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.

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."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1 00 In advance, for one copy, for six months.
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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 Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, 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 Sirens 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 description is that so 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 general. 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 sinking 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 emin nt Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of Europe, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many treated without 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 in a short time.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and improvident 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 trusted, and, during this delay, the poison constitutionally taints the horrid disease makes its appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nodes, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth falls, and the nose falls in, and the features of this disease become 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 prove to the most enviable severcy, and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend self and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

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

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, nervous and emaciated, having a sallow 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 impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, 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 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 & 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, running 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.

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 Eastern 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 "*Lazarus's Cheap Emporium.*"—call and see. No charge for examing Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG

Bloomsburg, March 2, 1861. (Jan 1861.)

THE PEOPLE'S COOK BOOK.

MODERN COOKERY.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

BY

MISS ELIZA ACTON.

CAREFULLY REVISED BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

It Tells You How to choose all kinds of Meats, Poultry and Game, with all the various and most approved modes of dressing and cooking Beef and Pork; also the best and simplest way of salting, pickling and curing the same.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of dressing, cooking, and boning Mutton Lamb, Veal, Poultry and Game of all kinds, with the different Dressings, Gravies, and Stuffings appropriate to each.

It Tells You How to choose, clean, and preserve Fish of all kinds and how to sweeten it when tainted; also all the various and most approved modes of cooking, with the different Dressings, Sauces, and Flavorings appropriate to each.

Tells You All the various and most approved modes of preparing over fifty different kinds of Meat, Broths, and Stews, with the relishes and Seasonings appropriate to each

To You All the various and most approved modes of cooking Vegetables of every description, also how to prepare Pickles, Catsups and Sauces of all kinds, Potted Meats Fish, Game, Mushrooms, &c.

To elle You All the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds o Plain and fancy Pastry, Puddings, Omelettes, Fritters, Cakes Confectionary, Preserves, Jellies, and sweet dishes of every description.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of making Bread, Rusks, Muffins, and Biscuit, the best method of preparing Coffee, Chocolate, and Tea, and how to make Syrups, Cordials, and Wines of various kinds.

It Tells You How to set out and ornament a table, how to Serve all kinds of fish, flesh or Fowl, and in short, how to do all things to simplify the whole art of Cooking so as to bring the choicest luxuries of the table within everybody's reach.

The book contains 418 pages, and upwards of twelve hundred Receipts, all of which are the results of actual experience, have been thoroughly and carefully tested under the personal superintendence of the writer. It is printed in a clear and open type, is illustrated with appropriate engravings, and will be forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of the price $1.00, or in cloth, extra, $1.25.

$1000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men engaged in selling the above work. Our inducement to all such is very liberal.

For sample copies of the book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address

JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher.

No. 617 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

November 3, 1860—6m

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

Bellingham's Celebrated

STIMULATING ONGUENT,

For the Whiskers and Hair.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the Citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the Agency for, and are now prepared to offer to the American public, the above justly celebrated and world renowned article.

The Stimulating Onguent is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of Whiskers or a Mustache in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in the highest repute.

It is a beautiful, compound, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxurious hair. If applied to the scalp, it will cure baldness, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair.—Applied according to directions, it will turn red or tawny hair dark, and restore gray hair to its original color, leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Onguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only Agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box—for sale by all Druggists, and Dealers; or a box of the "Onguent" (warranted to have the desired effect, or) will be sent to any one who desires it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1.18. Apply to or address

HORACE L. BRIGGMAN & CO.

Druggists, &c.

24 William Street, New York.

February 23, 1861—6m.

Watches Jewelry and Silver-Ware.

We would respectfully inform our friends patrons and the public generally, that we have now in Store, and offer Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest cash prices, a large and very choice stock of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, of every variety and style.

Every description of Diamond Work, and other Jewelry made to order at short notice. All goods warranted to be as represented. N. B.—Particular attention given to the repairing of Watches and Jewelry of every description.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,

No. 632 Market Street, south side.

March 1, 1861—3m*.

BRICK! BRICK!!

THE undersigned is prepared to supply brick, of a good quality, at fair price. He will be found at the Brick Yard of D. L. McKinney, near McKelvy & Neal's Furnace. Persons desiring to purchase will do well to call as brick will be made and sold to suit.

J. H. FURMAN, *Agent.*

☞ 100,000 now on hand and ready for sale.

Bloomsburg Feb. 9, 1861—3m. J. H. F.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!

JUST received from the manufactories in Boston, an article of most excellent quality. I challenge competition as to style and price. The undersigned will keep borders to match any of the Styles on hand—and is the only Experienced Paper Hanger, in this Section of the County—Give my Extensive Stock an Examination Before Purchasing.

