COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor. "To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth" ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

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In Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

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CALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

DOCTOR JOHNSTON.

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Stricture, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Kidneys and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dispepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin; and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Sirens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

Young Men.

especially, who have become the victims of solitary Vice the dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who as we may reasonably expect have entrusted their Secrets to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

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Young Men.

who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone or with others, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are night, even when asleep, felt and known by their victims. Oh! what a blight it casts upon the prospect of the youthful lover, rendering him unfit for the society of the female sex, the chosen companion of his bosom, destroying the energy of the mind, and causing a premature decay in the prime of youth. Many become victims to this fatal habit, and it not cured prematurely hurries to the grave, and destroys both mind and body, all of which might have been prevented by timely application.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the stay and staff of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of devoting from the path of nature, and indulging in a secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed without these the joyous anticipations of married life become a source of misery, the prospect hourly darkens to the view, and instead of a companion to share the joys of life, we find only the melancholy reflection that the happiness of a married life is destroyed by their own folly.

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To Strangers.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons, 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.

Take Notice.

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless Quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of those already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his credentials and diplomas always hang in his office.

☞ FAKE NOTICE.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

January 17, 1857.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

THE undersigned, thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has been favored for years gone by, would inform his friends and customers, that he continues to manufacture

Boots and Shoes,

At his old and well-known stand, on Main street, Bloomsburg, in all their various and forms, in good style and on moderate terms.

His long experience in the business, and general knowledge of the people of Columbia county, superadded to a fixed determination to render satisfaction to all his customers, should secure him increased patronage which he hopes to merit.

JACOB F. DIETERICK.

Bloomsburg, March 16 1857.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Circulation over 100,000 Copies Weekly.

25 Witnesses,

OR,

THE FORGER CONVICTED.

JOHN S. DYE is the Author, who has had ten years experience as a Banker and Publisher, and Author of a *series of Lectures at the Broadway Tabernacle* when, for ten successive nights, over

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Greeted him with rounds of applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their frauds, and the surest and shortest means of detecting them!

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Founded on a old Manuscript found in the East. It furnishes the most romantic history of

ORIENTAL LIFE.

And describing the most perplexing positions in which the ladies and gentlemen of that country have been so often found. These stories will continue throughout the whole year, and will prove the most entertaining ever offered to the public.

☞ Published weekly, at $1 a year. All letters must be addressed to

JOHN S. DYE, *Broker*

Publisher and Proprietor, 70 Wall st., New York.

RAIL ROAD AND PACKET BOAT!

1857. ANTELOPE. 1857.

ON and after Tuesday, April 7, 1857, the Packet Boat ANTELOPE, Capt. B. F. WELLS, will commence running her regular trips, daily (Sundays excepted) between Rupert and Nanticoke, as follows:

Leves Rupert at 5 o'clock, A. M., on arrival of the Night Express on the C. W. & E. Railroad from Williamsport, and arrives at Nanticoke at 1 o'clock, P. M., in time to take the cars on the L. & B. Railroad for Scranton or Great Bend the same afternoon.

Leaves Nanticoke on arrival of L. & B. Railroad cars from Great Bend and Scranton (say one o'clock, P. M.) and arrives at Rupert early the same evening in time to take the Night Express both ways on the C. W. & E. Rail Road.

Passengers from the Wyoming Valley, for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia and all other points South or West, will find it to their advantage to take the above Line, as it is the only line that connects through, without stopping over night on the road.

Passengers from the South or West, by leaving Harrisburg per afternoon train, via Dauphin and Susquehanna Railroad, and via Catawissa Railroad, will meet the Packet at Rupert in time.

N. B.—A Stage Coach will be run daily (Sundays excepted) between Wilkesbarre and Rupert, carrying the United States Mail.

Leaves Wilkes Barre at 2 o'clock, A. M., and arrives at Rupert in time to connect with the Mail Boats both ways.

Leaves Rupert after the arrival of both Mail Boats, (say 3 o'clock P. M.) and arrives at Wilkes Barre about midnight.

B. F. WELLS, Proprietor.

Wilkes Barre, April 11, 1857.

BLOOMSBURG BOOK STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that she continues the *Bloomsburg Book Store and Stationery Establishment*, lately conducted by her deceased husband—Major Clark—in all their various branches, at the old stand in the Exchange Buildings, first door East of the Exchange Hotel, and having replenished her establishment with a choice stock of *New Books and Stationery*, she is prepared to accommodate all who may give her a call in her line.

