

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY AUGUST 6, 1862.

NUMBER 31.

## Democratic County Convention.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Democratic Electors in and for the several Boroughs and Election Districts of Columbia county, will meet at their respective places of holding said Elections

On Saturday, the 23d day of August, Between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of choosing two Delegates from each Election District, to meet in COUNTY CONVENTION, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg.

On Monday the 25th day of August, At one o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of making the usual Democratic nominations, to be supported by the Electors of Columbia county at the ensuing General Election, and for the transaction of other business pertaining to the interests of the Democratic party.

W. H. JACOBY, Chairman.  
Hudson Owen, Stephen Poirer, J. R. Robbins, R. H. McHenry, Samuel Hagenbuch, A. J. Albertson, John M. Nuss.  
Democratic Standing Committee.

To Consumptives.  
THE advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used [free of charge.] with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Persons wishing the prescription will please address  
Rev. E. A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.  
May 21, '62.—3m.

A CARD to young Ladies and Gentlemen. The subscriber will send [free of charge] to all who desire it, the Receipt and directions for making a simple Vegetable Balm, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Bores, Tan, Freckles, Saltiness, and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the skin as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. Those desiring the Receipt, with full instructions, directions, and advice, will please call on or address [with return postage.]

THOS. SHAPMAN,  
Fracis Chemist,  
821 Broadway, New York.  
May 21, '62.—2m.

THE confessions and experience of a sufferer.—Published as a warning, and for the especial benefit of Young Men, and those who suffer with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, &c. by one who has cured himself by simple means, after being put to great expense and inconvenience, through the use of worthless medicines prescribed by learned Doctors. Single copies may be had of the author, C. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, by enclosing a post-paid address envelope. Address—

CHAS. A. LAMBERT, Esq.,  
Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y.  
May 21, '62.—2m.

BATTLE SCENES.  
100 of the most severe Battle Scenes and incidents of the war now ready (size 18x30 inches) highly colored, on fine card paper, 4 for 25 cents, or 25 for \$1, postpaid. Also, just published, the Official Union Volunteer Directory (400 pages), giving the name of every Officer and private in the Union Army, with their commands, &c., together with a large amount of other valuable information, sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cts. To Agents and the trade no better opportunity was ever offered.—Address HENRY B. ANSON, Print Publisher, No. 49 State St., Boston, Mass.

Papers copying, paid in the above, 354-5.

GREENWOOD SEMINARY.  
THE Autumn term of this institution will commence on

MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1862.  
TERMS—For Boarding, Washing, Tuition, etc., for Eleven weeks \$25 00 One half in advance.  
Students who have not engaged rooms will do well to make early application to WM BURGESS, Principal, Millville, Col., Co. Pa., July 19, 1862.

LEATHER! LEATHER!  
THE undersigned would announce, that he has on hand, at his Hat and Cap Emporium on Main street, Bloomsburg, an assortment of different kind of leather, such as fine calf skins, morocco, red and black and linings, all of which he will sell cheaper than can be had elsewhere in this market. Call and examine them for yourselves. JOHN K. GIRTON.

Bloomsburg, May 21, 1862.

E. H. LITTLE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BLOOMSBURG, Pa.  
Office in Court Alley; formerly occupied by Charles R. Bucklew.  
December 28, 1859.—41.

Men and Ladies' Congress Gaiters, Children's Fancy and Common Shoes, low as can be bought elsewhere, at the Cheap Cash Store of L. T. SHARPLESS, Bloomsburg, May 14, 1862.

HIRSH G. HOWER,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Office near Wilcox Carriage Shop, Main St.

Large assortment of Ladies' Gaiters just received at \$1.00 and \$1.25 at L. T. SHARPLESS.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

## STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY  
W. H. JACOBY,  
Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
The terms of advertising will be as follows:  
One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25  
One square, three months, . . . . . 3 00  
One year, . . . . . 8 00

## THE PILOT'S TOWER, OR, Check to England's Move.

On the 18th of November, 1862, the good city of Dunkirk was in that peculiar state of agitation which pervades a bee hive when its tenants are about to swarm. News had that day been received that Louis XVI, who was then king of France, had purchased the city from the English, to whose share it had fallen by the treaty of 1658; and as the sun was sinking behind the horizon, the French squadron came into the Harbor with a light wind, and anchored off the citadel. A hundred years previous, the French army, commanded by the Duke of Guise, had ravaged the town with fire and sword; but time wears away all resentments, and the Dunkirkers were now ready to swear allegiance to the haughty monarch, who sought to make Paris the dominant city of Christendom.

