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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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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 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 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 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 constitutional 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 or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful 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 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, 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.

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.

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

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

LACKAWANNA & BLOOMSBURG R. R.

AFFORDING superior facilities for travel to New York, Philadelphia, and the West, by connections at Scranton with the trains of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company; also for travel *South* and *West* over the Cattawissa, Williamsport and Erie Railroad and connecting lines.

Regular Trains run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	N. Y. Mail.	Accommodation.	Philada Mail.
Rupert,	7 00 A. M.		3 15 P. M.
Bloom,	7 19 do		3 25 do
Berwick,	7 35 do		4 10 do
Beach Haven,	8 10 do		4 25 do
Shickshinny,	8 35 do		4 50 do
Arrive at Kingston,	9 30 do		5 50 do
Leave Kingston,	9 35 do	1 45 P. M.	6 00 do
Wyoming,	9 50 do	2 10 do	6 20 do
Pittston,	10 00 do	2 20 do	6 30 do
Arrive at Scranton,	10 30 do	3 15 do	7 00 do

The New York Mail Train connects with the Express going East, on D. L. & W. Railroad.

Arrive in New York 7 15 P. M.

do Philadelphia, by Camden & Amboy Railroad, 8 20 P. M.

Fare from Rupert to New York $6 00.

The Accommodation Train North, connects at Scranton with the Express Train West, on the D. L. & W. Railroad.

GOING SOUTH

Leave	Phila. Mail.	Accommodation	N. Y. Mail.
Scranton,	8 00 A. M.	11 30 A. M.	4 00 P. M.
Pittston,	8 20 do	12 30 do	4 30 do
Wyoming,	8 55 do	12 40 do	4 40 do
Arrive at Kingston,	9 00 do	1 00 do	5 00 do
Leave Kingston,	10 00 do		6 15 do
Shickshinny,	11 10 do		7 25 do
Beach Haven,	11 35 do		7 50 do
Berwick,	11 55 do		8 10 do
Bloom	12 40 P. M.		8 50 do
Arrive at Rupert,	12 50 do		9 00 do

The Philadelphia Mail Train going South, connects with the Mail Train at Rupert, going East at 1-10 P. M. for Cattawissa, Port Clinton, Pottsville Reading, &c., arriving at Philadelphia, at 8-25 P. M. Also with Mail Train going West at 3 o'clock P. M. for Danville, Milton, Muncy, Williamsport and Elmira.

Passengers by the 4 o'clock P. M. Train going South can take the 11 o'clock P. M. Express train for Elmira and the West, or lodge at Bloomsburg and take the 4 o'clock A. M. Train going East, arriving at Philadelphia at 12 noon.

Passengers for Harrisburg, direct, will take the N. Y. Mail Train, (4 o'clock P. M.) going South, connecting at Port Clinton with the Dauphin and Susquehanna Railroad, arriving at Harrisburg at 12 o'clock noon, next day.

F. J. LEAVENWORTH, *Superintendent.*

Jan 16, 1858

SPLENDID GIFTS

AT 439 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Only Original Gift Book Store.

G. G. EVANS would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed his Star Gift Book Store and Publishing House, to the splendid Store in Brown's Iron Building, 439 Chesnut street, two doors below Fifth, where the purchaser of each book will receive one of the following gifts, valued at from 25 cts. to $100, consisting of Gold Watches, Jewelry, &c.

	WORTH
550 Patent English Lever Gold Watches,	$100 00
550 Patent Anchor do	50 00
400 Ladies' Gold Watches, 18k cases,	35 00
500 Silver Lever Watches, warranted,	15 00
500 Parlor Timepieces,	10 00
500 Cameo Sets, Ear Drops and Pins,	10 00
500 Ladies' Gold Bracelets,	$5 to 12 00
500 Gent's Vest Chains,	10 00
1000 Gold Lockets, large size,	3 00
2000 Gold Lockets, small size,	3 00
1000 Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens,	5 00
1000 Extra Gold Pens, Cases and Holders,	10 00
2500 Gold Pencils, Ladies'	2 50
2500 Ladies' Gold Pens, with Cases,	1 50
6500 Gold Rings, Ladies'	1 00
2000 Gent's Gold Rings,	2 75
2000 Ladies' Gold Breastpins,	2 50
3500 Misses' Gold Breastpins,	1 50
3000 Pocket Knives,	75
2000 Sets Gent's Gold Bosom Studs,	3 00
2000 do do Sleeve Buttons,	3 00
2000 Pairs Ladies' Ear Drops,	2 50
8000 Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,	5 00
15,000 Cameo, Jet or Mora e Pins,	5 00
2500 Ladies' Cameo Shawl and Ribbon Pins,	2 00
5000 Petridge's Balm of 1000 Flowers,	50

EVANS' NEW CATALOGUE contains all the most popular books of the day, and the newest publications, all of which will be sold as low as can be obtained at other stores. A complete catalogue of books sent free, by application through the mail, by addressing G. G. EVANS, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Those desiring so to act can obtain full particulars by addressing as above.

