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.

VOL. XI.--NO. 37. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. VOL. XXI

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
1,75 In advance, for one copy, one year.
2,00 If not paid within the first three months.
2,25 If not paid within the first six months.
2,50 If not paid within the year.

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

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

BALTIMORE 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, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back 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 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 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 indulgences. 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 illtimed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability can alone be his friend, him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nodes, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, blotches on the skin, bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face, and extremities, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth, bad throat, nose, bones, all fall in, and the victim of this disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, 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 speedy 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 such to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having a 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 slightly 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 requisites to promote conjugal 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 now will sent.

Nearly 7 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 10 1857.

☞ An assortment of Confectionery, Jewelry, Perfumery, Soaps, Hair Oils, Pomades, &c., to be had at C. CLARK'S Book Store.

Bloomsburg, May 30, 1857.

☞ COAL for sale by H. W. & W. N. CREASY.

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 3 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, Raneocas, Beverly, Burlington, Bordentown, &c., at 5 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 Keenton for Tacony at 10 and 11½ A. M., and 4 P. M., and for Burlington and Bristol at 4 P. M.

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

☞ Fifty rounds of baggage only allowed each passenger. Passengers are prohibited from taking anything in the 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, 14 carat cases,	$28 00
Gold Lepine, 18 carat,	24 00
Silver Lever, full jewelled,	12 00
Silver Lepine jewels,	9 00
Superior Gold Pencil,	2 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 $-; 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 Etter'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 this 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 itself 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. BARTMAN.

Oct 17, 1857

Dr. Francis C. Harrison,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has commenced the practic 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, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

In the Sleepless Atlantic Remote and Alone.

BY REV. JAMES GILBOURNE LYONS, LL. D.

In the sleepless Atlantic remote and alone
Is a rock which the wild waves eternally beat —
Its echoing bulwarks with seadrift are strewn,
And dark are the waters that roll at its feet.
Let the shrill winds of ocean go forth as they may,
It wars with the surges, and knows not of rest;
Its pinnacles drip with the fast falling spray,
And billows are breaking in foam on its breast.

But though breakers and whirlwinds around it may sweep,
That hermit of ocean lives conquering on,
And the mariner sees it still breasting the deep,
As it flung back the surf in the years that are gone.
All worn but unshaken that desolate rock,
Fast rooted where islands and earthquakes are born,
Looks fearlessly down on the breaker's rude shock,
And laughs the vain force of the tempest to scorn.

Oh thou! that reverest a Master above,
And sighest for glories immortal and high,
Be strong in believing, and steadfast in love,
When passion is loud, and the tempter is nigh —
When infidels bid thee be false to thy Lord,
When they laugh at the faith that ennobles and saves,
When they scoff at his people, and rail at his word,
Be thou to their wildness that rock in the waves.

Ay! stand like that sea cliff nor ask thee to shun
The work of obedience, the cares, or the cost:—
There are treasures of infinite price to be won,
There are treasures of infinite price to be lost:—
With the wiles of the tempter, his vengeance or mirth,
Strive thou as the bold and the faithful have striven,
And the sorrows and toils of thy warfare on earth
Shall be paid in the peace and the raptures of Heaven.

A Merry Sketch.

Gen. Hardun's Resignation.

BY D. P. SHILLABAR.

The General had been many years in commission, and it seemed to the anxious ones who were waiting either for his death or resignation, in order to advance, that neither of those desirable events would ever take place. The old man was touchy and clung to life and office with all the tenacity of a dog to a bone. He was a rare specimen of the "good old fellow," and not a voice would have been heard even among the youngly ambitious to move for his removal. He was thus tolerated, although he was a sad block in the way of their official progress.

Their patience at last become exhausted, and after consulting together they agreed upon a ruse by which the old General would be driven into resignation. Having laid their plans, they prepared to carry them into execution.

One of them meeting the General the next day, shook hands with him very cordially and told him he had just heard of his resignation, which he hoped was not true, and before the General had a chance to reply, begged the old man to partake of a supper with a party of his fellow-officers the next evening, as a parting tribute.

The General was much surprised, and informed his friend that he had not any intention of resigning, and could not think, for the life of him, where the report came from. After a few remarks more on both sides they separated.

The General plodded along by himself, thinking over what had been said, and muttering. "What does it mean? Have I said anything about resigning when I have had too much wine on? Perhaps I have."

"Good morning, General," said another, meeting him; "how are you this morning, sir?"

