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.

IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

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

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YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, decay and death.

OFFICE, No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

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No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

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 on the mind are much to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-distrust, love of solitude, Timity, &c., &c., 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.

YOUNG MEN.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE.

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.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the 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 traveler returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.

Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

Jan 18, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

BLOOMSBURG SKYLIGHT,

PICTURE GALLERY

THE undersigned informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and neighborhood, that he has taken the large room in the Exchange Block, extending over Messrs. Stoner & Fox's Bakery, and the Bookstore where he has put in a large Skylight. It is only by Skylight that good pictures can be taken especially groups where each person can be taken just as well as separate.

He has gone to considerable expense to make his establishment a first class one, and he therefore solicits a liberal patronage to enable him, to constantly introduce the modern improvements of the art.

☞ Country produce taken in Exchange for pictures.

HENRY ROSENSTOCK.

Bloomsburg, Nov 23, 1861. [Nov. 30, '59.]

Select Poetry.

I'M COMING HOME TO DIE, MOTHER.

Unwelcome winds are sighing,
  Within this distant West,
And wrapt in pain I'm lying
  With vision-broken rest.
I often dream thy bosom
  Is pillowing my head,
And wake to find delusion
  Has gathered round my bed;
But starting from my dreaming,
  I check the rising sigh;
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
  Coming home to die.

I long to see thee, Mother,
  And kiss thy dear old cheek,
I feel there is no other
  With whom I wish to speak;
No heart has half such kindness,
  No voice such music's flow,
Why did I, in my blindness,
  Cause you a moment's woe?
I know you've mourned me often,
  But wipe the glistening eye;
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
  Coming home to die.

Tell Father that I wish him
  To mark the spot for me,
Where Lulu used to kiss him,
  And sing the Forest glee:
'Tis where the wild red roses
  Perfume the summer air—
And when the life-scene closes,
  Lay roving Ahaud there.
O, let the spot be lonely
  And hid from passers by,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
  Coming home to die.

My memory is clinging
  To childhood's sunny hours,
And Lulu's voice seems ringing
  Amidst the garden flowers;
The moments seem to lengthen,
  As startling times comes near,
And hope begins to strengthen
  With thought of leaving here,
So let the heart be gladdened,
  Our meeting hour is nigh,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
  Coming home to die.

Interesting Story.

A Story of To-Day.

"Now, Martin," I've got everything stowed away in this bundle, though it was mighty hard work. I've done up them two shirts fit for a king, and I've stowed away a little batch of doughnuts in one corner; and I've given you a green needle-book, and the top is filled with pins and you'll find sewin' silk and brown t read, and a couple o darnin needles in one corner. You've got three pair o nice warm socks, that I knit last summer, and that never went on to your feet. You must look out and not wet'em, whatever comes for I always thought that your father caught his death cold the day that he felled the hickory tree in the south meadow, for he came home with his feet sopin' wet, and was so hoarse he couldn't speak a loud word the next day, and before the week was gone the cough set in, which carried him to his grave. You'll remember, Martin, and mind and not get your feet wet!"

"I'll do the best I can mother. You talk as though you didn't know much about the rough and tumble time we've got to go through, but you mean it all right."

It was in the large kitchen of a small, old-fashioned country cottage, that these words were spoken. You could not have helped liking the old woman's face pale and faded though it was, with years, and sickness, and care; it had such a good mother look, and was so full of kindness and sympathy.

She was poor and old; her husband had long ago laid down on that last brown pillow which the earth spreads smooth for all her children. And around his grave clustered half a dozen smaller ones, sons and daughters who had gone before him.

So Martin Johnson was all which remained to his mother; the hope and the staff of her old age. All the tendrills of her love wove themselves around him; and he was a kind, tho'tful, industrious son, whose highest ambition was to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, and settle down there for life.

But when the summer crops were mostly in, and the winter and the hard times promised little work or recompense to farm labor, he had been induced to join a company of volunteers forming in his town.—And now the last hour with his mother has come, and he stands there, the young brave stalwart man, and there is a strange weakness about his heart, and huskiness in his throat, and he wishes he could get away without speaking the last word.

"Come, mother,' he says, stowing the large bundle in his deep coat pocket, "it's high time I was off, so we must say good bye. Take care of yourself now and don't go to fretting yourself about me. I'll write as often as I can.'

