COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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RYAMOND'S PATENT

SEWING MACHINE!

PATENTED MARCH 9, 1858.

PRICE $10 EACH.

MESSRS. ZUPPINGER & ROBBINS, of Bloomsburg, having purchased the exclusive right of the above valuable IMPROVED CHEAP PATENT SEWING MACHINE, for the county of Columbia, will be happy to supply their friends with the article, for the accommodation of themselves and families. The following are some of the superior advantages this implement possesses over any ever yet offered to the public. Viz:—

1. It sews from 400 to 600 stitches per minute, thus saving both time and labor in the operation.
2. Its construction is so plain and simple, with anything like fair usage, it is easy kept in order and will give entire satisfaction.
3. One of the most valuable features of this Machine, is the easiness and the compactness of its mechanism.
4. Double-thread Machines are always difficult to manage, and very unhandy in threading; but this Machine is easier threaded than even a common needle.
5. It can be attached to a board, table or stand, in operating order, and detached in less than half a minute.
6. It greatly economizes the thread, and yet, produces a seam, sufficiently strong for any work for which it is designed, a qualification not known to other sewing Machines.
7. No human hand is capable in producing a seam so regular and systematic.
8. Among the array of Patent Sewing Machines, there are none so cheap and durable as RAYMOND'S PATENT, but no Machine is adapted to all kinds of work as experience has proven.
9. The operator can shape his seams, just as he pleases, waves, leaves and flowers, etc., can be represented or imitated.
10. It is particularly adapted to all kinds of stitching—such as gentlemen's shirts, bosoms, risthands, collars, etc.,—and all kinds of ladies sewing, including silks, lawns, delaines, calicoes, &c., excepting for men's heavy wear, this Machine is rather too light of construction.
11. But all the foregoing advantages, though real in themselves, dwindle into insignificance, when compared with the preservation of health, being a saving of both labor and eyesight, and leaves the operator without stooping, and is enabled to perform his work, occupying a natural position.

☞ For sale by the undersigned, at their respective residences, in Bloomsburg, who will put the machine in operation and give all necessary instruction.

HENRY ZUPPINGER.
DANIEL W. ROBBINS.

Bloomsburg, May 12, 1860.

PEOPLE'S PACIFIC RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

The Commissioners of the People's Pacific Railroad Company would announce to the People of the United States that our Books of Commissioners are fully organized, by the choice of

JOSIAH PERHAM, PRESIDENT,
OLIVER FROST, VICE PRESIDENT,
ABEL ABBOTT, SECRETARY,
L. S. WITHINGTON, TREASURER,

and that the Books of the Company are open for the subscription of Stock, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and will soon be opened in the principle Southern and Western Cities and California.

The Charter of said Company was granted by the Legislature of the State of Maine, in March, 1860.

The right of way through the public lands in the Territories of the United States, from Missouri River to California, by the way of Pike's Peak Gold Mines, and through Utah, is now open to the Company, by Acts of Congress.

The people of the United States are earnestly requested to examine the charter and by Laws of the Company and send in their subscriptions. All persons are invited to subscribe one share each, and no one more than ten shares.

Shares One Hundred Dollars each, ten dollars of which to be paid when the subscription is made, as will be seen by the Charter.

Let the people subscribe generally and liberally forthwith, and the Company will be able to secure from Congress, at its next session, large grants of land and of money.

Let the whole people, all as one, put their shoulders to the wheel, by subscriping one share each, and the Railroad will be built within five years.

Let Clubs of ten, twenty, fifty, or more subscribers, be formed in every Town and Village, and the money forwarded by Mail or Express, and Certificates of Stock, with receipts for the money, will be returned.

Responsible agents of unexceptionable character, and who have a heart for the work, are wanted in all parts of the United States, to act as Agents, to obtain subscription to the Stock of the Company.

All communications should be directed to the undersigned at the Office of the Company, No. 24 School Street or Adams House, Boston, and to whom all applications for copies of Charter, By-Laws, and other document should be made.