N. B.—In consequence of the money crisis, and numerous failures, the subscriber has been enabled to purchase from assignees an immense stock of books, embracing every department of literature at prices which will enable him to give $500 worth of the above gifts on every $1000 of books sold.

An extra book, with a gift, will be sent to each person ordering TEN books to be sent to one address, by Express.

☞ SEND FOR A CATALOGUE. ☜

Jan 30, 1858

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

OFFICE, NO. 408 CHESNUT STREET.

CAPITAL, (paid up,) $300 000.

Charter Perpetual.

CONTINUE to make INSURANCES ON LIVES on the most reasonable terms.

The capital being paid up and invested, together with a large and constantly increasing reserved fund, offers a perfect security to the insured.

The premiums must be paid yearly, half yearly, or quarterly.

The Company add a BONUS periodically to the Insurances for life. The FIRST BONUS appropriated in December, 1844, the SECOND BONUS in December, 1849, the THIRD BONUS in December, 1854.

☞ These additions are made without requiring any increase in the premiums to be paid to the Company.

The following are a few examples from the Register:

Policy	Sum Insured	Bonus or addition	Amount of Policy and bonus to be increased by future additions.
No. 89	$2500	$812 50	$3,312 50
" 132	3000	975	3,975 00
" 199	1000	325 50	1,325 00
" 333	5000	1500	6,500 00
" &c.	&c.	&c.	&c.

Pamphlets, containing tables of rates and explanation, forms of application, and further information can be found at the office.

THOMAS RIDGWAY, *President.*

JNO. F. JAMES, *Actuary.*

LEVI L. TATE, *Agent.*

P. C. HARRISON, *Examining Physician.*

October 10, 1857—1y

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA.

1858. *A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.*

THE Directors of this well known Institution, in their Annual Report upon the treatment of Sexual Diseases, for the year ending January 1st, 1858, express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of the Consulting Surgeon, in the cure of Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self-Abuse, &c., and order a continuance of the same plan, for the ensuing year. The Consulting Surgeon is authorized to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINE FREE OF CHARGE. Some of the new remedies and methods of treatment, discovered during the last year, are of great value.

An admirable Report on Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation, or Self-Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, will be sent by mail (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of two stamps for postage. Other Reports and Tracts, on the nature and treatment of Sexual diseases, Diet, &c., are constantly being published for gratuitous distribution and will be sent to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEORGE R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.*

GEORGE FAIRCHILD, *Sec'y.*

Jan 30, 1858—12m

SELECT SCHOOL.

A QUARTER HAS JUST COMMENCED. Apply for admission at the School Room on Third street, or at the residence of Mrs. J. Barton.

B. F. EATON.

Bloomsburg, Nov 28, 1857

SELECT POETRY.

OUR DARLING.

Here is a pretty little poem by a lady who writes from her heart. There is where a woman has the advantage; she possesses so much of the *raw material.*

White arms clasping round my neck,
Blue eyes looking love in mine,
Little rosy, laughing lips,
Sunny brow has Madeline.
Dancing to the bluebird's note,
Tresses bound with rose and green,
Never far more glad and bright,
Sports in elfin-land I ween.

Cupid nestles on her cheek,
Dimples shut the blind god in,
For the fairies, in her sleep,
Kissed her little, graceful chin.
Rosy fingers on my eyes,
Red lips pressing close to mine,
Merry, little, laughing elf,
You're a darling, Madeline.

But the care shade gloometh down,
Darling, when I think of thee,
For the cold world darkest frowns
On a spirit light and free.
Blossoms smile around thee now,
Merry blue birds gaily sing,
But there's night for them and thee,
O, thou darling little thing.

