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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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHEDEVERY 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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☞ Ordinary Advertisements inserted, and Job Work executed, at the established prices.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
DR. 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. Those 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 and anticipations, rendering marriage &c. impossible.

MARRIAGE.

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

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston, may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgencies. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful 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 offsprings, 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, at 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 hasty timness, 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 be friend him, delaying till the constitutionary symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturne, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with 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 traveller 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 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 Irratability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

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

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

ON'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 hapdiments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irratability, Trembling and Weakness or exhaustation 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 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 conubial 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 & 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 will be sent.

March17, 1860.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
(Late White Swan.)
RACE STREET, ABOVE THIRD
PHILADELPHIA.

HENRY QUILLMAN, JOHN BOYER, } Proprietors.
CHAS. A. STINE, Clerk.
March 2, 1861—12m.

JOSEPH GREEN, SON & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.
Together with a complete variety of ☞ CABINET WARE, at the lowest Cash prices.
NO. 45 NORTH SECOND STREET,
JOSEPH GREEN, BENJ. GREEN, E. JONES LESTER } PHILADELPHIA.
March 2, 1861—3m.

WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER.
Just received from New York a large and Superior lot of the above named article for the Spring trade at prices ranging from 6¼ cents per piece to 75 cents.
H. C. & I. W. HARTMAN.
Bloomsburg, Feb. 23, 1861.

FRESH ARRIVAL
—OF—
NEW CLOTHING

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

SPRING AND SUMMER
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 examing Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG.
Bloomsburg, March 2, 1861. (Jue 1859.)

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
A. J. SLOAN,

HAS just received, direct from Philadelphia and New York, a very choice assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

almost every new fabric which has been manufactured for Spring and Summer, as well as the usual assortment of STAPLE GOODS of superior qualities will be found in variety, and at prices as low as similar goods can be purchased elsewhere.

It is an easy matter to find goods at a low price, but as a general rule, they are just as low in quality. But to get a Good article at a very low price is something rare. Such an opportunity, however, is offered to any who may want

DRY GOODS. *GROCERIE.*
HARDWARE. *QUEENSWARE.*
GLASS WARE. *FISH.*
SALT, &c., &c.

☞ Call and see. ☜
COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED.
Bloomsburg, October 6, 1860.

REMOVAL.

I take pleasure in informing you that I have removed from No. 144 North Second Street, to that large and spacious store

No. 120 North Second Street, above Arch

Opposite the Mount Vernon Hotel, where I will carry on the Importation and Jobbing business of

TOYS, BASKETS,

Of all kinds. Pipes, Segar Tubes, Tobacco & Snuff Boxes, Canes, Checsmen, Dominoes, Backgammon Boards, and Fancy Goods in all varieties, on a larger scale than heretofore. Also the manufacture of FLAGS and Picture Alphabet Blocks.

As regards prices and quality of Goods I am sure to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders.

JOHN DOLL,
No. 120 North Second Street.
March 2, 1861—3m.

S. MORGAN BROWN'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BEDDING AND FEATHER WAREHOUSE,
No. 25 North Second Street, Opposite Christ Church,
PHILADELPHIA

☞ Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Beds, Mattresses, Paillasses, Cushions, Hair, Husk, Cattail, and all articles in the line at the Lowest Prices.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to renovating New and Old Feathers.

March 2, 1861—12m.

RICH AND ELEGANT
CARPETS.

S. C. FOULK, No. 25 North SECOND Street, opposite Christ Church, invites the particular attention of Merchants and others to his very large and elegant assortment of

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.,

just received from the most celebrated manufactories of Europe and America, including all the newest patterns extant, which will be sold at a very small advance on cost. Call and examine quality, style and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Remember,

No. 25 North Second Street, Philadelphia
March 2, 1861—3m.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
AND
GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
TAMAQUA PENN
WELDY & LEVITT,
Proprietors.

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

DINE at the United States Hotel Tamaqua Pa.

March 2, 1861—12m. (March 14, 3 9.)

GEORGE H. ROBERTS,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, GUNS, &C.
Nos. 235 and 237 North Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

A. F. CHESEBROUGH. JNO. ALLEN.
A. F. CHESEBROUGH & CO.,
PORK PACKERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Fish, Cheese, and Provisions,
10 North Wharves, above Market St.
Packing and Curing House, 5th and Reed Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
August 4, 1860—12m.*

GIB SONS
STAINED GLASS
AND
DECORATIVE ESTABLISHMENT.
No. 125, South Eleventh Street near Walnut,
PHILADELPHIA,
Enamelled Glass, Fresco, Oil and Encaustic Painting
JOHN GIBSON. G. H. GIBSON.
January 12, 1861—3m *.