The quays of the city were thronged with fishermen, who gazed on the French fleet with critical eyes, as they discussed the models, rigging, and general appearance of the respective vessels. Merchants, notaries, and priests, each wearing their peculiar costumes, were also attracted to the water-side, every one taking a great interest in the coming change of rule, save those (and they were few in number) who were on intimate terms with the English garrison. The officers of this force, too, were exceedingly vexed, as most of them were comfortably located, and loudly they censured their young King Charles. In so doing, indeed, they echoed the public sentiment in England, for it was evident that the inexperienced monarch, fond of pleasure, and in need of ready cash, had been enticed into the sale of a flourishing portion of his kingdom for a title of its value. All of his ministers had opposed the transfer, and when they found their exertions useless, they set to work to do mischief to the sale with conditions as to diminish the value of Dunkirk to the French.

The news soon reached the environs, and nowhere did it produce greater excitement than in the collection of miserable cabins, which dotted a plain covered with frames of brushwood upon which the fishermen cured their spoil. Leaving their nets half spread out, the men had gone to the quay the moment that the French squadron anchored, and by sunset most of their families had followed them. In the Cabin of Cornille Bart, however, a light twinkled as night came on, and a faint wreath of smoke curled upward from the low chimney. Bart had gone to the quay, taking his two sons—Gasper and Jean—with him, but his good wife Catherine, like a good housewife, remained at home to prepare supper.

Her domestic zeal strong as it was, could not eclipse her curiosity though and every time that she turned the Johnny-bakes of barley-meal, which were being baked before the fire, she gazed eagerly through the small and only window of the cabin.

"Well, well," she soliloquized, "here the cakes are done, and no one to eat them—Nor do I know a thing. Dear, dear, but where a woman who keeps house is unlucky—her rapid cannonading interrupted her, but she soon continued:—"Saluting at last—bang, bang—and I do not know what it's all about. Well, when the powder is burnt I may look for my stragglers. That is, if there are no fire works. But here comes a man and two boys—is it them?"

Soon a familiar knock at the door dissipated the good woman's doubts, and she hastened to admit her husband.

"Well, dame," said the burly fisherman, "you are waiting supper for us, are you not?"

"That I am, Cornille; and it was not very charitable in you to stay away so long, for you know my curiosity, at any rate, you tell me often enough."

"Never mind, Catherine serve supper, for these lads are half starved, and as they eat I will give you all the details."

"And you, Cornille, have you left your appetite on the quay?"

"Yes, indeed! The news weighs heavily on my heart, and I do not feel like eating a morsel."

"Our lady preserve us! what is to happen?" cried the good woman as her anxious glance shot from husband to children.

"I will tell you," replied Cornille. "You have heard that the King of France, and as he spoke, the fisherman joyfully raised his woolsen cap, "has re-purchased Dunkirk for forty million of francs—"

"Certainly, but that is good news for us all."

"At first sight, Catherine, it seems so. But when one learns the conditions of sale it is anything but good news."

"And what are these conditions?"

"What are they? Why, every public building is to be razed to the height of the highest dwelling house. By the great white whale, Dunkirk fisheries, though worth mil-

lions now, will not then be worth that morsel of barley crust."

"But how will the cutting down of the fortress do this? Faith, I have often thought that it was more cost than profit."

"No one cares for the fortress, Catherine; but for the church—steep—the beacon by day and the directing light by night for those who enter the port. No fisherman will dare to venture out—no coaster will dare venture in to purchase—in short Dunkirk is ruined!"

There was an interval of gloomy silence, but at length, Cornille said:

"Come, my boys, go to bed. You must get up early to-morrow."

