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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

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We have connected with our establishment a well selected *JOB OFFICE*, which will enable us to execute, in the neatest style, every variety of Printing.

BALTIMORE
LOCK HOSPITAL.
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

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.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

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

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 excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences 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 the pleasures of healthy offspring, 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. Full not to observe name and number.

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

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in 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, 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, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, 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 Spirits, Evil-Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, 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, nervous and emaciated, having a 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, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence 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 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.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that 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 frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller 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 Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatement are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the 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 gentleman 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, Md.
February 21, 1863—1 y.

ELEGANT CARDS DE VISITE.
NOW IS THE TIME TO FILL YOUR ALBUMS.

IN consequence of the scarcity of change, I will sell my elegant PENOGRAPH CARDE DE VISITE PORTRAITS.

Sixteen for One Dollar.

Sent by mail Postage paid.

These cardes are best published and are permanent. They embrace all the principal Generals of the Army, President, Cabinet, &c. Also two of the greatest villians unhung JEFF and BEAUREGARD.

Catalogues sent on application.

Sample copies sent on receipt of Ten Cents.

JOHN DAINTY,
723 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

September 6, 1862.

CHOICE POETRY.

A FINE POEM.

THE TWICE-WON STREAM OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A descriptive poem by Edna Dean Proctor, entitled "The Mississippi," recently appeared in the *Independent*. It is too long to quote entire but we give a few passages. After reciting the discoveries of Marquette, La Salle and De Soto—

"Boatmen bold in song and story"—

it tells of the traffic which dotted the great river at the zenith of the nation's prosperity:

"Now a nation builds its borders; now the great fleets hasten down
With the sheaves of many a prairie, with the wealth of many a town;
Decks piled high from warmer harvest-fields of cotton and of cane—
Snowy bales in avalanches sliding swift their marts to gain.—
Past the sea craft, inland sailing, past the shifting harbor-bars,
Out, across the Gulf, the ocean, under lustrous tropic stars."

Then, how treason closed the highway:

"Will ye trust the strange recital—tale that only fiend should tell?
When the nation's morn was fairest, black the night of Treason fell!
Traitors claiming all the South-land, and the river once so free,
Under forts and frowning ridges, rolling, alien, to the sea!
Freedom's banner madly trampled, and the motto haunted high,
'On the Slave we hound Dominion—who shall dare our right deny?'"

The rally of the nation followed:

"God of Justice! how our rally rang through all the startled air!
Million-voiced, the North made answer, rising calm and strong from prayer!
Caught the rifle, clasped the sabre, put the pen, the ploughshare by—
Fathers, brothers, surging southward when they heard the gathering cry,
Till, from green Dakotah uplands to the rocky isle of Maine,
Every hamlet, every city, lent its bravest to the train—
Freedom's flag above them waving, freedom's songs triumphant sung,
Ne'er, I ween, to such an army, foe the gage of battle flung."

Our navy sprang into life:

"Night and day the roaring forges shape the anchor, weld the chain,
Round the ball, and cast the cannon, O their glow shall not be vain!
Day and night the engines labor, hammers ring and shuttles fly,
Till the avenging fleet is fashioned, southward set, with colors high."

Then came the attack upon the Mississippi forts and the capture of New Orleans:

"Right across the sandy shallows, up the channel broad and deep.—
Hark! their cannon's judgment thunder wakes the traitor-city's sleep!
Mosted Jackson, strong St. Phillip! ye were weak and powerless then;
Low must crumble wall and bastion had ye thrice ten thousand men.
Ye may man your casemates newly, hurl your shots like hellish rain,—
Sweep their shells in fiery circles, strewing all your lines with slain.
O such ships were never anchored off the Nile or Trafalgar—
See! they pass the boom, the fortress, steady, stormed from hull to spar!
O such men were never marshaled on the deck for siege or slaughter—
Think how sank the bold Varuna, hero-freighted, beath the water!
Forts are silenced, fleets are vanquished, shot nor flame can bear them down;
Now, to God alone the glory! safe they come before the town,
O, the foe by tent and fireside learned full well what Treason means,
When the cannon, wrathful, deadly, lined the wharves of New Orleans;
When they heard the rapturous music, caught the crews' victorious cheer,
As again, on dome and fortress, rose the old flag, floating clear;
Saw the pale, bewildered army flee in terror and dismay;
Now, to God alone be glory, 'twas a proud and joyful day!'"

