READING GAZETTE & DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.—TERMS: $1,50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. LAWRENCE GETZ, EDITOR.] SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1863. [VOL. XXIII.—NO. 47.—WHOLE NO. 1989.

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Office, North-West corner of Penn and Fifth street, adjoining the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,50 *a year, payable in advance.*
1,00 *for six months, in advance.*
To Clubs: Four copies for $5, in advance.
" Ten copies for 13, "
☞ *All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.*

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE.

	1t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	1y.
¼ Square, 5 lines, or less,	50	60	75	2,00	3,00	5,00
½ " 10 "	50	1,00	1,25	3,00	5,00	8,00
1 " 20 "	1,00	2,00	2,50	5,00	8,00	15,00
¼ " 30 "	1,50	3,00	3,75	7,50	12,00	20,00

[Larger Advertisements in proportion.]

Executors' and Administrators' Notices, 6 insertions $2,00
Auditors' Notices and Legal Notices, 3 " 1,50

Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cts. a line for one insertion

☞ Marriage notices 25 cents each. Deaths will be published gratuitously.

☞ All Obituary Notices, Resolutions of Beneficial and other Private Associations, will be charged for, as advertisements, at the above rates.

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Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices.* Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable, and our Work speaks for itself.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS,

Including PARCHMENT and PAPER DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BONDS, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, LEASES, and a variety of JUSTICES' BLANKS, kept constantly for sale, or printed to order.

JOHN RALSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH A. B. WANNER, NORTH Sixth Street (above the Court House.) Reading, Pa.
February 21, 1863–1y

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the north side of Court street first door below Sixth. [dec 23–tf

JESSE G. HAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH S. L. YOUNG, ESQ., PENN Street, above Sixth, Reading, Pa.
☞ Will be at Friedensburg, every Thursday.
September 29, 1860–1y*

Charles Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—HAS REMOVED HIS Office to the Office lately occupied by the Hon. David Gordon, deceased, in Sixth street, opposite the Court House. [april 14

Daniel Ermentrout,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE IN NORTH Sixth street, corner of Court alley. [aug 13–1y

David Neff,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, No. 25 East cap street, Reading, Pa. [March 10, 1860.

LIVINGOOD'S
United States Bounty, Back Pay and Pension Office,
COURT STREET, NEAR SIXTH.
HAVING BEEN ENGAGED IN COLLECTING claims against the Government, I feel confident that all who have heretofore employed me will cheerfully endorse my promptness and fidelity. My charges are moderate and no charge made until obtained.
WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD,
oct 18–tf] Attorney at Law, Court St., Reading, Pa.

ASA M. HART,
(Late Hart & Mayer,)
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, &c., Wholesale and Retail, at Philadelphia prices. Sign of the Golden Bee Hive, No. 14 East Penn Square. [april 17–tf

P. Bushong & Sons,
MANUFACTURERS OF BURNING FLUID, Absolute, Deodorized and Druggists' Alcohol; also, Fine Oil, which they will sell at the lowest Wholesale prices, at Reading, Pa.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited. [march 12

DR. T. YARDLEY BROWN,
SURGEON DENTIST.
GRADUATE OF PENNSYLVANIA Dental College. Teeth extracted by Franklin's Electro Magnetic process, with Clarke's improvement. With this method teeth are extracted with much less pain than the usual way. No extra charge. Office in Fifth street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. [april 2–1y

Dr. G. M. MILLER,
SURGEON DENTIST, FROM THE College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia. Office: At his residence in Main street, Hamburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted under the influence of Ether, or by the Electro-Magnetic Machine, without extra charge. Scarcy cured.
☞ He has also Patent and other MEDICINES for sale at his office. [may 31

DR. D. LLEWELLYN BEAVER,
United States Pension Surgeon.
EXAMINATIONS OF INVALID PENSIONERS and applicants for Pensions, from any State, and of both the Army and Navy, made at the corner of Fifth and Walnut street, Reading. ☞ Office hours—from 12 to 2 P. M. Dec. 20–3mo.]