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.

THE subscriber, manufacturer of Umbrellas & Parasols, invites the attention of merchants to his enlarged store and superior stock.

JOSEPH FUSSELL,
Nos. 2, & 4, North 4th st. PHILADELPHIA.
March 2, 1861—3m.

REVERE HOUSE,
(Late Eagle Hotel.)
THIRD STREET ABOVE RACE,
HHILADELPHIA.
RHOADS, & SAILOR, Proprietors.

Tilghman V. Roads, formerly of the National Hotel
Charles Sailor, formerly of Schuylkill Co. Pa.
March 2, 1861—12m.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL,
DANVILLE, MONTOUR COUNTY, PA.
Entertainment for Man and Beast, in good style and at moderate rates.
GEORGE W. FREEZE, Proprietor.
Danville March, 2, 1861.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL,
46 North Fourth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
C. M'KIBBEN & SON, Proprietors
March 1, 1861.—y.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Democrat.

A POEM.

BY CLARA.

'Twas midnight, in a dismal room,
Replete with misery and gloom,
Knelt a pale mother from whose sunken eye
Looked out the spirits wild, deep agony;
Upturned, her face so fearfully white,
Upraised, her hands as if to stay the blight;
She prays—"God spare him yet a little while to me,
What were one angel more to thee?
My way is all so dark and lonely—father hear,
Give me this little one my darkened life to cheer."
The half spent lamp sends out a sickly glare,
As through the broken casement sweeps the summer air;
It throws a ghastly light upon the dying child,
And filled the dismal room with spectres wild.
The mother heeds not how the wierd shadows play,
She only sees her dying boy and strives to pray.

Morning arose; the sunny calmness of a bright June sky
Looked down on earth, and the soft sigh
Of sweet breathed zephyrs laden with perfume
Stole through the casement as to chase the gloom
From off that mother's brow, and leave a trace
Of the calm sleep of peace upon the dead boy's face.
None was there, words of comfort or of hope to speak,
Or wipe the burning tear from off the mother's cheek.
Many the glad hearts on that summer morn,
But some were bowed with woes too heavy to be borne.
One there was upon that morn so passing fair
That marked not nature's beauty, but in wrestling prayer
Knelt, seeking, but to say in humbleness—"Thy will be done,
Not mine, O Lord! take what thou gavest, this little one;"
The hours pass on, and still she kneels in supplicating prayer,
She prays for strength to give him up, her boy so fair;
And now behold! the long sought victory's won,
In meek submissiveness she says—"God's will be done!"

* * * * * * *

'Twas midnight in another home, a palace fair,
Among the downy pillows, strewed with golden hair.
There lay another little one, a fair, sweet boy,
In whom was wrapped all of a mother's joy—
Dying, naught can avail, nor skill nor love untold
Can hold that young life back from Death's enfold;
Nor all the prayers and tears can bribe cold death to spare
The little one that lay in anguish there.
The costly, perfumed taper showed his seal was set
On that young brow damp even now with death's cold sweat.
Deep is the mother's wail and sad, for this her darling one,
Her proud heart cannot, will not, say—"Thy will be done."
Kind friends in vain speak words of hope and cheer,
What is life now to her since he must die, the one of all so dear!
The same sunbeam that looked upon the widow's dead
Stole through the costly curtains full across the bed,
Where lay in loveliness and death the child of pride and wealth,
And tinged his lips as with a glow of health.
The haughty mother saw the widow's dead go slowly by,
And chafed, that like that pauper child her boy must die;
She knew not they had entered heaven with clasping hand,
The pauper child and hers, to join the angel band.

New Berry, April 1st.

[From the Christmas number of the Welcome Guest]

My First Happy Christmas.

