

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

VOL. XI.

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BY LEVI L. TATE,
in Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.
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and no paper discontinued until all arrears shall
have been paid.
If ordinary advertisements inserted and Job-
work executed at the established prices.

BALTIMORE LEO K HOSPITAL DOCTOR JOHNSTON.

THE founder of this Celebrated Insti-
tution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only
effective remedy in the world for effects of Gleet,
Protrusion, Seminal Discharge, Pain in the Loins,
Constitutional Debility, Impotence, Weakness of the
Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Polypus
of the Uterus, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh of
the Bladder, Dropsy of the Testes, and all other
Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all
those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from
the destructive effects of the venereal poison, on the
body and mind. These secret and solitary practices,
are more fatal to the human system, than the most
virulent of the venereal poisons, blighting their most
brilliant hopes of anticipation, rendering marriage,
&c. impossible.

Young Men.

especially, who have become the victims of such
Vicious and destructive habits, which have
ruined their health, and rendered them the objects
of the most ardent prayers and entreaties of their
parents, who might otherwise have enjoyed the
blessings of a virtuous and useful life, and who
are now reduced to a state of utter helplessness,
may call with confidence.

Marriage.

Married persons who contemplate mar-
riage, being aware of physical weakness, organic de-
bility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult
Dr. Johnston, for the removal of the venereal poison,
and the restoration of their health.
He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston,
may rely with confidence on his honor as a gentle-
man, and confidence in his skill as a physician.

Organic Weakness.

Immediately cured and full vigor restored.
The venereal poison, which is the cause of all these
disorders, being removed, the system is restored to
its original purity, and the patient is enabled to
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A Certain Disease.

When the neglected and impudent venereal
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Select Poetry.

SHADOWS.

BY ZUE LILFORD.

Clouds are closing round me; o'er my heart
Their shadowy forms are cast—
There seems no joy in present hours,
No gladness in the past.
The future but one dreary blank,
A rayless mist is there,
From thoughts of sadness seem to part—
For this wild, dark despair.

The Condemned Patriot.

Written by a young Canadian Patriot the
evening before his execution.

Oh! must I die? and die so young; and
now, too, when the world has just begun to
open to me in all its perspective beauty?
Oh! it is hard, hard thus to die—to die an
ignominious death upon the scaffold, my
last moments to be embittered by the
taunting jests and ritalry of my enemies.
Must I die thus? I could have met death
with fortitude upon the battle-field, but to
die the death of a felon; how dreadful that
thought! I, who have indulged in the fond
hope of writing my name high upon the
scroll of fame, must I, ere the consumma-
tion of the great design, die—die a
felon's death?—Oh! must I bid an eternal
adieu to my aged and beloved mother?—
Yes, it must be so. In vain did you, my
mother, bow in humble supplication before
the tyrant Colborne, to implore pardon for
your only son. Yes, she bowed before
him, and with her hands extended in sup-
plication, cried in wild accents of a moth-
er's wailing—"Oh! spare my only
idolized son!" but in vain—she might as
well implore pity of a famished tiger. The
monster spared her from his feet. And
must I leave her too, to whom I have
breathed my vows of early love? her whom
I love with an attachment bordering on
idolatry with an affection too pure, too in-
tense, too holy for this life! Yes! For
tomorrow I must die. Oh! my God!
How I sicken at the thought; my brain
reels with a giddy dizziness, the cold sweat
stands upon my brow; it seems like a hor-
rible dream which haunts me like the in-
fernal. Oh! that I could but be spared
but for another day, to see her but once
more; but in vain, is each wish, awful
preparations are even now making for my
execution which speaks of death as truly
as yonder orb painting the western horizon
with its golden hue, tells of departing day.
But away with these thoughts, they serve
but to unman me; I will be myself again;
I will die as becomes a Canadian Patriot!
Yes—I who have fought the oppressors of
my country, and never yet bowed the knee
in humble submission to man, will show
the murderer Colborne that though his
chains and dungeons have impaired my
frame, they have not broken my spirit—

Interesting Story.

Losing and Winning.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN
THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

(CONCLUDED.)

"At whose suit do you come?" Julia
asked the officer.

"At Mr. Eldon's, madam. He holds a
note of some thousands against Mr. West-
bury, and thinks no time is to be lost in
making it secure. You have jewels of
value, madam, which I was ordered to in-
clude in the attachment."

"Will you allow me a few minutes for
reflection?" said Julia, whose faculties
seemed benumbed by the suddenness of
the blow.

"Certainly, madam, certainly—any ac-
commodation in my power I shall be happy
to grant."

