COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1849.

OLD SERIES--VOL. TWELVE
VOL. 3, NUMBER 23.

Egyptian Block, Furman street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURIFY! PURIFY!

Life and Health are in the Blood.

Cleanse, Purify, and Regulate the Circulation, and the whole body will have health. The most wonderful of all remedies to produce such a result is

BRANT'S INDIAN

PURIFYING EXTRACT.

Yes, the desired result and efficacy will be produced by the use of a *smaller quantity* of this PURIFIER, than can be effected by the use of a like quantity of any other remedy in the world. (See our *Pamphlets* for proof.)

This PURIFIER *is wholly* prepared from *Vegetables*, and cures the *worst*, *most obstinate*, and *long-standing* diseases of the blood, without *puking*, *purging*, *sickening*, or *debilitating*. It *cleanses*, *strengthens*, *invigorates*, makes new, *healthy blood*, and gives *new vigor* and *new life* to the whole system.

BRANT'S PURIFIER IS FOUR TIMES *CHEAPER* than any other remedy in the world, because

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

of it will effect a greater amount of cure than *four dollars' worth of sarsaparilla*, or any other remedy, no matter how *large* their bottles may be. The *important question* for consumers to determine *is, how much more curative effect will a dollar's worth of this Purifier produce, than a dollar's worth of that sarsaparilla or other remedy.* We might here say, that *Brant's Medicines* had cured, within the last year,

100,000 Persons of Impure Blood Diseases, and 25,000 Cases considered Incurable!

as some other patent-medicine men are in the habit of saying. If we should say so, who would believe us? This, however, we do say, and stand ready to prove, by *respectable witnesses*, that BRANT'S MEDICINES have

Cured more Impure Blood Diseases,

in living human beings, the past year, than any other remedy in existence did during the same time.

How much will a Dollar's Worth Cure?

This is the important question to decide. READ THE PROOF.

TWENTY large, deep *Ulcers* were *cured* by using *only twelve* bottles of *Brant's Purifier*.

THIS WONDERFUL AND ASTONISHING CURE

was perfected on Mr. J. B. HASKINS, of Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., and it is one of the most *miraculous cures* that was ever effected on a human being; and it was effected by a *less quantity of*

BRANT'S INDIAN PURIFIER,

and at a SMALLER COST, than such a cure was ever before or since made, by SARSAPARILLA OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE, since the creation of the world. This cure of a

MOST HORRID CASE OF SCROFULA

does not stand alone, as a *single monument of the great efficacy*, as a *Purifier*, of *Brant's Indian Medicines*; for we could give almost unlimited evidence of other astonishing cures of *Scrofula* and *scrofulous affections*. This cure is *sworn* to by Mr. HASKINS, and is *certified* to by

Fourteen Respectable Witnesses:

By Doct. THOMAS WILLIAMS, one of the most respectable physicians of Rome; by Messrs. RISSELL & LEONARD, wholesale and retail druggists; by Mr. G. R. BROWN, proprietor and keeper of the West Rome Hotel; and by *eleven other witnesses*.

Brant's Indian Purifier

cures *all* impure diseases of the blood, viz: *Scald-Head, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Piles, Biles, Ulcers, Costiveness, Mercurial Diseases, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Back, Side, and Limbs, Rush of Blood to the Head, etc., etc.*

BRANT'S INDIAN

PULMONARY BALSAM

Is the most wonderful medicine to CURE *Coughs, Colds*, and *confirmed* PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, that has ever been tried and proved, so as to be, by the many, considered an *undoubted cure*. It contains, and is *almost* as strongly possessed of, CLEANSING, ALTERATIVE, and PURIFYING *Virtues*, as the preparation which we call *Brant's Purifying Extract*. It also possesses *several* other medications, *particularly* and *peculiarly* adapted to soothe, alleviate, relieve pain, aid expectoration, and *cure Coughs and Consumptions*. It *heals* and *cures Ulcers* in the *Lungs*, and *elsewhere*, INTERNALLY, as *certainly* and *readily* as the *Purifying Extract* heals and cures such *externally*.