"And you," said his wife, "will you go to bed now also?"

"No, I do not feel like sleeping now, and will take a smoke; but you need not wait for me. Let us repeat our evening prayer." And all kneeling, repeated together a beautiful canticle, for in those days the French were a religious people.

The lads were soon between their coarse brown sheets, and Catherine, throwing herself upon the bed apparently went to sleep. Cornille sat for nearly an hour, watching the circling smoke of his pipe, and then, with a stealthy tread went to the door. As he shot back the bolts there was a slight movement on Catherine's bed, which arrested his progress, but as she did not speak, he opened the door, closed it gently behind him, and set out for Dunkirk. He had not gone more than two-thirds of the way, when he heard rapid footsteps coming behind him. Was he pursued? did he not know that step? Was it the echo of his own? No—Another instant solved his doubts, for his wife approached him.

"I know," said she, "that you had concealed something from me."

"My poor Catherine, it was that you need not be alarmed. We fishermen have agreed to meet to night in the priest's garden to see if something cannot be done to save our beacon tower. But you see that women could do nothing at such a meeting."

"Santas preserve us! but if you men care so much for people's do you suppose that we women do not care for the church?—There we were married, there our children were baptised, there we joined in masses for our deceased parents. Oh, Cornille, let the women pray that the church may be spared if nothing more, for fervent prayer can never injure any enterprise."

"That's what I think mother," said a soft voice, and Jean Bart, the youngest son, came from behind a fish skee. He had followed his mother, but feared his father's anger, and hid himself until he could see how she was received.

"Another hand at the oar," said the fisherman.

"Don't send us back," entreated both mother and son.

"Well, well," said Cornille, "come along."

Half an hour afterward the trio entered the priest's garden, where they found about a hundred fishermen, some of them like Bart, accompanied by their families. All were in groups, discussing the threatened demolition of their church, in the center surrounded by the oldest of the party, was the venerable priest. When all who were expected had arrived, he stood upon a wheel barrow, and requested silence. Every head was uncovered—every tongue was silent.

"My children," said the priest, "you asked me to permit you to assemble here to night, and I granted you the request. Now have any of you any project for saving our dear city of our loved church, from the partying destruction of the English?"

Several propositions were made, but the priest shook his head as he heard them. Each one was more impossible than was its predecessor, and all were based upon some act of violence which would have drawn the wrath of both nations upon the city.

Catherine profiting by a moment's silence addressed the priest.

"Supposing, reverend father, that we women, leading our children, go in procession to see the English commissaire, and implore him to spare our tower?"

"It would be useless, my daughter, for England seeks to ruin our port, that her's may flourish. Your idea is hopeless."

There was a murmur of discontent thro' the crowd, and one of the oldest fishermen elbowing his way up to the priest, and with a countenance purple with rage said or rather growled,

"Look here, father, we hoped that you would help us in saving our church and tower, but you appear disposed to throw cold water on all our projects. Indeed, everything that is suggested, you object to. I didn't expect it."

"Master Perron, you have the fire of youth under the debilitated envelope of age; but you do not possess the wisdom that belongs to that gray beard. I do not wish to throw cold water upon any reasonable project; but those suggested thus far are wholly impracticable. Neither, my children, can I suggest anything myself, and if Heaven does not aid us, why—"

"Our tower must be demolished," murmured several voices.

"Not at all," cried a shrill, childish voice.

"Who spoke? What boy is that?" said Bart, in a severe tone.

"Yourson, Jean, father, and I think I have the idea which you all seek. Do you care much for our cabin at the flake?"

"Jean," cried Cornille, "I will thrash you if you say another word."

"For pity's sake," said the priest "let the lad speak. Remember that God has often chosen a child to deliver those whom he loves, and Jean's thoughts may be like the pebbles in David's sling."

"Well then, Jean, as the priest wishes it, go on but speak quickly. As for our cottage, it is all we have to shelter us, but I will cheerfully sacrifice it, if it will do any good at the present critical moment."

"Then, father, tear down our cottage to-morrow night, and rebuild it before morning upon the top of the church tower. It will then—dwelling house as it is and will be—higher than any other house in Dunkirk, and the city will be saved!"

