COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

TERMS: One Dollar & Seventy-five cts. in Advance.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

DOCTOR JOHNSTON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dispepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. 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 of anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

Marriage.

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

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

Organic Weakness

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgencies. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful 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 offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough symptoms of consumption &c.!

☞ Neither No. 7 nor 9 South Frederick Street, seven doors from Baltimore street, East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Warranted, or no Charge Made, in from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

Dr. Johnston,

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

A Certain Disease.

When the misguided and impudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an illtimed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone be trusted, him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance such as ulcerated sore throat, discased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin, boils, and arms, blotches on the head face, and extremities, progressing with high fever, delirium, till at last the palate of the mouth, bridge 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." To such therefore Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

Take particular Notice.

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

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous 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 singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

Dr. Johnston's Invigorating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored. Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembling's and Weakness, or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston.

Young Men

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

What a pity that 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 before contemplating

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conubial happiness Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore, Md*

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

To Strangers.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons, none 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 be will sent.

nearly 7 1857.

FALL ARRIVAL.

CLOTHING.

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

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

That has yet been opened in Bloomsburg, to which he invites the attention of his friends, and assures them that they are offered for sale at great bargains. His Stock comprises a large assortment of

Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel,

Consisting of FASHIONABLE DRESS COATS, of every description; Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats, Stocks, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders, &c.

Gold Watches and Jewelry,

Of every description, fine and cheap.

N. B.—Remember "*Lowenberg's Cheap Emporium.*"—Call and see. No charge for examining goods.

Bloomsburg Aug 22, 1857. DAVID LOWENBERG.

SELECT POETRY.

I Never Have Been False to Thee.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I never have been false to thee!
The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill;
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words which fell unheeded now
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was cure,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense filled the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

COMMUNICATION.

Written for the Columbia Democrat.

To the Young Converts of Bloomsburg.

Experience has taught me that the life of the Christian is indeed a continual warfare; and more especially is it the case with YOUNG CONVERTS. Surrounded with temptations on every hand, and besetments on every side, you will find it necessary to ever be on the watch. Every means that Satanic genius can invent, will be made use of to lead you from the fold of Christ. You will find temptation lurking wherever you go; yes, at every turn in life, you will find snares spread for your feet, and I would warn you that you get not entangled in the meshes. Even under the mask of innocence will the tempter seek to ingratiate himself in your favor; and my advice to you is, to ever be on your guard against his devices. He will tell you that there is no harm in enjoying in light and trifling conversation; reading trashy novels, attending balls, parties, plays, &c., but *believe him not;* any exercise that will draw the mind from SACRED DUTIES, will retard your progress in the divine life. 'Tis true the young should be social and friendly, but it is not necessary that they should display their friendship by making a sacrifice of their sacred truths upon "unholy altars." Christ said, "Come you out from the world and be ye separate." Now this certainly must mean, that professed Christians should pursue a different course from the former one; and also, that they should converse and act that they may be the means of "pointing sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." How necessary then that you should be ever careful what you say and do; always remembering that you are constantly and closely watched. There are those who would exult in your downfall.

The question has been asked, who shall be the first to bring a reproach upon the cause of christianity? And I repeat it—What one among you shall, like a doubting Peter, deny your Master? or, like a Judas, betray Him into the hands of his enemy? God forbid, that one of this little band, who have lately been converted in Bloomsburg, shall thus forfeit their claims to eternal life.

There is one thing in particular I would have you guard against—it is indulging in *wrong tempers;* never cultivate a *revengeful spirit.* A calm, unruffled temper is of more value to the possessor than a mine of gold. May union and love with you ever abound; may no seed of discord ever be sown among you; may you ever live as becometh the followers of the meek and lowly JESUS.

February 27, 1858. * * *

A Model Legislature.

We are glad to see that more attention is paid, in some sections of the country, to the character of the men who are to represent the people in the Legislature. In this respect, old Kentucky is looking up. The editor of the Bradstown Gazette, writing from Frankfort, says that the Legislature of that State "is composed of fine-looking, well-dressed, and well-behaved men, and that among the whole number there are but five drunkards, and only some eight or ten fools—a smaller number than was ever counted in any previous General Assembly."

We really hope that this kind of reform in Kentucky, will be followed up in other States. Of how many States can it be said, "They have less fools than usual in the Legislature."

☞ A Spanish proverb says that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their law suits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our high courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is anything farther necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge; "come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up into his face with a calm clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "no sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir; I never was in Court before." He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villiany had manufactured for him a sham defence, but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainly to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her, the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates,) with which she, was like a revelation from God himself.