Then Vicksburg fell, and Port Hudson capitulated, and so

"From Traitor's grasp for ever was the Mississippi won.

* * * * * *

By the wave or in the woodland slumber still, O Boatmen bold!
Seaward down, through loyal levels, rolls the River, as of old!
Rolls the River, swift, resistless, scorning bounds and forts and foes,
Undivided from the Passes to Itasca's lone repose.
Hark! a murmur of thanksgiving! all its waves in music flow—
Ransomed banks lean o'er to listen—joyous winds harmonious blow!
On its breast, in grander plenty, through the ages yet unborn,
Shall still float the teeming harvests—fairest cotton, golden corn—
Cities gleam and orchards blossom; woodmen open to the sun
Leagues of lowland, breadths of forest, where its tributary rivers run,
Till a free and happy people fill the valley rich and wide.
From the springs of great Missouri far to Alleghany's side;
While above them, all unclouded, done with war and envious jars,
Brighter through the circling ages shine the glorious Stripes and Stars!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wonderful Properties of Figures.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

Though figures constitute a universal language among the civilized nations of the earth, and maintain such an exalted character for honesty and truth that it has passed into a proverb that "figures never lie"; yet they are treated as the mere slaves of calculation, without any regard for that respect and consideration to which their lecular qualities entitle them. To rescue them from the degradation of being looked upon as mere conveniences, let us see if they are not possessed of certain intrinsic properties which shall excite our wonder and admiration.

Few people have a clear conception of even "a million of dollars," which we hear expressed on every side, wherever the cost of this "cruel war" is under discussion. Let us make a very simple mental calculation, and see if we are not astonished at the result. Mr. Longworth, who recently died at Cincinnati, was said to be worth fifteen millions of dollars. How many days would it take to count that sum, at the rate of fifty dollars a minute, working steadily ten hours each day? While some are guessing four or five days, another a week, another two weeks or a month, the operation may be carried on mentally by saying fifteen millions divided by fifty gives three hundred thousand minutes, divided by sixty gives five thousand hours, divided by ten gives five hundred days! An answer which is sure to strike your guessers with amazement; a remarkable instance of the difference between guessing and thinking.

The powers of the human understanding are limited. The increase of figures has no limits. Our knowledge of numbers, therefore, must necessarily be limited. But, like every other subject, the more we study and think about it the more we shall know. A distinguished philosopher, to whom the world is indebted for some of the grandest truths of science, has said that without any extraordinary endowment of mind, by thinking long and deeply on his subject, point after point gradually unfolded itself to his mental vision, until he was able to comprehend the mighty laws which control the universe.

The child who has learned to count as far as three, has an idea of that number; but the number thirteen is quite beyond his comprehension. The savage gets along very well with his arithmetic so long as he is not required to go beyond the numeration of his fingers and toes; but any greater number quite bewilders his imagination, and, in despair, he refers to the hairs of the head, the leaves of the forest or the sands on the seashore, to express his overwhelming sense of its magnitude. Every young student of history has laughed at the extreme simplicity and ignorance of the Indian whom Powhatan sent to England to see the country and find out how many people were there. As soon as the shores of England were reached, the "poor Indian" procured a long stick and commenced to cut a notch on it for every one he saw. Of course he was soon obliged to stop.

On his return Powhatan, among many questions, asked how many people he had seen? "Count the stars in the sky," was the reply, "the leaves on the trees, or the sands on the shore, for such is the number of the English." Perhaps this untutored child of the forest was not so very far astray after all; for the stars in both hemispheres visible to the naked eye do not exceed the number of ten thousand. The hairs of the head and the leaves of the trees may be easily counted, and the sands on the seashore are by no means innumerable.

POWER OF CYPHERS.

The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and even millions, but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the vast bodies of water that cover nearly three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by the two words "eighteen septillions," and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four cyphers to the number 18 (18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above; for although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only one inch and a half of ordinary print, yet if each particular drop were noted by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to wind round the sun six thousand billions of times!

