubenville, Ohio, not long since. Mr. Peter Lyons, who resided in a somewhat secluded locality, went out on his daily business in the morning, leaving his wife and young child at home. On returning, several hours after, nothing remained of his dwelling, but a mass of smoking timbers. In the road, near the ruins, lay his wife, writhing in agony, with her clothes in tatters and her flesh burned to a crisp in many places. Afterwards, in raking over the ashes, a few white bones were discovered—all that were left of Mr. Lyons' little child. Mrs. Lyons was not expected to survive. The fire originated in the upper part of the building, and the mother threw her child on a bed, and hastily ran for some water. On her return, she could not reach the room where she had left her child. The flames at last caught her dress, causing her to escape from the dwelling and to rush along the road till the torture of her blazing garments overpowered her.

SOUTHERN WHEAT CROP.—The following extract from an intelligent gentleman residing at Columbia, S. C., gives a glowing account of the wheat crop in that region: "I can tell you for the benefit of your agricultural readers that the wheat crop throughout the South will be the largest ever harvested. The cold, wet and backward spring was exceedingly favorable for this crop, and it is now out of danger. In fact harvesting has already commenced, some new wheat having reached market. I was out at Delaigle's the other day, when I saw 400 acres of wheat, all in one tract, as fine as any I ever saw on the best lands in Maryland. The old man told me it would average over 20 bushels to the acre, and with great gloze proposed to take a glass of wine on the strength of it. Corn also looks finely, and there seems little prospect of a famine this year, damage from the comet expected."

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

One to-day is worth two to-morrow.
He that hath no money needeth no purse.
Few things are impossible to industry and skill.
The best mode of revenge, is not to imitate the injury.
Without friends the world would be a wilderness.
Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes her.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?
Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as rain-h.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.
The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.
Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.
Among the base, merits begot envy; among the noble, emulation.
Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.
Woman—the morning star of manhood, the day star of manhood, the evening star of old age.
A man had better have the afflictions of all the afflicted, than be given up to a repining grumbling heart.
Keep your store of smiles; your kindest thoughts for home, give the world only those which are to spare.
Improbability and impossibility are two frightful words to weak mind; but diligent and wise men they are really found to be only the excess of idleness and ignorance.