Thousands of Consumptive Coughs,

and cases of the *most utterly hopeless Consumptions*, fully prove its almost miraculous efficacy in all diseases of the LUNGS, THROAT, and BREAST.

A DYING WOMAN SAVED! CONSUMPTION CURED!

In *our pamphlets*, we give the particulars and certificates of the cure of a case of *confirmed Consumption*, which is a monument to prove the *power to save life*, (even when the person is pronounced by *Physicians, friends*, and *others*, to be in the very last stage of existence,) when *Brant's Pulmonary Balsam* is administered. See in our pamphlets the case of the wife of Mr. ZIBA DYKEMAN, of Ballston Spa, Saratoga Co., N. Y. Mrs. DYKEMAN was pronounced, by *her physician* and others, TO BE DYING with the *Pulmonary Consumption*. Mr. Dykeman was buying *cloth for a shroud* and other *burial clothes*, at the store of Mr. JOHN WAIT, at Ballston Spa, expecting his wife soon to die. He was there persuaded to take home with him a bottle of *Brant's Pulmonary Balsam*, and was told that, although his wife's case was *too far gone to cure*, yet it would *relieve her distress*, and make the *passage of death more easy*. He took the Balsam home, with the cloth for the shroud. He gave the dying woman a portion of the Balsam; it relieved her. She continued to take of it, and RECOVERED HER HEALTH; and has since continued in good health.

Mr. DYKEMAN made oath to the above facts, on the 29th day of April, 1848, before THOMAS G. YOUNG, Esq., Justice. Mr. YOUNG *certifies*, that he has known Mr. Dykeman many years, intimately, and that he is one of their *most worthy* and *respectable citizens*; and that his statement is entitled to full *credit* and *belief*. Mr. JOHN WAIT, the merchant of whom the burial clothes were bought, and who sold Dykeman the Balsam, also certifies to all the facts, and to the *undoubted veracity* and *character* of Mr. Dykeman.

MANY OTHER CURES OF CONSUMPTION,

where *all hope* was gone, have been made, and the persons perfectly restored to health, by the use of *Brant's Balsam*.

BRANT'S PULMONARY BALSAM cures Consumption, *Coughs, Colds, Spitting of Blood, Bleeding at the Lungs, Pain in the Breast and Side, Night-Sweats, Nervous Complaints, Palpitation of the Heart,*

Female Weaknesses and Complaints,

Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, and Summer Complaints.

Doctors and Physicians Recommend.

The following-named *Doctors and Physicians* have highly recommended **Brant's Medicines**:—

Dr. N. HUBBARD, Stamford, Conn.
Dr. J. N. SMITH, Watertown, N. Y.
Dr. ROSSMAN, [illegible] Henry-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. T. M. HUNT, Auburn, N. Y.
Dr. GEORGE FRANCIS, Middletown, Conn.
Dr. GEORGE A. ROGERS, Bath, N. Y.
Dr. S. WHITE, [illegible] N. Y.
Dr. G. B. GALENTINE, Byron, N. Y.
Dr. J. O. SHIPMAN, Fayetteville, N. Y.
Dr. J. SKINNER, Henry st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. O. SHIPMAN, Cortland, N. Y.

For Sale by E. P. LUTZ, and JOHN R. MOYER, Bloomsburg; M. H. Bickley, Danville; G. H. Fower, Briarcreek; W. B. Gardner, Berwick; M'Ninch & Weidenhamer, Limestone; Elias Wertman, Rohrsburg; E. & J. Lazarus, Orangeville; Sloan & Thompson, Lightstreet; M. G. Shoemaker, Buckhorn; J. M. Sheldon, Jerseytown; McCay & Patterson, Washington.

☞ All letters and orders must be addressed to WALLACE & Co., 106, Broadway, N. Y. aug 25,49.

POETRY.

The following beautiful verses, copied from the *Boston Post*, are by T. B. READ, Esq., the poet and painter, of Philadelphia:

SOLEMN VOICES.

