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LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

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

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BY LEVI L. TATE,

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BALTIMORE LEO K HOSPITAL DOCTOR JOHNSTON.

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects of GLEET, Gonorrhoea, Seminal Discharge, Pain in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Polypus of the Uterus, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh of the Bladder, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive effects of the venereal disease on the body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to the human system, than the most violent of the venereal diseases, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipation, rendering marriage, &c. impossible.

Young Men.

especially, who have become the victims of such a disease, should be warned, that unless they seek relief as early as possible, they will incur the most serious and permanent consequences, which will render them incapable of any useful pursuit, and will render their lives a torment.

Marriage.

Married persons who are contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr. Johnston, for the purpose of restoring health.

Organic Weakness.

Immediately cured and full vigor restored. The system becomes diseased, the physical and mental powers are weakened, the organs of the body are debilitated, the mind is deranged, and the system is brought to a state of prostration, which renders the patient incapable of any useful pursuit, and will render their lives a torment.

A Certain Disease.

When the neglected and impudently venereal disease, is not cured, it becomes a permanent and incurable disease, which renders the patient incapable of any useful pursuit, and will render their lives a torment.

Take Notice.

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Dr. Johnston's Insulating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and powerful remedy, the weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored. The system becomes diseased, the physical and mental powers are weakened, the organs of the body are debilitated, the mind is deranged, and the system is brought to a state of prostration, which renders the patient incapable of any useful pursuit, and will render their lives a torment.

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Select Poetry.

SHADOWS.

BY ZUE LILFORD.

Clouds are closing round me; o'er my heart
Their shadowy forms are cast—
There seems no joy in present hours,
No glances in the past,
The future but one dreary blank,
A rayless mist is there,
From thoughts of sadness seem to part—
For this wild, dark despair.

Each hour seems adding to my life
Almost a weight of years,
For clustering hopes can never twine
With latter, unshed tears,
I know not why these shadows hover
Soom now of him, a part—
There are no shadows round my path,
They all lie on my heart.

The Condemned Patriot.

Written by a young Canadian Patriot the evening before his execution.

Oh! must I die? and die so young; and now, too, when the world has just begun to open to me in all its perspective beauty? Oh! it is hard, hard thus to die—to die an ignominious death upon the scaffold, my last moments to be embittered by the taunting jests and ritalry of my enemies. Must I die thus? I could have met death with fortitude upon the battle-field, but to die the death of a felon; how dreadful thought! I, who have indulged in the fond hope of writing my name high upon the scroll of fame, must I, ere the consummation of the great design, die—a die a felon's death?—Oh! must I bid an eternal adieu to my aged and beloved mother?—Yes, it must be so. In vain did you, my mother, bow in humble supplication before the tyrant Colborne, to implore pardon for your only son. Yes, she bowed before him, and with her hands extended in supplication, cried in wild accents of a mother's wailing—"Oh! spare my only idolized son!" but in vain—she might as well implore pity of a famished tiger. The monster spurned her from his feet. And must I leave her too, to whom I have breathed my vows of early love? her whom I love with an attachment bordering on idolatry with an affection too pure, too intense, too holy for this life? Yes! For tomorrow I must die. Oh! my God!—How I sicken at the thought; my brain reels with a giddy dizziness, the cold sweat stands upon my brow; it seems like a horrible dream which haunts me like the incubus. Oh! that I could but be spared but for another day, to see her but once more; but in vain, is each wish, awful preparations are even now making for my execution which speaks of death as truly as yonder orb painting the western horizon with its golden hue, tells of departing day. But away with these thoughts, they serve but to unman me; I will be myself again; I will die as becomes a Canadian Patriot! Yes—I who have fought the oppressors of my country, and never yet bowed the knee in humble submission to man, will show the murderer Colborne that though his chains and dungeons have impaired my frame, they have not broken my spirit—

When yonder orb shall make another revolution, this form will be cold and inanimate clay; but my name shall live in the breasts of my countrymen, and will incite them to revenge my death and that of my fellow-sufferers; and my memory will be revered by posterity, whilst the name of the barbarous Colborne will be remembered only to be execrated.