CHARLES LANCASTER,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,
Fourth Street, above Penn, Reading.
January 24, 1863–tf

PENSIONS,
BOUNTIES & BACK PAY.
APPLICATIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to. Terms moderate and no charge until obtained.
A. G. GREEN, Attorney at Law,
Jan 31–6mo] Office in Court Street, Reading.

SOLDIERS'
BOUNTY-MONEY, BACK-PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY
A. K. STAUFFER,
Attorney at Law, Office in Court Street,
Jan 31–tf] READING, PA.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
No. 37 PARK ROW, NEW-YORK, & 6 STATE ST., BOSTON,
Are Agents for the *Reading Gazette*, in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our established rates.

WATCHES, GOLD AND SILVER, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
RELIABLE IN QUALITY AND AT LOW Prices. WATCH REPAIRING.—Watches put in perfect order and every one warranted for one year.
JACOB LUDEN,
nov 15–6mo] 21 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

F. P. HELLER,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
SPOONS, SPECTACLES, GOLD PENS, &c., Sign of the "BIG WATCH," No. 33½ So Penn Street, above Sixth, north side, Reading, Pa.
☞ Every article warranted to be what it is sold for Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., repaired with particular attention, and guaranteed. [feb 1–tf

NOTICE.
A PREMIUM WILL BE PAID ON
GOLD, OLD SILVER,
—AND—
PAR BANK NOTES
AT THE
EXCHANGE AND BANKING OFFICE
—OF—
G. W. GOODRICH,
READING, Pa.
August 10, 1861–tf]

JUST RECEIVED,
2000 FLOWER POTS, AT THE OLD JAIL.
t-tf WM. RHOADS, Jr.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
☞ ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.
DR. JOHNSTON HAS DISCOVERED THE most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN
Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates, with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.
Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.
He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. 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 Distressing affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, he 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 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 Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street,
Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.
Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.
DR. JOHNSTON,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the 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, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured *immediately.*

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.
Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.
THESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.
MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, 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, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

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, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of dwelling from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,
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.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.
When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that 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 shin-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 Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."
It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS
Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of many Unlearned and worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your own galling disappointment.
Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.
His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.
The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, 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.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.
☞ No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms.
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
may 10–1y]

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
Single Rooms Fifty Cents per Day.
City Hall Square, corner Frankfort St.,
(OPPOSITE CITY HALL.)
MEALS AS THEY MAY BE ORDERED IN the spacious refectory. There is a Barber's Shop and Bath Rooms attached to the Hotel.
☞ Beware of RUNNERS and HACKMEN who say we are full.
Jan 17 1y] R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
(LATE WHITE SWAN.)
Race Street, above Third, Philadelphia.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT OFFERS GREAT inducements, not only on account of reduced rates of board, but from its central location to the avenues of trade, as well as the conveniences afforded by the several Passenger Railways running past and contiguous to it, by which guests can pass to and from the Hotel, should they be preferred to the regular Omnibus connected with the House. I am determined to devote my whole attention to the comfort and convenience of my guests.
☞ *Terms, $1 25 per day.*
D. C. SIEGRIST, Proprietor,
Formerly from Eagle Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.
T. V. RHOADS, Clerk. [march 15–tf

LAUER'S BREWERY
READING, PA.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully announces to the public that he has recently enlarged his BREWERY to a considerable extent, and introduced steam-power, and is now ready to supply all demands for
SUPERIOR MALT LIQUORS,
For home and distant consumption. His stock of Malt Liquors, warranted to keep in all climates, is as follows:—BROWN STOUT, PORTER, BOTTLING ALE, DRAUGHT ALE AND LAGER BEER.
june 19–tf FREDERICK LAUER.
N.B.—Aliberal per centage will be allowed to Agents abroad.

FRESH GROCERIES
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
AT THE
Corner of Fifth and Spruce Streets.
March 1 M. KEFFER & SON.

Poetry.

The Lingering Winter.

