COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

TERMS: One Dollar & Seventy-five cts, in advance.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

Published every Saturday Morning, by

LEVI L. TATE.

In Bloomsburg, Columbia Co.,

OFFICE.—*In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House, "Democratic Head Quarters."*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,00 In advance, for one copy, for six months.
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2,50 If not paid within the year.

☞ No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontined until all arrearages shall have been paid.

☞ Ordinary advertisements inserted and Job-work executed at the established prices.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

DOCTOR JOHNSON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, 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 Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

Marriage.

Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr Johnston, and be restored to perfect health.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston 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 disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgencies. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue. Now, 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 of 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 powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough symptoms of consumption &c.

☞ Office No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, seven doors from Baltimore street. East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Warranted, or no Charge Made, in from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

Dr. Johnston,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London Graduate from one of the most eminent colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first 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, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A Certain Disease.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds 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 constitutiony 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 skin bones, and arms, blotches on the head face, and extremeties, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commisseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." To such therefore Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and spedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

Take particular Notice.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

Dr. Johnston's Invigorating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored. Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Tremblings and Weakness, or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston.

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

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisities 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.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore, Md.*

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

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 the 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.

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

January 7 1857.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

THE undersigned, thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has been favord 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 10 1857.

ROSENDALE CEMENT.

PERSONS wishing Rosendale Cement can find it by calling on the subscriber at Rupert, Pa.

J. H. HARMAN.

April 11, 1857.

NEW YORK LINES.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD AND PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD COMPANY'S LINES.

From Philadelphia to New York, and Way Places

Leaves as follows, viz:	FARE.
At 1 A. M., from Kensington Depot, via Jersey City, Mail	$2
At 6 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City, New Jersey Accommodation	2
At 6 A. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation	2
At 7 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City, Morning Mail	3
At 10 A. M., by steamboat Trenton, via Tacony and Jersey City, Morning Express	3
At 2 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, C. and A. Express	3
At 5 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City, Evening Mail	3
At 3 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation, 1st Class	2
At 3 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation, 2d Class	1
At 6 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation, 1st Class	2
At 6 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation, 2d Class	1

The 5 P. M. line runs daily, all others Sundays excepted.

Express Lines stop at the principal stations only.

For Belvidere, Easton, Flemington, &c., at 6 A. M. and 4 P. M., from Walnut street wharf.

For Water Gap, Stroudsburg, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Montrose, Great Bend, &c., at 6 A. M., via Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

For Freehold at 6 A. M. and 2 P. M.

For Mount Holly at 7 A. M., and 2½ and 5 P. M.

WAY LINES

For Bristol, Trenton, &c., at 2½ and 4 P. M.

WAY LINE

For Palmyra, Rancocas, Beverly, Burlington, Bordentown, &c., at 3 P. M.

WAY LINE

For Mount Holly, Burlington and Way Stations at 5 P. M.

Steamboat Richard Stockton for Burlington and Bristol at 8½ A. M., and for Bordentown and intermediate places at 2½ P. M.

Steamboat Trenton for Tacony at 10 and 11½ A. M., and 4 P. M., and for Burlington and Bristol at 4 P. M.

All lines, except 1 A. M., leave Walnut st. wharf.

☞ Fifty pounds of baggage only allowed each passenger. Passengers are prohibited from taking anything as baggage but their wearing apparel. All baggage over fifty pounds to be paid for extra. The Company limit their responsibility for baggage to one dollar per pound, and will not be liable for any amount beyond $100, except by special contract.

WM. H. GATZMER, Agent, C. & A. R. R. CO.
R. B. MORRELL, Agent, Phila. Tr. R. R. Co.

Sept 26, 1857

FALL ARRIVAL.

CLOTHING.

THE undersigned, grateful for past patronage, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just received from the Eastern cities, the largest and most select stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

That has yet been opened in Bloomsburg, to which he invites the attention of his friends, and assures them that they are offered for sale at great bargains. His Stock comprises a large assortment of

Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel,

Consisting of FASHIONABLE DRESS COATS, of every description; Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats, Stocks, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders, &c.