The old woman put her feeble arms about the strong man. "Oh, my boy."—And the sobs shook her gray hairs, "you wont forget your poor old mother, that loves you better than her life, will you?—You'll remember how the morning will never rise, and the night will never fall, in which she doesn't pray God to take care of her boy; and you wont forget the little redcovered Bible, I put into a corner of the bundle?"

"No, I won't forget it. Come now, mother, give me a real, hearty, cheerful good bye. Don't look on the dark side.—Maybe I shall be back before the year's over, and then if he's done his duty, as a brave man should, and maybe get promoted, you'll be proud of your soldier boy!"

"But you're all I've got Martin, and if anything *should* happen to you, it would break my heart—it would break it, Martin.'

"Don't talk of anything's 'happening, mother, except what's good. Come, cheer up, for I want a last smile, instead of a last sob' and there isn't another minute to spare!"

Mrs. Johnson swallowed down her sobs, and drawing down the sunburnt face to her lips, she said, with a tremulous smile.

"God bless you, my precious boy!"

"God bless you, mother!" he couldn't trust his voice to speak another word, and he dashed away.

She stood in the door and watched him until he was out of sight, and she saw him brush his hand across his eyes several times before he turned and waved it to her. Once her voice followed after him.

"Don't forget the doughnuts, Martin."

"I shan t, the next time I m hungry."

They were the last words she heard.—A moment later and he was out of sight, and Mrs. Johnson went in and closed the door. God help her!

"Is there any tidings from the war, Squire Farnham?' asked Mrs. Johnson, as the gentleman entered her cottage, one pleasant morning in the early autumn.—Farnham was a bluff, rubicund faced, corpulent, good hearted sort of man. That very morning a short paragraph in the country news-paper had caught his eye, and it ran,

"Martin Johnson of the third Vermont Regiment, was shot by a scout last night, while on guard duty"

The Squire saw at the first glance that the terrible tidings had not reached Mrs. Johnson. He had ridden over to condole with her, and it had fallen to him to break the news to the stricken as best he could.

"Wal, yes," said the gentleman, taking a chair in the small parlor, and feeling very awkward, "we've had some news."

There was something in the tone which made Mrs Johnson look up with a throb of fear in her heart. "Is it bad news?" she asked.

"Mrs. Johnson, I'm sorry for you, from my soul!' said Squire Farnham.

Perhaps a woman would have broken the news more tenderly, but the Squire was a blunt man, and did it after his fashion.

Mrs. Johnson's, lips grew very white; she came towards the Squire, and said in a rapid trembling voice.

"Have you heard anything about my boy?'

"Mrs. Johnson, he's gone!"

She did not shriek or scream,—she sat down in the nearest chair, and lifted up her withered hands, and while the tears swam down her pale cheeks, she moaned.

"Don't say so, Squire Farnham, don't say my boy has gone. God has got all the rest, and I thought He'd leave him to my old age!

"No, no, it can't be that Martin's gone,—that I shall never hear his bright, quick step, on the walk, or see his dear face come bounding in at the door. He was all I'd got in the wide world, and I was so proud of him, and I loved him so.

"My little Martin, whose yellow curls I used to wind around my fingers, when he was a baby, and crowded in my lap—my little Martin, lying away of there still and cold, with no mother to bend down her face over him when he looked up and called for her the last time—oh, don't say my boy is gone, or my heart will break!' moaned the poor mother, as the truth began to dawn more fully on her.

Squire Farnham was a strong man, but he bowed down his head, and cried like a child.

At last he looked up, for there was a sudden fall. Mrs Johnson had fainted.

"God help her,' he said as he lifted her in his arms, and laid her on the bed in the next room. She has said the truth 'her heart will break!"

Dear reader, on the golden background of the last summer days how many such dark scenes have been painted?

Let us, who mourn no beloved dead on battle field, be humble, be pitiful, and grateful to God that no blow has fallen upon our homes; and may he drop the dews of His healing on the hearts which have been torn with that anguish, for which there is neither earthly help or consolation!

Select Miscellany.