☞ Call at Roberts Post Office.

E. J. THORNTON.

Bloomsburg March 23d 1861—.

J. P. HUBER,

(Successor to J. S. Fowler.)

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS,

No. 8 North Fifth St., above Market,

PHILADELPHIA.

Also, Manufacturer and Importer of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC SEGARS.

May 12, 1860—12m.

BRICK! BRICK!! BRICK!!

200,000 Building Brick, of excellent quality, for sale at the Old Bloomsburg Brick Yard. Parties intending to build will do well to call and examine the material and get bargains. Apply to—

HENRY S. ARTHUR.

Bloomsburg, March 9, 1861—3m.

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.

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

JOSEPH FUSSELL,

Nos. 2, & 4, North 4th st. PHILADELPHIA.

March 2, 1861—3m.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL,

DANVILLE, MONTOUR COUNTY, PA.

Entertainment for Man and Beast, in good style and at moderate rates.

GEOORGE W. TREEZE, Proprietor.

Danville March, 2, 1861.

THE BODUGGER.

This wonderful article, just patented, is something entirely new, and never before offered to agents, who are wanted everywhere. Full particulars sent free.—Address

SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

March 9, 1861—1y

GRAPE VINES.

YOUNG VINES of two years, of "Miller's Burgundy," with beautiful roots, can be had; also, Peach Trees from seed of the choicest varieties, it called for soon.

HENRY ZUTTINGER

Bloomsburg, April 19, 1861.

Select Poetry.

CONSOLATION.

"My boy is dead!" a mother cries,
And sinks upon her breast;
"Not so," the voice of Faith replies,
"He lives among the blest."
"But then he's lost, and I no more
Will see my darling boy;"
"He is not lost, but gone before,
To heaven's eternal joy.

"Even now, arrayed in robes of white,
With radiant, happy face,
He hastens on in glad delight,
With saints to take his place,
What glorious things his eyes behold,
As, with the angels there,
He walks the streets of shining gold,
And views the scenes so fair.

"Now, Jesus claims him for his own,
And leads him safe along,
Till with the blest before the throne,
He joins the choral song.
His soul o'erflows with holy joy,
And fear no more alarms;
Behold him there, your blessed boy,
Within the Saviour's arms.

"And would you call him from that home,
To dwell on earth again;
With you to toil, and often moan,
In sickness, grief, and pain?
Oh, fix your thoughts on things above,
Look for the blest reward;
Soon shall you be, with those you love,
Forever with the Lord."

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act instead of simply asking a question.

He was bashful extremely so, was Josiah Hawley—at least in the presence of young ladies—most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot coming in his direction affected him like a flash of lightening. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands or eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But the young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth in a worldly way, much more than any of her suitors; good looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one but an over fastidious person; unexceptional, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment to the young people in their circle. And so when Josiah, in his awkward, blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her from singing school, constituting himself her especial escort when she rode to church on horseback, to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties, Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independently—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder, and very likely helped him along considerably when he reached the "culminating point" one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting.

That was a week ago. Hetty had said "yes," and agreed to "bring father and mother round on the subject." Josiah had not been to the house since—likely feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheepfold had just been plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the "reigning powers" on the subject; and Hetty feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject, said—

"Mother is going over to aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go. And I guess I won't. I've been working on fathers shirts all day besides doing the dairy work, and I'm as tired as can be; so I guess she will have to go without me. Don't come till eight o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in."

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and so far forgot his bashfulness as to petition for a good bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused, of course.

"No, I shan't. Do take yourself off—Think I didn't see you figeting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Banger's yesterday evening? I've not forgotten that sir!"

"Now, Hetty——"

But the appeal was broken off by a taunting little laugh; as he sprang forward to take a pleasant little revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and hurried homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean home made carpet and Hetty's work stand drawn up in front of the blazing fire. A beautifully piled plate of great red apples, and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world; rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then, in a caressing manner with her foot, a sleek, lazy cat, that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side, sewing and busy thinking how she could tell her mother she expected a visitor.

She would have given the world to be able to say, in an off-hand manner, that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected, with a twinge of conscience, how she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to aunt Ruth's, spite of her warnings of neuralgia; how she had always plead headache as an excuse for not going her self—And she new her mother was just sharp enough to draw her own inference from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell now. She'll be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it. And like a little wise puss she was silent

I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthralment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas, as she sat by the fire side in the cold November night.

Under pretext of being ready to go to her uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate "fixing up." A neat fitting calico, with the store look still on it, a fresh linen collar and tasteful black silk apron—those were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked sweet and dainty in her plaid dress as if an hour had been spent in donning lace and jewels.—Her rich hair, of the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks and was caught up in a cunning knot behind.