I heard from out the dreary realms of Sorrow
The various tongues of Woe;—
One said, "Is there a hope in the to-morrow?"
And many answered, "No!"

And they arose and mingled their loud voices,
And cried in bitter breath,
"In all our joys the Past alone rejoices,—
There is no joy but Death.

"Oh, dreadful Past, beyond thy midnight portal
Thou hast usurped our peace;
"And if the angel Memory be immortal,
When shall this anguish cease?"

And suddenly within the darkened distance
The solemn Past replied,
"In my domains your joys have no existence,—
Your hopes, they have not died!

"Nought comes to me except those ghosts detested
Phantoms of wrong and pain;
But whatsoe'er Affection hath invested,
Th' eternal years retain.

"Then stand no more with looks and souls dejected
To woo and win despair;
The joys ye mourn the Future hath collected,
Your hopes are gathered there,

"And as the dew which leaves the morning flowers
Augments the after rain,—
And as the blooms which fall from summer bowers
Are multiplied again.

"So shall the joys the Future holds in keeping
Augment your future peace;
So shall your hopes which now are only sleeping
Return with large increase."

BOSTON, July 31.

"The Bright and Morning Star"

Rev. 22: 16.

FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH BY MISS M. D. BALFOUR.

Jesus! worthy alone art thou,
This title to assume;
'Tis thine with beams of heav'nly, light,
Earth's darkness to illume.

Thou art indeed the "Morning Star,"
"Bright Morning Star" art thou;
To thee must every tongue confess,
And every knee must bow.

Offspring from David's root thou art;
The church thy power doth own;
And angel hands, on high, attend
The honors of thy throne.

Blest Jesus! 'tis thy grace alone
Can speak the word of peace;
Thy name is like a healing balm,
To give the conscience ease.

Thou canst the deepest shades dispel,
The darkest cloud withdraw;
And on the soul oppressed with guilt,
Effulgent glory pour.

Bright morning Star! we hail thy light,
In this dark world of ours;
To thee the troubled spirit flies,
In each dark storm that lowers.

Oh, may thy rays disperse the gloom
Of heathen lands afar:
Of souls that yet in darkness pine,
And have no guiding Star.

Oh, hasten on that happy day,
"That day of promised rest,"
When all who walk this toilsome earth,
Shall in thy name be blest.

Our church below, with that above,
Shall own thy fostering care,
Each in the riches of thy grace,
Each in thy blessings share.

Then shall earth's millions all unite
Thy glorious name to praise;
To thee, the "bright and Morning Star,"
One general hymn they'll rise.

Jesus! we still in faith and hope,
Must wait that happy day;
Our feeble prayers and humble vows,
Still on thine altar lay.

"Bright Morning Star!" still may thy rays
Upon earth's darkness shine;
Till every power and every gift,
Shall be forever thine!

Charleston, June 20th, 1849.

Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.—The company voted to increase the capital stock $500,000, in conformity to a bill passed by the legislature of New Hampshire in December last.

A stock dividend of 25 per cent was declared in addition to the dividend paid the last spring.

(And yet the whigs are crying out for the act of '42." *Restoration* (says Mr Clayton,) *is the word.*"—UNION.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Columbia Democrat.

COL. TATE:

