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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LEVI L. TATE.

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DR. JOHNSTON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy to the unfortunate victims of secret indulgence. Strictures, 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, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, are all those scourges and unhappily Diseases arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes and anticipations, rendering marriage &c. impossible.

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgences. Young persons who may be in ignorance of the danger they are incurring, should consider the awfull consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by indulging in improper habits than by the prudent. Loss of sexual vigor is the plaintive cry of healthy offspring, the mental anxiety and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes averaged, the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, at London.—Graduate 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 all the ills in the first and cars which so deep great mortification, have cheerfully testified to their speedy, and lasting benefit, even from apparent blasting, at once restoring with vigorous health, the shattered constitution.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the unfortunate and imprudent votary of pleasure finds the pleasure turned to gall, and his days embittered by the consequences of his folly, he then wishes he had sought the skill of a physician, but alas! the fear of shame or exposure deters him from applying to those who from their long and extensive practice can alone be trusted, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease, such as blotches, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and ulcerations on the throat, become evident, the mind becomes enervated, the body weak, and the victim of this secret vice, a loathsome object of commiseration till death puts a period to his miserable sufferings, by sending him to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston would say from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently promise a speedy and perfect cure to the most extensive victim of this horrid disease.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. Johnston calls all those who have injured themselves by improper and indiscriminate indulgence.

There are some of the sad and lamentable effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains 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, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having sometimes a cough, often mistaken for one in the first stage of Consumption.

ONE INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs is speedily cured, and full vigor restored.—Thousands of the most distressed cases of nervous debility have had all hope have been immediately relieved. All those who are about to Marriage, Physical or 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, exhibit frequently I cannot from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured rendered marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pitty 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 insure connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect nearly dark as to the future the mind becomes shadowed with despair & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another is thus blighted with our own.

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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 10 years and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons the cases 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.

March 17, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER,

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RESPECTFULLY offers his profession, all services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, he is provided with the latest improved porcelain teeth, which will be inserted on gold, platina, silver and rubber base; to look as well as the natural teeth.

Mineral plate and block teeth manufactured and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.

Bloomsburg, Pa., August 3, 1861.

MADISON HOUSE,

(OF JERSEYTOWN.)

THE subscriber would respectfully apprize his friends and the public generally, that he has opened

A NEW HOTEL

Under the above name, in Jerseytown, Columbia county, Pa., where he is fully prepared to entertain the traveling community to general satisfaction. His TABLE and BAR are well supplied and will be carefully superintended. And his STABLE is ample and well stocked, in charge of careful grooms, will always be properly attended.

☞ He solicits a share of the public custom, and pledges his best efforts, to help his guests feel at home.

SAMUEL RIMBY.

Jerseytown, May 11, 1861—3m.

Select Poetry.

Papa, what is a Newspaper?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy,
What ever it be,
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy,

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of flying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,
And logic so grand
That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
And lengthy debate
Upon matters of state,
For wise headed folk to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and they are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,
And every week
A clever critique
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The news of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
Till you ask with surprise
Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has had birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who letters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The price of butter and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long
To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

Drilling.

Sweet Amy asked with pleading eyes,
"Oh Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your captain say—
I should so like to drill you."

"What! little one you take command?
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing;
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this—'Attention, squad, stand at ease!'"
"Oh, Charley, you'll make peps up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this you see"
And then I need scarce mention
The next command you hear—to give
Is this sir, "Squad—Attention."

"Now, Amy, saucily, after me
(You've seen, dear, it don't hope you?)
Forward!—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right
Dress—
There, now, I'm close before you.

"Front at ease—Well, it says look odd,
You don't believe I'd drill;
We hold our arms just like this,
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say "about face officer"
"Oh, Charley, for shame, how can you?
I thought that you were at some trick,
Your horrid cheating man, you."

Chief sighed, and arms," without command
She since with her tangled hair,
And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then
Said softly—"As you were."

Select Story.

THE SEA LARK;

—OR,—

A Prize Worth Having.

BY LIEUT. C. P. MORGAN, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

Among the many neat and fast sailing vessel's selected during the last war of the United States with Great Britain, to act in a privateering capacity against the maritime property of the latter country, was a brigantine of about one hundred and eighty tons burthen, called the Sea Lark which in the latter part of August, in the year 1813, sailed from the harbor of one of the largest seaports on the coast of New England for a professional cruise in the waters of the North Atlantic. At the time chosen for the commencement of our story, this gallant vessel had been absent about two months, and as yet the patience and patriotism of her noble crew had not been rewarded by the capture of a single prize. Nevertheless the Sea Lark cruised on until the afternoon of the 25th of October, when she was suddenly becalmed off the eastern point of the Island of Fayal, into the harbor of which place she was then bound for a supply of fresh provisions.