A BRAVE GIRL.—The Lynn News says that a young lady, residing near Breed's Mills, in that town, after retiring, one evening week before last, heard a noise which caused her to raise her head and look about the room, when she saw a man crawl out from under her bed! She immediately sprang up, seized a glass lamp, and just as he had reached an open door, leading to the stairs, caught him by the collar of his coat, and dealt several severe blows upon his face with the lamp. She then loosed her hold, and when he had proceeded half way down stairs, the lamp came in contact with his head with such force as to finish his descent, heels over head. The police officer, from whom these particulars were obtained, says the poor fellow is badly marked, and thinks he will not trouble the lady again.

PATRIOTIC TOASTS.—The day we celebrate—May it be perpetuated as the era of American Independence, until the last descendant of Adam shall sleep in the dust.

The People of the United States.—May they rally round the standard of liberty, and defend the rights of a free and enlightened people.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

Interesting Story.

Losing and Winning.

OR—

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

"At whose suit do you come?" Julia asked the officer.

"At Mr. Eldon's, madam. He holds a note of some thousands against Mr. Westbury, and thinks no time is to be lost in making it secure. You have jewels of value, madam, which I was ordered to include in the attachment."

"Will you allow me a few minutes for reflection?" said Julia, whose faculties seemed benumbed by the suddenness of the blow.

"Certainly, madam, certainly—any accommodation in my power I shall be happy to grant."

"What can I do? what ought I to do?" thought Julia. "Oh, that Mr. Westbury were at home! Mr. Eveleth—yes—I will send for him, he can advise me, if the officer will only wait."

"Will you suspend your operations for half an hour, sir," asked Julia, "that I may send for a friend to advise and assist me?"

"Why, my time is very precious, madam, and my orders to attend were peremptory; nevertheless, half an hour will make no great difference; so, to oblige you, I will wait."

The pale and trembling Julia instantly despatched a servant for Mr. Eveleth, and in twenty minutes that gentleman arrived. He was instantly made acquainted with the business in hand, and without hesitation accepted for the furniture, and dismissed the officer. Julia felt relieved of an enormous burden, when the officer left the house—though in her precipitation she scarcely comprehended how he was induced to go, and leave everything as it was. As soon as she was sufficiently composed and collected to take up a pen, she wrote to her husband, giving an account of it that had transpired. Her letter despatched, she had nothing to do but wait in torturing suspense, till she could either see or hear from him. On the third evening, as she was sitting with her eyes resting on the carpet, alternately thinking of her husband, and her own embarrassing situation, and at times raising her heart to heaven for strength and direction—as she was thus sitting, in deep and melancholy musing, Mr. Westbury entered the apartment—Quick as thought she sprang towards him, exclaiming—

"Oh, my dear husband, how glad am I that you are come! But what is the matter? you are crying, as if you sank into a chair—"

"You are very ill!"

"I find that I am," said Mr. Westbury. "My strength has just sufficed to fetch me home."

Julia took his hand, and found it was burning with fever, and instantly despatched a servant for a physician, while she assisted her husband to his chamber. The medical gentleman soon arrived, and pronounced Mr. Westbury in a confined fever. For twenty days, Julia was in the agony of suspense. With intense anxiety she watched every symptom, and administered every medicine with her own hand, lest some mistake should be made. It was in vain that the physician entreated her to take more care of herself; she could do nothing, but that which related to her husband. When nature was completely exhausted, she would take an hour's troubled repose, and then be again at her post. On every account, the thought of death was terrible. "To be lost to me," thought she, "is utterly dreadful; but oh, it is a trifle compared to his being lost to himself! He is not fit for heaven. He has never sought the intercession of the great Advocate, through whom alone we can enter on eternal life." How fervently did she pray that his life might be prolonged! that he might come forth from his affliction like "gold seven times refined!"

Mr. Westbury was exceedingly reduced, but there had been no symptom of delirium, though weakness and pain compelled him to remain almost constantly silent. Occasionally, however, he expressed his gratitude to Julia for her unremitting attentions; he begged her, for her sake, to take all possible care of her own health, for if her strength should fail, such another nurse so tender, so vigilant, could not be found. Julia entreated him to take no thought for her, as she doubted not that her Heavenly Father would give her strength for the discharge of every duty. Sometimes,

when he was uttering a few words of commendation, she panted to say, "Aimez moi, au lieu de me louer!" but with a sigh, she would bury the thought at the bottom of her heart, and proceed to the discharge of her duties. Oftentimes she would kneel for an hour together, at his bedside, when he appeared to be sleeping, with his hand clasped in hers, dividing her time between counting his fluttering pulse, and raising her heart to heaven in his behalf.