Now observe, if you please, the marvellous power of value which the cyphers or "noughts"—insignificant by themselves—give to the significant figures 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cypher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practised by every school-boy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells, or beads, used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oration for Roscius, the actor, in order to express 300,000, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbrous notation, (CCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ) which may admit of the very liberal translation: Three c's, one I, three inverted c's; three c's, one I, three c's inverted; three c's, one I, three c's upside down. How very odd this looks in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXIII—1863!

Many very curious and interesting things might be said concerning the history of numerical characters used in ancient and modern times; but, not to prolong this article, they must be reserved for some future occasion.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

The simple interes of *one cent*, at 6 per cent per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the present year 1863, would be but the trifling sum of 11 dollars, 17 cents and 8 mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And, if a Parrott gun were discharged at one extremity while a man was stationed at the other—light travelling 192,000 miles in a second; the initial velocity of a cannon ball being about 1,500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate; and sound moving through the atmosphere 1,120 feet in a second—he would see the flash after waiting 110,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74 billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries. Again, if all these masses of gold were fused into one prodigious ball, having the sun for its centre, it would reach out into space, in all directions, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two millions of miles, almost reaching the orbit of Herschel or Uranus; and, if the interest were continued till the end of the present century, it would entirely fill up the solar system, and even encroach five hundred millions of miles on the domains of the void beyond the planet Neptune, whose orbit, at the distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty million of miles from the sun, encircles our whole system of worlds.

The present system of figures is called the Arabic method, but it should be more properly termed the Indian method, because it had its origin among the Hindoos of Iedia, from whom the Arabs learned it; and they, in turn, carried the art into Spain, where they practised it during their long occupation of that country.

The publication of their astronomical tables in the form of almanacs was the principal means of gradually spreading it abroad among the surrounding nations; but so slow was the progress that it was not generally established until about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Resolutions of the Union State Convention.

PITTSBURG, August, 5
EVENING SESSION.

Messrs. Todd, Maxwell, Darlington, A. W. Taylor and Dickey, the committee on resolution, reported the following series:

The loyal men of Pennsylvania, in Convention assembled, disclaiming all partizanship, and knowing no cause but that of the country, declare for themselves and their constituents:

First, Their inflexible purpose to maintain by every necessary effort, service and sacrifice, the National Union, as the first, highest most solemn and most overshadowing of all political duties.

Second, That the rebellion which threatens the existence of the Union was without cause, was conceived in wickedness, organized in perjury, and developed by reckless violence, is stained with every crime, and detestable in object, and infernal in purpose and must be suppressed by the people of the United States at the destruction of whose liberties and the overthrow of those free institutions it is injuriously aimed. That in this momentous contest there are and can be but two parties—one which firmly sustains the constituted authorities of the nation in enforcing all the laws thereof, and in protecting the principle upon which the Government rests, and is therefore at once the party of law, of liberty, and patriotism; he other w hich cripples the constituted authorities of the nation in enforcing the laws, securing its safty and preserving its life, and is therefore the parent of mobs, the enemy of order, and a participant in treason—the class whose detestable practices give aid and comfort to the common enemy, but as confessed at Richmond, light up these days of rebel darkness and disaster, and stimulate them to renewed and desperate efforts to recruit their armies, and to whom in part is this day justly chargeable whatever of vitality the rebellion preserves, and whatever calamity and affliction the further protraction of the contest may involve. But for Northern sympathizers with Southern treason and the hopes which their treasonable existence inspires, the rebellion would have sunk under the staggering blows dealt it at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson.

Resolved, That wholly without sympathy for the men who have made this war against a free Republican government, or for a system of human bondage, in whose interest it was instigated, or cause of despotic principles to which it is devoted, this Convention declares all engaged therein, while so engaged, to be worthy only of our patriotic hatred; and, in like spirit, we denounce as doubly recreant and base those residents of loyal States who tolerate this treason, and would affiliate with armed traitors, and again surrender our government and liberties to their keeping.

Resolved, That Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, [applause] by the discharge of his most arduous duties in the dark days of civil war, has won for himself the affection and regard of the whole American people; and always bearing himself clear in his high office, has maintained the integrity of the Union, and kept our honor untarnished throughout the world, [applause] and to him, this administration, its principal, and its policy we give our heartiest approval and pledge our earnest and enthusiastic support. [Loud applause.]