"The vessel has no headway on her at all, sir, reported the boatswain to the first lieutenant, who in turn stated the same unpleasant fact to a tall, stout, light complexioned man, apparently twenty-five years of age, who, as he walked impatiently fore and aft the quarter deck, answered thus:

"No headway, eh, Mr. Weston? Then all we can do is to wait for the wind."

"That is about what we have done so far, through the whole cruise," muttered the first speaker.

"Nor for wind," replied the captain.

"For pretty much everything else, however,"

"That is true, Weston," returned the captain, as a faint smile illuminated for a moment the handsome but pale and care-worn features of his expressive face, "but you know the old proverb says "patient waiters are no losers."

"If that is true, we ought to be great gainers," answered Weston, "for we have waited and waited—"

"Patiently?" interrogated Captain Wallace.

"Perhaps not, sir. Under such circumstances as we are placed, I don't see who could do so and be human."

"Nor I," returned the captain.

"And yet, sir, suggested Weston, "you have throughout the cruise exhibited more patience than any one on board."

"Alas! Weston, I have learned to do so in the school of bitter and sad experience."

"And yet, Weston, I have seen much, especially in disappointment."

"As to that, sir, so have I, if you refer to disappointment of seeing prizes. I have seen none worth having since we sailed from home."

"Nor I," replied the captain. "Yet once I saw one."

"So did I, sir, during the cruise before this," interrupted Weston, "and a half a dozen others almost equally valuable."

"Ay, but the one I refer to," continued the captain, "was and still is of much more worth to me than all you speak of."

"Most of them were rich ones, sir, and the last of them I thought well worth having."

"Not in comparison with the one I mean," responded the captain.

"Was it a ship, sir?"

"No," replied the captain, faintly smiling as before, "the prise I refer to was a fair, accomplished and beautiful girl."

"Secured it sir, did you not?" asked Weston.

"Alas, no!" returned the captain hurriedly. "It was almost within my grasp, when it—"

"Accidentally slipped away, I suppose," interposed Weston, as the captain hesitated in his speech.

"No, sir," sternly responded the captain. "She was torn from me by a proud curmudgeon, and cruel father." Then suddenly assuming his common cool and calm demeanor, he continued, "Order a sharp look out to be kept, Weston, then come down to my cabin, and, if time only serves I will tell you how I won and lost a prize indeed worth having."

CHAPTER II.

Towards the latter part of the same afternoon spoken of in the preceding chapter, two individuals might have been seen standing on the summit of a hill, that from the eastern extremity of Fayal, overlooked the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. One of these was Robert, commonly called Bob Harley, and old weather beaten, English sailor, whilst the other was a tall, gaunt, long visaged personage, of Yankee extraction, who rejoiced in the simple appellation of Jonas Peters.

"That craft to the east'ard there," said the former, as his practiced gaze fell upon the approaching brigantine, "seems to be pretty near becalmed."

"Well—ye—I should raypher think she did," replied Jonas, "seein' she haint moved ahead a darned atom the last half hour."

"Has she been in sight so long as that?" asked Harley.

"Yes, most of the arternoon. But where have you come from—hey?"

"The ho-pital," replied Bob "where for a long time I've been laid up in ordinary."

"Laid up in what?" queried Jonas.

"In ordinary—that is, I've been on the sick list."

"Shaw! Got off on't now though, haint ye?"

"Just so as to be able to cruise round on my pins a little," answered Bob—"Where do you hail from?"

"Town of Malden, county of Middlesex, State of Massachusetts."

"Yankee to the backbone then, aint you?"

"I kalkerlate I am. Got anything tew say agin it?" asked Jonas.

"Not a word" responded Bob. "What I meant to ask was, how you came here to this island."

"Guess I didn't walk here," answered Jonas.

"I s'pose not," remarked Bob. "Come in a vessel, eh?"

"Yes."

"And got shipwrecked?"