Memorial of James W. Wall, Esq.,

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Assembly of the State of New Jersey:

Your memorialist represents to your Honorable bodies—That he is a citizen of the State of New Jersey, and fully entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities pertaining to such citizenship. That on the eleventh day of September last he was arrested by Benajah Deacon, United States Marshal for New Jersey, accompanied by an armed force, William R. Allen, Mayor of the city of Burlington, being present, and assisting with one or two of his police. That the said Marshal, upon being called upon for his authority, produced a printed form or order in the words following, as near as your memorialist can recollect:

"To Benajah Deacon, Esq., Marshal, &c. You are hereby commanded to arrest James W. Wall, of the city of Burlington, and convey him to Fort Lafayette, in the New York harbor, forthwith. By order of the Secretary of War. Dated, Washington, Sept. 1861.

Upon reading this most singular document, your memorialist demanded of the Marshal the nature and cause of the accusation against him, and a copy of the affidavit or affirmation upon which such warrant was based. He took occasion at the same time to deny the right of any member of the President's Cabinet to issue any such warrant, much less the Secretary of War, and warned the Marshal that he would hold the Secretary responsible, and all who presumed to act under his authority; that this official had in this overstepped the limits of his official authority, and having usurped powers not delegated to him by the Constitution, or by some law made in pursuance thereof, he had put himself beyond the pale of the protection of his office, and was liable like any private citizen, with this distinction that having used his official position to effect this gross injustice and oppression, it was a great aggravation of his guilt, and would be considered so in a criminal prosecution, or in asking for exemplary damages in a civil action.

To this protest and warning of your memorialist, the Marshal made the following most extraordinary reply: "That he knew nothing of the cause and nature of the accusations, or of any affidavit or affirmation upon which the warrant was based; that he had received the order through the post office, and was bound to execute it at all hazards, and if any resistance was made, we would resort to the armed force then surrounding the house."

Upon your memorialist requesting time for preparation, and to have an interview with his family, it was peremptorily refused by the Marshal, who further declared "*that he had orders to take your memorialist at once to New York via the Camden and Amboy line, which would past through Burlington in the course of ten or fifteen minutes.*"

Against such an arbitrary exercise of power as this, never surpassed by the most subservient minion of the vilest despotism in Europe, your memorialist entered his most solemn protest, and prepared to resist such invasion of his rights by physical force. Resistance, however, proved in vain, and your memorialist having succeeded in reaching the hall of his house, was there overpowered by a large armed force, torn from the midst of his family and dragged to the railroad station. From thence he was conveyed a prisoner by the Marshal, accompanied by six of his armed *posse* not only through the State of New Jersey, but through a portion of the State of New York, and in that State delivered over to the United States military authority commanding at Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor.

In this Government fortress he was confined for nearly two weeks, his correspondence subjected to the most impudent surveillance, and his person to all those indignities and petty annoyances which a military despotism understand so well how to inflict. He was finally released from confinement upon taking what was called an oath of allegiance, an extra judicial oath, unknown to the Constitution and the laws, but unobjectionable to your memorialist, inasmuch as it pledged him "*to protect and defend the Constitution against all its enemies,*" thus imposing, if it were possible to do so, additional obligations upon him to resist the unconstitutional acts of this high official, and punish his gross violations of the personal liberty of the subject. There can be no greater enemy to the Constitution than that man who, beneath the cloak of power, conceals the stiletto with which he thrusts at its vitals.

Since his release, your memorialist has applied again and again to the Secretary of War, for the cause and nature of the accusations against him; but thus far all his applications have received not the slightest notice. This persistent silence of the Secretary of War raises the presumption that the unconstitutional warrant by which he dared to deprive a citizen of New Jersey of his liberties, has not even the bald pretence of a written accusation to give it the flimsiest shadow of a decent formality.

Your memorialist, by reason of this cruel, unmanly silence of the War Department, has been compelled to submit to have his *good name and fame called in question, his loyalty to the Constitution doubted, and the most ungrounded and unjust prejudices engendered against him.* It is the grossest injustice to place an individual in such a position—violate all the rights, privileges and immunities that belong to him as a citizen—punish him as if he were the vilest criminal, and then cruelly withhold from him the nature and cause of the accusation against him.