How a Church was Cured of Fremontism

The Hartford Times relates the following:—

A Congregational church in a neighboring State got so completely enlisted in the presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues, and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally, a worthy, old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm, undeviating democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O Lord," said he, "uphold the democratic party, which has received Thy protecting support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that party which has, under Thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this republic. If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it would be, O, carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads straight to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory. O, bless the opponents of democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, and I verily believe it is. Be on the side of democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been for the past fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And O, I beseech thee especially, free Christian churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending them asunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of the mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against a good old party which Thou in Thy wisdom hast upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. O turn his mind from these things, and direct his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the federal or abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the gospel. At any rate the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule I shall claim one half the time in behalf of the democratic party, so that there may be fair discussion within these walls. Amen."

This was a stumper. It was the first prayer ever publicly offered in that church for the success of the democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished there was a silence of half an hour and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church. From that time forward, the minister attended to his gospel duties, and left all political questions to be settled by the people outside of the church. Again the society prospered, and there was a better feeling among its members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's earnest prayer was answered in more respects than one.

☞ Hibernian when knocked down, exclaimed, "Do you strike a man when he is down?" "O, no," said his antagonist.—"Then faith, and I'll lay here!" replied Pat.

☞ A thief being caught robbing a bank, when asked what he was doing, answered, "Only taking notes."

☞ What three authors would you name in commenting on an extensive conflagration? Dickens, Hewitt, Burns.

☞ The truest epitaph we ever saw was that of a clown. It simply said, "*Here I am!*"

MORAL READING.

A Mother's Love.

If there is anything this side of heaven to which the word holy may be appropriately applied, it is the warm, gushing, devoted love known only to a mother's heart. This is a love which is never exhausted, never is eradicated, never changes, never wearies. It hopes on even against hope, and ceases not till the beatings of the mother's heart are chilled in death.

A father may lose his affection for his child. Improper conduct, long continued dissipation, may alienate that father's feelings, and he may disinherit his son.—Brothers and sisters may become enemies. They may forget all the associations of childhood, and grow up into life, hateful and hating one another. Husbands and wives may prove recreant to the solemn vows they have made before God and man, and may become persecutors and prosecutors of each other. But a mother's love, what can alienate that? It endures through everything. In bad report and in evil repute; in face of the condemnation of the world; in spite of ingratitude, unkindness and abuse, daily exhibited towards her, she still loves on.

Wicked as he may be; shunned by his companions; frowned upon by the austerely good; despised by his brothers and sisters; discarded by his father; degraded by his vices; the jest of the profane, and the song of the drunkard, still the mother loves on. She alone of all his kindred, cherishes the hope that he will yet see the evil of his doings, and repent, and be clothed in his right mind. Ah, she cannot forget the feelings that stirred her soul when a tiny form was placed in her arms, and she felt the warm, soft breath upon her cheek from the little one which God had given her. She cannot forget the infant smiles, which filled her bosom with delight, when his eyes met hers, as he lay in his little cradle. She cannot forget the joyous, ringing laugh, and the gleeful shout of his boyhood. No, no. All these things come back upon the mother's heart, and though all the world desert him she cannot give him up. Blessed mother! You are right. There is some good in him yet, and who knows but that hopeful, brave spirit of yours, that never despairing trust, that abiding faith, that earnest prayer, all embodied in that maternal love, will yet bring him back to paths of rectitude and virtue.

Let no young man ever think lightly of a mother's love.—*Olive Branch.*

Reflections of Death.

Heavens! what a moment that must be, when the last flutter expires on our lips!

What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it to range, perhaps, through illimitable space to receive new capacities of delight—new powers of perception—new glories of beatitude!—The thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery revolves all doubts—which removes all contradictions and destroys error—Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst on the departed soul! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of etherial beings—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future—strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty may then disclose themselves, bursting on the delighted senses, and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous, as the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled; while hope and charity whisper to the bleeding heart that *there,* where all mercy is, there too will be forgiveness!

HOLINESS.—It is holiness we want above every thing else—holy principles, holy ministers, holy discipline, holy tempers, holy sermons and prayers, holy habits and conduct. Nothing will compensate for the want of this. If the churches are not advancing in holiness, we cannot be surprised that there are few conversions—little spiritual life.

A Devoted Wife.

A correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following in referring to the recent accidental death of Col. Wynkoop:

Col. Wynkoop, of Pennsylvania, led into the field in Mexico a regiment second in point of discipline to no regiment of volunteers, except, perhaps, Breckenridge's Kentuckians. He was distinguished in many engagements; he captured General Valencia and staff; and, at the close of the war, he returned home with laurels. He is now dead. The circumstances are familiar. With his wife who is now an invalid, he was visiting the interior of Pennsylvania for recreation and change of scene. The country is wild there, and sparsely settled. One morning he went out with his servant to shoot game for his wife. In handing him the gun, the servant by accident discharged it: the contents took effect in his leg, severed the artery, and he lived but a few minutes. This has been told before.