Gold Watches and Jewelry,

Of every description, fine and cheap.

N. B.—Remember "*Lowenberg's Cheap Emporium*."—Call and see. No charge for examining Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG.

Bloomsburg Aug 22, 1857

STAUFFER & HARLEY.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the "Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store," No. 148 (Old No. 96) North SECOND Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$28 00
Gold Lepine, 18 carat,	24 00
Silver Lever, full jewelled,	12 00
Silver Lepine jewels,	9 00
Superior Quartiers,	7 00
Gold Spectacles,	7 00
Fine Silver do.	1 50
Gold Bracelets,	3 00
Lady's Gold Pencils,	1 00
Silver Tea Spoons, set	5 00
Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver holder,	1 00

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $80; Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent 18¾, Lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAUFFER & HARLEY.

☞ On hand some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines still lower than the above prices.

October 10, 1857

BLOOMSBURG BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public in general, that he has opened a

Boot and Shoe Establishment,

In the white building, on Main street, above Else's & Wilson's Bakery, where he has constantly on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.,

And will make up work to order on short notice. His long experience in the business, and general knowledge of the wants of the people, will enable him to render satisfaction to all his customers, and should secure him patronage which he hopes to merit.

HENRY KLEIM.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1857.

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber having removed his Marble Yard from near the Court House, to the South west corner of MAIN and MARKET streets, in Rupert's Row, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Marble Work,

Viz: MONUMENTS, Cradle Tombs, Box Tombs, and Head Stones of every description. His stock is of the best kind, the workmanship not surpassed by any in the country, and at low prices. Call and judge for yourselves.

☞ He will also furnish Table and Bureau Tops, Mantels for houses, Base Corses, Lintles, and Sills for Windows and Doors, at a low figure.

Thankful for past favors, we hope for a continuance of the same.

ANTHONY WITMAN.

Bloomsburg, April 4, 1857.—6m

NEW TINWARE SHOP.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened

A New Tinware and Sheet Iron Establishment,

In the building formerly occupied for that purpose, by Joseph Sharpless, where he is prepared to conduct the business in all its various branches.

Tinware and House Spouting of all kinds made to order on short notice and at moderate prices.

Also—STOVES, of various styles, constantly for sale.

Repairing done to order in quick time.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange for work.

D. C. MILLARD.

Bloomsburg, May 16, 1857—y

NEW MARBLE YARD IN BLOOMSBURG.

HIRAM S. CAREY

HAS opened a Marble Yard in Court Alley, opposite the Exchange, where he is prepared to finish, the best work from Italian or American Marble for

MONUMENTS, TOMBS,

Tomb-stones, Tables, Mantles, Window-sills and lentils.

For the character and finish of his work he refers to such as he has made in this county. He will furnish designs for work or execute any that may be furnished to him. His work shall always be satisfactory in its style and reasonable in price.

Bloomsburg, Dec. 6, 1856.

GOOD NEWS FOR HARD TIMES.

THE subscribers have just returned from the city, with a good assortment of Goods at prices to suit the times, which they will dispose of at prices for ready pay.

We invite all persons who wish to buy cheap, to call and examine our stock. Country Produce taken as usual.

H. C. & I. W. HARTMAN.

Oct 17, 1857

Dr. Francis C. Harrison,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has commenced the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and solicits a share of public patronage.

He can always be found at the Exchange Hotel opposite the Court House.

Bloomsburg, Feb. 5, 1853.

The Democrat

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 7, 1857.

From the Danville Intelligencer.

Death of Gen. V. Best.

We have, this week, the painful task of announcing the decease of Gen. VALENTINE BEST, Editor and Proprietor of this paper. This melancholy event took place at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening last, 28th inst. For more than a year Mr. Best has been very feeble, but possessed as he was of an unusual amount of energy and perseverance, he presisted in giving more or less active attention to his business until about three weeks since, when he became so much enfeebled as to be unable to leave his bed. Mr. BEST was born near Danville, on 8th March, 1801, and consequently was aged 56 years, 7 mos., and 20 days.