ALSO

The Department of Music is in replacement of the above established concern, will be continued as usual by the subscriber, where the public can at all times be supplied with the choicest ENTERTAINING AND REFRESHMENTS, such as Minerals, Sarsaparilla, Beer, Ale, &c., Sardines, Spiced and Pickled Oysters, Pickled Clams, etc.

☞ The public custom is respectfully solicited.

CAROLINE CLARK,

Successor to Jesse G. Clark.

Bloomsburg, May 9, 1857.

BLOOMSBURG,

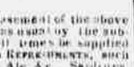
CABINET WAREROOMS.

THE undersigned respectfully invites the attention of the Public to his extensive assortment of Cabinet Furniture, and Chairs which he will warrant to be made of good materials and in a workmanlike manner. At his Establishment can always be found a good assortment of

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE,

Which is equal in style and finish to that of Philadelphia or New York cities, and at as low prices, as the

SOFAS,



of different styles and prices from $25 to $60, Divans, Lounges, Washstands, Mahogany, Parlor chairs, Rocking and easy chairs, Piano stools, and a variety of upholstered work with Dressing and parlor bureaus, sofa, card centre and pier tables, ottomans, cradles, cane seat nut and common chairs, dressing and common chairs, in the largest in this section of the country. He will also keep a good assortment of looking glasses with fancy gilt and common frames. He will also furnish spring mattresses filled to any size of bedstead, which are superior for durability and comfort to any bed in use.

SIMON C. SHIVE.

Bloomsburg, April 4th, 1854.

ESPYTOWN NEW STORE.

THE undersigned, having associated together in the Mercantile Business, take pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public in general, that their new Store House, located on Main street, central in Espytown, Columbia county, has just been stocked with

New Spring Goods,

Comprising an extensive assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Muslins, Linens, and every other article in the wearing line, including Hardware, China, Earthen and Hollow ware, Groceries, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Rice, Molasses etc., etc., with all other articles of commerce adapted to country stores.

ALSO—READY MADE CLOTHING

☞ Grain, Lumber, Provisions, Produce, &c., of all kinds, taken in exchange for merchandize.

R. F. REIGHARD,
H. G. CREVELING.

Espytown, April 4, 1857.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, BLOOMSBURG.

Stoves and Tinware.

THE subscriber having erected a large new brick Foundry and Machine Shop, in place of the old one, is prepared to make all kinds of casting at the lowest prices. Plows constantly on hand. The subscriber has also removed his Tin Shop from Main st. to the Foundry lot, where he has erected a building altogether for Stoves and Tinware.

The Cooking Stoves consist of the WM. PENN COOK, RAUB COOK, VANLIER COOK, and PARLOR STOVES of all kinds, the EGG CYLINDER STOVE, &c. All kinds of Spouting made to order.

JOSEPH SHARPLESS.

Bloomsburg, April 11, 1857.

WANTED,

FOUR MEN to work in a Keg Factory; Four Coopers preferred, but active laboring men will answer. Steady employment and good wages will be given. Apply at the Millgrove Mills, near Light st.

THOMAS TRENCH

May 2, 1857.—2t

Columbia Democrat.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

Bloomsburg, May 23, 1857.

Written for the Democrat.

Effects of Love to God and to Man.

BY GEORGE HUNTER.

Were this divine principle in full operation among the intelligences that people our globe, this world would be transformed into a paradise, the moral desert would be changed into a fruitful field, and "blossom as the rose," and Eden would again appear in all its beauty and delight. Fraud, deceit and artifice, with all their concomitant train of evils, would no longer walk rampant in every land.—Rosecutions, law suits, and all the innumerable vexatious litigation which now disturb the peace of society, would cease from among men. Every debt would be punctually paid; every promise faithfully performed; every dispute amicably adjusted; every man's character held in estimation; every rogue and cheat banished from society; and every jail, bridewell, and house of correction would either be swept away, or transformed into the abodes of honesty, industry and peace. The haunts of riot and debauchery would be forsaken, and their inmates hissed from the abodes of men. The victims of seduction would no longer crowd our streets at the dead hour of night to entice the "simple ones" into the paths of vice and destruction; but purety, righteousness and peace would run down our streets like a river, distributing safety, happiness and repose.