"All the other boys at Dr. Martinet's Rilston Kagster, in the county of York, had friends and relations; all the other boys went home for holidays; all the other boys had mothers who came to see them and who cried when they had the measles, and brought them sponge-cakes and oranges, and sent them great hampers loaded with plum cakes, almonds, and raisins, pork pies, hard bake, Stilton cheese, and dry, withered apples, and lovely sleepy pears; all the other boys wrote great stiff missives to their 'honored parents,' on thick post paper, that were called holiday letters, but which looked like reprieves, or chancery suits, or indictments for high treason, or last wills and testaments, or something equally awful; all the boys, except the two West Indian pupils and myself. The two West Indian pupils never wrote to their parents, because their parents were in Demerara, and I suppose the postage was too expensive; I never wrote to mine, because they were——

"When I was a very, very little fellow, scarcely able to remember anything, I remember being dressed in black. I liked it, the black, because it came off upon my hands, and transformed me for the time being into 'a man and a brother.' I remember being taken into a churchyard, in some great city (a churchyard so chokeful of tombstones, that it seemed almost a wonder that they didn't run over the low walls and tumble into the street,) by a lady, very young and I think very pretty, (I know I liked to look at her, because she was bright and radiant, like some lovely picture, and always seemed as if she would fade away,) and dressed in black like myself. I remember her sitting down by one of the tombstones, and taking me in her arms, and telling me, in a very low voice, for she was crying all the while, that I could never have such friends in the world as were lying buried here; that I could never know such love below heaven as was lost to me below this little spot of earth: and that if ever, when I grew to be a man, I had any thoughts of doing a mean or a wicked action I was to come first to this spot, and read that which I could not read now.—This lady, I have learned since, was my aunt. Like all the brightest things I have ever known in this life, she went out of it very soon after this, and I wore black frocks till I was seven years old I was sent to Dr Marttinet's, at Rilston Kagster in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

"I have no fault to find, looking back through the vista of a great many checkered years, I have no fault to find with Dr. Martinet. We were, on the whole, very happy at Rilston Kagster. We had a good deal of roast mutton; a good deal of boiled mutton; and a good deal of a very suspicious fluid, which was supposed to be milk-and-water. a good deal of *propria quæ maribus*, 'Pinnock's Goldsmith,' 'Enfield's Speaker,' hair-cutting, and church. Twice every Sunday did we march down the centre aisle of St Mary's church, Rilston Kagster, and twice every Sunday did we take notes of the vicar's or curate's discourse, to be reproduced in our own form, as our evening's amusement and edification. It's my private opinion, that both the vicar and the curate thoroughly detested us.—Imagine four and thirty boys glaring at you all the time you preached, and four-and-thirty pencils scribbling your words down on scratchy paper, almost before they dropped out of your mouth. That's what the curate and the vicar, I mean the vicar and the curate, had to endure every Sunday from Dr. Martinet's pews. But, on the whole, I say I was not unhappy. During the half year's lessons, and half year's exercises, the half year's *propria quæ maribus* and 'Enfield's Speaker,' bad marks and good marks, stolen feasts in dimly-lighted dormitories, prisoner's base, and fly the garter, in the great bare playground I was tolerably happy. But Christmas that Chrisrmas to which thirty-one out of four-and-thirty boys looked forward with such rapture; Christmas, that for those thirty-one young persons, meant home and love and roast turkeys and unlimited wedges of rich plum pudding, smothered with brandy sauce, and handfuls of chestnuts, and piles of golden oranges, and bilious attacks, and kisses under the mistletoe from pretty cousins, and blindman's buffs, and hunt the slippers, and so many, many glorious things, which to myself and the two pupils from Demerara were nothing but strange words; Christmas was a sad, and a cruel, and a bitter time."

* * * * * *

"Well, one particular Christmas day I have a special reason for remembering. It was a fine, clear, frosty day; such a Christmas day as I don't remember of late years—a day which has gone out of fashion I think, along with blue coats and brass buttons, stage coaches, watchmen, five-act comedies, and the agricultural interest.—A very cold day, too, a not-to-be-trifled with, thorough-going December day. The West Indian pupils were as red about the tips of their noses as West Indian pickles of the Chili nature. We shivered all church time, in the long, bare, lonely pew, with the draught from the door cutting the figure of eight between our poor little legs, and we alternately scratched and blew upon the chilblains on our hands, except when the Doctor looked at us, when by a powerful effort of nature, we sat preternaturally still, and tried to look as if we were warm, and had never shivered in our lives. Now, opposite to our pew was situated the pew of a retired naval officer, of the name of Bowster. I have reason to believe since that he was a half-pay lieutenant; but I know we all of us thought at Dr. Martinet's that he was an admiral at the very least, and that even then, he had been neglected by Government in not being something still higher. Drake, Nelson, and Bowster, were all we knew of naval heroes; and Bowster was our favorite of the three. If anybody had told us that he had not been present at Trafalgar, or that Nelson could have won that victory without him, or that every man could have done his duty, and come up to the expectations of England without him, I do not think that person's life would have been worth much. We believed, I repeat, in Bowster; he was red, and stout, and jolly, and had a wooden leg, and, except in church, never was seen without a telescope and had a flagstaff at his country cottage, three miles out of Rilston Kagster, and he swore very much, and talked in a loud, gruff voice; and, moreover, had the reputation of being able to drink any man in the East Riding under the table, and get up sober himself; so he entirely came up to our idea of the naval commander, and we worshipped him accordingly.