But Julia's constitution was unequal to the task she had undertaken. Protracted fatigue and anxiety did their work, and on the day that her husband was pronounced convalescent, she was conveyed to a bed of sickness. Unlike Mr. Westbury, she was in a constant state of delirium, induced by mental anxiety and unremitting watching. Most touchingly would she beg to go to her husband, as he was dying for want of her care. It was in vain that she was told he was better—she was rapidly recovering, the impression was gone in an instant, and her mind reverted to his danger. Her physician was anxious that Mr. Westbury should visit her, hoping that the sight of him might change the current of her thoughts, and remove that anxiety that greatly heightened her fever.

At the end of ten days she was able to be supported to her chamber, and advancing to the bedside, he said—

"My dear Julia, I am able to come and see you."

"Thank heaven," said Julia, clasping her hands—and then raising her eyes, she added, "Heavenly Father, I thank thee! But how sick you look," she continued;

"O pray go to bed, and I will come and nurse you. I shall very soon be rested, and they will let me come."

"I will set by, and watch and nurse you now, Julia," said Mr. Westbury, "so try to go to sleep; it will do you good."

"You called me Julia," said she, smiling; "O, how sweetly that sounded! But I will mind you, and try to sleep, for my head feels strangely."

She closed her eyes, and Mr. Westbury sat at the head of the bed, watching her with intense interest. Presently her lips moved, and he leaned forward to hear what she was saying.

"O, should he die," she murmured in the softest tone—"O, should he die without ever loving me!—die without knowing how I love him—how fondly I loved him!"

"And, O," she added, in a whisper, while an expression of deep solemnity settled on her features—"O, should he die without ever loving the blessed Saviour—that would be the most dreadful of all!"

Presently a noise in the street disturbed her, and she opened her eyes. She did not see her husband, as she had turned her face a little on the other side, and calling the nurse, she said—

"Do beg them to make less noise; they will kill my dear husband; I know just how it makes his poor head feel," and she clasped her own with her hands.

Mr. Westbury's feelings were much moved, and his debility was such he could with difficulty restrain them. He found he must return to his own chamber, and taking his wife's hand, he said—

"I hope to be able to come and see you now every day, my dear Julia."

"O, do," she said, "and always call me Julia, will you?—it sounds so kindly!"

Secures similar to this were constantly recurring for the next ten days. Mr. Westbury continued to gain strength, though his recovery was somewhat retarded by his visits to Julia's chamber, while she was gradually sinking under the violence of her disease. The hopes, however, which her physician gave of her recovery, were not delusive. Within three weeks of the time of her seizure, a crisis took place, and the next day she was pronounced out of danger.

Soon after this, Mr. Westbury was able to attend a little to business, but all the time he was in the house, was spent in Julia's chamber. One day, after she had so far recovered her strength, so as to be able to sit up for an hour or two at a time, he chanced to be left alone with her.

"My dear Julia," said he, as he took her emaciated hand, and folded it between his own, "I can never express my gratitude for your kind attentions to an unworthy husband; nor my thankfulness to heaven that your precious life did not fall a sacrifice to your efforts to save mine. I hope to prove by my future conduct that I have learned to appreciate your value."

"He spoke in the softest tones of love, while his eyes were humid with tears."

"Do you then love me?" said Julia.

"Love you! yes, most tenderly, with my whole heart," said Westbury; "more than anything; more than everything else on earth!"

Julia leaned her head on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, Julia?" said Westbury.

"O, I am so happy!" said Julia. "There would be one thing to make my cup of blessedness quite full."

"And what is that, dearest?"

"That you should give your first, your best affections where alone they are deserved, to your Creator."

"I trust, my dear wife," said Mr. Westbury, with deep feeling. "I trust that your precious intercessions for me at the throne of mercy, have been answered. My bed of sickness was a bed of reflection, of retrospection, of remorse; and I hope, of true penitence. I feel as if in a new world; 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'"

Julia clasped her hands together, leaned her face upon them, and for a long time remained perfectly silent. At length she raised her head, and said,

"Your fortune, I suppose is gone; but what of that? It was a trifle—a toy—compared with the blessings now bestowed. A cottage—any place will be a paradise to me, possessing the heart of my husband, and he a believer!"