He did not have the advantage of anything more than the simple school education common in his boyhood. At the age of 14 or 15, perhaps, he commenced learning the printing business, in Danville, with Dr. Daonell; but the greater part of his apprenticeship was served with the late Gen. Frick, of Milton. For a short time he labored as a journeyman at Washington; and, in 1828, he commenced the publication of the Danville Intelligencer, which he has continued to edit and publish uninterruptedly up to the present time. It was his effort and pride to be always faithful to his subscribers; as an evidence of which it may be stated that, in all the period of 30 years, of his proprietorship of the 'Intelligencer," he never failed to issue the paper at the regular time except once, and that was when the office was being removed, and it was impossible. In January, 1839, Gov. Porter appointed him Prothonotary and Clerk of the different Courts of Columbia co., to fill a vacancy. This office he held until the following October, when Jacob Eyerly was elected by the people to succeed him. An admirer and ardent supporter of Gen. Cass' nomination for the Presidency in 1843, he conducted the Harrisburg *Argus*, and labored earnestly for the elevation of that distinguished statesman to the Presidency of the United States. In 1847 he was elected State Senator for the counties of Columbia, Luzerne, and Wyoming. During the last year of his term, at the session of 1849-50, he was elected Speaker of the Senate, and presided over the deliberations of that body with marked ability and faithfulness—This was his last service in a strictly public capacity.

For years ever zealous and watchful of the interests of his native town, at this session of the legislature, with perfectly unselfish devotion, as his intimate friends *know* certainly, and will testify, and believing that the project for the division of Columbia and the establishment of Montour County was entirely right and just, he labored diligently, faithfully, and successfully for the accomplishment of that end. As an evidence that his services were appreciated, at the following election, at which he was an independent candidate for re-election, though defeated in the district, he received a nearly unanimous vote in his own County of Montour. In Danville he received 701 votes to 3 against him. Interesting himself in every project proposed for the good of the town, and possessing the entire confidence of the people, his name could always be found as a trustee, manager, director, or member of the different benevolent, literary, and public enterprizes of the town and County. He labored, too, with more than ordinary zeal, with pen, and means, and personal application, in every good work.

In his capacity as Editor of this paper, he performed, perhaps, one of the most important of his labors as a citizen. No discriminating mind, familiar with the Intelligencer during his long editorialship, but knows that it was marked by the evidence of a solid judgment, and a uniform regard to the great moral interests of the community. Though decided in, and perfectly convinced of the truth of his political opinions, he always kept them in abeyance to his dignity as a gentleman and his principles as a Christian.

But it was in the private relations of life, in the social circle, in the bosom of his own family, where his virtues shone more brightly, and where his worth was most appreciated. Possessed of a very generous and benevolent disposition, he was constantly solicitous for the comfort and welfare of his immediate friends and family. With an ardent love and affection for his children, he was frequently urging upon them some new indulgence. During his last illness, and as he felt that his end was approaching, he manifested much anxiety to leave his business in such a state as to give as little trouble as possible to his family.

But there was a crowning glory to his character. He was a christian! Several years since he connected himself with the Presbyterian Church, in this place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Yeomans. In this position, as in all others, he was the same retiring, unobtrusive, but truthful man—not permitting his left hand to know what his right hand was doing. He was, in the Church, as in the State, one who minded his own business, and, influenced by Christian love and Christian principle, he made no difficulty, abetted no clamor, but thankfully received and fed upon the truths which were preached.

During his last illness he conversed much upon religious topics, expressed his perfect willingness and desire to go, and his entire confidence in that Savior whom he had acknowledged and loved.

His excellent family, in their deep bereavement, have the heartfelt sympathies of a large circle of friends. They have for their support, too, the consolations of that Religion which sustained their husband and father in *his* hour of trial.

Another Murder in Luzerne County.