JOSIAH PERHAM,
President Board of Commissioners

Boston, Nov. 10, 1860—12m.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

THE subscriber is now prepared with new Machinery to build stationary engines, from 5 to 100 horse power upon the latest improved plans, and will build to order double or single portable engines, from 10 to 40 horse power. Rigged upon carriages with Boiler gearing and Pumps all coupled and ready for action. Also Cylinder flue and tubular boilers cast iron coal breakers, patented in 1856, for threshing grain and cracking corn and now made on a large scale for breaking coal. Heavy mining Pumps and fire engines rigged complete with double acting forcing pumps, all kinds of mill gearing and horse casting made to order. Line shafting with any desired sizes of pulleys finished with hangers.—Iron planing done, say 24 feet long; all kinds of Iron turning heavy screws and other screws turned with any desired pitch of thread.

The best Rough Iron threshing Machines, that ever come before the public, cast iron and wooden machines made to order. Lever power, chain or tread power made to order. Also take orders for the following machinery: Harrison's latest patent grain mill, $1000 offered by the Patentee for its equal. It will grind in good fine meal 25 bushels in one hour. Also bolts and elevators all in order, also Raegle's Patent Blower, manufactured by G. D. Harris & Co., the most powerful Blower now in use with the least amount of power, one of which will be put in use at the Bloomsburg for exhibition. All of the above will be warranted to be what they are sold for.

ALSO—Take orders for Scott's Patent Blacksmith Striker, and rights to use them in the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Lycoming, Sullivan and Clinton, one of which can be seen at my shop.

LEWIS H. MAUS.

Bloomsburg, Columbia co., March 22, 1856.

REVERE HOUSE,

(FORMERLY EAGLE HOTEL.)

NO. 227 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THIS house is situated in the most business part of the city, has one hundred and thirty rooms; large Parlors and every room is newly furnished and is considered one of the finest Hotels of its class in Philadelphia; it has erected a large observatory where persons can have a fine view of the City, Delaware river, &c., &c; it is also supplied with hot and cold water Bathes, which will be free of charge for the guests of the house; Cars will take you to the Revere House. Our charge is moderate, $1 25 per day; persons visiting the city will please come and try the *Revere House*, and we pledge ourselves that we will endeavor to use our best efforts to make it appear like home.

CHARLES J. FARON, of Reading, will have charge of the office. G. W. HINKLE,
formerly of the States Union Hotel, and lotterly of the United States Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J., PROPRIETOR.

May 12, 1860—12m.

TINWARE & STOVE SHOP.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has purchased his brothers interest in the above establishment, and the concern will hereafter be conducted by himself exclusively.

He has just received and offers for sale, the largest and most extensive assortment of FANCY STOVES ever introduced into this market.

His stock consists of a complete assortment of the best Cooking and parlor stoves in the market, together with Stove Fixtures of every description, Oven and Box Stoves, Radiators, Cylinder Stoves, Cast Iron Air-Tight stoves, Cannon Stoves, &c., &c. Stovepipe and Tinware constantly on hand and manufactured to order. All kinds of repairing done, as usual, on short notice.

The patronage of old friends and new customers respectfully solicited. A. M. RUPERT.

Bloomsburg, November 3d 1860.—tf.

THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

(FORMERLY THE MADISON HOUSE.)
Second street, between Market and Arch, Philadelphia.
W. C. FOUNTAIN & BRO.
PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel is now open for the reception of visitors. It has been renovated and refurnished throughout, for the better accommodation of guests and boarders. Its location is in the very centre of the business portion of the city. Board, $1 25 per day.

August 13, 1859.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
AND
GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
TAMAQUA PENN.
HENRY WELDY & SON,
PROPRIETORS.

☞ Passengers in the Philadelphia Mail Train going South and Elmira Mail Train going North.

DINE at the United States Hotel, Tamaqua Pa.

March 12, 1859—12m.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
LEVI L. TATE.
IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE

in the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

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☞ 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.

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Quickly sped another year,
Its eternal die is cast.
Trifles fitly wasted here,
Now no more its days appear,
But their worth is seen at last,
In the solemn, changeless past.

Can I count its mercies o'er?
Let me all my thoughts recall,
Gone from me for evermore,
Passed into the eternal store;
Count the autumn leaves that fall
On the earth, a funeral pall.