"Very well, very well, thank'ee," replied the General.

"So," continued the other, "you are going to resign, General; well, you have served the State long and faithfully, and I should think you would like to rest."

"Where did you hear about my resignation?" said the General, more surprised than before.

"Col. Jones told me," was the reply; "I was in there after you had gone last night. Why can't you meet us to-morrow night at the tavern, General? We think of getting up a little supper, in honor of your resignation."

"Thank you," said the General, "I'll be there."

The General turned away with an impression that he had, the night previous, while under the influence of the Colonel's wine, given the intimation that he was going to resign. "Hang my tongue at both ends," said he; "this is a queer state of things. I never thought of resigning. But—"

"Ah, General, good morning; glad to see you," said Col. Jones, coming abruptly upon his superior. "Well, your intended resignation gives the boys a chance to manifest their regard for you. They are having a fine supper preparing to come off to-morrow night, in your honor, and you must reserve your fire."

The General laughed, slapped his friend, (the Colonel) on the back and "Certainly, Jones, the fire of the flint is here yet.—Good for twenty years."

He did not dare to ask Jones for an explanation because it would be an admission that he was weak headed and approaching toward dotage to acknowledge that he had been overcome by wine, and that was the only way by which he could account for the resignation which they spoke about. He had rather actually resign than labor under such a stigma as this, and accordingly he said:

"Well, Jones, you know I've been in the service a good while, and want a little quiet, so you see I think it best to resign. The poetry of dying in the harness is very nice, but hang if I fancy it.

They shook hands and parted; the General in a whirl of perplexity, and the Colonel in a fever of fun at the success of the ruse.

The next night a splendid supper was prepared and a large number of military guests invited to attend in the tallest feather. The General was there in full regimentals, his face was glowing with the excitement of the whole affair, as the village paper said the next morning "was splendidly gotten up, happiness waved her illumined wing over the scene and the genius of cheerfulness rested in genial content on every heart and beamed upon every countenance." The Colonel, to quote the same authority, "presided with the usual dignity," and when the cloth was removed he called upon all to fill their glasses to respond to a sentiment which he had to offer, which he would preface by a few remarks.

"We have," said he, "as our honored guest this evening, our beloved General Hardun, whose long service has been fully appreciated by us in common with the whole community. We rejoice to meet with him on this occasion although our meeting is not one of unalloyed festivity. There is one bitter ingredient in our cup: General Hardun has signified his intention of resigning! This announcement, I need not say, was as unexpected as it was painful. Our connection has been so long and intimate that parting seemed impossible, yet such is the decree of fate. But while you flag floats in triumph over our heads, we will remember the undying glory shed upon it by the illustrious man who now withdraws from its support. I pledge you the health and long continuance of our gallant friend, General Hardun."

The speech was received with nine cheers, a Tiger, perhaps, but whether the growl which resounds from all sorts of jungles was then known is a matter of doubt. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed and his health was drank in three brimming glasses, one after another. As soon as silence was restored the General arose to respond.

"Friends," said he—holding to the table, for his emotion made him unsteady, and his voice was husky from the same cause—"Friends, kindness overpowers me. I never, till this moment, dreamed that I was half so much regarded by you. Gentlemen, fellow-soldiers, brethren in arms—it gives me pleasure to meet with such good fellows. My association with you has been the most pleasant, I may say glorious character. We have long served together on the tented field, and fought and bled and died, so to speak, or would have done so at duty's call, cemented together like bricks in that deadly imminent breeches of war. With a full remembrance of this, I will that in view of all your regard and of the feeling you display about losing me, I should be an ingrate if I allow a selfish consideration to inspire me.—Therefore whatever I may have said about resigning, I hereby retract, and declare that I will stick to you to the last. It will be impossible for me to leave such a glorious set of boys."

A shout of laughter responded to the speech, and Col. Jones gave an extended wink around the board very expressive of the belief which he at that moment entertained that they were all especially humbugged, and that the General wasn't. This impression continued till the next day, when the ones who ordered the supper had to pay the bill.—*Boston Gazette.*

SLOW.—A countryman passing over a railroad in Northern New York, which is proverbially *slow*, asked the conductor why a cow-catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place; he was informed by that officer that it was "in order to prevent the cows on that road from running into the train."

JONES—Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments.

SMITH—(*who isn't in the least frightened:*) Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again.

The Dying Boy and the Violets.