Human life has very little value now-a days. A man named Burns was brought to jail on Friday last from Pittston, charged with the murder of his wife. The full particulars we have not been able to learn. Drunkenness and jealousy--two accursed fiends to human happiness--are attributed as the cause. Burns denies having murdered his wife; he says she was drunk, and when going into the house, she fell upon some stones, and inflicted the wounds which caused her death. But the other side of the case would seem more plausible. It is said that when charged with the murder, he attempted to make his escape; that the woman was badly bruised, and her skull fractured; and that a club was found a short distance from the house, bespattered with blood, and containing the imprints of his hands, and a portion of his wife's hair.

If Burns is guilty of the atrocious crime with which he is charged, he should be made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, considering that in this age of boasted civilization, we cling with such wonderful tenacity to that old relic of heathen barbarity called Capital Punishment. But will he be? Let us see what has been done.

A man in Providence, while in a drunken fit, deals his wife a blow on the head with a pitcher, which causes her instant death. The criminal is brought to trial; *accidental murder* in a drunken spree, is plead by the defence; a verdict of not guilty is returned by the jury. He had killed his wife, (of that there was not the least doubt) but twelve worthy and intelligent citizens, acting as jurors, declared that no harm was done, no society was outraged, no law was violated; and the man who did the awful deed was again thrust upon community, with no punishment but that which the sting of a guilty conscience would naturally inflict.

Again, a citizen of Hyde Park, while riding in his carriage, in broad day light, is shot dead. A young man is indicted for the premeditated murder; the evidence is purely circumstantial, but sufficiently strong to leave no "reasonable doubt" as to his guilt. The jury returns a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. A second trial is granted--and this time the criminal is acquitted, and set free.

Our only object in referring to these cases is to furnish grounds upon which we can reasonably assume that the death penalty is wholly impotent so far as the objects for which it was established, are concerned, namely—the punishment of the criminal, and the prevention of crime. In the present state of public feeling it is very difficult to convict a man of murder. The death penalty is so cruel, and so repugnant to the dictates of humanity, that those to whom the execution of the law is entrusted, naturally shrink from the performance of their duty, which they would not do were they called upon to inflict a milder penalty. A jury is not so easily found who will, upon the most conclusive evidence, consign a man to an ignominous death upon the gallows.—*Luzerne Union.*

☞ Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

A Selected Story.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

A Sketch of the Revolution.

"Father, is there no hope for him? Is the British general so heartless as to condemn so noble, so brave, so young, to die without mercy?"

These words were used by a pale, tearful girl of great beauty, in the middle portion of the Revolution which gave freedom a home on our own loved soil. During that period when cruelty was too prevalent with both parties—when tories, American born, were, if possible, more relentless and cruel than the British troops.

The father, a noble looking man of middle age, turned a glance out of the window which opened towards Long Island Sound, the green waters of which could be seen sparkling beyond a grove that fronted his dwelling near Hurl Gate. He turned to this to hide from her his emotions, for she was his only child, and he feared that her young heart would break when he told her all the sad news that lay so heavily on his heart.

"Speak, father; tell me, is there no hope? I will go myself, and, kneeling to the tyrant, will plead for the life of him whom I love as only woman can love," she continued.

"Alas! my child, mercy is dead in the British general's breast—his heart is callous to pity! I have risked much by pleading for him, but for your sake, would be almost willing to die in Nathan's place."

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die? There may be some hope of his rescue.—He was a favorite with Washington, and he is at White Plains. I will go to him!"

"Alas! dear child, nerve yourself for the news. It is already too late!"

"Dead, *dead!*" shrieked the poor girl. "Oh! father, say that it is not so!"

"Alas, my child—I cannot! He was hung at sunrise, and was even refused a Bible to look at ere he was summoned to the presence of his Maker!"

For a moment the poor girl stood silent; not a tear came from her eyes; but a wild light illuminated them; a flash as bright as fire itself gathered over both face and brow—she clenched her fair hands together until the nails seemed to enter the flesh, and with a cold, bitter tone, she cried—

"LIFE FOR LIFE! I shall be revenged—yes, deeply revenged!"

"Child, dear child, be calm," said the fond parent.