The snow-flakes kiss the plowman's crimsoned face;
He guides the share and turns the furrow still,
With manly patience and with measured pace,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

The foamy flood roars sullen through the vale:
The crow flocks flap the blast with laboring wings
The bare oak shivers in the northern gale—
But on the topmost bough the blue-bird sings.

It sings of spring—the plowman hears the song—
Of bridal April and of blooming May:
And as he treads with sturdy step along,
Hope in his bosom sings the self-same lay.

He hears the summer rustling in the corn;
Cloud chases cloud across his bending grain;
The mower's scythe-song greets the golden morn,
The soft eve welcomes home the loaded wain.

And autumn's wealth, its pleasures and its pride,
His heart with joy, his ear with music fill;
His plow he follows with a quicker stride,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

Thus to the Christian—wheresoe'er he roam—
Planting the Orient, Afric, or the Isles,
Or the frost-fettered fields, alas! of home—
A promised harvest mid the winter smiles.

Spring coy and cold, the laborers faint and few:
The hard, chill globe, unyielding to the share;
The shrill blast shrieks the leafless forest through,
But from on High a voice dispels despair.

Before him the redeem'd—Christ's harvest—stand;
And hosts with hymns of praise his bosom thrill;
His plow he seizes with a strengthen'd hand,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

A Visit to the Churchyard.

Who's knocking at the saxton's gate?
"Come, open quick, old man! 'tis late—
"Come, open quick the door for me,
A dear one's grave I come to see."

A stranger spoke, with grizzly beard,
A sun-burnt warrior he appear'd.
"What was the dear one's name, who's won
A pillow in my gloomy home?"
"My mother. Hast thou then forgot
Old Martha's son? Dost know me not?"
"God help us! but how tall and brown!
O no, your face I'd ne'er have known.
"But come and see; here does she lie
For whom you ask so tenderly.
"Here sleeps, beneath the stone and earth,
The mother dear who gave you birth!"

The warrior long stands silent there,
His head bent low, as if in prayer.
He stands bent o'er that grave so dear,
And wets the stone with many a tear!
Then *starting*—"*No, you're wrong,*" *he said*;
"This grave can never hold the dead!
"How could a mother's love be brought
To lie in *such a narrow spot?*"

Tales and Sketches.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Translated for the Home Journal by Mrs. Frank Smith.

Doctor N——, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daybreak one morning, to see a person who pressingly sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-chamber, the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon, instantly throwing off his night-robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress and manner proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward bodily and mental pain; and his right hand rested in a silken sling Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Doctor ——?" he asked, in a weak, almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesth; I came from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon, seeing that his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand, to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting deadly pain. Finally, I could bear no more; I got into a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might free me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron—for I can endure it no longer."

The surgeon endeavored to encourage him, saying his sufferings might be overcome by milder means than the use of the knife.

"No, Doctor; neither a plaster nor any palliative can relieve it; what I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N—— asked to be permitted to look at his hand; on which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you, in advance, Doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, he shrank back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy-looking and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it!

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with his left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where *does it* pain you?"

"Here, Doctor," said the stranger, pointing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shudder, as he touched the spot with his finger.

"You feel it paining you here?"

"Frightfully!"

"And you suffer from the pressure, when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here!"

"And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent hurt. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book, and drew a line around a spot the size of a half kreutzer.

"Here!"

The surgeon carefully looked at this spot, and began to think that his patient was insane.

"Remain here," he said, "I may be able to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do not think, sir, that you have a madman before you. That is a misfortune of which you will not have to cure me. The place I have indicated causes me such agony, that, I repeat it, I have alone come to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do!" said the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see, there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand!"

"You are, therefore, ready to declare that I am mad—you cannot believe me jesting;" returned the stranger, taking a note for a thousand gilders out of his pocket-book, and laying it on the table. "There, see that this is no child's play, and that the service which I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you, cut this spot from out my hand!"