"What can I do? what ought I to do?"
thought Julia. "Oh, that Mr. Westbury
were at home! Mr. Eveleth—yes—I will
send for him, he can advise me, if the offi-
cer will only wait."

"Will you suspend your operations for
half an hour, sir," asked Julia, "that I
may send for a friend to advise and assist
me?"

"Why, my time is very precious, madam,
and my orders to attend were peremptory;
nevertheless, half an hour will make no
great difference; so, to oblige you, I will
wait."

The pale and trembling Julia instantly
despatched a servant for Mr. Eveleth, and
in twenty minutes that gentleman arrived.
He was instantly made acquainted with the
business in hand, and without hesitation
accepted for the furniture, and dismissed
the officer. Julia felt relieved of an enor-
mous burden, when the officer left the
house—though in her trepidation she
scarcely comprehended how he was induced
to go, and leave everything as it was. As
soon as she was sufficiently composed and
collected to take up a pen, she wrote to her
husband, giving an account of it that had
transpired. Her letter despatched, she had
nothing to do but wait in torturing sus-
pense, till she could either see or hear from
him. On the third evening, as she was
sitting with her eyes resting on the carpet,
alternately thinking of her husband, and
her own embarrassing situation, and at
times raising her heart to heaven for
strength and direction—as she was thus
sitting, in deep and melancholy musing,
Mr. Westbury entered the apartment—
Quick as thought she sprang towards him,
exclaiming—

"Oh, my dear husband, how glad am I
that you are come! But what is the mat-
ter? you are crying, as he sank into a chair—
"you are very ill!"

"I find that I am," said Mr. Westbury.
"My strength has just sufficed to fetch me
home."

Julia took his hand, and found it was
burning with fever, and instantly despatched
a servant for a physician, while she
assisted her husband to his chamber. The
medical gentleman soon arrived, and pro-
nounced Mr. Westbury in a confirmed
fever. For twenty days, Julia was in the
agony of suspense. With intense anxiety
she watched every symptom, and adminis-
tered every medicine with her own hand,
lest some mistake should be made. It
was in vain that the physician entreated
her to take more care of herself; she could
do nothing, but that which related to her
husband. When nature was completely
exhausted, she would take an hour's trou-
bled repose, and then be again at her post.
On every account, the thought of death
was terrible. "To be lost to me," thought
she, "is utterly dreadful; but oh, it is a
trifle compared to his being lost to himself!
He is not fit for heaven. He has never
sought the intercession of the great Advo-
cate, through whom alone we can enter on
eternal life." How fervently did she pray
that his life might be prolonged! that he
might come forth from his affliction like
"gold seven times refined!"

Mr. Westbury was exceedingly reduced,
but there had been no symptom of delirium,
though weakness and pain compelled him
to remain almost constantly silent. Occa-
sionally, however, he expressed his grati-
tude to Julia for her unremitting attentions;
he begged her, for her sake, to take all
possible care of her own health, for if her
strength should fail, such another nurse—
so tender, so vigilant, could not be found.
Julia entreated him to take no thought
for her, as she doubted not that her Heav-
enly Father would give her strength for
the discharge of every duty. Sometimes,

THE CROPS FOR 1857.

A journey of some three thousand miles
within three weeks past, in New York,
Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey,
Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virgi-
nia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and
Iowa—fourteen States in all—enables us to
give our readers the grateful assurance that
the crops of the present year, according to
present promise, will be unsurpassed. The
hay crop is already secure, and there is
hardly a more important crop than this, or
one of which many portions of the country
have stood in more need during some months
past.

Immense quantities of wheat and corn
have been sowed in the great West, and if
some, and even much of the winter wheat
has been killed, the deficiency has been
many times made up in the abundance of
extra land planted. The season has been
everywhere a very backward one, and even
more backward in the far West than in the
East. In the western part of Massachusetts
and New York, considering the latitude,
the crops are more advanced than in almost
any other portions of the country. In
Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the fields look
as if there could be no failure or famine,
neither want or suffering. The scarcity of
the present, arising from two causes, specu-
lation and emigration West, and which has
made a city like St. Louis a place of export
from an even Westward is an event entirely
novel in its kind, and which can hardly
occur again. The thousands who have
gone West from New England, the Middle
States, and the South, have had to be
supplied from sources entirely new, and
produce, therefore is about dear at Cincin-
nati, Chicago and St. Louis, as at Boston
and New York. The year of 1857 promises,
we are happy to say, to be a year of abun-
dance. Farmers will command good and
even high prices, but not the exorbitant
rates of the present time. No greater
blessing can befall the nation than good
crops, and we ought to pray devoutly for
such a consummation.—N. Y. Express.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.