"My dear Julia," said Westbury, "my fortune is unimpaired. I was in danger of sustaining great loss, through the embarrassments of my banker in Philadelphia, but all is now happily adjusted. The difficulty here, was the result of malice—Eldon was embittered against me, I doubt not, through the influence of his sister, of him it is unnecessary to speak to you. He heard of my difficulties, and knowing that he should be perfectly safe, purchased that note against me that he might avenge her, by increasing my embarrassments. I have been recently informed that the unhappy girl looked on your pearls with peculiar malignity. Her feelings were too bitter, and too strong for concealment. Poor girl; I fear that she and her brother are kindred in heart, as well as blood. I now look with something like terror, at the gulph into which I wished to plunge myself, and from which my dear father alone saved me. I can never be sufficiently thankful, for being turned, almost by force, from my rash and headstrong course; and for having a wife bestowed on me, rich in every mental and moral excellence, who loves me for myself, undeserving as I am, and not for my wealth."

It was now June; and as soon as Julia's strength was equal to the fatigue, Mr. Westbury took her into the country for change of air.—They were absent from the city for some months, and made in the course of the summer, several delightful excursions in various parts of the country. A few days after their return to their home in town, Julia asked Mr. Westbury "if he had seen or heard any thing of the Cunninghams."

"I have seen neither of them," said Mr. Westbury, "but hear sad accounts of both. Mrs. Cunningham is now with a party at Nahant. She has been extremely gay, perhaps I might say dissipated, during the whole season, and her reputation is in some danger. Cunningham has become an inveterate gambler, and I am told that his face shows but too plainly, that temperance is not among his virtues."

"Poor creatures," said Julia, "how I pity them for their folly, their madness!"

"I pity him most sincerely," said Mr. Westbury, "on being united to a woman who selfishly preferred her own pleasure to her husband's happiness. Her I have not yet advised to pity. Had she taken your advice, Julia—for most touchingly did I hear you warn her—she might have been happy, and her husband respectable. Now they are both lost! O, that every woman would learn where her true strength, her happiness lies! O, that she would learn, that to yield is to conquer! to commit is to subdue! None but the utterly ignoble and abandoned, could long resist the gentle influence of a cheerful, meek, patient, self-denying wife; nay, instances are not wanting, in which the most profligate have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of a consistently amiable and virtuous woman! If the whole sex, my dear Julia, would imitate your spirit, and follow your example, the effect would soon be manifest. Men would be very different creatures from what they are, and few wives would have occasion to complain of unkind and obstinate husbands. A vast deal is said of the influence of women on society, and they themselves, exert in their power; but how seldom, comparatively, do they use it to benefit themselves, or the world!—Let it be a woman's first desire to make her husband good, and happy, and respectable; and seldom will she fall short of her object, and at the same time secure her own felicity."

Mail Coach Upsat Down a Precipice.

On Thursday morning, at 7 o'clock, the Butler mail stage started from Allegheny City, with an unusually large number of passengers—sixteen inside and four or five on the outside. Nothing worthy of note occurred until they were nine miles out, within three quarters of a mile of Colt's tavern, when one of the lead horses was attacked with the blind "staggers," and rolled over the side of the road pulling along the other leader, together with the shaft horses, and the coach, down a precipice some thirty feet deep, with rocks at the bottom. Mr. John McAllister, of the Second Ward, Allegheny City, was the most seriously injured. Dr. Ormsby, a passenger, examined him, and found that two of his lower ribs were broken, spine bruised, and the skin rubbed off his back. His head and shoulders were outside, and the stage in striking, lodged fair across his back where it must have remained twenty minutes. Had it not been for the yielding nature of the ground, he would no doubt have been killed. The other persons hurt were a young man named Ross, of Allegheny, a Mr. McWhitely, of Pittsburgh, and an old lady with a little boy, all of whom had their legs more or less crushed by being caught under the falling stage. Some of the passengers continued their journey by the next coach, others returned to Allegheny in market wagons, and all were exceedingly thankful that the accident had not resulted in a fatal termination.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.