Earth hath shades of light and gloom,
Be the gleaming glad on thee,
And the darkness falling down,
Rest as now for aye on me.
Kneeling low I breathe a prayer,
Grace on earth to thee be given,
And when life's wild march is over,
May thy blue eyes ope in heaven.

ELLEN LOUISA CHANDLER

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COUNTRY GIRL,

—OR—

COTTAGE DEVOTION.

Anna Fisher was a farmer's daughter, but her beauty might have been coveted by many a high-born dame. As her father was in comfortable circumstances, and both he and his wife were proud of their lovely daughter, she was allowed to work or be idle at her own fancy, and her only regular duty was attention to the comfort of her blind sister Ella. Still, although preserving her delicate hands soft and white, and her form stately and tall, Anna was by no means a useless member of the cottage family. Her busy fingures shaped the snowy caps, which her mother declared "fitted her head as if they were made for it." Ella's spotless dresses and muslins owed much of their purity to her sister's watchful care; and many a dainty dish found its way to the farmer's table, which he well knew was provided by Anna. So with light, pleasant duties, rendered dear by home affections, the young girl's life sped on. But a change came.

There arrived at the pleasant village for recreation, a young man of handsome face and figure, and winning address; one skilled in the art of pleasing. With his time unoccupied, and his fancy struck by Anna's exceeding loveliness, he determined to win the heart of the young country girl.

It was just after sunset, one pleasant spring evening, that Anna was walking slowly through one of her father's meadows, on her way home, when she was startled by the report of a gun, from a little thicket near her. With a feeling of terror—for the sound was not a common one in that peaceful neighborhood—she quickened her pace, and was hurrying on, when a voice calling her made her pause. In an instant the sportsman stood before her, apologising for the fright he had caused her, and pleading the unfrequented spot as an excuse for his having chosen that for sporting.

"But what were you shooting so late as this?"

The young man was unprepared for this question, and stammered something about an accidental discharge.

Accidental! So far as watching for some hours for Anna's return, as then firing in the hopes of startling her could make it. He introduced himself as Edwin Parker, from London, and she in return told him her name. When they parted at Farmer Fisher's gate, it was with a determination on his part that this should not be their last meeting, and a strong desire on hers to see him again.

Somehow, it happened that Anna grew very fond of taking long strolls about sunset; and Edwin by some unaccountable magic, was always going the same way about the same time.

I will now give my readers the substance of a conversation which passed between the lovers one evening, some four or five weeks after their first meeting. They were walking in the old meadow, Edwin's arm was thrown round Anna's waist in the most natural way possible.

"Anna," he said, in a low tone, "you do not answer me; I say I must return to London to-morrow."

"It is so sudden!" murmured the young girl. "But you will be here soon again, Edwin?"

"That, it is impossible for me to tell.—It may be years before I can visit this spot again. Oh, Anna!" he cried, in a sudden burst of passion, "how can I live without you? Why must we part?"

"Hush, Edwin, you are too violent.—You will, you must return soon!"

"Soon! A whole year must pass before I can come here again."

There was a moment's silence, then bending over her, Edwin whispered: "Anna, do you love me?"

"You know I do," she answered.

"Do you love me well enough to trust your future happiness in my hands, to be my wife?"

"I do, but my father ——"

"Hates me; I know it well," said Edwin, bitterly. "He believes because I am no farmer's lad, but a gentleman, that there is no truth or goodness in me. Believe me, Anna, it is only his prejudice against cities that causes your father's dislike to me."

"But," faltered Anna, "that prejudice is so strong that I fear he will never consent to my wedding you."

"Once my wife, dearest, and he will forgive you. Though he might not be willing to let his child go, still, believe me, if the knot was tied, he would forgive."

It took long, even with Edwin's most subtle reasoning, to win Anna's consent to a clandestine marriage, but it was given at length, and with a promise to be in the meadow that night prepared for a journey to London, she left him.

When she reached home, she found the family only awaiting her return for the customary evening devotions. Seating herself opposite her father, Anna listened to the words of Divine truth which he read. After reading a chapter from the New Testament, he read in a clear, distinct voice, the commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Then rising, he kissed Ella and Anna, and left the room.

Anna sat motionless where he had left her. Her mother, the servant, her little brother, and last of all, Ella left the room, but still she remained.

"Heavenly Father," she murmured, bowing her head upon her hands, "strengthen this poor head, and guide me in the right way!" Heavy sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Sister Anna," said the low, sweet voice of her blind sister coming in, "you are weeping. Will you not tell me what troubles you?"