Eight o'clock was past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing round in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now crushing the voluminous white satin bows on her spruce cap against the back of the chair—now almost falling forward and her fat hands lay listless in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden and self-assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail who in turn gave her voice to the amusement and displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas, and starting into an erect position, she rubbed her eyes settled her cap border, and exclaimed—

"Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?"—Somebody at the door? Who can be coming at this time of night.

"It's not late, mother—only a little past eight I'll go and see what it is," said Hetty demurely taking the candle from the large table.

"No. You wind up my ball and sweep the hearth, while I go to the door," said the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unravelled yarn—"Drat that cat!"

All this time Josiah was standing on one foot on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a smart rap by way of variety.

In her hurry Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little entry, the setting room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and opening it suddenly, found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and before she could think about the strangeness of her situation she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty good smack—full upon her matron sweet looking lips.

"O, murder! Taint Obadiah neither!"

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusual exhalted condition, thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

"Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty, come here! Here's a man kissing me like a mad man!"

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake—it did not need the pummeling and scratching of the old lady's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of her trebidation, now come to the rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my life!" Who could it be? Hetty, have you any idea.

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearance, innocent as a sucking dove.—She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who having mistaken the house and the house-wife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, droped in the scuffle; re-arranged the rampled yarn stirred up the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now.—She had a new idea in her head, and instead of setting herself up for another nap she pursued the train of thought and of knitting, both at the same time, with wonderful rapidity. At length stopping, and looking keenly at Hetty—

"I suppose it's a queer notion of mine, Hetty, but I've a notion that man was Siah Hawley.

My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up red then. You might have lit a candle by it. These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquisitor.

"Pears so to me. Cause those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws.

Hetty was wonderful busy. She bent over her work, and drew the needle through so quickly and the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again, she didn't have the time to answer.

"I don't suppose that kiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for? and wonder if you don't know something about it Hetty?

"Me, Mother?"

"Yes, you "Hetty! You was mighty anxious to get me and Pap off to aunt Ruth's this evening, and I noticed you were sticked up extraordinary, for all you wern't going. Hetty I'm getting old; I know it, but I havn't quite lost my eyesight yet. I've heard something about this between you and Siah Hawley. What are you playing possum for? Cut with it, I say!"

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a clean breast of the matter; much relieved to find that mother had'nt nuthin' agin him,' and would "give father a talk about it, and bring him round."

"But Hetty, I wan't you to tell Siah I'd rather he wouldn't make such a mistake agin. I don't like the feel of his big whiskers about my face. I don't approve of promiscous kissing."

"Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old Squire Thomas used to delight in rehearsing the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Never mind, Siah," Mrs. Thomas would say. 'Let him laugh. He'd been only glad to have been in your place, twenty year ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me. And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty again the impolicy of concealment and underhangings of all sorts.

A Scare Crow. The following is said to be a remedy against the depredations of the crow and blackbird, in the cornfield: Take fine plump seed-corn—a quantity of it—string each kernel on a horse-hair—white is best—tying a knot in it to prevent its slipping off. Scatter it over the field in spots where the birds will see it and alight. They will eat but one kernel of it, and will not trouble that field (or any other) again. The two ends of horse hair sticking out of their mouths, well anchored in their craws by a fine kernel of corn, is by no means a pleasure to them.

Get Money.

FROM THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

A good deal of cant is written and spoken respecting the zeal of mankind to make money. It is also stated very often, and accepted as a self-evident truth, that we, the people of the United States, are more devoted to money-making than any other people in the world. Very well; suppose we are. It is only another way of saying that we surpass the rest of mankind in the virtues of energy and industry. We hold it to be the duty, as it is the instinct, of every man to make all the money he honestly can, and to save all the money he can properly afford to save.

The birds build their nests of sticks and straw, with much toil and instinctive skill. Every creature must have its nest, its lair, its den, and all creatures are endowed with the kind of abode that is suited to them. The nest constructing instinct is given to man also, and all of us, as soon as we are prepared to leave the parental nest, begin to think of getting one for ourselves. But man being the most ingenious and capacious of all animals, craves a residence fitted to his greatness and his dignity. Man's nest is a brown-stone house, three or four stories high, elegantly furnished, provided with all the requisites of decency and labor-saving convenience; or, it is a large, commodious frame-house, with a hundred acres of land adjoining. In the present imperfect state of the arts and of social science, all men cannot have such nests as these; but all well-developed and healthy-minded men and women *want* such, feel they could adorn such, know that such would enhance their happiness. To try for such a nest is natural, right, and praiseworthy.