I have seen and read Mr. Pearce's Address, &c., as also, your own Editorial on the subject of that "Address," and it does seem to me, that those strictures are not at all "indicated" by anything in the matter or the spirit of the Address. Now Sir, *you* were not a "*coadjutor* of Best," nor have you been "SECRETLY, at work" in this business. The thing is all plain; you were *early*, and all along, OPENLY advocating the nomination of Mr. GAMBLE. Mr. Pearce, feeling the twinges of an ambition, laudable, or excusable at least in every young American, starts upon the course a *little to late*, and so comes out just a "*little bit behind.*" Now, this all seems very fair,—as in all races of this kind, somebody must come out behind—But then, here's the rub: that "bragging editorial!" It is too much to bear in silence—coming from *such a source*, and at such a time. It *seems* to stamp with the seal of approbation on the part of the people, the course of Mr. Best, in the Senate of Pennsylvania and it *seems* to condemn, on the part of the people, that of Mr Pearce. Now, this is all nonsense. This is not the issue at all. All concerned know what the course of Mr. Best was in the Senate.—Every one knows that he was false to his "special pledges," and that he was false in his general course to the principles of Democracy, and every one knows that Mr. Pearce's course was that of a consistant man and a sound Democrat. It seems to me all that is necessary to be said to young Pearce is, "just keep cool, dont fret, or get frightened. *We* (*the People*) know you, we understand your position, we appreciate you, and in time, if you dont do *some injudicious thing, well bring you to the Goal,* Mr. GAMBLE, a good man, has got ahead of you this time,—no disgrace to you—you could not both succeed—You are a young man,—"bide your time." Mr. Best's "bragging editorial" makes him no better, nor you the worse. While the high purpose of honorable ambition,—leads you on the way to honorable attainment, you need not fear that he who turns aside through the torturous paths of trickery and intrigue, will ever be able to head you in the race.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

For the Columbia Democrat.

"O! why did she flatter my boyish pride."

MR. EDITOR:

Those who have traveled over the State of Virginia, will doubtless remember a neat and handsome little village on the bank of the James River, just after it leaves the rugged wilds of the Blue Hills. It was there, that some ten years since, I stopped to refresh myself and add to the spirit's of any fagged-down-nag, by a few days rest and plenty of oats. Having partaken heartily of a dinner of "corn-cake and homny," for which Virginia is especially famed, I thought to take a ramble up the river, to make some, observations on the geological structure of the hills and enjoy an afternoon of secluded contemplation.

As I walked up the river, at a brisk pace the fields of a fruitful valley lay stretched out before me, bitterly groaning under the weight of a waving golden harvest. I soon come to where the river abruptly leaves the hills. Here it runs in a deep bed with lofty precipices rising up on either side. No doubt at some distant day those hills were created, or rather heaved up, by some violent volcanic commotion, and, the stream forced a passage through this palace just wide enough for the waters to pass; however, I was able to crawl along, between the river and the rocks. After I passed the first ridge, I found that the stream made a short turn to the right: but my inclination rather led me along a path towards the left. This path I followed for some time, when I came to a huge heap of boulders, evidently not natives of the place. My geological curiosity was immediately aroused. There I stood, gazing at them with wonder and amazement, trying to conjecture in what way they ever could have been conveyed hither: or in other words, trying to reconcile this seeming phenomenon in the science of geology. I was perfectly lost to every thing around me, like all scientific men are when their minds get to work on some difficult and obstruce question Old Newton, you know, in a fit of this kind, once put the finger of his lady love into the redhot smoke-pipe. And I have heard a story of another philosopher, who getting into such a flight about bed-time, foolishly put his pants to bed and hung himself on the chair-back. Why wonder then that I should stand there for hours, with all the powers of my mind concentrated, gazing into that *stone-pile*.

I was awakened from my reverie in rather a singular way. A deer hotly pursued by a wolf, in order to escape the jaws of the destroyer, leaped headlong from a precipice and landed *kasouse* right upon the boulders before me. Presently the wolf came in the same manner; so both, pursued and pursuer perished in one common ruin.

By this time I was partly awake and looking around I was entirely unable to tell in which direction the town lay, and to add too my perplexity, the sun was just bidding adieu to the tops of the hills, which rose to a fearful height on either side. I was convinced that something must be done, or I would spend that night supperless in the woods. I started for town, making the best of my way through swamps of briars, fern and brush and sundry quag mires. After going on in this way for half or three quarters of an hour to my great consternation, I found myself in the same place whence I started! It was now night, and the hills were so steep and high that they deprived me of the light of the stars, except a few in the Zenith With these, as my only guide, I made another attempt to extricate myself from the forest and might have succeeded, had not the fates determined to teach me an important lesson.