Choaking back her sobs, Anna endeavored to speak cheerfully to Ella. It was in vain, and after one or two fruitless efforts, she silently embraced her, and sought her own room.

Edwin Parker was early at the appointed rendezvous, and awaited impatiently for Anna. The hour was past, and still she came not. At length, weary with watching, Edwin strode from the meadow to the little country inn where he lodged. On his table he found a tiny note directed to himself.

"Ah!" he murmured, as he tore it open, "detained at home, I imagine. This will explane all."

Within, he found these words:

"DEAR EDWIN: Could one who forsook her first duty, that to her parents, fulfil the holy duties the name of wife would bring? I dare not come. It has cost me much to write this, but I feel that I am doing right, and that strengthens me. Win my father's consent and I am yours. ANNA."

"Pshaw!" said Edwin, tossing the note impatiently into the fire, "it isn't worth the trouble."

The next morning Edwin Parker had left the village.

About a month after this, Anna was in the garden, watering some plants, when her father joined her.

"Anna," said he, "do you recollect a young man who was here some weeks ago, named Parker?"

How her heart bounded.

"Yes father," she said.

"He has been arrested for forgery, and is—— Heavens, Anna, how pale you'are! Are you faint?"

"I am better now," said Anna, struggling for composure. "Father, I will tell you all, and then pray for your forgiveness."

"Dear Anna, did you think your old father was blind? No, no, my child, you need tell me nothing. The commandment was not selected by chance. I knew all then, and heaven alone knew the joy of your father's heart when he saw you still with him after the tempter had left the place."

"How did you know?" asked the astonished girl.

"I was passing in the thicket when your appointment was made, and overheard all. I watched your chamber door all night, thinking to stop you by force if you ventured out. Thank God, it was not needed."

"Thank God, indeed!" said Anna.—"Had I not called upon His name, I shoud now be either the forger's wife or the wretched, suspected daughter."

Snowy Memories.

"The snow, the snow—it comes, it comes!
I see it falling, falling."

What visions of by gone joys are conjured at sight of the falling snow. Yonder stands the little, old school house, with its mud-chinked sides exposed to the blasts of winter. And there is the foot-worn play ground, with its bright memories of shinny-sticks, and bats' and balls, and hosts of romps and games to occupy our leisure hours. There, too, is the dingy school room garnitured in all the glory of paper wads and dusty cobwebs. How oft we've whiled away a tedious hour watching the merry antics of harlequin spider, balancing his little gray body on his gossamer threads, in vain search after some unlucky fly.

And there, too, is the grim school master, with his hickory rod; and there are the smiling, ruddy-faced companions of our boyhood all ranged before and around us, each one intent upon putting in the hours of study to the *shortest*, if not the best possible advantage. Some are carving fantastic figures on the rude, wooden benches, or making outline sketches in slate pencil, perhaps not according to the most approved rules of art, yet sufficiently outre and comic to excite a merry laugh, and bring down the master's hickory on our shrinking backs. Others, again, are indulging in sly winks, and smiles, at the pretty little missess, or inditing amerous effusions, and whisking them quickly into the proffered aprons of their sweathearts, when the master's back is turned.

All these, and a thousand other gay fancies—visions of snow-balls flying through the air—aching fingers and faces washed with snow—hand sled rides adown the sloping hill side, and merry skating parties on the glassy surface of frozen pond and river, are all fresh in our minds at sight of the falling snow. Oh! when fatigued by our prison discipline how our little hearts have brightened up, as we have gazed through frosted window-pane, at the first broad, white flakes, descending like noiseless spirits to the earth. Oh, how oft we have gazed on those fleecy flakes, all mingled together in wild profusion, until lost in boyish fancies we build a thousand air castles for the future, when that fabled, twenty-one, would release us from imagined tyranny of the dread school master! Alas! how oft since then, when grappling with the stern realities of life, "we wished we were a child again."

School-boy days! they come to our mind like a sweet, and pleasant dream of the past. Cherish them, young friends, they may be the best and happiest of your life. Had you but a tithe of the experience of manhood to guide you, the pursuit of knowledge, even in the village school room, would be esteemed one of the highest privileges of your existence. Young friends, the time will come when you will look back to those days as diamond spots in the past and all the bright dreames of the future you once indulged, will be dull and cheerless in the retrospect. You may now envy the pleasures of manhood, and think it a happy thing to glide o'er the frozen snow behind a noble steed, in a cosy sleigh, muffled up in furs, with a pretty maiden by your side—you may envy their merry laugh and smiling faces, but you will live to see all these fancied joys, like the beautiful apples of Sodom, turn to dust and ashes on your lips. Still, let it snow. Let those who can, enjoy the jingling bells, and the laughing maiden, and all the joys the ice-clad Monarch brings in his train.—To one and all we wish a pleasant, joyous Winter; even though our only music be the jingling of types, and the noise and clatter of the press room.