"No—schooner wrecked," said Jonas. "And neow if you'll jest stop axin questions, I'll tell yew all about it. Yew see, about six months ago, havin' got sick of farmin', and jilted by a confounded gal, I started off tew Bostown and went aboard a schooner tew go privateerin. For the space of tew mortal months arter sailin, I was hum sick, luv sick, and sea-sick, and pretty much all kinds of sick ever you heers tell on. Then the very fust day I got so as to be about, I went on deck in the arternoon and found the schooner a layin' still, jest abeout where that brig is neow. There was an almighty great big English frigate a layin' still too, a mile astern of us, and jest arter dark deown come a hull lot of her tarnal boats; then she got some wind while we was waitin for it, and down she come too. Of course, with only four guns agin forty-four, we couldn't stand fight, so as soon as the wind struck us our capn run the schooner ashore. Then, as I understand farmin', I was lucky enough tew get hired cout tew Mr Holland, the English merchant what owns the big house in the valley back of this hill, and there I've been ever sence waitin' for a chance tew git back tew Yankeeland."

"Mr. Holland," repeated Bob, "that where that pretty girl lives that everybody's talking about. Crazy aint she?"

"Kinder a little queer in some of her ways," said Jonas. "The fact is, her father sent her here from New York, tew keep her from marryin' agin his wishes, which chaffs her high spirit and makes her seem kind of flighty, and act kind of hard."

"Look—there she is now!" exclaimed Bob, pointing to a tall female figure, that seemed to be balancing itself upon a ledge of rocks below. "By——!" continued Harley, as the same figure suddenly disappeared from view, "she has either jumped or slipped overboard!"

"So she has! and Jonas Peters must be the man to save her!" exclaimed our Yankee friend, as he ran swiftly down the hill, and kicking off his boots, rushed head long off the rocks into the sea.

CHAPTER III.

After seeing that Captain Wallace's orders, concerning the look-out, were faithfully executed, the first officer of the Sea Lark followed his commander into the cabin, and addressed him thus:

"There's a heavy cloud rising in the north-east, sir, from which I think we shall shortly get plenty of wind."

"Very likely," responded Wallace; "so whilst the weather holds calm, I will as briefly as I can relate the story of my long lost prize."

"I never knew until to day," said Weston that you had one in tow. Where did run alongside—in Boston?"

"No," replied the captain, "it was in New York city, about two years ago, that I first saw and loved Charlotte Elwood, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, in whose employ I was about to sail to the East Indies. After an acquaintance of a few weeks, I frankly offered her my love. It was frankly accepted, and I received hers in exchange. Immediately afterwards I left New York, and was absent about thirteen months, and then returned with the confident expectation of finally securing the prize I had won before I left. In the meantime, however, war had been declared between England and the United States and to this, being English by birth, Mr. Elwood was bitterly opposed. Therefore, when I went to him for his consent to my marriage with his daughter, the only result was a political altercation, which ended in my expulsion from the house, with the assurance that Charlotte should be sent out of the country forthwith."

"Heavy squall close aboard of us, sir!" shouted the boat-swain down the cabin gangway.

On hearing this both officers rushed on deck, which they reached just as a squall struck the Sea Lark and threw her nearly on her beam ends. Then, as she righted, sail after sail was taken in, until the brig was left with only a close reefed fore and main sail wherewith to clew off from a lee shore.

It soon became evident, however, that the squall had passed into a steady and violent gale of wind, that soon blew the remaining sails out of their bolt ropes, and sent the doomed vessel swiftly in towards the rocky shore.

"Every one for himself, boys, and may the God of Heaven help us all!" shouted Wallace, as he found the Sea Lark drifting in among the breakers.

A moment afterwards and the vessel struck a sunken rock, and soon amid the hoarse howling of the winds, the wild rushing boiling waves, and the lurid darkness of the midnight went to pieces.

Like a brave and noble officer as he was Captain Wallace stuck fast by the noble ship, until a tremendous sea, breaking over the stern, washed him off, and luckily stopped not its mad career until it threw him providentially upon a narrow spot of sandy beach, at the head of which stood a fisherman's rude hut, towards which Wallace as soon as he got upon his feet made the best of his weary way.

Guided by a dim light that twinkled through its half open door, the captain entered the hut, and beheld 'ying upon some rude mats thrown loosely upon the floor, a female form whose head was resting in the lap of an old woman, at the side of whom stood no less a personage than Jonas Peters.

"Dont make a noise," said he to the approaching intruder, "for she's sound asleep. She fell overboard afore dark, and I got near drowunded tryin' to save her."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Wallace, as he advanced toward the head of the prostrate female, and bent his eager gaze upon the beautiful lineaments of her pale, sad face,—"It is my lost prize—my beloved Charlotte!"

And so it was, kind reader, and Mr Holland with whom she had been residing was her father's brother-in-law.

The pronunciation of her name by a well known voice, roused the sleeping girl to immediate consciousness, and the next moment she was enfolded in the arms of her lover, much to the astonishment of Jonas Peters.