All the honest industry of man is directed to three objects, namely: getting a nest, improving the nest, and keeping the nest safe for old age. Who shall presume to call in question an instinct fixed in the nature of man by his creator?

Wealth is said to corrupt our species. We do not believe it. Wealth is one of the great civilizers of man. Wealth corrupts when it is suddenly got, or unjustly distributed; when, owing to monopolies or entails, or some other barbarous system, it is prevented from diffusing itself naturally and justly. Two or three over-rich families in a community of poverty-stricken wretches—*that* is indeed most corrupting; it corrupts equally those who have wealth and those who have not. But where all have an equal chance; where all start nearly even; where all have a certain degree of instruction to begin with; where superior skill and virtue alone give one man an advantage over another, their wealth is an unmixed blessing. In such communities (and there are many such in these States,) nearly every man has an abode suitable to his character, and that abode is safe.

We ought to rejoice that the desire of wealth is so universal and so strong. It keeps the vast machinery of the world going. It has suggested the most benificent enterprises and the most useful improvements. We owe it to the dramas of Shakspeare, the steam engine of Watt, Fulton's steamboat, and nearly every other great and good thing we possess. We owe to it the gratifying fact, that a man who can earn one dollar a day can be better lodged, better clothed, better taught, than kings and nobles could five hundred years ago.

Sir Walter Scott truly says, that saving, not getting, is the mother of riches. This winter has taught many a young fellow what a capital thing it is to have a hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank. A hundred dollars is wealth to a young journeyman or clerk. He who has such a sum is a man; he who has no provision for the future is a serf; he must submit or starve. And everything that may be said of the advantages of a young man possessing that hundred dollars, applies with equal force to his employer's thousands; nay, with greater force, for on the right use, and safe possession, and proper increase of those thousands, depends the livelihood of many families.

Our advice to a young man entering life would be this: Preserve your integrity and self-respect, though you live all your life in a hovel. Next to that: make money and save it, for with money comes independence; with money men build their nests and keep them safe. And he who has a nice, warm, pleasant nest can get a pretty bird to share it with him; and that converts brick and mortar into a happy home; and a happy home is the only thing worth living for; as well as the best preparation for another and a better.

A Deplorable Case.

A western paper relates the following, which we hope may be a warning to all such as persist in the course pursued by their western exemplar: "The man that don't take his county paper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamschatkians" had taken Cuba, and if so *where* they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents, the price being thirty-one; but upon going to deposit the money, they told him that it was mostly counterfeit. The only money he had was some three cent pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him" for half dimes! His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used.—One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left before 'meetin' was out, and had no great opinion of the 'sarmint.' One of the girls took a lot of seed onions to the post office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sang "Barbara Allen." The oldest boy had sold two "coon skins" and was on a "bust." When last seen, he had called for a glass of "soda and water," and stood making wry faces. The shop keeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd learn tell of soda water, and was bound to give it a fair trial, "puke or no puke." Some "town fellow" came in and called for lemonade with a "fly in it," whereupon our "soaped" friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink. We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "infernal improvements," and he thought "larnin" was a wicked invention, and culterwated nothin' but wanity and wexation. None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he teached school awhile, and then went to studying "diwinity."

War Incident.—While one of the Massachusetts regiments was in this city, on its way to Washington, a gentleman residing here met one of its members on the street.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" said the New Yorker, his heart warming toward the representative of the brave Massachusetts militia who had so promptly answered the call of their country.

The soldier hesitated a moment, and raising one of his feet exhibited a boot with a hole in the toe, and generally the worse for wear.

"How came you here with such a boot as that, my friend?" asked the citizen.

"When the order came for me to join my company, sir," replied the soldier, "I was ploughing the same field at Concord where my grand father was ploughing when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. *He did not wait a moment; and I did not, sir!*"

It is unnecessary to add that the soldier was immediately supplied with an excellent pair of boots.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Carrying Both Colors.—Dan Rice's Circus has been South in a steamboat on the Mississippi. He has just returned to the free States. His steamboat was armed with fifty muskets and two cannon. Dan says it was "hard skinning" in Southern waters, and he declines returning there just yet. At one place he was arrested, and escaped with some difficulty. Off the Cumberland river he saw a steamer stealing away from him. As a "good joke" he fired a shot across her bows, followed by another. The clerk of the strange steamer rushed up in his shirtsleeves, and waved a Secession flag. Dan fired another shot, when the clerk disappeared, and another man ran up the Stars and Stripes! Dan then let him go in peace.

To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world.—Truth, like the ancient statute of Venus, will pass down in many fragments to posterity will collect and recompense them into a goddess.

Praises are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.