☞ The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam: *Judge*—What is your native language? *Witness*—I pe no native. *Judge*—What is your mother tongue. *Witness*—Mine mother is dead. *Judge*—(In a savage tone)—What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle? *Witness*—I did not speak no langwidge at all in ter cradle; I shoost cry in Dootch! Then there was a general laugh, in which the Judge, Jury, and audience all joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

From the Luzerne Union.

Sentence of Wm. Muller.

On Monday afternoon the 25th of January, his Honor Judge Conyngham, passed the final sentence of the law upon Wm. Muller, recently convicted of the murder of George Matthias. The remarks of the Judge previous to pronouncing the sentence were beautifully conceived, and eloquently expressed; but they seemed to have little effect upon the prisoner, who remained perfectly calm and undisturbed during their delivery. Indeed, one would have supposed, from his appearance, that he was the least interested in the melancholy ceremonies. The following are the Judge's remarks, and the sentence:

WILLIAM MULLER.—It has become the painful duty of this Court, to pass upon you the final sentence of the law. You have been tried for the murder of George Matthias, by an intelligent Jury, selected, with every opportunity to object given to you, from the pannel attendant at this Court. You have been faithfully and earnestly defended by zealous and able Counsel, every indulgence, which it was believed, the law in mercy would justify, has been allowed to you, and you have been convicted of murder in the first degree.—We too, as the Judges, who presided at your trial, have felt ourselves compelled to come to the conclusion that the verdict, under the evidence, was just and true.

You have come from a foreign land, and was almost a stranger in this neighborhood with no immediate friends to assemble around you, yet there are in this vicinity those who feel for your present unhappy situation; they know, that it is indeed a trying act to cut off in the prime of his days, one like yourself, apparently formed with strength activity and courage to stem so well the ordinary current of life, but they feel at the same time, that the law justly demands the punishment of one, who has so grieviously offended.

You came into this County, as far as we learn, about the middle of November last, complaining of sickness and seeming to be diseased and in hunting after work as you desired, arrived at his residence of old George Matthias. The old man, now had nearly reached his four score years, lived solitary and alone upon his farm, distant from any immediate neighbor. When in travelling along the turnpike, your probably weary steps were stayed at his dwelling, and circumstances, we know not what induced you to remain and live with him, unable to see into futurity, he was no doubt glad, thus to take you in, as a companion for his solitude. At what time the thought was first conceived to take the life of this aged man, who had afforded to your weakness the hospitality of his home, you alone can tell: it would seem from circumstances proved on trial that you had been living there but a little over two weeks, before the fell deed was accomplished. The old man, it was well known, had talked of going to the West to see his children, and understanding this, you alleged time and again that he had thus departed, long after his bruised and stricken person, was lying under the water where you had cast him.—For the first few days after he was missing, as strangers and friends inquired after him, you continued to assert that he had gone, upon temporarily absence, to different places in the neighborhood, to the Blacksmith's shop, to Bear Creek or to Wilkes Barre; and finally, when it was found that anxious inquiries were being made about him, and that no one had seen him, at these place of alledged temporary sojourn, you then declared that he had started for the West, that you had yourself made two boxes, in which you packed his poor worthless rags as you termed them, helped him into a passing wagon, shook hands with him, and would have induced your hearers to believe that you had wished him a friendly God speed, for his Western travels. Alas! when your hands were separated from his, and his body left your sight, it was the parting for a more distant journey.

When these various stories reached the ears of his friends in Wilkes-Barre, suspicions were excited, and they went out to search the premises: you aided them in looking in the cellar and elsewhere, but told them there was nothing in the well, that they need make no search there, for "he isn't in there," was your language to Knoblock. The men were determined, however, and they persevered: two or three grey hairs observed on the stones at the top of the well led them to earnest efforts, and at length the old man's body was found therein, with seven wounds from an axe upon the head, by three of which the skull was broken, so as to lead the physicians to the opinion, that each one of them might have been mortal. A rope too, singularly and skillfully noosed and knotted, was tighly drawn around the old man's neck. Who could doubt that his death had arisen from violence! The work of his slayer, though cruel, was sure and certain.