I will mourn not pleasures gone,
I will grieve occasions lost;
Time to serve the God I own,
Souls to save that now are flown;
Grieve that sins my heart engrossed,
Grieve that doubts my spirit tossed.

Brightly beams the dawning day,
Quickly speeds another year,
Truth shall glow with clearer ray,
Christ shall in my heart bear sway;
When my soul shall see Him near,
Then shall be my glad New Year!

JOHNNY BEEDLE'S
GREAT SLEIGH RIDE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

As I was going past Mr. Josh Barter's tavern the other day, I hear a terrible noise in the bar room, and thinks I I'll just put my head in, and see what's the matter. "Whoorah!" roared a heap of fellows, "here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go and that will make ten;" and they haul'd me in among them. "What's the occasion?" says I. "A sleigh ride, over to Shaw's (every body goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh riding) with fiddle and frolic!"

"Whoorah!" says I.

"I motion," said Dr. Patridge,' "that every gentleman go right off now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and meet at Hank's corner;" and with another whoorah, we burst out of the door and scattered.

I ran full speed to the widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Casco bay. I had given her some pretty broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come, this very night, says I.

I bounced into the widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She was just done washing, and was wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, mops and kettles. She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she hadn't been as she could, already.—"A word in your ear, Patty," says I, giving her the wink, and stepping into the corner, I told her what was brewing. "I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away," says I. "O, you needn't be in such a tearing hurry," says she, "for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in."

"Ah, Patty," says I, "beauty when unadorned's adorned the——." "Well, I vow," says Patty, says she, and off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech; but I could not help sniggering all the way to the deacon's to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this, that I entirely forgot to make up a story to fop off upon the old deacon, till I got almost to the door; for the deacon is a sworn enemy to all frolics, and so is his mare. "I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to mill." But that will be found out. "No matter so it is after election, as the politicians say."

"The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chewing his cud and considering. "Mother's clean out," says I, "both rye and injun." The deacon spit. "Well, neighbor, if you are afraid to trust a feller, there's two shilling beforehand."

"Poh, poh, John, said he, walking up and pocketing the money, "not trust you? hear that. Now, Joshua, tackle up Suky. You'll drive the critter slow, John, and now I think on't, you may bring my grist, that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller when he strikes the toll measure, John."

It was to late to stick at lies now. So I promised everything, jumped in the sleigh, and steered for the widow's with flying colors.

It is the height of gentilility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible, on such an occasion. I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber overhead, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking glass and frizzled up my hair, changed my breast pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slantincickular fashion.

At last Patty appeared in allher glory: I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in come Mrs. Bean.

"Where are you going to, Patty?"

"Over to Shaw's, sleighing."

"What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone, to suck her fingers! A pretty how d'ye do that, after coming all the way from Saco just to see you!"

Here was a knock down argument. All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got around or moved out of the way. I said something about the small size of the sleigh, but it would not do—she shut my mouth instantly.

"Let me alone," says she, "I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean stow yourself away, here, and shrink yourself up small. If there ain't room, we must make room, as the fellows used to say. Now, Dolly, hoist yourself in there."

She tumbled into the sleigh, like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. "O, she's a whopper, I tell ye."

"Why, Johnny Beedle," says Mrs. Bean, "in my days they use to pack us in, layer on layer."

At this hint I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer on her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees. "Here's the driver's seat," says she. "Plant your feet flat and firm, nice; jump up Johnny; and now, away with her my lad."

By this time I got so raving mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell afoul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none of me, that's all. The deacon counted the welts on her right side a week afterwards, when he called on me for a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sukey not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth and shot off, right on end, like a streak of new Connecticut lightning! Jimina! how we skimmed over it! And the houses and barns, and fences, and the pig-styes, flew by us like clouds by the moon. "Yonder is Hank's corner—whoora!" and "whoorah!" answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sukey, scared with the noise, turned the corner with a flirt, and the sleigh was bottom up in——! "Whoa there, whoa!"

The first thing that I knew, I was in the bottom of a snow bank, jammed down under half a ton of Dolly Fisher! I tho't I never should see daylight again, and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailors say.