"Well, if that gal was Exy Wilson, and I could jump rite intew that ere half dreowunded chap's boots this blessed minit, I'd give four and sixpence cash down. I would by thunder!"

Three years after that eventful night as Weston stood alongside his former captain as groomsman, during his wedding with Charlotte Elwood, he could not forbear, as he gazed upon her radient beauty, whispering in Wallace's ear—that he envied whilst at the same time he congratulated him on having finally secured A PRIZE WORTH HAVING.

A YOUNG GIRL SHOT DEAD BY HER COUSIN.—A shocking affair, the thought of which causes the blood to flow back upon the heart, and seems too horrid to be real, occurred in Bristol, R. I. on Thursday evening last, the particulars of which are thus stated by the *Providence Post*: "Wm. James Tilley, a son of Mr. Benjamin Tilley, about 16 years of age, was standing in the yard, with his father's gun in his hands, which he had taken up for the purpose of snapping some caps. His cousin, a young beautiful girl of 15 daughter of Sylvanus Pease, Esq of Edgertown Mass., who was on a visit to Bristol, and passing the afternoon with Mr. Tilley's family, was standing in the house at a window, within a few feet of him. He raised the gun and deliberately aimed it at her head, remarking playfully that he would shoot her. Awful to relate, the gun was loaded, the charge took effect near the temple, passing through her head. She fell to the floor, and breathed about three minutes only, showing no other signs of life. It seems Mr. Tilley had loaded the gun with shot, a few days before, for the purpose of shooting a neighbor's cat that annoyed him, and most unfortunately left it loaded in his house. The boy knew nothing of this, and supposed it empty, as he had played with it in a similar manner before. Mr. Pease left Bristol only the day before to return to his home in Edgertown. Who can imagine, or what pen can describe the anguish this thoughtless act has inflicted! When will people learn to be careful in the use of fire arms.

☞ An English lady, who went to make purchases in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro shopman as 'massa.' Whereupon her sable follower exclaimed, with a look of infinite contempt, "Why for you speak such bad grammar, Sabby?—Why for you call my missus massa? Stuped fellah—him s a she!"

☞ A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money; she added, by the way of postscript:

"I'm so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the post man to get it back, but the servent could not overtake him.

☞ A fiend of human form suggests that, in these days of patent candles and much writing, it would be well it some authors, instead of consuming oil, should burn their composition.

☞ What are the "Fortunes" of War? Ask the gentlemen who furnish our soldiers with bad beef at high prices.

The War for the Union—The Treason in the North.

There is no other question now before the people than the preservation of the Union—or, in other words, our National existence. On this great question there can be but two parties: those who are for the Union, and those who are against it. Those who are for our glorious Union and its Constitution are the only patriots, and those who directly or indirectly assail the Union and its Constitution are traitors. This must be plainly understood.

The Union and Constitution are one and inseparable, and those who, for years, have scorned both, are Traitors, and they who, in this fearful hour of peril, oppose the Union and the Constitution and the Government, which the Constitution established and entertained, are disloyal men, disunion men; they are traitors—the enemies of our country.

Congress, formally, solemnly, by a *unanimous vote*, declared this war to be a war for *the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, and for the maintainance of the laws, and for nothing else*. The President and his Cabinet have distinctly recognized, sanctioned, and adopted this great and momentous truth. The war then is for this one great purpose, and those who attempt, directly or indirectly to change this purpose, and substitute another in its place, whether for the *abolition of slavery* or any other object, than that stated above, are in direct opposition to the Government; are dividing the sentiment of the North, when they should be endeavoring to sealese and cement the union of those states, and they are rebels against the United States. They must be looked upon as rebels, disunionists and traitors for they aim at the overthrow of the best government on which the sun has ever shown.

This great fact of treason in the North, being the matter with which the people have now to deal, as one of vital importance to the very existence of the nation, makes the Fast day, recommended by the President, and so universally observed by the people, a matter of especial interest

The pulpit, in most of the cities, decided on putting aside all party or political preaching, and to be observed the day honestly, as one of humiliation, penitence fasting and supplication. In New York, with the exception of Dr Tyng, Cheever, and one or two others of less note, this was done. Even Ward Beecher, the notorious and dangerous abolitionist agitator closed his church altogether, and had no preaching, because either he was fearful of trusting his abolition tongue, or because *he was more disposed to give thanks than fast and humiliate himself at the success which had crowned his and his compeers abolitionists, efforts in shaking the Union to its center.*

In Boston there was some of this abolition treason exhibited. The *Boston Courier* says "the time is rapidly approaching for the settlement of this question, when it will be decided whether those who stand by the Constitution and the Union and the Government of the Country are the strongest, or those who openly or assiduously thwart the Government and agitate insane theories which obstruct the war and must prove fatal to the Constitution, the Union and the Government.