"Now I remarked that on this particular Christmas day, Admiral (I shall take the liberty of giving him the title which I then thought belonged to him,) Admiral Bowster stared during the best part of his service his very hardest—and he was a good starer—at myself and the West India pupils; and once, when the church was coldest, and the wind was cutting the figure of eight most ferociously in and out between our legs, he (Bowster) in the very middle of the vicar's sermon, winked deliberately at us three boys. Nobody but a man who had fought hand to hand with six Frenchmen at a time, at the battle of Trafalgar, could have done such a thing. My admiring consternation put me into quite a glow of heat, and my chilblains were easier for the rest of the sermon.—But this was nothing. Picture my astonishment, and the astonishment of the two pupils from Demerara, when, as we were leaving the church yard, after exchanging the compliments of the season with our respected preceptor, the great Bowster suddenly exclaimed, in his most stentorian voice, 'should you have any particular objection, Doctor, to my taking these three young ones home with me?' We were three young ones but he could not mean us; it was something too deliciously delighful to be believed at the first gasp. We all three held our breaths. 'These boys?' said the doctor, interrogatively. 'These boys sir,' replied Bowster, affirmatively, giving me such a slap upon the shoulder, that I can recall the tingle of it as I speak this moment; but, for all that I liked it.—'These boys, Doctor. My trap's waiting for me; I'll drive them over to my cottage give them their Christmas dinner, and send Scrother home with them before ten tonight. Say yes, if the youngsters would like to go.' If the youngsters would like to go.' We were all three crimson in the face with surpressed delight and suspense. It couldn't be true, even now. Dine with Bowster! Spend Christmrs day with Bowster! No, no; it was too wild a dream! The Doctor said he had no objection. No objection, indeed! No objection to saving three plates of beef, and three slices of plum pudding, and three half pints of the most diminutive beer by the transaction—I should rather think not.

"Jump in then, boys," said the noble Bowster, "and I'll drive you home at such a rate that you won't know whether the frosty wind's hot or cold. Jump in!"

"We were at the gate of the churchyard, and everybody was coming out of church, but we set up such a shout of delight as our feeble lungs would allow us, as the most glorious of naval commanders hoisted us into his old rumbling four-wheel chaise, and with one smack of his whip, and one jerk of the reins, started his fat brown waddling pony into a fast trot. It was as much as we could do to lift our caps to the Doctor, standing at the churchyard gate, before we were far away on the white country road, flying past the glittering, frosty, icicle-fringed hedges, and nodding to the red faced farmer and fat farmers' wives, driving past us in market carts, crowded with rosy children, going to spend Christmas day in the town.

Before we were fully alive to the rapture of the ride, the ride was over, and we were there. There, at the pretty cottage, with the old fashioned low windows, and deep window seats, the bright red curtains, and curious cabinets, crowded with South sea shells and ocean wonders, stuffed tropical birds, and curious seaweeds; Indian china and Chinese ivory boxes, which nobody ever opened, nor which anybody opening could ever shut.

The dear pretty cottage, with the stuffed crocodile in the hall, shot by the gallant Bowster ever so far beyond the second cataract of the Nile; the oil paintings of Bowster and Mrs. Bowster, dead and gone, poor thing, for many a year, as the noble commander told us; the pretty drawing room, and the tiny dining room, with the table glistening with bright diamond cut glass, and old fashioned silver; and, above all, Bowster himself, radiant and red, and loud and hearty, stumping here and there with his glorious wooden leg, and telling his pretty niece and housekeeper how his heart had been moved by our red noses and chilly looks in the parish church, and how it had suddenly occurred to him, in the middle of the sermon, to take us home with him to dinner; 'and that was when I winked at you, boys, and that was the reason I winked at you,' the jolly old seaman roared out, as he told his pretty niece and housekeeper (she was very proud of being his housekeeper) to take care of us while he went to see after the wine.