A burst of applause, hushed by a gesture of the priest, hailed this bright thought.

"Silence, my children," said he. "You see now that Providence protects us. And as for you, my lad, you will be spoken of hereafter."

"It's not to be praised that I made the plan," murmured Jean. "But I love Dunkirk, and I hate the English. There it is."

"But you will become famous, my boy, and your mother will be proud of you—Now, my friends, shall we execute the child's plan?"

"Yes, yes. Once get Bart's cottage on the top of the tower, and we are safe."

"Well, then, meet here to-morrow night at sunset, with such tools and building material as you can conceal under your sea-jackets. Master Perron, here, will act as foreman, and tell each one what to bring—And now let us implore a blessing upon our deliberations, and ask a continuance of Divine favor for to-morrow night's work."

The next day the priest, accompanied by Bart, called upon Monsieur Wostyn, one of the richest merchants and ship owners of the city. They found him sad and thoughtful, for the destruction of the beacon tower would be the downfall of his fortunes. But his countenance brightened up as he heard of the project of little Jean Bart.

"Dunkirk is saved!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands joyfully. "And as if to aid you in accomplishing your task undiscovered by the English, Providence has so ordered matters that all the officers will pass the night on board of the French squadron. As for the soldiers a few Jews of Dutch gin will quit them."

"How?" said the priest.

"Why, some strange fancy, as I thought prompted the Count d'Estrades to offer a ball to our late enemies, and they will thus be all out of your way."

After mutual congratulations, the priest repaired to the church, and Cornille Bart to his cottage, which Catherine was preparing to leave. The family were gladly received by the neighboring fishermen, and before night the cabin was entirely demolished, and conveyed, concealed under loads of brushwood, to the priest's garden, which adjoined the church.

Meanwhile, all was on motion on board of the admiral's frigate. The upper deck covered by thick awnings, was converted into a magnificent ball-room. Flags of all nations decorated the sides, while clusters of fire-arms, highly polished, chandeliers and mirrors, gave a fairy like appearance to the scene. Below were long supper tables, spread with every delicacy, and a full band of martial music prompted the inspiring dance. The other vessels of the squadron were brilliantly illuminated, and as may well be imagined, there was not a British officer in Dunkirk by nine o'clock. About that time, too, various landwards became very generous towards the English soldiers, and even gave them bottles of gin for those of their comrades who were on guard at the citadel.

Around the church all was life, yet grave like silence reigned. Some by aid of the booms brought from their fishing boats rigged derricks upon the broad platform of the stone tower, others tempered the mortar and the old sanctuary resembled an anti-hill. The priest was on his knees before the altar and the women kept watch and ward round about. To cheer them in their toil, came the enlivening strains of music from the squadron. Nor did they cease until the cottage was entirely rebuilt, a fire burned in its kitchen, and Catherine had her coffee kettle on.

On board the flagship, meanwhile all was hilarity and gaiety, though unlike every other else, Mons. Wostyn appeared uneasy. Occasionally he would steal out into the stern and cast an anxious glance towards the church-tower. The Count d'Estrades noticed that he did not dance, and after supper he introduced him to the English commissaire.

"Neither of you dance, messieurs," said the count; "and you may like a game of cards, chess or dominoes."

Both bowed assent.

"What shall it be? Chess?" said the Englishman.

Wostyn said yes, though it was with difficulty that he could bring his mind to bear upon the game, and he consequently lost several times. His antagonist became elated with success, and just as daylight shone in through the flags, he made a bold move, and exclaimed in a boastful tone:

"Ha, ha! your castle is in danger, and I fear that it will fare no better than your old church tower. Tis a pity, by the way that I must have that tower pulled down to-day."

At that moment, the almost despairing merchant heard the hymn of praise, and he knew that all was safe. Rising from the table he went into the stern gallery, and requested his opponent to follow him. Plainly visible in the glowing rays of the rising sun was Bart's cottage, and through the

open door all could see the honest fisherman and his family quietly eating breakfast. From the chimney waved the French flag.