"Father, I am calm—*very* calm! Calm as *he* is, almost. But I swear that he shall be revenged, if my own hands have to reach the tyrant's heart that sealed his doom!—I loved, oh! how I loved him—and were not our betrothal vows plighted? I will act as a widow—as the widow of a soldier should act."

"My dear child, you will bring ruin upon our heads."

"Not upon yours, father; but to *me* what is ruin now. But I will not be rash, I will go to my room, and pray and think of him who now lays cold in death."

She turned and left the room, whilst the father still stood looking from the window out upon the waters, which were dashed with a rising storm, and the trees, which already began to writhe beneath the force of the rising gale, like some huge giants wrestling with some unforseen power.

Meanwhile his daughter had gone up to her room in one of the cheerful gables of the old fashioned house; and, forgetting to pray in the mad tumult of her wronged heart, was also gazing out upon the storm which was not wilder than the tumult in her own heart.

From her elevated position she could look over the treetops and the seried clouds as, like a battleing host, enshrined to the charge, amid sulphurous flames and smoke they rose and spread athwart the sky.—She could see the eddying of Hurl Gate tossing with whirls the foam caps, white as drifting snow, in the air—the breakers tumbling up against the black rocks, as if they would hide their dangers from the mariner's view.

Suddenly the sound of a cannon was heard, and, as she looked upon the Sound, she saw that a ship of war had hove to above the narrow Gorge of the Gate. A signal for a pilot was flying at the foretop, and the hated cross of St. George flew from her spanker gaff.

With one wild cry of fierce delight, the fair girl bounded from the room. "LIFE FOR LIFE—Nathan Hale shall be avenged," she cried.

What was her idea? Within another room in the house was the clothing of a brother, who had long since been laid to rest beneath the sod; and to this room she fled, and soon was arrayed in a suit of such clothing as the young men generally wear when they go on a boating expedition. Without hesitation, she cut the long glossy tresses of hair from her head, and in a brief period, bore the appearance of any young man of eighteen, not more than her age. Having made these arrangements with a rapidity that only desperate resolve could cause, she instantly left the house, passing down the avenue towards the Sound, before her father's eyes, he little thinking that the apparently spruce young waterman, who chose to breast such a storm, was the person of his accomplished daughter.

Hurrying down to a boat house, which fronted the avenue, she loosened one of those small light skiffs which are still the model of the pilots of Hurl Gate, hoisted a small sail, and in a few moments was out upon those angry waters, running upon the last of the flood tides as freely and boldly as if she had been in a stout ship instead of so small and frail a boat. It was no new thing for her to be upon the water, being reared so close to it and hundreds of times had she been dashing over those waves, but never perhaps in such a gale as that. Yet coolly she steered her tiny craft, avoiding the dangerous whirlpools and rocks, and heading towards the frigate, which, impatient for a pilot, had already fired another gun.

Within less than twenty minutes from the time she started, she had luffed along side of the man of war, having caught the lines cast out to her, and fastened the boat, had mounted the vessel's side; and stood upon the quarter deck, in the presence of the commander.

"Are you a pilot?" asked the latter, impatient in tone as well as look.

"I am, sir;" was the reply.

"Young for such business. Could you take us through Hurl Gate?"

"As well as my father, who has been a pilot here these thirty years!" was the reply.

"Why did he not come out, instead of sending a boy like you in a blow as fresh as this?"

"Because he is laid up with the rheumatism, sir, and then he knows that I can pilot you through as well as he can. Sir Henry Clinton knows *me*, sir!"

"Ah! does he—well, that is all right.—Can we bear away yet?"

"No, sir; not for an hour—till the tide runs ebb."

"That is bad—this gale keeps rising.—Is there no anchorage hereabouts?"

"No, sir; not within twenty miles about, where your anchor would hold."

"Then we must go through!"

"Yes, sir; as soon as the tide comes. I would not risk it yet, for, if the current should catch you on either bow, you'd go on the rocks sure."

"That is true, young man. Let me know the earliest moment that we can go through."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

And while the English commander turned off to speak to one of his officers, the patriot pilot calmly went to the main gangway, and looked over the side as if watching for the change of tide.