A little sufferer lay in a high dreary garret and the beams above his head and on every side black and foul. His cheeks were scarlet with the flush of fever, and the unnatural light of his eyes flashed in the dimness of the coming evening like a diamond on its gloomy bed of anthracite.

Something told the child that death was busy with his heart. It might have been an angel, for angels gather in bands around the despised couch of poverty.

"Mother," he wispered, and a pale bent woman knelt beside him, "is there one blown now? Look! look!"

For the twentieth time the sickly woman lifted the tiny box of violets, and the blood rushed to her face as she beheld one little bud drooping, just beginning to unfold. She carried it to the child almost an infant, and a smile lighted up his innocent features.

"Put it down mother, where I can look at it until I die."

With a wild sob the poor widow placed it upon his pillow, and watched his glassy eyes eagerly as they watched the flower.—Hours passed; the brow grew whiter, the fingers that she clasped were now clammy, the round lips that had so often called her mother, were purple, fading into a bluish white, and tremulous as though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his little face and heard him distinctly utter:

"Good bye, mother; take good care of my violets."

After the rough pine coffin was carried away and covered with the mould, while her worn fingers where nervously stitching on the ill paid for garment, that mother could see a vision of her early burried child in the pure white robes of heaven bending over the box of violets.

"I Guess You Can Come."

We heard a good story a day or two ago which we tell mauger the risk of its being second-handed; and it is too good a story to offend even those whose sect it hits. Some good lady, at the outset of Universalism, conceived a holy horror at the blasphemy of its bold supporters in pretending that all would be saved. It was preposterous, outrageous; in the spirit that filled her, she wouldn't have a man in her house who believed in the abominable doctrine. She kept a boarding house, and applied a test of belief to all who sought to obtain board. The first who offered was a sea captain, and she began with—

'Do you believe that all the world will be saved?'

'No, madam,' said he.

'How many do you think will be damned?' continued she.

'Oh!' said he, 'I don't know—perhaps a million.'

'Well,' the old lady remarked, in a tone of content, 'well, that's better than none at all; I guess you can come in.'

Lynn's Reporter.

HEAR HIM!—An editor away out in Wisconsin, referring to the remark of a brother chip that "editors are not, as a general thing, overstocked with worldly goods," pronounces it a "humbug," and happily discourses of his possessions:

"Here we are, editor of a country paper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a double-barreled rifle, seven shifts of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen day and night shirts, carpet on our floor, a pretty wife, own one corner lot, have ninety-three cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy it is a pity. Hurrah for hurrah! Who cares for cash!"

☞ Every married man should let his wife have the management of the Home Department, and give her, as Secretary, control of the different bureaus. Don't let her have anything to do with the War Department.—*Ex.*

Then how is she to bring the *Infantry* up to the "breast works," we should like to know, in case of an "attack of the measles!" It is evident the writer of the above has never been in any "engagements."—*New Haven Register.*

☞ John T. Gilman, editor of the Bath *Organ*, Maine, says, after extensive traveling in both regions, that more corn, wheat, beans, peas, buckwheat, potatoes, barley, &c., are raised to the acre in the East than in the West. The raising requires more labor in the Eastern States, but more attention is paid to fertilizing.

☞ An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his old mother an orphan.

Speak Kindly to Your Mother.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, tenderly to her. But little time, and you shall see her no more forever. Her eyes is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eyes lighted up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through recklessness and impatient youth, she is your counselor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your wayward steps. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

☞ A capital story is told of a young fellow who one Sunday strolled into the village church, and was electrified and gratified by the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were rivated upon his face. After service he saw the possessor of the witching orbs leave the church alone, and emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:

"Noble young creature!" thought I—"her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

"I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel."

"Are you a peddler?"

"No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she not very harshfully, and eyeing me very sternly. "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the peddler who passed off a pewter half dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all."

ASKING "PA."—Asking the consent of parents or guardians is, in this country, where women claim a right to choose for themselves, a mere form, and may often be dispensed with. The lady's wishes, however, should be complied with in this as in all other matters. And if consent is refused? This will rarely happen. If it does, there is a remedy, and we would have a poor opinion of the love or the spirit of the woman who would hesitate to apply it. If she is of age, she has a legal as well as a moral right to bestow her love and her hand upon whom she pleases. If she does not love you well enough to do this, *at any sacrifice*, you should consider the refusal of her friends a very fortunate occurrence.—If she is not of age, the legal aspect of the matter may be different, but, at worst, she can wait until her majority puts her in possession of all her rights.

