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"

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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.

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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.

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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 consequences 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.

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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 befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturne pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face, and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose 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 enviable secrecy and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and 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 much 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. 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 requisites 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.

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ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

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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 will be sent.

January 7 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 27, 1857

Selected Poetry.

THINK OF ME.

When pleasure's cup is sparkling high,
When friends around thee throng;
When hearts are light with playful mirth,
And lighter wakes the song.
When counting o'er thy many joys,
Recalled by memory,
It 'twill not dim the pleasure then,
Oh, give one thought to me.

At dawn, when first Aurora's light
Reflects o'er hill and dale,
And gilds the dew washed lily's head,
That sleeps within the vale;
When first the lark shall plume his wing,
And soar from bondage free,
To warble forth some merry notes,
Then give one thought to me.

And when the shades of evening are
Fast falling into night—
An hour that well seems made for thought,
And quiet is delight;
At midnight's deep and solemn hour,
When on thy bended knee,
Thy hands upraised to Heaven in prayer,
Oh then, THEN think of me!

If I could claim the richest gem
That now lies in the sea,
I'd rather far than have that pearl,
Have one kind thought from thee;
If all the joys of this bright world
Were now spread out to me,
And I were told to make a choice,
I'd ask one thought from thee.

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develope.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Cressland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand daughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawe's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion house, elaborate out buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia,

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's Folly.

At this time, the disinterested heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Auderly's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he at once resolved to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said:

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them, answered—

"Sir, why do you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a HORROR-scope indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death."

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that *before my twenty-fifth birth day I should perish on the scaffold.*"

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practicing in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that *the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber.* Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont.—Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louberty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule,

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table.—Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed:

"'A widow, beautiful as light,
I will be your's to wed—
With a rich jointure which shall pour
Its blessings on your heads.'"

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

"'To dandle fools and chronicle small beer.'"

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lilly, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"Thy fate looms tall of horror! From false friends.
Near at hand, perdition threatens thee!—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life!—
An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of the planet.—Oh, be warned!'"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smiles, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate and reading—

"'*I know thee!* thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercing stars, and her deep winds might!—
There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou!—there's a weight on thine!—away!—
Back to thy home and pray!'"

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery! said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said:

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the luscious tones.

"*Invoke the knowledge!*"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

"'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
Oh tempt me not to tell.
The doom that'll make thee desolate,
The wrong thou mayest not quell!
*Away! Away!—for death would be
Even as a merry unto thee!'*"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The cheek of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

"'But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling
As in delighted vision on the brink
Of a dread chasm—and thou art she!'"

Honora heard in silence, in remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

The sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

—"'*Disgrace and ill,
And shameful death are near!*'"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of it, can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at $2 a year or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovely heroine, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind,
Her voice for pity's tones so fit,
All speak her woman;—but her mind
Lift her where bards and sages sit.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London, having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard; his wife supporting herself and two children—Richard now a fine boy in his thirteenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six—by selling, one after another, the remains of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was moaning for bread, and crying with cold.

The drunken father was at the dram-shop.

The agonized mother had but one more article of value left—a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket, rushed to a pawnbroker's obtained a few shillings, put by the amount *of the rent and with the rest purchased a* little bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter Mangles, who had ever been kind to her to consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to 'The Crown and Magpie' tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone.

There was a great crowd at the bar of 'The Crown and Magpie.' The landlady—a stout vulgar-looking woman, with ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was treating—for it must not be forgotten that it was New Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house.

'Is Mr. Hoffman here?' she inquired, faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

'Can't tell the names of any of my customers,' replied the mistress of 'The Crown and Magpie,' snapishly.

'Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining.'

'Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally! Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half directly!

'You can't go in there!' shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. 'Mine is a respectable house; I allow no females beyond the bar.'

'But I am Mr. Hoffman's wife.'

'So they all SAY,' answered the woman, with a sneer.

There was a coarse, mocking laugh from the crowd of half drunken wretches standing near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily; but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother restrained him.

'Let us return home,' she said, in a desparing tone. I feel faint and sick at heart."

And leaning on the arm of her son, the unhappy wife tottered rather than walked from the place

The keen, frosty air partially restored her strength and Rachel proceeded with her children till she reached the thoroughfare leading through St. Margaret's church yard towards the Almonry, when a faint moan from Mary, whom she still carried in her arms, arrested her steps. She placed her hand under the thin faded shawl which covered her; the child was cold as ice, and shivering, as if seized with an ague fit.

'She is dying!' groaned the terror-stricken parent—'dying for the want of food!'

The heart of her boy could endure no more—it was breaking. The cup of misery and endurance had been filled to overflowing. His brain was on fire—tears could not quench it.

'Take her home mother!' he cried—'take her home! never fear but I will bring you food! Mary shan't die! I'll beg—beg,' he added; 'anything to save her!'

'Richard! Richard! do not leave me!' shrieked his agonized parent. 'Let me not lose both my children! if you love your mother, return—for pity's sake return!'

The appeal came too late. Her son, stung maddened beyond endurance by the sufferings of those so dear to him, had broken from him the grasp, darted down the thoroughfare, and was already beyond the reach of her voice.

Rachel clung to the railings of the churchyard for support, till a second moan still fainter than the first, sent a pang through her maternal breast.

'She must not die in the street!' murmured Rachel. 'Home—home! if I have strength to reach it.'

'Oh, God!' she cried with a sudden burst of anguish, 'protect my boy! Shield him from crime; guard him against vices and the hideous snares which in a thousand forms assail unfriended youth; or take him,' she added solemnly, 'take him *in Thy mercy.*'

It was a Christian's prayer wrung from a mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony and tears; and angels bore it to the mercy seat on high.

Clasping her perishing child yet closer to her aching bosom, the drunkard's wife hastened to her home.

As Richard Hoffman rushed along the street, scarce knowing whither he went, and only intent on the one idea of getting by SOME means, food for his famished mother and sister, he was hailed by Jack Manders, an impish acquaintance who lived near Richard's home, and to whom he told the desperate state in which he had left those so dear to him. Jack listened with much interest, and at once proposed to Richard to help him to pick the pocket of an old gentleman, who was staring into a window on the opposite side of the street. Richard refused with horror, although Jack urged the necessity of at once getting something to save the life of his mother and little Mary. Jack then undertook the business alone, and just as he had relieved the old gentleman of his pocket-book, a policemen sprang from the doorway to arrest him; but Jack made good his escape. Not so Richard, who was at once seized by the policeman as an accomplice of the escaped pickpocket.

'I am no thief, sir,' cried Richard breaking from the strong grasp that held him, and throwing himself at the feet of the old gentleman, who had just come to the spot, 'though poverty and hunger tempted me to become one. My mother and sister are starving.'

The future history and trials of this poor boy will be given in the New York Ledger of January 16, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news offices.

A HUGE PORKER.—On Monday, Gov. Packer slaughtered a hog, of his own raising, fifteen months old, that weighed, when dressed, four hundred and fifty-three pounds. Considering the extreme youth of piggy, he had certainly attained wonderful proportions—in fact, a little above any of his age that we have heard or read of.

☞ The official returns of the State election in Wisconsin are at last all in, except La Pointe county, which is reported to have given a Democratic majority.—The question of the choice of Governor is therefore settled. J. B Cross, Democrat, is elected by 262 majority over Randall. Nearly 100,000 votes were cast.

☞ Nothing moves the masses more than the exhibition of deep feeling. It speaks a language which the very humblest can understand, and challenges a response which not even the most callous are disposed to withhold.