I heard the roar of distant thunder. In an incredibly short time the whole heaven was covered by a black cloud. The darkness was now intense; but continually broken by sheets of fire that seemed to fall in quick succession from the whirling, canopy, whilst peal after peal of deafning thunder, as quickly followed in a word, the scene was one which baffles comparison and beggars description. The rain too, fell in torrents and every moment threatened to suffocate me.—Thus, I was groping my way along when,

"Just in the middle o' my care,"

I blundered againt an old log-cabin, when all at once, there was such a roar of bow-wow! wow! as made me think all *houn-dom* had congregated. The noise of the dogs brought a man to the door or rather entrance of the hut, who demanded in a rough voice, "what's up you old sarpint, are you fighting?" This calmed them at once, and I answered. A stranger has lost his way and desires lodging for the night, "Help such as need it" is the first line I learned to read, said he; "therefore come in friend, and be accommodated to whatever of comfort I possess. You are sadly wet and doubtless hungry, come, take a seat by these good embers, whilst I in truly hermit style prepare a homely hermit supper." Then with a hugh butcherknife he cut a slice from a lifeless buck that lay in one corner of the miserable appartment and placing it upon a long pointed stick, held it over the coals to roast. As the fire shone full in his face I thought I could see the untimely wrinkles that sorrow had made in his brow. I was curious to know something of the history of my extraordinary host, and when supper was over, I accosted him in the following language. Hermit, permit me to ask you what are your reasons for chooseing such a life as this, and what may be the history of your better days? For a time he was silent, the color left his face—and heaving a deep sigh he thus began:—

Ah! my dear friend, that is a secret which has long been concealed under the lock of my own poor bleeding heart. *Never*, NEVER have I breathed it to living mortal, but that others may profit by my sad experience I am constrained to relate my folly, hoping that when you tell my woful tale you will omit a description of my person and conceal my name. I was born in Frederick city, state of Maryland. My father was rich and had retired from business, and of course there was nothing for me to do at home, so I was sent to College, while yet in the Freshman class, I was captured and enraptured by the bewitching charms of a lovely looking young lady, she was indeed beautiful.

"Her locks were like the links of gold
Her cheeks like lillies dipped in wine."

but no pen can describe, no pencil paint. I freely confess I loved her most dearly. I made polite advances and they were as I thought most cordially reciprocated. But alas! what does inexperienced youth know about the deception of woman's heart? We were often and much together and freely talked of the joyous days, we should spend when I should have completed my course at College. Oh! how I longed to be a *graduate*. At length my last year and then my last day at College arrived—and though I say it myself, I graduated with honors. On the evening of that eventful day, I deliveredthe valedictory to a crowded house and after the performances were over, saw the fair object of my affections safe to her father's house. Now said I, as we sat upon the sofa,—now I am a *graduate*, now every hinderance to our union is removed. Now, let our nuptials be solemnized,-let our joy be consummated, Oh! treachery of deamons what was her answer? "Well now George, to tell the truth, I believe I've fooled you about long enough, you'd better go home and pick chips for your mother." Are you supprized then that I took a solemn vow to withdraw from the society and the world? From that day to this, I have not looked on the face of WOMAN."

As he uttered the last sentence he turned deadly pale, heaved a sigh and with a groan fell senseless to the floor and his spirit winged its way to the eternal world.

I give these facts to the public just as they happened, hoping that all young men who read them may be as much benefitted by them as I have been. And should, this story be read by any of the young fair of our land, may the consequences of coquetting sink deep into their tender hearts.

BACHELOR BUTTON.

Buttonville, Aug 10th, 1849.

☞ "The Little Darling—he [illegible] strike Miss Smith's baby a purpuss, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it dear?" "Yes mm to be sure it was and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

☞ Young People fall in love just now whether they wish to or not. The weather is so hot, they melt and run together, in spite of all exertions to the contrary.

☞ HARD NAMES.—It appears about Pottsville Democrats are called *Locofocos* and Whigs "*Donkey Gons*." Donkey [illegible] is a new name in the political vocabulary. It is not an unhandy one however and may gradually creep into use. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

DEMOCRAT.