"The last time I was in Rilston Kagster, I rode down to have a look at this dear old cottage; but alas! it was no more; they were building a great grim Elizabethan workhouse on the site of the old thatched roofed, gabled, rambling, tumble-down, hospitable place; and all I could learn of Admiral Bowster was from a certain stone record in the parish church, set up by his grateful, affectionate, and sorrowful niece.

"But, as I tell you of these things, they come back to me, and I am a boy in a jacket again; and here is dear old Bowster coming back to the dining-room, with a bottle in each hand, and another bottle under each arm, and a corkscrew in his mouth. He took the corkscrew out of his mouth, and set to work to use that instrument with a will. 'This,' he said, as he drew cork number one, 'is Madeira, boys, and Madeira's a very good thing in its way, especially when it has made the distance between England and Calcutta three times as this Madeira has, boys; and this, boys, is Port,' he continued, drawing cork number two, 'and Port is no bad stuff either when it's Comet Port of the year 18—, and has been brought at the sale of a marquis's cellar; and this, boys,' he added, going on to number three, 'is French brandy, as mild as milk, and as pale as East Indian bottled beer; and number four, boys, is Schiedam; and that's all boys, and you shall taste them every one (to say nothing of the rum punch my little girl here shall help me to brew by and-by) before you go home to-night."

"We drew our breath again; we had heard of the wonderful kingdom in which sucking pigs run about ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their cracklings, but we thought that Admiral Bowster's cottage rather surpassed it if anything.—And oh, the dinner! such a dinner, and such a long dinner! Only the Admiral, and his pretty niece, with a very young lieutenant, who sat next to her, and had so much to say to her that he didn't care a bit, foolish fellow, for all the good things smoking before him. Only, I say, the Admiral, his niece, the young lieutenant, an old navy surgeon from Rilston Kagster, and we three boys! Such a dinner! Roost beef! So big a sirloin, that I could not see the Admiral sitting behind it, but only heard his voice across it, gruff and loud, making the very bunches of horseradish tremble with its manly thunder. Roast beef, and boiled turkey with oyster sauce, and tongue, and a monster plum pudding, all ablaze with burnt brandy, and a great dish of mince pies, ablaze with more brandy, so that the second course looked like the opening scene in a pantomine, all blue fire and forked flame. And the dear old Admiral piling up our plates with, first beef and then turkey, plum pudding on the top of mince pies, and mince pies on a stratum of plum pudding; and never desisting till we cried out that we had a bit of everything, and had undone the last button of our Sunday, black cloth waistcoats.

"Oh, such a dinner! We drank Madeira as quite a common beverage before we had done, and every time we drank the Admiral's health, we cried, 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' till we made the plates and dishes rattle again. I know the navy surgeon once ventured to suggest that Madeira was rather a trying beverage for school-boys; but dear old Bowster, put him down, by asking him whether he disliked Madeira when he was a school-boy? Which retort we thought the very highest order of wit, and applauded till we shook the table, while the Admiral went to get another bottle. Good gracious me! we were generally such shy boys, that to say good day to us was to inflict upon us the greatest moral torture, if you expected us to bid you good morrow in return; but under the influence of Bowster, and Bowster's Madeira, and Bowster's plumpudding and burnt brandy, we became three lions; and we told the company over dessert (as well as we could, with our mouths alternately filled with chestnuts, figs, almonds and raisins, macaroons and oranges) our opinion of Dr. Martinet and the Latin grammar, and the Martinet mutton, and the great quantity of lean; and we told them our views of life in general, and how we meant to be sailors, every one of us; and I know I informed the Admiral, kindly, that when I had a ship—which of course I should, a year or so after entering the navy—that I should call it the Bowster—the Gallant Bowster. And this simple, truthful, honest hero worship, welling straight up from a schoolboy's happy heart so gratified the dear, hearty, generous seaman, that he tapped a special bottle of the dead and gone Marquis of Something's Port, that we might christen his Majesty's ship the Gallant Bowster, with all the honors.