The tongue of the slanderer, and the whisperings of the backbiter, would no longer be heard in their malicious attempts to sow the seeds of discord and contention among brethren. Falsehood, in all its ramifications, with the numerous trains of evils it now produces, would be banished from society. "The lips of truth would be established forever," and the liar and deceiver would be hissed to the shades of hell. Our prosperity would remain sacred and secure from the thief and midnight robber, and our persons from the attacks of the murderer and assassin. We should no longer hesitate to prosecute our journeys by day or by night for fear of the footpad or the highwayman, but should recognize every passenger as a friend and protector. Plunder and devastation would cease from the earth. Pride, which now stalks with stately steps and lofty looks, surveying surrounding intelligences with feelings of contempt, would be forever banished from the world. Ambition would no longer wade through slaughter to a throne, nor trample on the rights of an injured people. Wars would cease to the ends of the earth, and the instruments of human destruction would be beaten into plough-shares and pruning hooks. That scourge which has drenched the earth with human gore—which has convulsed every nation under heaven—which has produced tenfold more misery than all the destructive elements of nature, and which has swept from existence so many millions of mankind—would be regarded as the eternal disgrace of the human character, and the most shocking display of depravity in the annals of our race. No longer should we behold the fires blazing on the mountain tops, to spread the alarm of invading armies; nor the city, which was once full of inhabitants, sitting solitary, without a voice being heard within its dwellings, but the sighs of the disconsolate and the groans of the dying. Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more. These, and a thousand other evils, which now render this world a vast wilderness of perturbation, wretchedness and sorrow, would be completely eradicated were the principle of holy love in incessant operation; and in their place a scene of loveliness and moral beauty would burst upon the view, which would diffuse joy and ecstatic delight through every bosom. Every family would become a mansion of peace and love—a temple consecrated to the God of Heaven, from which the incense of prayer, and praise, and pious aspirations, would daily ascend in sweet memorial to the throne above. From every such mansion, the radiations of love would fly from family to family, from one hamlet and village to another, from one town and city to another, from one nation to another, and from one continent to another, till all the families of the earth were connected into "the dwellings of the God of Jacob."

Hagerstown, May 8th, 1857.

Select Poetry.

BEDD GELERT;*

Or, The Grave of the Greyhound.

[The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, Wales, where Llewelyn the Great had a house.—The greyhound, named Gelert, was given to him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day is called Bedd-Gelert, or the grave of Gelert.]

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a hoick and many a bound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lusier cheer,
"Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear."

"O, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true—so brave! a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat,
His crest Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The wound all over was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood!

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise—
Unused such sight to meet
His azure colour'd blade grew fierce
And crimson'd his fair sheath.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eye he cast
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covering rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood alone he found on every side,
But no where found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His supplicant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his dying Gelert's yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parents joy could tell
To hear their infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His harrass'd search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scath had he nor harm nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear;
His generous horse had the wolf slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marble stone they mark with praise,
Poor Gelert's hapless fate!

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's Grave."

* Bedd, to be pronounced as *bethe*.

The Comet.

The possible collision of a comet with the earth, says the *Scientific American*, attracts considerable attention from a silly rumor that a French or German savan has predicted such an event to occur on the 17th of June next. The distinguished astronomer, referred to has utterly disclaimed any such prediction, asserting in a published letter that the only comets in sight, or expected, move in paths which do not coincide with that of the earth at any point, and that the chances are exactly on a par with those of a collision of an omnibus in the streets of London with another in the streets of Paris.

Von Littnow, the great German astronomer, writes to the *Vienna Gazette* that there is a faint possibility that the great comet of 1556 may return, but that its "orbit is so situated that it cannot approach the earth within some *five millions of miles*." He rates M. Babbinet severely for exciting an alarm on the subject.

Taking into account the probable number of comets which have visited, or ever will make their appearance within the solar system, the chances of a collision have been computed by mathematicians, and endorsed by astronomers generally, to be about 1 to 200,000,000!

Miscellaneous News.