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—it would put my reputation to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it!—The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left hand will, it is true, be somewhat unskillful, but let that pass. I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to heal the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words, that the strange being was in sad earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took his penknife in his left hand. Another moment, and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then, in the name of heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument in his hand, he laid the patient's right arm straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you just how deep the knife shall go."

And, truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of the pain was cut out, when, throwing back his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; "the torture has ceased. As for the slighter pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat.

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clear, the color lively, returning love of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long!"

But the surgeon's estimate of the value of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand gilders, which still lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N—— visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was remaining until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time, the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation.

The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and, so great was his suffering, that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to control his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger. "The pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again; I lingered, hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was, and still remains, concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my sufferings."

The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unloosed the bandage. The wound had closed; everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the pulse beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvellous!" exclaimed Doctor N——. "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, Doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument, and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, Doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger, dejectedly. "Besides, what is to happen to me must happen!—Till we meet again!"

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of the unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of a case so strange.

Toward the end of the month Dr. N—— began to look forward, not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed; when the surgeon received a letter dated at his late patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain, which assuredly would have prevented him from writing, had not returned The contents of the letter were as follows:—

"Dear Sir: I will not leave you longer in doubt concerning the fearfully strange malady which I am about to carry with me into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For a third time within a week has this frightful pain returned. I will not longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use a pen by placing a piece of burning sponge on the back of my hand over the affected part; while this burns, I feel only the smarting caused by its intense heat, and that is as nothing compared to the former pain.

"Six months ago I was a happy man. I lived without a care, upon my income, and was in peace and friendship with all the world, enjoying all of pleasure that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the *protege* of a countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me—not from gratitude alone, though through me she had become mistress of my home and sharer of all I possessed—she had a truly child-like love for me. For half a year, each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for a day, my wife could scarcely rest; when I returned, she came out to meet me a mile from home; and once, when I had been belated, she never closed her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day—it seemed impossible for her to remain more than half a day away from home and me. Her love for me even went so far that she gave up dancing rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than me.

"I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear: '*What if all this be only assumed?*' Thus man, in the midst of the greatest happiness, too often experiences an insane desire to look for pain.

"My wife had a little work-table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I had often noticed that she never left it open; never by any chance had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me; what had she to conceal from me? I was certainly beside myself. I believed in her innocent countenance, her clear eyes, her kisses and embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?

"One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her, overwhelming her with persuasions to go and spend the whole day with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

"Scarcely had the carriage left the courtyard, when I collected all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the closet drawer. At length I found one.

"A looker on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets.

"My hands trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed in by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating! Under a roll of lace lay a packet of papers; quick as thought my heart whispered they were letters; at the first glance any one would have known them to be—*love letters.*

"The packet was bound together by a rose-colored ribbon. I thought: 'Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man, thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone! Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence! But what if these letters date since I have had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has become my wife?

"I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near, to pour out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another, and read them all through to the end.

"Oh, that was a terrible hour!

"Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practised against a man. My best friend had written them—but in what tone? With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband! And all these letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of deadly poison. I drank this poison to the last drop. I read every one of these letters through by itself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer.

"I was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage and ran toward me, how she embraced me, how she kissed me. How happy she was to be with me again!

"I allowed her to perceive nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake, I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in her chamber! Like a little angel, in the midst of snowy clouds, lay her lovely fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent! I was determined as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her two large, dark blue eyes, saw me with amaze, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having time to utter a word in her own defence, peaceful as in a dream. As I murdered her, she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand, where, you know but too well. * *

"She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death; and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to her funeral until it was too late for any of them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estates had any suspicion of the truth. Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?

"When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. I thought of her no more.

"On reaching my home, I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she had come after the hour appointed for the funeral. She was painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow or sympathy I knew not, but the words of consolation with which she essayed to address me were so confused that I could scarcely understand them. At last she clasped my hand, and said, in faltering tones, that she saw herself obliged to confide to me a secret, which she must entreat me not to reveal. She had given my wife a package of letters to keep for her—the contents were such that she dared not keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. An icy shudder went through me as she spoke these words. With marked coldness I asked her what those letters contained. The countess shrank back, and answered hastily:

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took those letters into her care, she did not ask what they contained, but gave her word to guard them well, and I am sure has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well," said I; "how am I to know these letters!"