OLD AND POOR.—A writer in the Boston *Courier*—George S. Hillard—thus touchingly expresses a great truth:—

"It was formerly our fortune—not an enviable one—to administer the insolvent law. An old man who came under our jurisdiction, once said to us: 'It is hard to be old and poor.' It was a simple remark; but tone and look gave it pathos and significance; and how sadly, painfully true it is! The young man can confront fortune; the stone which she flings at him he can pick up and set as a jewel in his crest; but the old man falls under the blow. Rejoice, then, man of genius, in thy genius! O pure in heart, rejoice in thy purity! and O young man, rejoice in thy youth; for time and thou are good against any two!"

☞ A young lady was asked recently how she could possibly afford, in these awfully hard times to take music lessons. "Oh!" said she "I confine myself to the low notes!"

The Concert Singer's Story.

BY SARAH F. MANNING.

We had been talking of some noted celebrities in his line. He sat thoughtful for a moment, and then, looking up with a sudden sparkle in his eye, exclaimed—

'But you should have heard Constance!'

'And who was she?' I asked.

'Ah, I forgot. She died before you were born. It is a sad story, and yet I can tell it, if you wish."

I drew my chair nearer, and prepared to listen.

"Some thirty years ago," he said, "I was the manager of a troupe of concert singers, called by my own name. We traveled over the Union, stopping oftenest in country towns and small cities. At one of these, I was detained by the illness of my chief female singer. She left us, after a few days; and while I was at my wit's end, not knowing where to look for another, I received a note, stating that a lady, with a very powerful and highly cultivated voice, had heard of my dilemma, and wished to offer herself for the vacant place.—Of course, I called on her at once.

"I was astonished when she entered the room where I was waiting for her. I can't tell what or who I expected to see, but when a little, pale, sad looking creature, almost a child, glided in and stood before me. I rose from my seat and bowed, with as much awe as if the Queen of England had been there. She was far more self-possessed than I, and making merely a business affair of it, soon turned to the piano, and began to sing. What a voice she had! Strong and powerful, yet at the same time liquid and sweet as a bird's.—You may well believe I lost no time in securing her services, at a liberal salary. And then, for the first time, I saw a faint, pleased smile pass over her wan little face.

"Her first appearance was an immense success. She gave no other name than Constance, even to me, and the mystery that surrounded her, made every one curious to see her. The little, graceful figure stood alone upon the stage, at the end of the concert, with bouquets showering around her, but though she courtesied and smiled, her dark, blue eyes wandered impatiently around, as if seeking for one who was not there. I noticed this in her every evening—and when the concert was over, she would go into her dressing room, and sob and cry like a little child.

"Of course, all this mystery made us feel a deep interest in her. But she was so quiet, so dignified, and said so little to any of the troupe, save in the way of business, that we could ask her no questions.

"She had a favorite song—a pensive, touching thing, supposed to be addressed by a dying wife to a stern husband, which she was fond of singing, when alone, though never on the stage. But one night, when in the city of New York, the audience applauded her rapturously, and the cries of "encore" were so loud, that she was forced to appear again. She did not repeat the song, however, but after a moment's pause, began that sad, though delicious strain. The audience held their breath, and as I looked cautiously through the curtain, I saw a gentleman who had just entered a side box, close beside the stage, start, and lean forward towards her. His face was pale as death, and he seemed to tremble in every limb. Suddenly she looked up—her eyes met his—she faltered, and the song died upon her lips.

"He leaped from his box, straight upon the stage, while the audience looked on, dumb with wonder.

"Constance, is it thus I find you?" he asked, in a tone of anguish. "Oh! my husband, you little know—' she faltered, and then he caught her in his arms—for she was just about to fall. He knelt upon the stage and held her. The audience rose, to a man, and looked on with pity and respect. She looked up in his face with a glance of unutterable love, and placed her white arms feebly round his neck. He bent to kiss her—I was kneeling by her, then, and as their lips met—I saw she died."

He paused and wiped away a tear.

"And is that all?" I asked, with breathless interest.

"All that I can tell you," he replied.—"Her husband was almost broken-hearted, but never cleared up the mystery that hung around her. Her grave (I have often seen it) is in a beautiful country churchyard, but the marble monument has only that one name—'Constance'—upon it. A mystery she seemed and such she must remain to me through life. But some day I shall hear her singing among the angels," he added quietly. "I shall know her by the sweetness of her voice—and then—all will be made plain."