Resolved, That the amendments proposed to the Constitution in giving to our soldiers in the field the right of suffrage, merit our hearty approval, and will receive our united support; and that we recommend conventions of loyal men throughout the State to pledge all candidates for the Legislature to vote for it.

Resolved, That we tender to the gallant sons of Pennsylvania now in the armies and navies of the Republic the thanks of a grateful people, for their unselfish and heroic valor; that we mourn for those who have sealed with their blood their devotion to their country, and will cherish their memories tenderly and fondly; while to the glorious survivors we give assurance that the last dollar and the last life shall be given to reinforce them, until the old flag floats in final victory. [Applause.]

Resolved, That Governor Curtin, by the effective support he has given the Federal Government in the prosecution of the war, and his vigilant care for our soldiers, alike in the field, in camp and in hospital, has gained for Pennsylvania proud and foremost pre-eminence among the loyal States, and entitled himself to the thanks of all her loyal citizens, and in placing him again in nomination the Convention but gave expression to the spontaneous wishes of the people of the Commonwealth he has served so well. We present for their suffrages the patriotic statesman, who is alike the friend of the soldier and the favorite of the people. [Applause.]

Resolved, That in the nomination of Judge Agnew, we present an accomplished jurist, a pure patriotic and a loyal citizen, who will adorn the highest judicial tribunal of the Commonwealth, and give additional security to the rights of persons and property.

Dr. Heighold, of Jefferson county, offered as an amendment the following:

Resolved, That the bold and determined stand taken by Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, in summarily arresting traitors and thieves, wherever found, merits our commendation, and that in seizing any disloyal person, we pledge him our hearty co-operation in the task which he has before him.

WHY HOGS EAT ASHES, &c.—Mr. Mechi, of Tip Tree Hall, England, has discovered that pigs, when shut up to fatten, are very fond of cinders, and improve in condition by eating a certain portion of them every day. Some persons are unable to account for this singular propensity in swine. Poultry are very fond of egg shells, lime, and &c., and it is well known these substances are necessary in order to form the shells of eggs, and to furnish material for the bones of fowls.

Now, it is reasonable to suppose that swine eat ashes and cinders for the purpose of supplying the material for their bones, and this singular instinct in animals so low in the scale of intelligence, is truly wonderful, for ashes contain the ingredients which are necessary to form bones, viz: carbonate and sulphate of lime and magnesia, clay, silica gelatinized and made soluble by the fire.

When hogs are at large, they take in clay and silica with their food, and eat bones and roots, which contain the necessary ingredients; but when they are pent up, they endeavor to supply the materials necessary for keeping up their frames by devouring ashes and cinders. Let them have plenty of them.

Frightful Affair in an English Railway Car.

From the London Globe.