The evidence in the cause has left no shade of suspicion upon any one but yourself—you were biding there, and the details of your conduct and your language, repeated by so many witnesses, referring to so many different occasions, understood without mistake, by Germans to whom you spoke frequently in your natural tongue, can leave no doubt of your previty with, and knowledge of, this terrible transaction.

We have not intended to repeat all the facts in the case—the greater and the lesser circumstances. The bed which had been partly washed, the blood spots upon the wall, the newly cleaned floor of one part of the room, may be possibly explained upon another hypothesis, but they were circumstances, which at the time turned suspicion upon you.

And what is your motive for this deed? It would seem to have been the miserable coveting of the old man's property. You claimed, after alleging that he had gone to the West, that you had bought his farm, his horses, his cattle, and all his property, and apparently intending to live there, you sought to hire a female to attend to the ordinary duties of the household. You advanced this claim, with various and contradictory stories, but with no writing, or receipt or witness to sustain your allegation; true, you alledged that you possessed both a writing and a witness, but in a struggle for your life before the Jury, you made no attempt to produce them or to account for your inability to do so. What is the conclusion, that must force itself upon the mind of every one?

The strength and weight of all these circumstances were evidently apparent to yourself, when soon after the finding of the old man's body, and while the conversation of others was upon different subjects, you voluntarily and suddenly put to Smith the question, "had I better own everything up"—the further observations, that were then made, a merciful ruling of the law, at the request of your Counsel, excluded, but the effect of the unanswered question still remains.

Unhappy man, we repeat not these things, we give not this narrative, to aggravate your feelings. It is only to assure you of the justice of your doom, and to call you to reflection. If you have been able to forget the appearance of the old man, scarred and wounded as he was, when taken from the well and laid at your feet, if you have been able, hitherto, to stifle and to quiet that still small voice, that whispers to the inner man in the dark watches of the night, when sleep is wooed in vain, we would now seek to arouse you from this false carelessness and difference; you should now be up and doing. Heretofore, through the machinery of your trial you have trusted in the help of man; that has failed you, and now you must look, to your God, who knoweth every secret of your heart. George Matthias was probably cut off insensible, from the rope that was around his neck, or stunned by an early blow upon his head, with not a moment to breathe a prayer for mercy; but the law will be more kind to you, his distroyer. Soon you will be able to count your days with unerring certainty—and as the sun rises and sets in his diurnal course, the termination of your life, fixed by authorities of the law, will approach nearer. When that termination shall be it will depend upon our Executive to say. It will not be long, it will indeed be very short for one situated as you are.

Let me then advise you, with the anxiety and earnestness of one, who feels and knows its necessity, to spend the time, which may yet be allowed to you, in endeavoring to make your peace with God—repentance and faith in the word of a crucified Redeemer, while it will not free you from the penalty of the law, here, will avert the judgment of the Higher Law hereafter. In the Book of God's command it is said "at the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man"—"whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," but the same unerring word of truth tells us, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Send then, I pray you, for some minister of the truth to advise, to instruct, to aid, but above all to pray with you. Be diligent now and earnest, that in this, the time of your necessity, you may improve it to your soul's salvation.

THE SENTENCE.

William Muller—the sentence of the law, declared by us, is, that you be taken hence to the goal of Luzerne County, from which you have been brought, and be kept there until the time be appointed by the Executive of the State of Pennsylvania for your execution, and when the time, so to be fixed, shall arrive, that you be taken thence to the place preparnd for your execution, within the walls or yard of said goal, and be then and there hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God, in his infinite love, have mercy upon your soul!

A NEW CALEB QUOTUM.—The following quaint dialogue took place between two citizens, after a late town meeting in New Jersey:

'Well, sir, how went your meeting?'
'Very well, sir.'
'Who was your moderator?'
'Squire Green.'
'Who was chosen clerk?'
'Squire Green.'
'Who is your representative?'
'Squire Green.'
'Who is your first selectman?'
'Squire Green.'
'Who is your second selectman?'
'Squire Green.'
'Who is your third selectman?'
'I don't know for sartain, but *I b'lieve 'tis Squire Green!*'

Old Gent.—'Don't cry, little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?'

Injured Party.—'No sir, he hit me on the head.'