An absurd superstition prevails among the ignorant inhabitants of the region, against touching a dead body before an inquest has sat upon it. The servant had been sent at once for aid to some distance and in vain did Mrs. Wynkoop endeavor to induce—by supplications, by promises, by offers of money—the stupified neighbors to shelter and care for her husband's body. It was a dark night. He still lay where he fell; and there, in that howling wilderness, with the clammy dampness of midnight gathering on her garments, did that delicate woman, as frail as the wild flowers around her, that folded their petals together in that weird solitude, sit alone on the chill turf, supporting on her knee the head of her husband; and there remained, keeping her lonely vigil until the breaking of gray dawn, alone with her dead and with her bleeding heart.

If the incident be a sad one, it becomes a season set apart to lessons and pledges of affection.

The Angel Child.

"Mother," said a sweet little girl of four summers, "did you ever see an angel?"

"No, my child, the angels are in heaven."

"But, mother, the minister said that the angels were with us all the time, and that pretty hymn you sing, says,

"While well appointed angels keep,
Their watchful vigils round my bed."

I lie awake to watch for them every night, but they don't come. Why can't I see them, mother."

"My child, the angels are spirits, and we cannot see them even when they are near us. When we die, if we love the Saviour, we shall see them."

"Mother, let me go to heaven! I want to see the angels."

"O, mother, I've seen an angel! He came to my bed last night, and I asked him to take me to heaven, but he said he would come back again for me. O, he was so beautiful!"

The mother bowed her head in anguish, for she knew that the white-winged messengers were waiting for her darling.

"O, God! spare, in mercy, spare my only child!"

Again the dreamy eyes were opened, and the little arms were clasped around her neck.

"Don't cry, mother, I shan't be sick any more in heaven, and I'll ask the angels to come back for you. He is come again, mother; don't you see the glory all around him? He is waiting for me, and I must go now. Good bye, mother!"

Closely she folded the little form to her breaking heart, but the limbs relaxed, and the azure eyes grew dim;—her darling was with the angels.

BERTHA MORTIMER.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

WHY should a little boy be careful to watch the conduct of his papa's sister?—Because the Bible says, "Consider the way of the aunt and be wise."

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

Sheriff Rowe, of Lancaster county, on Monday, received from Governor Packer the death-warrants of Alexander Anderson and Henry Richards, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Garber and Mrs. Beam, in December last. He proceeded to the prison about ten o'clock, to read the same to the unfortunate men. The warrant was read to Anderson first. When the sheriff concluded, Anderson remarked, in a somewhat husky voice, "I am prepared for death." In reply to a remark from ex-Sheriff Martin, to the effect that his days were now numbered, Anderson again said, "Well, gentlemen, I will be prepared to die." The party then silently left his cell for that of Richards on the opposite side of the corridor. Richards was standing up in his cell, hoppled by one foot, and greeted the party as they entered with his usual good-humored smirk. The warrant for his execution was in the same words as that of Anderson, (except the name,) and when the reading was finished, he remarked in somewhat faltering tones, "I hope I will be prepared." When asked if he remembered, from hearing the paper read, what day he was to be executed, he said, in April, but did not remember the day.—It was repeated, and the prisoners were left alone with their own reflections. Anderson is now engaged in writing a complete history of his somewhat eventful career, to which he will cause to be appended a true confession of all the facts connected with Manheim tragedy. The prisoners are to be hung on the 9th of next April, in the jail yard.

☞ "Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"

"I reckon not."

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?"

"Well I do, old hoss."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Cause I can't write."

CLASS in the middle geography stand up. "What's a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other!"

"Where is Egypt?"

"Where it allers was."

"Where is that, you young vagabond, you?"

"Dunno, sir,"

A young lady recently remarked with much simplicity, that she could not understand what her brother George Henry saw in the girls that he liked them so well, and that, for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—

"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"O, yes," said the sick man.

"I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

Judge Coon of California has decided that under the statute of that State there is no law to prohibit women from dressing in male attire. This decision has given great satisfaction to the ladies who wish to "wear the breeches."

A certain editor thinks when a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings and short sleeves, it is a sign that he ought to get married, and sooner the better.

☞ A child, taught that she was made of the dust of the earth, and that God made her, said, "Ma, has Dod got any more dust?" "Why, child?" "'Cause, if he has I want a little brother."

DURING the session of a country court in the interior, a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amid the laughter of the court, "No, sir, I'se not married."

WHEN the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful," cried little innocent royalty, "do let me go and tell mamma."

☞ "Fath and shure," said Patrick, meeting an engine, "that's the divel."—"Och, no," said Mike, "it's only a stame-boat hunting for wather."

☞ Don't rob yourself, said the farmer, when the lawer called him hard names.