"Check, to your move!" said Wostyn, "Behold the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, nor is there even a weather-vane above its level!"

"I give up the game!" said the Englishman, good naturedly. Then turning towards the count, he continued: "We may contend with you upon the battle field, but when wit and invention are at stake, we surrender. Gentlemen, we will evacuate the city to-day!"

Such is the legend related at Dunkirk; and a small cottage is still carefully kept upon the top of a massive watch tower which serves as a beacon to the flourishing commerce of the city. As to the naval exploits of Jean Bart, they fill many a glowing page of French history, and show that he always retained his early antipathy to his English neighbors. The prediction of the old priest was fulfilled.

## Winning a Heart by Cutting a hole in the Head.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession."

"To be sure, I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice. I admit: but that anything romantic as the world is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your cigar and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events here narrated occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows:

"During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 185—, I was on board a steamboat crowded with passengers. The State of Maine, had attractions for me, and to one of her towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman with intellectual appearance and two young ladies—daughters—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey was the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene; and the magic potency, in many cases, of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse the earnest manner of the elderly lady prevented any other result; I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

"There is no danger, father," said she, "I do not wish to live, if I am to be a slave of fear."

"For the first time I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her heart to despise. I left as her father, ending a fresh caution—"Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care," led the younger sister to the cabin below.

"A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to a signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing boat had passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam—As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left, and who subsequently became an object of interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there was enough to apply the remedies on such occasions. After a lapse of some minutes from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld, reclining on a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearances dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her with their hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsided in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing boat passed, caused the steamer to career, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head on the corner of the chain box.

A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination it was found that the skull of

the young lady was fractured, and every indication of compression of the brain—This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgment that her situation was one of imminent peril. "Can nothing be done to save her?" said the weeping father—"The sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin and was in the care of some of the ladies. He replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skillfully and speedily performed. "What operation?" asked the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

"Trepanning," quietly responded the physician, and briefly explaining his meaning.

A painful silence of some minutes now ensued.

"When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?" gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

"That must depend upon circumstances," was the reply.

"Save her life, Ellen, my child—my child! Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake lose no time."

"I have no instrument fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never saw it done. From now on only I know its nature and manner of proceeding."

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purpose he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician had been carefully examining the injury, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician:

"Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state she must die, unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist you."

"Are you a physician?"

"No; I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed."

"I shall not undertake it. I could not assume responsibility. I do not profess surgery."

"We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in any attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you sir?"

The captain returned. The case was opened and proved, upon examination to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan and its accessories accompanying them.

The father revived from an apparent swoon. The sight of the knives made him shudder.

"Well," said he in a whisper, "what is to be done?"

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment. "No sir," replied the physician.

"Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I should succeed."

"If you were not on the boat, and under the circumstances, at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. But it is understood that you refuse, and if the father will trust me, I will save her, if I can—Captain you know me. I have none but good motives."

The father listened. The calm and cool manner of the student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, which still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man by the hand and said:

"Do what you think best. Save her, if you can. God help you!" He kissed her, and walked away, checking his emotion, repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not see principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and everything that prudence could suggest attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo the fearful operation. There was to her no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation to her was a lost faculty. But the loss of self possession in the operator—a lack of knowledge and judgment in a critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save a life a weapon of destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments—

"Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not. A part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw was about to do its work—such silence—a frightful sound appeared and though inflicted on one who felt not the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels disended with blood, showed plainly

through its coveting membrane. Her father walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheeks and covering in its course, the loose locks that had been spared.

"Is she alive? Do not answer me—still I must ask. O. Ellen, Ellen!"

Expressions like these escaped from his lips in tones of lead sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart as if the instruments were acting on marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point—Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands and raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport:

"Father, I am safe! I am better!"

Transition from death to so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair and was not disturbed till the proper dressings were applied and the operation pronounced complete. The party was soon after landed at the town where I intended to spend some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No; it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your public lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife; you'll allow that, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair lady I introduced you to yesterday the wife of my friend, you know, who is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D., who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him with her a fortune—That luck of hair you saw braided in the bunch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that compass it. Now,