The railway companies are sometimes assailed unjustly, and called to account for offences they have no power to prevent. But one of their special shortcomings has just been almost radically illustrated on the North Western line. Two travelers, a Mr. M'Mean and a Mr. Warland, took seats in a second class carriage by the Friday night express from Liverpool to London. In the same compartment were a moody-looking Irishman and an elderly woman. The Irish man sat by one window, the woman near the other, and the two men between. Until the train passed Bletchly the sedate passengers was hardly noticed by the others. It is true that he had now and again talked to himself somewhat fiercely, and seemed to be threatening an invisible foe. Mr. McLean and Mr. Worland glanced at him, and then continued in friendly chat. Now it so happened that the man had been insane, and was rapidly growing insane again. A wild notion was fast acquiring the strength of a fixed idea. The two men in familiar chat, were thieves planning how they could rob him, and he was resolving to be first in the field. There was some method in his madness, for he postponed the execution of his project until the train had fairly started on its last run to London. As soon as it had left Bletchley the maniac drew a knife and stabbed Mr. Worland in the head. He drew back his arm to repeat the stroke, when Mr. McLean, who seems to have had his wits about him, knocked him back into his seat. Springing up, the maniac made another dash at the now insensible Worland, but here he was again met by McLean, who gripped his throat and his armed hand, and a close combat began. All the time the train flew rapidly through the country. The woman, sitting near the other window, had done all she could to alarm the driver by wasting her screams on the morning air, and now lay insensible from the effect of terror. The madman drew the blade of his knife through the fingers of McLean, and thrust with it wildly. Worland had now regained his senses, and he at once entered into the combat, getting behind the madman, and throwing him down. The maniac's yells were louder than those of the women, they were continuous, but neither guard nor driver heard them. And so the tragedy continued one long act, a raving maniac held down by the two men, all covered with blood, lighted by a dim lamp and the grey dawn. For forty long miles this scene lasted, seen by none except those engaged in the strife, until a ticket collector, hastily opening the door, saw the two gashed and haggered men bending over the exhausted madman on the blood stained floor. Since the French police found the body of a murderer judge in a railroad carriage nothing so terrible has occurred. Of course the madman, for he must have been mad, was taken before a magistrate, and there he gave, as a reason for his conduct, the explanation we have already mentioned he thought the two men were about to rob him. He turns out to be an Irish schoolmaster, Michael Lyons by name, coming to London on a mixed journey of business and pleasure. It is said that he had been confined in an asylum for a year, and of course every inquiry will be made into his past life and character. But whether Lyons be mad or not, the share of the railway company in the transaction is the same They made it possible for the man to hold to his hand the lives of two fellow creatures for about an hour. McLean and Worland might have got away had they been assailed at night in a dark wood. In a railway carriage they were penned up with a homicidal mania, and could neither get help nor get away. Lyons might have struck a fair blow at first, and had he done so killing Worlan he would probably have succeeded in killing McLean. The railway arrangements had provided that no help should come, and heavy responsibility rests upon the directors. It is true that there is no cause for general alarm. Yet who knows that he may not travel a long journey with some one liable to outbursts of madness?—The remedy in this case, as in that of fire, is to enable the passenger to communicate with the guard, or the guard to have run off the train. It is monstrous that, from no fault of their own, her Majesty's subjects should be shut up for hours with murderers, thieves, ravishers, or madmen. The remedy should be applied, if not then voluntarily, then by Act of Parliament.

RICH MINISTERS IN NEW YORK.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Post, in the course of a gossipping letter to that journal, touches on the subject of "rich ministers" in Gotham. At the head of the list the writer places, as of course, Archbishop Hughes, whose private property (he says) amounts to the snug little sum of a round million dollars. He is the millionaire minister *par excellence*. In the Lutheran Church there is a Rev. J. W. Heisenhainer, who is reckoned is reckoned worth $250,000 and whose secular hours are for the most part occupied in forging "the silken chain that binds two willing hearts." Thousands of couples matrimonially inclined have, by his aid, reached the consummation devoutly wished. His residence, in Fourteenth street is litterally besieged by the crowds who desire to exchange the true lover's knot for that Gordian knot which nothing but death can cut. Among the Dutch Reformed clergymen, Rev. A. R. Van Nest ranks as the richest. This gentleman has one or two hundred thousand dollars now, and "has a goodly heritage" in prospect of half a million more when his wealthy father reaches the shinning shore. Rev. Dr. Hardenburgh, of the same denomination, is estimated worth a hundred thousand dollars. The Presbyterians, perhaps, have more rich ministers than any other denomination. At the head of the list—the Nestor of the Church in this city—stands Dr. Spring, *clarum venerabile nomen*—who is easily worth a hundred thousand dollars, and whose young and interesting bride is set down as having three nun-thousand dollars more. Rev. Dr. Adams no one thinks of estimating at less than one hundred thousand dollars. Rev. Dr. Potts and Rev Dr. Phillips each are worth fifty thousand, and several others of the Presbyterian clergy are equally able to keep the wolf from the door. Bishop Janes, of the Methodist Church, possesses treasures on earth to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, and so does Rev. James Floy, the politician in that denomination. Rev. Dr. Hagany is worthy about thirty thousand dollars. Among the Baptists, Rev. Doctors Dowling and Sommers are set down at thirty thousand apiece, and Rev. S. A. Corey at about twenty thousand dollars. Rev. Mr. Beecher and Doctor R. S. Storres, of Brooklyn, own fine residences, and are called worth twenty-five or thirty thousand each.