The *Boston Post*, as the patriotic organ of the Democracy, which has enabled Massachusetts to send her Union regiments to the seat of war, is still more emphatic. It says—"The fanatical pulpit, on a fast-day, instead of exciting a devotional turn, maddened their hearers up to the red hot hissing point." Is there not enough horror in the land? Must it also drink the cup of servile war? Do they reflect on what an abolition war would be? Can't they comprehend, at least, the situation of such States as Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri? How can they keep up the WAR ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS of the loyal men of these States? How can these partizans invoke fire and sword on *their* homes? When State Legislatures, Congress, he Cabinet, the President, are all giving the most solemn assurances that the war is not to subvert the social institutions of the States, it is astonishing that even fanaticism can be so rabid as thus to inflame the public mind. May Heaven better inform, correct, and convert these bitter partizans! They know not what they do no more than did Saul, when he stoned the prophets.

We will resume this subject, stating in the conclusion of this article, that any man, no matter who he is, who strives to divert the public mind from the one subject, the salvation of the Union, is not a whit better than the maddest secessionists or fire-eaters of the South. Both he and the Northern Abolitionists profess to be governed by conscientious motives, but both, by the conservatives of all sections of our country are irrevocably decreed *to be fanatics*—the Southern practical, and the Northern theoretical fanatic, are both traitors. The salvation of the country depends on the well-balanced and moderate men of both extremes of our great heritage, North and South.

It is perfectly safe to follow the lead of the President of the United States, whatever machinations may be indulged in, by either secessionists, to *dethrone him*. The country will sustain him so long as he is well balanced between North and South. The United States Government is strong enough to punish the traitors, and at the same time secure the right, whether appertaining to slavery or other rights of those who are true to the Union. The true man looks far beyond the settlement of our present national difficulties, when traitors shall be filling felon's graves, and their poor dupes shall be redeemed from all the miseries brought on them by designing demagogues, and when

"The Star Spangled banner for ever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

We observe that ex Governor Wright, of Indiana, late Minister to Prussia, in a speech recently made by him at Indianapolis, points out the source of our present danger, as it has been the active cause of our past troubles. Our people must lay these things to heart; and the nearer all such unfriendly influences are at rest the sooner shall we approach the final settlement of our dissensions. Gov. Wright well says:

"There is more danger this day from a divided North than from anything else.—A firm, decided, united North will settle the question, and that speedily. But we must not listen to these violent, miserable Abolitionists of the North who are asserting that the object of this war is to interfere with the institutions of the South.—This is what the secessionists of the South love to hear, because it unites the South just in proportion as it is believed."

Phila. Evening Journal, Oct. 8.

SINGULAR CASE.—*The Deceased Coming to Life.*—Recently a little girl, daughter of Mr. Wilson, of Syracuse, N. Y., was sick from a severe fever, when she took a sudden relapse and at all appearances died. Although cold, the body was not stiff, but as limber as in life. Every sympton was that of death, and so the family believed. Arrangements were made, the body was washed and clothed in its grave habiliments. The corpse was laid out on a table, and the friends of the family wended to the house where deceased lay, to sympathize with the mother in her bereavement. A coffin was ordered and the death notices prepared for the newspapers, but lo! and behold, about 8 o'clock that evening the supposed dead child made a truly terrific scream, and the next moment began to breathe. Heavy prespiration poured off the body in great quantities, and the pale, marbl form assumed a healthy red appearance. When the "dead" child screamed, those present, except the mother, became greatly alarmed, and ran out of the room. The mother rushed to the body, enclosed it in her arms, and removed it to a bed in the side room. The family physician was immediately sent for, and the parties alarmed about the house gradually resumed their steadiness of nerve. The physician arrived, and applied proper restoratives, and the child is now in a fair way of recovering. This is truly a singular case. One step more and that child would have been incarcerated in a tomb. The deathly arrangements about the house were soon cast aside, and cheerfulness took the place of tears and sadness.

☞ A henpecked husband declared that the longer he lived with his wife the more he was smitten by her.

☞ In a mist the highest can for the most part see each other, but the valleys cannot.

☞ "Sir, did you call me a cipher?" "No but I said you were a figure 9 with its tail cut off."

☞ The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; and the water of life, faith.

☞ A youth's love is the most passionate; virgin love is the more idolatrous.

☞ Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself.

☞ Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.