Newspaper Subscibers.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the Prarie Farmer, and from our own experience we can say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First comes the

UPRIGHTS.—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain.—It seems just and fair to them that the newspaper should be paid as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period than Sunday or the first of Jan. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalmed in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their sons to the fourth generation. The second class now in mind is the

DO WELLS.—This class is nearly related to the other—so near that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends.—These men always pay in advance in the beginning, and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes quite a period. But their recollection though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time. "The printer is not paid," and forthwith their will to do well, kindles into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Meant to do so before. Don't mean to leave such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears, his wife or son remembers that part of the benefit was theirs, and estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Now comes the

EASY DOERS.—These men believe in newspapers. They have settled in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them too. Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they meant to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads refuses obstinately to be dislodged, but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—now an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years.

The editor thinking the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead, or gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and like men as they are at the bottom, they pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know books tell better stories than moss covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough or a long purse, and can live a hibernating year, he may survive men. But if he is mortal, only woe be to him. The next class is that of the

DOWN HILLERS.—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly grows sombre. We shall despatch the downhillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because his wife wants it, one of the children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt, if he can get rid of it, and a newspaper least of all. Still he hates law suits and constables and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet does on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down hill, soon merges into another class that of

THE NIXE CUME ROUSE.—No matter how the man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he, "He don't like that sort of a paper. It don't give no news. He never did take it. He didn't want it in the first place, only took it to encourage the printer, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago.—besides he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them at any rate, and those he hadn't read."—Wipe him off, Here comes the

SCAPE GRACE.—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper, two or three of them When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back "with stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can. Enough for him.

☞ Reader! to which class do you belong!

Tirbute to the Sisters of Charity.

A correspondent of the Washington Republic, writing from St. Louis, acknowledges himself a Protestant, and says—

I have been remiss in duty, in not before paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to a body of christian and benevolent females but for whose heroic conduct our list of mortality would have swelled to a far greater length than its fearful appearance now presents. I allude to the "Siserts of Charity," of the city of St. Louis. In every sense of the word they have proven themselves to be the "good Samaritans" of this community. When panic and alarm had driven the relatives of the departed in some of our most respectable protestant families, to seek safety in flight from the presence of the dead, and none could be found to pay the last office to such as slept in death, and to robe the body for the grave, these dauntless, self-sacrificing, religiously-devoted females, have never been appealed to in vain, but have frequently gone and performed that which none others were willing to undertake. When city hospitals were established in every Ward in the city, where the most loathsome objects of this loathsome disease were huddled together in large numbers, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties could secure attendants—these "Sisters of Charity," with heroic firmness, again threw themselves into the breach, and voluntarily tendered their services to the public authorities as nurses. Here, in these charalhouses of the living, for week in and week out, they have stood as faithful sentinels, facing the arch enemy, Death, with a composure and fearlessness that nothing but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a crucified Redeemer could impart, and contesting inch by inch the combat between that enemy and his victims, with whom they were constantly surrounded. And when they have found that nature must yield to the king of terrors: and that the curtain of death was redidly drawing around the sufferer, upon bended knees they could be seen reclining over infected lips, an entreating the expiring patient to look with the eye of faith upon the image of their expiring Savior. In the dens of vice, and in the humble habitations of the most destitute among us, and that are ever found in the outskirts and the by-places of all large cities, these messengers of mercy, philanthropy and charity, can be seen moving by day and by night ministering unto the sick, comforting the afflicted, and gathering together helpless orppan infancy, that places of refuge might be secured them in same one of the different asylums of our city, When I see such disinterested benevolence as this at a time too, when fear has rent asunder the ties of affection and consanguinity, when many of our clergy, with their families, have sought in flight that protection which they so pathetically *preach*, in time of health, can only be found of God, and where almost every one acts upon the selfish and unchristian principle of "every man take care of himself"—I feel as it public acknowledgment should be made, which such praiseworthy and benevolent conduct deserves.

The erection of the Pottsville Gas works commenced last week.