A most distressing
occurrence transpired on Saturday, at
Hanover, Pa., resulting in the death of
Jacob Matthias, cashier of the Bank of
Westminster. It appears that Mr. M.
had taken passage at the Baltimore depot
for Harrisburg, and whilst the cars stopped
at Hanover a minute or two, he entered the
public house and drank a glass of lemonade.
He had scarcely drunk before the train
commenced moving off, when he ran from
the place and caught hold one of the cars,
which jerked him around with considerable
violence. Making a second attempt, he
again grasped an iron handle of the next
car, and on attempting to spring up was
prostrated before the wheels, which passed
over both legs, cutting them almost entirely
off, and fracturing the skull. Mr. Matthias
was immediately taken up and conveyed
to a place of safety, every possible means
was resorted to, but all to no purpose.—
Death terminated his intense sufferings in
fifteen minutes after the occurrence. He
was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and
highly regarded as a most excellent citizen.
He was quite wealthy and leaves a family.
—Baltimore Amer., June 22.

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"I should like to know, friend," he said,
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continued he, "which of the two they pre-
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"Very civil question, indeed, and no mit-
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Butler mail stage started from Allegheny
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on the outside. Nothing worthy of note
occurred until they were nine miles out,
within three quarters of a mile of Colt's
barn, when one of the lead horses was
struck with the blind "stagers," and
rolled over the side of the road pulling along
the other leader, together with the shaft
horses, and the coach, down a precipice
some thirty feet deep, with rocks at the
bottom. Mr. John McAllister, of the
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most seriously injured. Dr. Ormsby, a
passenger, examined him, and found that
two of his lower ribs were broken, spine
bruised, and the skin rubbed off his back.
His head and shoulders were outside, and
the stage in striking, lodged fair across his
back where it must have remained twenty
minutes. Had it not been for the yielding
nature of the ground, he would no doubt
have been killed. The other persons hurt
were a young man named Ross, of Allegheny,
a Mr. McWhitely, of Pittsburgh, and an
old lady with a little boy, all of whom
had their legs more or less crushed by
being caught under the falling stage. Some
of the passengers continued their journey
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He was quite wealthy and leaves a family.
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were a young man named Ross, of Allegheny,
a Mr. McWhitely, of Pittsburgh, and an
old lady with a little boy, all of whom
had their legs more or less crushed by
being caught under the falling stage. Some
of the passengers continued their journey
by the next coach, others returned to
Allegheny in market wagons, and all were
exceedingly thankful that the accident had
not resulted in a fatal termination.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.

A most distressing
occurrence transpired on Saturday, at
Hanover, Pa., resulting in the death of
Jacob Matthias, cashier of the Bank of
Westminster. It appears that Mr. M.
had taken passage at the Baltimore depot
for Harrisburg, and whilst the cars stopped
at Hanover a minute or two, he entered the
public house and drank a glass of lemonade.
He had scarcely drunk before the train
commenced moving off, when he ran from
the place and caught hold one of the cars,
which jerked him around with considerable
violence. Making a second attempt, he
again grasped an iron handle of the next
car, and on attempting to spring up was
prostrated before the wheels, which passed
over both legs, cutting them almost entirely
off, and fracturing the skull. Mr. Matthias
was immediately taken up and conveyed
to a place of safety, every possible means
was resorted to, but all to no purpose.—
Death terminated his intense sufferings in
fifteen minutes after the occurrence. He
was in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and
highly regarded as a most excellent citizen.
He was quite wealthy and leaves a family.
—Baltimore Amer., June 22.

Affecting Scene.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY IN THE CARS.
A letter to a Western Editor relates the
following very affecting scene, of which the
writer was an eye witness:

"At Michigan city, where we changed
cars, we observed them moving a sick girl.
The party consisted of a brother about
twenty years, a sister of about sixteen,
and the mother. The invalid appeared
about twenty-five, very emaciated, but
those lustrous eyes so common to her dis-
ease—consumption—and which fascinated
while it pained us to look at her. The
tenderness and devotion of her people were
really beautiful. After we had gone some
fifty miles, while she was reclining on her
mother's breast, who was gently and care-
fully smoothing her hair, she suddenly
raised herself and fell back dead. Then
followed such a scene of wild and frantic
grief, mingled with the noise of the rushing
cars, the scream of the locomotive, and the
confusion of the passengers, that no power
of mine can describe; and this was contin-
ued for fifty miles more. We old tough
hearts found that there was one spot not
quite hardened."

HOW HE MARRIED THEM OFF.

A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the
paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the
astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in
marrying them all off in six months. A
neighbor of his, who had likewise several
single daughters, called upon him.