"They are tied together with a rose-colored ribbon embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

"With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the packet. I knew but too well where to find it."

"Is this it?" said I, at last, bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see, here is the same knot I made; your wife never untied it."

"I dared not lift up my eyes—I feared the countess would read in them that I had unloosed it—ah, that I had gone further, and committed a monstrous crime! I took brief leave of her, excusing myself as well as I could. I needed to be alone. The countess returned home. Her husband was in all his actions mean and brutal, and his tastes were wholly unworthy of his rank. Had I been such a man, I would deserve to have such a wife. But my wife was an innocent, spotless angel, who loved me when I murdered her! * * * I remember nothing of what passed for hours; but this I know, that when I returned to consciousness, I was sitting on my wife's coffin, in the vault. I was not yet so insane as to believe that I could awake her, but I wanted to speak to her. It seemed to me she would hear my words:

"By the true, upright love which you took with you to the grave, I implore you, have mercy on me, and avenge yourself on me in this life! Leave not my punishment to another world, but let me suffer here on earth—torture me, kill me! Wait not until I am dead, but avenge yourself now!"

Thus madly did I speak to the mortal remains of my wife; whereupon I slept, or rather swooned. I began to dream. Perhaps it was no dream. I seemed to see the lid of the coffin slowly open, and the form of my dead wife, resting therein, as slowly arise. I was on my knees before the coffin, my hand resting on the side. Her lips were pale, but a red drop of blood on them. Slowly she bent over me, opened her eyes as she had on that last time, and pressed a kiss upon my hand. The red drop which had hung on her lips rested on my hand; she closed her eyes, laid herself back again on her cold pillow, and the coffin closed over her.

"Not long after, I was awakened by a frightful pain, like the sting of a scorpion. I hastened home. It was still daylight; no one had noticed my absence or my return. The blood had disappeared from off my hand, but in the spot where the drop had rested, it was burning as if a corrosive poison had penetrated therein. This pain increased from hour to hour without ever ceasing. Even in sleep I felt it. I said nothing of it to any one; no one would have believed me. You know now, sir, what I must have suffered, and from what anguish your knife relieved me! Scarcely had the second wound healed, however, when the pain came anew. For the third time it now racks me, and I have not the strength to endure it longer. In an hour I will say farewell to earth! Only the thought that since she has been avenged here on earth, she will forgive on the other side, gives me a ray of consolation.

"I thank you for your heartfelt sympathy, and for your aid. God bless you."

A few days later you might have read in the journals: "One of our richest patriots has shot himself. Grief for the loss of his wife is supposed to be the cause."

THE SCHOOLS OF BERKS COUNTY.

We make the following extracts from the Report of County Superintendent ERMENTROUT:

Nothing has encouraged us so much, as the fact that a majority of our teachers appeared to be seriously impressed with the responsibilities of their profession, and earnestly desirous of enlarging the circle of their acquirements. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in the city of Reading, the qualifications of its educators are always commensurate with their duties. None but competent persons are employed by the controllers. The high character and prosperous condition of the schools attest their zeal, and to them is due a debt of gratitude, to discharge which will tax unborn generations. In the county proper, the average merit of the candidates examined, exhibits a gratifying advance upon that of the preceding year. For 1860 61 this was about No. 3, for 1861 62 it is 2 17, which must be regarded as highly satisfactory and honorable, especially if we consider the large number of persons to be employed, the difficulties attending the use of the German and English, and the transition from one to the other. It is worthy of special remark, that our best examinations were held in German districts, and the best spelling was done by persons native to the county, and of German extraction. Facts like these prove, that in order to learn English, it is not necessary—as some would have us believe—to ignore the German, and wage a war of extermination against the customs and mod