Howsomever no bones were broken. We shook our feathers, and crept into our nest again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were formed into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's bells jingling, fiddle sounding, and everybody hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off, for he was always on the look out of a moonshiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room, to put it to rights, and when we arrived the floor was swept, the best Japan candlesticks paraded, and little Ben was anchored close under the jam, to tug at the broken winded bellows. No fire appeared but there were strange symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke, and part of it, missing the chimney, strayed about the room, which gave me a chance to hit off another compliment on Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. As soon as we had taken a swig of hot stuff all around, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor and went to work, might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellows. prolix, we kept it up, frolicking and drinking hot stuff, till midnight, and while it lasted, the fun was real genuine, I tell ye. But as I cast a sheep's eye at Patty, I took a notion that she and Siah Golding were rather thick, considerin'. Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; so seeing them in close confab, I poked my head between them and cried *boo!* But the cat was soon out of the bag. We paid the reckoning, four and sixpence a piece. Think of that. Everybody grumbled, but Peter Shaw didn't care. Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion! But when my turn come, lo and behold! Patty Bean was missing, and so was Siah Golding! Here is the end of my story; and whoever wants to know the particulars that happened on the road home, must ask Dolly Fisher. The deacon will tell you what a pickle Sukey came home in, and "how much I paid for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting house the next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Bean and Josiah Golding are to square accounts.

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL THOUGHT.—A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death bed. It is hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird like voice, the truthful, affectionate child! Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked very much distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?"

"Hush, dear, do be quiet," he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa—how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then darling?

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble, loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotton—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied kissing her brow with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year, as long as I live, and thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven.

LIVING IN JAPAN.—A correspondent, writing from the dominions of the Tycoon, gives the following interesting information:—

"You ask us in regard to our mode of living. It is simply this:—You rent a house (a moderate-sized house costs about $100 per annum) with some four or five rooms; one of these, the front, is the office or counting-room; the next to the rear is the drawing and dining-room, and answers at the same time for a private counting-room. To the rear of this is the kitchen. In the upper story one room is occupied by yourself, one by the housekeeper, and the other by the servants, usually young men, say eighteen to twenty, who are young errand boys, &c.—Your housekeeper, who, by the way, is generally a pretty black-eyed young lady, is very attentive to your wants. On her devolves the whole charge of the house, procuring the provisions, washing the clothing, and cooking the food, besides keeping the whole house thoroughly clean. Her services cost you her board and about fifty to seventy-five dollars per year. The whole expense of my family, including house rent, pay of housekeeper and servants for the last year, has been only five hundred dollars—some difference between this and the cost of living in the same style in Philadelphia."

A WESTERN editor complaining that he could not sleep one night, summed up the causes:—"A wailing babe of sixteen months old, a dog howling under the window, a cat squalling in the alley, a colored serenade in a shanty over the way, a toothache, and a pig trying to get in at the back door."

"MARANATHA"—THE LORD COMETH.

BY J. S. MACDUFF, AUTHOR OF "THE FAITHFUL PROMISER."

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase—
Maranatha!
Come thou blessed Prince of peace.

Faith can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign—
Maranatha!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God—
All creation
Yet shall know that kingly rod.

Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see—
Maranatha!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Maranatha!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Aunt Betsey Riled Up.

"I declare if I warn't riled up," said Aunt Betsey Green, dropping her knitting work into her lap, and pushing her spectacles up over her cap border. "I declare if I warn't! If I could only have taken that man by the collar, as I used to my Reuben when he didn't "toe up" to suit me, I'd have given him such a shaking he never heard on, I'll be bound!"

"There he sat in that rocking chair, his feet on the fenders, and kept growing out to Lizzy Jane to bring him his boots, or fasten his shirt collar, or some such unreasonable thing, all the while she was trying to dress them four young ones, and had the headache so she looked more like a ghost than a created woman.

"If I was in that ere place they call the Legislator I'll bet there'd be a law passed to build a penitentshry, or some other kind of pen, for such critters as he is—with no mercy on a woman whether she's sick or well, just keeping up their "you do this," or 'you do that,' from sun rising to sun setting.