THE BRIGHTENED PROSPECT

The Slaveholders' Confederacy, if not utterly "played out," is manifestly and rapidly approaching that natural consummation. Everything we hear from it betokens exhaustion, impotence, despair. Jeff.'s recent levy en masse brings very few conscripts to his camps, while desertions therefrom occur by brigades. The Kentuckians and Tennesseans who have retreated after every pitched battle fought in their respective States for the last eighteen months, and now find themselves fleeing before Rosecrans in Georgia and Alabama, cannot be duped by idle gasconade; they know that their respective States are lost to the Rebellion, and they revolt at the propect of another year of hardship, privation and slaughter now that hope has departed. The forces of Johnston and Pemberton, beaten in a dozen fights without exception, hunted out of Vicksburg and Mississippi, with the loss of two-thirds of their number and nearly all their artillery and munitions, know that they are beaten—routed—pulverized; no lying bulletins or windy General Orders can cheat them with regard to a fact whereof they have had such ample and palpable demonstration. They have had enough of the ravages and desolations of civil war, and sigh for a return to the ways of industry and peace.

It is somewhat different with Lee's army, yet not essentially so. The army can still fight, and, acting on the defensive in a strong position, it could doubtless give a good account of itself. In the consciousness that it is better led and more skillfully handled than its antagonist has ever yet been, it has an important element of cohesion and strength. But it is ragged, ill shod, badly fed, long unpaid, and labors under the depressing consciousness that it has done its best without avail. It never fought better than at Gettysburg, where it was massed and impelled with Lee's conceded ability, where it had a decided advantage in the first encounter, and fought in the fill flush of that initial victory through the two following days. Human nature could do no more; and when it abandoned its severely wounded on that blood-soaked, wreck-strewn field, and turned its face in full retreat to the Potomac and the Rapidan, it virtually left the fortunes and the hopes of the Confederacy in ruins behind it. Distant partisans may maunder and pettifog to their heart's content; but the Army of Virginia knows that it invaded the loyal States with full intent to crush the Army of the Potomac and capture Baltimore and Washington, and that its return, minus a third of its numbers, most of its ammunition, and with the Union cavalry harrassing its rear, was a disaster from which the Rebel cause can hardly recover. It has recently been reenforced so as to swell its numerical strength nearly to that with which it broke up from Fredericksburg; but its real strength is immensely diminished. Forty thousand men added to it to-morrow would not enable it to fight another battle nearly so good as that it fought at Gettysburg.

We hold, then, that the Rebellion is at its last gasp, unless it can receive some new infusion of vitality from abroad. And European intervention being all but hopeless, a Copperhead insurrection to defeat the Draft is now its last chance. We have reason to believe that insurrection is now being plotted in this city, and that it will signalize its first outbreak by systematic and wide-spread conflagration. We apprehend that the conspiracy is strengthened by delay in enforcing the Draft, though we would not have the Government proceed with that until thoroughly prepared; but the moment the schedules are ready, let the Draft proceed, and let us know the worst—that Northern treason has in store for us. Let the Rebels see just how much this treason avails them, and make their calculations accordingly. Let us have Three Hundred Thousand fresh men in the field, with Copperhead disloyalty probed to the core, and nothing but the worst generalship on our side can protract the life of the Rebellion beyond Christmas. Energy in the Government, and patriotism evinced by the loyal Millions, ought to give us substantial peace even earlier than this.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Italian Honey-Bees.

When the bees were first introduced into this country I regarded them more of a humbug than an improved species of honey-bee, and no doubt but others have come to the same conclusions. But after due consideration and experiments for the past three years, I have become fully convinced of their superiority over the native bee. They seem to be a very tough, hardy bee, will stand the cold or northern winters better, collect honey much faster, work earlier in the morning and later at night than our native kind. The queens are more prolific, and will brood much faster than the common species. They will collect honey from some species of flowers which other bees pass by. Their proboscis seems to be a trifle longer, and being stronger and more active, they will frequently tear the authers of flowers open to obtain the sweets, which the common bee will never do, and, as has been frequently alleged, will collect honey from the smaller species of red clover. Their size is governed by the size of the cells where they are reared. If comb of other bees' make is used, they will be about the same size as our common bees. But if they are allowed to build their own brood comb, they will be considerably larger.