Your memorialist therefore makes this appeal to the Legislature of his native State, that it will, through our Senators and Representatives in Congress, demand of the War Department the nature and charges on file in said Department, upon which such warrant was issued, or, if no such charges are upon record, that then it shall be so made to appear. * * *

I am fully aware that in the ancient commonwealths, self-preservation was considered the first necessity of the State, as it was of individuals, and could be used as a justification of "*the temporary veiling of the Statues of Liberty.*" The dictator who, in the hour of the Nation's peril, came forth from the Roman Senate with absolute powers over the life, liberty and property of the Roman citizen, was only the creation of this dangerous idea. And during the reign of Elizabeth there was a notion that a kind of paramount sovereignty existed which was denominated her absolute power, incident, as it was pretended, to the abstract nature of sovereignty, and arising out of its primary office of preserving the State from destruction.—But even then in that tyranical reign, it found men bold enough to dare the terrors of the royal frown, and declare "that this insidious plea of necessity means too often the security of the soverign rather that of the people." The opposition to this pernicious doctrine went on gathering strength until, in the reign of the First Charles, it culminated in the far famed Declaration of Rights, that is the beacon light, casting its blaze afar, to warn tyrannical governments against the invasion of the liberties of the people.

And yet, we are asked to believe the monstrous doctrine in this high noon of the nineteenth century, in a government like ours, made by the haters of kingly prerogative, with a written Constitution defining and limiting the powers of every department, there really, in time of war, lurks in the Executive this dangerous element of power; and against which there had been a continued and successful struggle of five centuries in England. In the eloquent words of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, words that have the true ring of the metal of the olden time, "Can it be believed that our fathers, protesting against kingly prerogative, revolutionists because of outrages on personal rights by their soverign, would clothe the executive of their new government with a power over the citizens, which their former master had never dared to pretend that he possessed? Can it be believed that they, proud of their English liberty—aye, proud of their loyalty to the English Constution, would sacrifice that right, which their English ancestors accounted their chiefest glory. Those ancestors had battled for centuries, bravely for popular rights. They had placed the crown upon the brow of the people—they had decked it with many a jewel, it was radiant with the glories of popular liberty and can it be believed that our fathers would tear away this priceless gem, that sparkled in the very forefront of that coronet, and with it adorn the spectre of executive power. In no other point in the Constitution did they limit the rights of the people as admitted at that day; can it be believed that they would in this one vital point alone restrict the bounds of liberty, and enlarge those of power?"

What course you the representatives of the State of New Jersey, may deem it proper to take in reference to this wanton outrage upon the constitutionally guaranteed rights of one of your citizens, must be left to your own judgments. It is for you to say whether it shall be passed over without a remonstrance. If by your silence now you constitute this a precedent, it may be for you to declare of what value hereafter those high-sounding clauses in the bill of rights in our Constitution will be to any of the citizens of the State of New Jersey? That bill of rights was intended as the enunciation of certain general principles of free govment—to serve as the landmarks of liberty and law.—Did your present Senator in Congress, Mr. Ten Eyck, when he introduced it into your Constitutional Convention, and his fellow members when they voted upon it, consider its clauses as only a "mass of glittering generalities?" And yet what else do they become, if any Cabinet officer may, under the authority of one of these general warrants, invade your State with an armed force, kidnap any of your citizens and immure them beyond the limits of the State at his sovereign will and pleasure, in any one of the fortresses of the Government. Surely if such outrages are to be passed over in silence, and with impunity, then I do not hesitate to declare that your State government is a farce, and the clauses in your bill of rights the most contemptible and wicked shams.

I speak earnestly because I feel so. I have been made to know the insolence of arbitrary power. The most degraded criminal in any of your prisons could not have been treated as I have been, without an outcry of indignation from every honest citizen in the State. I have been arrested without the form of legal warrant—condemned without the shadow of a trial, and punished by a degraded imprisonment of weeks, without at this hour even knowing the nature and cause of the accusation against me. I know and appreciate my rights as a citizen of the United States, and as a citizen of the State of New Jersey; and no man shall invade and trample upon those rights with impunity. I envy not the heart, for it is corrupt, nor the brain, for it is diseased, that can attempt to approve, or by reasoning, justify, such an atrocious act of tyranny as this.—If such an act can be done in a republic, without redress, and with the approval of its citizens, then I know no difference between it and the vilest despotism upon earth, save only, that the latter is the most honest government of the two.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

JAMES W. WALL.

Trenton, Jan. 14, 2862.

Holborn Celebrities.