"But then there's Lizzy Jane she's most as much to blame as he is. If she'd had a bit of spunk, he'd never'd have got her under his thumb that way. Most likely he begun to order her round before the honeymoon was set, when she hadn't got her eyes open no more n a three days old kitten, and thought she should be blessed for ever, cause she'd got her neck in the same yoke with his'n. If she hadn't found out her mistake, and had some tears to shed over "crushed idols," as they tell about in poetry, I don't know what kind of stuff she's made of.

"When I got married—thank my lucky stars—I didn't get tied to any such kind of crockery. Ruben wasn't uncommon handsome to look at; to be sure any one might thought of a brown earthern plate side of a china vase, comparing him with such a scented up chap as Lizzy Jane's husband; but I can tell you he is just what I took him to be, and I never shed one single tear finding that my idol must be handled careful, fussed over, waited on and for to keep in good humor without fear of breakage.

"I did feel kind of spiteful when Lizzy Jane set her head up and acted like she crowed over me, cause she had got a city husband; but ever since I stopped there, I've felt real Christian like about it.

"I tell you gals, when a chap asks you to stand up before the parson with him, you just find out whether he can stir out of a rocking chair long enough to find his boots, or not, and whether you are not to be head waiter or help meet after you arrive in the Country of Matrimony, State of Bliss."

WHITE DEER.—Two of these animals were killed a few days since on the Liamath river, by Mr. W. F. Shelton, of Big Bar. The Indians in this part of California regard the skin of the white deer among the most valuable of all earthly things, for the possession of which they will exchange all other species of wealth. The ownership of a white deer skin constitutes a claim to chieftanship readily acknowledged by all of the dusky race on this coast. Mr. Shelton realized for the two skins three hundred and fifty dollars.

Humbeldt Times.

THERE was a rumor in England that an agent of the French Government had been deputed to make an offer for the purchase of the Great Eastern. It was afterwards, however, stated that the vessel would never, under any circumstances, be allowed to fall into French hands.

Cure for Diptheria.

This scourge of the family continues to ravage many sections of our Commonwealth and counts its victims by hundreds. We subjoin an extract of a letter from a gentlemen in Maryland, relative to the cure of this alarming disease. The remedy recommended was successful in his own family, and may bring relief to others. The simplest remedies are often the most effective:

Putrid Sore Throat or Diptheria and its Cures.

The distinguishing mark of this malady from other diseases of the throat is the formation of a membrane, which increases gradually until the patient is strangled to death. To prevent the formation of this membrane is to arrest and cure the disease. In the early stages of the complaint, which is accompanied by a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple olution of salt and water, as hot as the patient can bear, as a gargle, every fifteen minutes, at the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind made as warm as the patient can bear it (as before), and bind it around the throat, renewing it as often as the gargle is administered, and in the mean time sprinkle fine salt between the flannel and the neck; use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or, if prostration be great use both together. The treatment as may be seen, is extremely simple, and if used in the earlier stages of the disease, will effect a complete cure. I know this to be a certain cure, as my Mother and Sister-in-law both had it and cured themselves with this simple remedy. By inserting this in your paper you will oblige.

W. A. COOK.

Cure for Diptheria.

A lady of Port Byron, Cayuga county, N. Y., has cured six children (five of them her own) of diptheria, by the following remedy. "When the symptoms are first discovered, take Spanish flies, pound and mix them with Venice turpentine, spread it on a piece of soft cloth and bind it on the throat, which will raise a blister, and soon remove the disease from the throat."

THE LANDLORD'S APPRECIATION OF MUSK.—A gentleman and lady were traveling in Michigan, and having missed the stage, were compelled to take a private conveyance from the town of Scuderi to thomastown. The lady had with her a beautiful lap dog, which she carried in her lap on an embroidered mat During the ride the husband discovered that he had no handkerchief, when the lady lent him her's, which was fashionably scented with musk. About half way between the two towns the carriage broke down, in the midst of a hard rain and they were obliged to take refuge in the half way house—a "one horse" log tavern consisting of two rooms— a bar room and lodging room.—The lady laid her lap-dog on its mat before the fire, and herself and husband took seats. In a short time the gentleman had occasion to use his handkerchief, and took it out, having it on his knee when he got through with it. In a few moments the landlord opened the door, put his head in looked around went out, came in, gazed at the dog—his nostrils all the time upturned in intense disgust. He finally appeared satisfied, went to the outside door, opened it, came back with a bound, seized the lap-dog by the tail, and hurled him howling through the open door full ten rods into the forest. The wife fainted; the husband rose to his feet, terribly enraged, and wanted to know what he did that for?