But what was passing in her heart then! There were between three and four hundred souls in that fated vessel. She had lost the only loved thing, beside her father, on earth, when Nathan Hale was hung as a spy on that morning. She was not thinking how many hearts would be broken by her intended act; she was not thinking of the mothers and sisters, and wives in England, who would soon mourn for her deed—she was only thinking that soon, she would join him in the spirit land, and that dearly would his loss be avenged.—For her own life she cared not, thought not—not even did she think of that worshipping father, who sadly paced his room, believing that she was praying for patience to bear her loss.

Meantime, there were those three or four hundred hearts beating with gladness that they had got over a long and sickening voyage and soon would be anchored in front of the shores that looked so lovely in their sheen of green, even though the storm clouds hovered over them.

At last, after looking towards the home in which she was born—she knew it would be her last look—she turned and went to the commander and said—

"The tide is slack, it changes suddenly and we had better fill away at once."

The commander gave the necessary orders to his lieutenants, and the next moment the main topsail, which had been laid aback was braced around, the head sheets eased away, and the vessel headed for the narrow channel, where a thousand crafts have, ere this, laid their oaken bones.

As they approached the channel, and say the black rocks, the whirling eddies, the taunting breakers, dashing high on every hand, the officers and crew looked anxiously out upon the danger. But so calm and fearless seemed the young pilot, that re-assurance had a home in every heart—so clear above the gale his bugle-like voice sounded, as he gave the orders, "Port, steady so—luff a point!" &c.

They were more than half through. The tumbling breakers of the "punch bowl" and "hog's back" had been passed; a few hundred fathoms more, and they would be safe from every danger. Then one quick glance toward heaven, and the disguised girl cried: "*Port—port! Hard!*"

The helmsman obeyed. The vessel eased off before the wind and flew on with accumulated speed, for a moment, and no more! With a crash, which sent her tall spars tumbling over her bows—and sent her crew reeling to the deck—she brought up on a huge rock near the perpendicular shore to the right. Then amid the rush of waters, the curses of officers, and the shouts of frightened men, was heard the pilot's shrill cry:

"If one of you survive this wreck, go tell your British general that NATHAN HALE *is avenged*, and that *by a woman*, too! Sink—*sink!* and may my curses go with you!"

And before a hand could reach her, had they wished it, she leaped into the eddying tide; and ere she sunk, the proud frigate, with its shivered spars and sails, its flag still flying, and its crew of stout men, was going down into the cold, dark waters, and the murdered Hale was avenged!

And thus the brief sketch is closed.—The guns of the sunken frigate rest beneath the tide of Hurl Gate; but the memory of the Patriot Pilot lives in more than one breast yet.

A Short Story by Dickens.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:

On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I used as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentleman passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind says to the young lady. "Jump over board, and marry the man who jumps after you." The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather as it then was, took the advice of the captain who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the 5 lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost.—Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain: "what am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, 'take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him.

DEATH OF A DUELIST.—The Kentucky papers announce the death of Harrod Holeman, for many years the publisher of a newspaper in Frankfort, and public printer of the State in former days. He once fought a bloody and fatal duel, and was himself a cripple for life from it. This duel took place five and thirty years ago. It grew out of a military training. Holeman, who was commander of a company, was followed, while on duty, by a favorite dog. A subordinate officer, who was offended by the dog's antics, drew his sword and cut the innocent animal in twain. Holeman remarked that whoever would perpetrate such an act was a coward and a scoundrel. A challenge to mortal combat was the consequence. It was accepted, and the parties met near the State House at Frankfort, Kentucky, and fought desperately for two hours and upwards; the antagonist of Holeman was killed, and the latter escaped with desperate wounds.—Amongst those who witnessed the duel were Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden and Jesse Bledsoe—the latter then one of the most brilliant and distinguished orators of Kentucky. Holeman was arraigned, charged with the crime of wilful murder, and, after a long and exciting trial, was acquitted.—Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden espoused the cause of Holeman.

☞ How to prevent potatoes from rotting in the ground:—don't put them there.