In Holborn resided Milton. The poet had two residences in this street; first in 1647, when he lived in a house which 'opened backward into Lincoln's Inn fields,' and next at a house overlooking what were then called Red Lion fields, now Red Lion square. From thence he removed to Jewin street, Aldersgate street. He died in Artillery walk, Bunhill fields. Gerald, the herbalist, and Sir Kenelm Digby are also names connected with this locality.—Cibber, the elder, lived in Holborn, near St. Andrew's church. Gray's Inn lane, which runs out of Holborn, was the residence of James Shirley, a dramatic poet of the Elizabethan age. The names of two other poets, John Ogibly, translator of Homer, and Rev. John Langhorne, are likewise associated with Gray's Inn lane. The latter, after the loss of his wife, whom he deeply regretted, frequented the Peacock, then famous for Burton ale; and he is said to have caused his death by too copious potations of his favorite drink. In the days of his penury and distress, Dr Johnson lived in Gray's Inn lane; and during part of the time he was writing his dictionary he lived in Holborn. In St. Andrew's church, Holborn, are interred Webster, the dramatist, Dr. Sacheverell, and Joseph Strutt, the learned and laborious antiquary.

In Brook street, Holborn, Savage, the poet, was born, and Chatterton met his untimely fate. His attempt to pass off some poems of his own as those of Rowley, a priest of Bristol, in the fifteenth century, is well known to all literary men. It failed; and his visions of fame and fortune dissipated, reduced to poverty, and no prospect for the future, he took poison, and died on the 25th of August, 1770, before he had completed his eighteenth year. "No English poet," says Campbell, "equaled him at the same age." The house in which he died, No. 4, was kept by a Mrs. Angell. It is now pulled down. He was buried in the burial ground of Shoe-lane workhouse, which now forms a part of Farringdon market. In Fetter-lane, running between

of "Leviathan," while that book was in course of publication. In Hatton garden died Dr. Bute, (1669,) who attended Cromwell on his death-bed. A little romance connected with Wycherley, the dramatist, Fleet street and Holborn, Dryden lived for some time, as did Hobbes, the author occurred in Hatton garden. In the reign of Charles II., the Countess of Drogheda, a rich, young, and beautiful widow, resided there. Wycherley had been introduced to her ladyship at a bookseller's shop at Tombridge, and he followed her to London; "where, in a little time," says Dennis, in his "Letters," "he got her consent to marry her" This marriage lost him the favor of the King; and as his title to the countess's fortune (which she left him at her death) was disputed, it ultimately involved him in considerable embarrassments. In Shoe-lane, which runs from Holborn to Fleet street, is a low and mean place called Gunpowder alley. Here, in 1658, died Richard Lovelace, the poet, who by vicissitudes of fortune had been reduced to great distress.—*St. Pancras and Holborn Times.*

Mysterious Canine Instinct.

Mr. Justice Williams's death was extremely sudden. He had passed the shooting season with his valued friends, Mr. and Lady Augusta Millbanke, at the Yorkshire Moors, a family with which he had long been connected, having sat for some years for a borough of the Duke of Cleveland, her ladyship's father. From thence he went to pass a week with Lord Brougham, in Westmoreland. While there, he felt a sharp pain in the chest; but this was only mentioned afterwards, for he never spoke of it to Brougham On his way through London to his residence in Suffolk, he consulted his physicians, who considered it as connected with the liver, and of no grave importance. On his arrival at his seat, he was seemingly quite well, and went out daily to shoot. After a week or ten days, he was, on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from table. She found him apparently well, and playing with her lap dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or at the most four minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer.

She repeated the question, and seeing him, as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low.—The man said, "No; he is sleeping comfortably." She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye open, and the other half closed, but his color as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure he was gone. So it proved, for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained, when he awoke just before dinner that he had in his sleep dreamed of a sword piercing his breast. The examination of the body proved only that all the noble parts—both head, chest, and abdomen—were in a state of perfect health, except a very slight enlargement of the spleen and liver, of no moment. He never had the gout, nor had any of his family. We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstances of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that the poor animal was aware of the fatal change sometime before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world. Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but has never before, we believe, been established on such irrefragable evidence as the facts above detailed constitute.—*Law Review.*

A REFRESHING REVIVAL.—At a late revival meeting one of the brethren became anxious to pile the altar with mourners and for that purpose left his seat and went among the congregation, personally exorting his acquaintances to quit the error of their ways. Approaching an individual who drawingly talked through his nose, he began with:

"Don't you want to go up?"

"Nay."

"Don't you want to join the church?"

"Nay."

"What would you do if the Lord was to come for you!

"Well," the sinner drawled out, "I'd kill a chicken, cook some biscuit, and do the best I could. Don't reckon he'd get mad at that!"