"That's my dog," continued he, furiously.

"Don't care a cuss whose dog it is," said the man gruffly and impetuously; I ain't going to have no such blasted smelling varmint that's been fighting with a skunk—around my tavern!"

The husband and wife vacated the house instantly, and proceeded on their way in the rain, with the fragments of their ill-used dog, who had got into such "bad odor."

A YOUNG lady was taken very sick in Cleveland the other day. A telegraphic message was sent to her friends saying:—'Jane is very sick; she has a chill!'—The wires made a 'd' of the last 'l,' and for a time threw the young lady's friends into a perfect flurry of vexation and distress of mind.

'PETE, how does your father hamper his sheep, to prevent them from jumping over the fences?' 'Oh, that's easy enough he just cuts a hole through one hind leg, and sticks the other one through it and then puts the fore legs through that for a pin.'

Who is Responsible?

A writer in the Buffalo *Commercial*, a Lincoln paper, makes the following confession in regard to the responsibility of the North for the present crisis:

"Let the North, especially New England remember that for this fearful result they are primarily and mainly responsible, by their treasonable legislation, by *bar room and pulpit* assaults upon the South, in which unholy alliance of things sacred and profane, all epithets have been exhausted, all sound principles abandoned, and new terms of denunciation and hatred invented irritating at last to madness the excitable population of the South, who, for a quarter of a century, have had these coals of fire heaped upon their heads.

"Let the North and West remember, also, that the necessary subjugation of the seceding States will be a victory without honor and cause of profit; that half a century of prosperity will hardly restore the national loss, or heal the resulting enmities that commercial distress and almost universal bankruptcy will clothe our cities in mourning, and reduce all real estate, both in city and country, to half its present value. Let them restore the integrity of the Constitution, repeal all treasonable laws, and offer the olive branch to their exasperated brethren of the South. If war must come, let them go into this dreadful controversy with clean hands; let themselves of nullification before they proceed to punish it in others."

DANCING GIRLS AT AUCTION.—The auction sales of dancing girls are still kept up in some of the German towns. The girls are all assembled on an open space, generally in front of the burgomaster's house of business, and an auctioneer having been chosen among the young men, generally a wag in his way, the names of Roschen, Kirtchen, Narmchen, and all the other *chens*, (an endearing diminutive by which the lasses are styled,) are called out, and the auction for the dancers proceeds, which gives the highest bidder the sole right over her hand for a year, at all the *fete* dances and rejoicings which take place—and these are not few. It is generally an understood thing that it is akin to a declaration, but still is not in any way binding. Of course there are struggles and competition for the prettiest, but she falls to the richest.

LARGE PAY.—A letter from Paris indicates how French statesmen are paid.—M. Walewski is a Senator—annual value, 30,000 francs. He is a member of the Council of Regency, 100,000 francs. He is now a Minister of State, 100,000 francs in all, 230,000 francs, or £9,200.

THE gaoler of the Bristol (England) prison, has devised an improvement of the tread-mill. The prisoners, at every step they take, call up to view a letter or word, and are thus, taught the alphabet and reading, while they are at work. By degrees, says an English paper, they become able to read a chapter in the Bible.

THE Moonsocket Patriot editor makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghae hen of his, that has been "settin" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," quoth he, is "no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves to be a brick yard, the hen is not for sale.

THE largest piece of silver ever taken from a mine was found in Norway, and placed in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. It weighed 560 pounds, and was worth about $9,000. In South America, a mass of silver nearly pure, was found in 1794.

YOUNG AMERICA IN ARMS.—"The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, sonny?" "Yes, mar, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

A NEW religious sect has began to develop itself in the northern part of Denmark, its believers claim that there are five Gods in one, and call themselves Pentarians.

AN exchange advertises for compositors 'who won't get drunk,' and adds that 'the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment.

THE following notice might have been seen, some time ago, stuck up in a corset makers shop window in Glasgow.—"All sorts of ladies stays here."

MANY a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.