A most distressing occurrence transpired on Saturday, at Hanover, Pa., resulting in the death of Jacob Matthias, cashier of the Bank of Westminister. It appears that Mr. M. had taken passage at the Baltimore depot for Harrisburg, and whilst the cars stopped at Hanover a minute or two, he entered the public house and drank a glass of lemonade. He had scarcely drunk before the train commenced moving off, when he ran from the place and caught hold one of the cars, which jerked him around with considerable violence. Making a second attempt, he again grasped an iron handle of the next car, and on attempting to spring up was prostrated before the wheels, which passed over both legs, cutting them almost entirely off, and fracturing the skull. Mr. Matthias was immediately taken up and conveyed to a place of safety, every possible means was resorted to, but all to no purpose.—Death terminated his intense sufferings in fifteen minutes after the occurrence. He was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and highly regarded as a most excellent citizen. He was quite wealthy and leaves a family. —Baltimore Amer., June 22.

Affecting Scene.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY IN THE CARS. A letter to a Western Editor relates the following very affecting scene, of which the writer was an eye witness:

"At Michigan city, where we changed cars, we observed them moving a sick girl. The party consisted of a brother about twenty years, a sister of about sixteen, and the mother. The invalid appeared about twenty-five, very emaciated, but those lustrous eyes so common to her disease—consumption—and which fascinated while it pained us to look at her. The tenderness and devotion of her people were really beautiful. After we had gone some fifty miles, while she was reclining on her mother's breast, who was gently and carefully smoothing her hair, she suddenly raised herself and fell back dead. Then followed such a scene of wild and frantic grief, mingled with the noise of the rushing cars, the scream of the locomotive, and the confusion of the passengers, that no power of mine can describe; and this was continued for fifty miles more. We old tough hearts found that there was one spot not quite hardened."

HOW HE MARRIED THEM OFF.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him.

"I should like to know, friend," he said, "your secret of ready husband making with success?"

"Pooh!" said the other, "no secret at all. I make it a rule, after a young man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and civilly ask him to choose between death and matrimony! You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred?"

"Very civil question, indeed, and no muttons at all in the case."

Charles Matthews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect), "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses like his father."

The Crops for 1857.

A journey of some three thousand miles within three weeks past, in New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa—fourteen States in all—enables us to give our readers the grateful assurance that the crops of the present year, according to present promise, will be unsurpassed. The hay crop is already secure, and there is hardly a more important crop than this, or one of which many portions of the country have stood in more need during some months past.

Immense quantities of wheat and corn have been sowed in the great West, and if some, and even much of the winter wheat has been killed, the deficiency has been many times made up in the abundance of extra land planted. The season has been everywhere a very backward one, and even more backward in the far West than in the East. In the western part of Massachusetts and New York, considering the latitude, the crops are more advanced than in almost any other portions of the country. In Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the fields look as if there could be no failure or famine; neither want or suffering. The scarcity of the present, arising from two causes, speculation and emigration West, and which has made a city like St. Louis a place of export from an even Westward is an event entirely novel in its kind, and which can hardly occur again. The thousands who have gone West from New England, the Middle States, and the South, have had to be supplied from sources entirely new, and produce, therefore is about dear at Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, as at Boston and New York. The year of 1857 promises, we are happy to say, to be a year of abundance. Farmers will command good and even high prices, but not the exorbitant rates of the present time. No greater blessing can befall the nation than good crops, and we ought to pray devoutly for such a consummation.—N. Y. Express.

A Snake Removed from a Woman's Stomach.

—The Legasport (Ind.) Phoenix states that A. MEYERS, of that city, who has acquired some celebrity as the inventor of a trap for the removal of tape worms, has recently performed a cure that is worthy of more than ordinary mention.

Mrs. D. RYAN, of Fort Wayne, about 29 years of age, has been severely afflicted for four years with a sensation in the stomach, as though there was some reptile moving in it. During that time she was treated for various diseases by numerous physicians of skill, and by several for tape worm. Hearing of Dr. MEYERS' new process for the removal of parasite from the human stomach, Mrs. R. went to Logansport, and placed herself under his charge.

Within two weeks Dr. N. removed from her stomach a snake about 3½ feet long, and 1½ inches in diameter, instead of aggravating it, as had been the result of the previous treatment she received. The latter part of her illness she was unable to attend to the domestic care of her family or even to take care of herself. It took two hours to prepare for retiring at night, an equal length of time before she could lie down—and often she was deprived of sleep for nights together. Frequently she walked the floor until exhausted, being unable to lie down without the most excruciating pain. Mrs. RYAN'S own words are