"Now, I began to experience so peculiar a sensation that I find some little difficulty, at this distance of time, in describing it to you correctly. In the first place, my ideas of time and space were entirely overthrown, and I had great difficulty in making myself quite clear as to whether today. Then Bowster—goodness me! how wavy and fluctuating Bowster became in his personal appearance. One moment Bowster would recede from me and from his own mahogany at so rapid a rate, that when I looked at him I saw him glaring dimly at me from the furtherst end of a lane of decanters and black bottles, half a mile long at the least. This was rather bewildering; but this was nothing to Bowster, when, instead of receding, he advanced upon me with a frightful degree of velocity, like a jolly red railway engine, bearing down upon me at the rate of sixty miles an hour. And then the West Indian pupils. If they would have been the same number for two consecutive minutes, I would have forgiven them; but they wouldn't. One minute, there they were, serene and smiling, rather pale, but very happy, and only their normal number, two; the next time I looked at them there were four of them at the least; and three minutes afterwards, these dreadful boys swelled, dilated, and multiplied in such a manner that I found myself face to face with a closely packed regiment of yellow-faced and frizzy-haired natives of the Island of Demerara, formed in square.

"I think we went into the drawing room; and I know that, in crossing the hall somebody, whose name I forget, fell into a scuttle of coals; and, strange to say, my shins were sore all the evening; and then the Admiral's niece sang us a song, such a sweet, pretty song, about love and truth and fidelity, which the young lieutenant said was the sweetest that was ever written; but as she sang it, it all of a sudden changed into the 'Bay of Biscay,' and there was the dear old Admiral leading the chorus, and we singing at the top of treble voices, how 'she lay, all the day, in the bay-ee (that's how we sang it, the bay-ee) o of Biscay, oh!' Oh! dear, happy, never-to-be-forgotten Christmas! How many changes and chances have I experienced since that departed time! How many a sad December, how many a bitter grief, to take the brightness out of the glistening holly, and the sweetness out of the rich plum-pudding; to make a turkey an abomination, and all the jolly, festive sounds so many strokes upon a funeral bell! How many a cruel shock, to change the face of that joyous time into a pale and saddened mourning visage, terrible to look upon, and far too terrible to recall! But never, never while I live, shall I forget that 25th of December, and that glorious old Bowster roaring out the brave seafaring ditty, in his great, honest, bass voice, never more to be heard on this side of the stars.

"But before he had done singing the 'Bay of Biscay,' we were far away on the dark starless, snowy country road. How we came there, I have never to this day discovered; but there we were, huddled close together, and wrapped in one of the Admiral's great coats, and driven in the four-wheeled chaise by the Admiral's confidential man, Jacob Scrother. Jacob Scrother didn't say a word to us; and though I know I wanted dreadfully to talk to him, and tell him all about his majesty's ship, the Gallant Bowster, somehow the words dried up, as it were, and stuck to my lips, and I couldn't tell him anything; and after riding for a space of time, which seemed to me something between a century and a century and a half, Scrother pulled up with a sudden jerk, and told me to get out.

"I think I remonstrated; at least I I know I wanted to remonstrate—but I had a peculiar sensation, which I can only compare to the Highflyer mail coach, outside and inside passengers, coachman and guard, and four horses—to say nothing of luggage—all lying on my chest, and the outside passengers seemed to be rising in my throat, and I couldn't speak a word. So I tumbled into forty-seven. Into forty-seven! Into forty-seven millions of square miles of nothing. Into forty-seven trackless realms of space, did I, boarder and pupil at Dr. Martinet's Rilston Kagster, fall, on falling into number forty seven.

"'A little salts and senna, and he'll be all right,' said a voice at the bottom of number forty-seven. It was the voice of Martha Morris, the young person who looked after our linen, mended our socks, and washed our heads, at Dr. Martinet's academy.

"I was in bed, in the eight-bedded room, and it was to-morrow morning; and I'd never been to St. Mary's church-yard at all; and I had been brought home by Jacob Scrother fast asleep, and safe and sound, but rather the worse for Madeira, Port, and rum punch. But a dose of salts and senna made me all right again, and the Admiral promised the doctor that he'd be a great deal more cautious another time. And as long as I stayed at Rilston Kagster, which was for five more years, I spent my Christmas day at the dear old hospitable cottage, and eat my Christmas dinner off Admiral Bowster's loaded and groaning mahogany."