By careful management I find that they are much less liable to sting than the old kind. Bee-keepers who are not thoroughly acquainted with the nature of bees would do well to use a fumigation pipe, which will render any swarm perfectly manageable in less than ten seconds. They can even be shook out of the hive, and not a bee will resent it.

They seem to differ very materially in color, as well as in the shape of their body, from the common kind. Their bodies seem to be somewhat longer, and taper to near a point. The workers are all marked by a serious gold bands, encircling their bodies just under the wings. The drones are not so strongly marked. The workers resemble the common yellow wasp quite as much as they do the common kind of bees. The queens vary in color—some of them are a dark brown, others are quite light, approaching to near a gold color; but the progeny of a dark queen bear the mark quite as plain as a light colored one.

In regard to their moral habits I cannot speak very favorably, unless it is for the robbery of our common stocks. In that capacity they will excel anything I have ever seen. Being very smart and active, they will make their way into any common hive and get a load of honey, and make their escape unharmed. They will have a full hive, whether it is a good honey season or not, and I have frequently had them fill two hives by placing one on the top of the other.

I would advise all persons who engage in their culture to make the entrance to the hive containing the native species very small to prevent being robbed by them. The entrance of the Italian swarms should also be contracted, to prevent their robbing neighboring apiaries. The Italians are not so liable to rob their own species. Amateurs just commencing the culture of bees would be greatly benefitted by purchasing some good treatise upon their nature and habits. K. P. KIDDER, Practical Agriculturist, Burlington, Vt.—*Country Gentleman.*

Reception of Gen. Logan at Home.

DUQUOINE, Ill., July 31.—Major General Logan arrived here this morning, and was met at the depot by a large concourse of citizens. The committee bade him welcome as an honored son of Illinois, and admired of all loyal men.

In a speech which he made at Carbondale yesterday, Gen. Logan said he had no disposition to discuss politics, for he was not a politician, and thanked God for it. He only wanted to consider what was for the good of the country. When war was over we can ask who is the villain. Now the house is on fire, and we must put it out.—He showed who began the war. That the President was forced at every step to take the measures he had, and yet some cried "unconstitutional."

We fought the Mexicans, because they made war on the government, and if that war was constitutional why was not this? He ridiculed the sentimentalism of those who objected to the war because it was against our brethern. He was no apologist for the President, but he would stand by him in all his efforts to put down the rebellion, even if he sent elephants south to trample them down. All the exigencies of a war like this could not be enforced and provided for by the Constitution. The President was empowered to raise armies, and that was sufficient. If this war is unconstitutional, then Jeff. Davis must be right. He defended and explained the Conscription act, and denounced the New York rioters.

If the leaders were hung to the first tree there would have been no mob. He had seen men smile when we were whipped and frown like angry clouds when we were victorious; but he expected that they all would do themselves but justice not to die traitors on account of the infamy they would bring on their families. We must be for our country right or wrong. A man who is not for this government would hate heaven, if he lived in it, and showed how ridiculous was the "peace" cry, and said the only way to peace was to soundly thrash the rebels and they would come back as humble as need be; and this whipping they would get as sure as God was in heaven.

He spoke of the condition of the government at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. Its armies were nearly all shipped south. With this disadvantage, what success had not been achieved? With regard to the emancipation proclamation, he said if the rebels wanted their niggers let them stop fighting. If the proclamation was wrong let them lay down their arms and appeal to the courts. If the question was left to the women and children of Mississippi and Louisiana, they would say they wanted no more negroes, for the rebel army had demoralized them, and ours had made them no better. The institution would be worthless, whether they gained their independence or not.

He spoke three hours, completely carrying his audience with him, and many times affecting them to tears by his manly and hearty defence of our brave soldiers. At the close of the meeting three rousing cheers were given for the Union and three for Logan, and a series or Union resolutions were passed. About three thousand persons were present.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW YORK RIOT.—"Mother! they may kill the body, but they cannot touch the soul!" was the language used by poor Abraham Franklin, as he was borne from the presence of his mother by the barbarous mob on the morning of the 14th ult. This young man aged, twenty-three, had been an invalid for about two years, and was a confirm