An extraordinary excitement was occasioned in Bond Street yesterday, by the gathering in front of Mrs. Cunningham's residence of a disorderly mob of women and boys. The women, about thirty in number, had a sort of drum-head court-martial and unanimously agreed that Mrs. Cunningham was guilty of murder, and ought to be driven from the city. With the help of the boys they made an attack on the house stoning the windows and doors, ringing the bell, making hideous faces and shouting their opinions in no very delicate way. The attack was continued until the arrival of an officer, who took the most active of the Amazons to the lock-up.—*Tribune*, 13*th inst.*

A SINGULAR FEAT.—A lady named Bentley undertook, and has accomplished the feat of walking, without sleep, food or drink, for the space of thirty hours. The performance took place at the Tabernacle, New York, the point of pedestrian operation, being a stage of some 20 or 30 feet, on which she walked back and forth. She commenced at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, and continued her toil till ten on Tuesday night, getting very much exhausted. Mrs. B. is represented to be a widow, of about 27 years of age, and the mother of three fine children, two girls and a boy, of the ages of 7, 9 and 11, and for whose support she has undertaken this task. The lady appears to be suffering from pulmonary consumption. The motive for performing the feat was to obtain money, but the result was a heavy pecuniary loss.

MONUMENT TO A NEGRO.—The students of Howard College, Ala., on Sunday the 17th ult., inaugurated a monument to the memory of "HARRY," a slave of the President of the College, who, when the building burned down in 1855, refused to leave until all the students had been gotten out, and he lost his life thereby.

CHICAGO FULL UP.—The Chicago Journal of Wednesday says: "A friend informs us that he came in town yesterday to hear Mr. Everett. On going to the Hall he found it crowded, hundreds coming away unable to get in. He then went to the Theatre to see Lola Montez. This establishment was full also. As a last resort, he repaired to Lent's mammoth circus, and he was unable to get a ticket. He then returned to the Tremont House and he could't get in there!"

☞ The Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig of the 6th inst., says that ninety-six thousand dollars, were subscribed in that city on the 5th inst., towards purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce. The sum asked for the property is $100,000, leaving $4000, to be subscribed in order to complete the purchase.

A GOOD PLAN.—In Andover last year, $5 premium was offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of Caterpillars' nests. The consequence was that 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year $15 are offered in similar premiums.—This is a good plan. If towns would generally adopt it, they would be cheaply rid of the pest of caterpillars.

HORRIBLE.—Samuel Dillion, was tried in Bowling Green, Ind., a few days ago, on a charge of murdering his son fifteen years previous, and acquitted for want of evidence to prove his positive guilt. Facts were given, however, that convinced all who heard them that he was a murderer. After his acquittal he left the place for his home, some miles distant, of which he was the sole occupant. His neighbors knew nothing more of him until one day last week, their attention was arrested by the blaze of light from his burning house. They reached the place just in time to hear the cries of the wretched man who perished in the flames. The supposed murderer had met his fate!

☞ There is a woman, youthful and quite handsome, who visits the Baltimore Penitentiary every day, and converses with her husband for an hour or more through the bars. Yet this man is serving out a term of years for having cut her throat—his wife's, and inflicted several severe stabs in her breast, from the effects of which her life was for a long time despaired of. What an evidence of love and constancy.

☞ Queen Victoria is the mother of five girls and four boys, all healthy and robust children.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A little boy after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he had called praying his own way. He had a large number of brothers and sisters whose peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing this exercise he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said:

"O Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is."

His head fell back on his pillow, but soon rousing he murmured drowsily, "Bless Henry too." It was in vain; the tongue refused its office—so he added indistinctly:

"Oh, Lord, I can't, there's too many of 'em," and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said:

"Lord, please to bless father and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless sister Mary, and give her a new heart.—O, Lord, bless mother—but you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got, and I don't see how she'd go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

A picture of Sunday Life in Chicago.—Here is a picture of Sunday life in Chicago, furnished by the *Times* of that city:

"Here in Chicago on Sunday we have fifty-six churches open during the forenoon and evening, but at the same time there are no less than eighty ball rooms, in each of which the 'band' plays from morning till midnight, and waltzing goes on without intermission. In addition to these festivities, we have two theatres, each with its performers in tights and very short garments, rivaling Ellsler in their grand evolutions. Saloons have their front doors closed by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side entrances."

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.—Ex-Senator Dickinson, of New York, in one of his orations, thus speaks of the effect of introducing politics into the pulpit: "It has done more to demoralize the public mind than any other social evil, for it has planted death in the seat of life: it has done more to decorate the cause of religion than the worst opinions of Paine—more to raise of an army of scoffers than the writings of Voltaire—more to manufacture infidels than the seed sown in the revolution of France; and when all these influences shall have been exterminated or forgotten forever, the plague-spot of political pulpits will rest upon society like a deadly incubus."

ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRED.—"Dearest, I will build thee a cot all covered with ivy, in some secluded vale, close by a purling brook, meandering over its pebbly bottom, incessantly babbling dulcet tinkling strains, 'Love, love, love,' where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing, spicy aromas, that makes the eye languish, and the heart dissolve in the liquid fires of love—where the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the dense forest's leafy mazes chanting love's melody—where the tiny songsters that whirl in etherial space warble nought but love. I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, called from nature's ardent designs, warmest tints, and smelling incense."

"Dolphy, dear, don't forget to have a patch for *cowcumbers* and *onigons*—they're so nice pickled."

☞ An old lady in Connecticut is collecting all the political papers she can lay her hands on to make soap of. She says 'they are a despat sight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear LIE!'"

☞ Warren's celebrated blacking manufactory has now ceased to exist. The business has "died out" simply from a resolution taken by the proprietors who succeeded the original of the firm to "discontinue advertising in the newspapers as a useless expense." The consequence might have been foreseen. The firm of Warren has ceased to exist within one generation.

☞ From various parts of the country reports are received of a great scarcity of grain, but the Chicago Democrat of the 27th ult., a journal published at the grain depot of the West, intimates that the talk about the scarcity of grain is a mere device to raise the price.

☞ A pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror to shave by. "Yes," replied a bachelor on reading the above, "many a man has been shaved by them."

Wit and Humor.

[BY REQUEST.]

THE KNOW-NOTHING.

Of all the many mighty things
In this old Quaker City,
Of dark, or brown, or blue-eyed girls,
With cheeks so plump and pretty,
Of all the wonders of the day,
That's horrible or shocking,
The greatest question of them all,
Is, "Who are these Know-Nothings?"

CHORUS.—I don't know,
Nor you don't know,
So don't you ask me anything,
For I don't know!

These men wear white hats all turned up,
And at you boldly, stare, sir,
They only speak with nods and winks,
And never comb their hair, sir.
They beat both Whigs and Democrats
Wherever they do go, sir,
And if you ask them anything,
They answer, "I don't know, sir."

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

The ladies, Oh! Lord, bless their souls,
I cannot help but love them,
For who, with all their nods and winks,
Can ever be above them?
They know their nods, their winks, and jerks
From head to heel and toe, sir,
And if you ask a girl her name,
She'll answer, "I don't know, sir."

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

You dare not tell your wife be still,
Nor say she's always squalling,
Or you will find a three-legged stool
Around your head come reeling.
The other day I asked my wife,
Only to mend my stockings;
"Now, not another word," she cried,
"For I'm a permanent Know-Nothing."

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

The other day I came from work,
With heat was almost smothered,
Says I, unto my youngest son,
"Sam, where is your mother?"
He turned his fingers on his nose,
And with a voice most mocking,
"Oh, Dad," says he, "why don't you know
That I'm a young Know-Nothing?"

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

We took this same smart son of ours,
One day to public dinner,
And into the corn, and pork, and beans,
He pitched like a sinner.
Says the ladies now, of all these men,
"Your father to me show Sam,"
When he looked me right into the face,
And, says he, "I don't know, mam."

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

Now, young men, marry from this lot,
Of pretty girls around you,
And when you're settled down in life,
And family cares around you;
Take the advice of one poor man
Who suffered deepest woe, sir,
Don't teach your little chaps to say,
"Why, really, I don't know, sir."

CHORUS.—I don't know, &c.

Now, ladies, don't you think it's hard,
And don't you think it's shocking,
That we, in free America,
Should all of us Know nothing!
And don't you say with all your heart,
"I do believe it's so, sir;"
Or can you say with all the rest,
"Why, really, I don't know, sir."

CHORUS.—I don't know,
Nor you don't know,
So don't you ask me any thing,
For I don't know!

☞ SKIPS.—A Boston trader called at a country farm house, some time ago, to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot he concluded not to take it, as it was so full of skippers. As he was going off,—the farmer said to him:

"Look here, mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied:

"Well, let it lay a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it right down!"

☞ Hood never made a better pun than of Hook who was walking with a friend, when they came to a toll-bridge.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hook.

"No," replied Hook, "but if you go over you'll be tolled!"

PUZZLING.—A lady, being asked by a gentleman to join in the bonds of matrimony with him, wrote the word "STRIPES," stating at the time that the letters making up the word stripes, could be changed so as to make an answer to his question.—Who knows the answer.

☞ "Capital punishment," as the boy said when the Schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

☞ Why is a watch dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in, in the morning.