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[March 27, 1861-1y

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinney,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK,
at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this es-
tablishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1858-tf.

MEMORY

RY AND BAKERY!
DERSIGNED ANNOUN-
itizens of Altoona and vicinity that he
a large invoice of
FECTIONARIES, NUTS, SPICES
ildren &c., expressly for the Holidays.
always on hand a good stock of plain
his own manufacture.
PRUNES, RAISINS, &C,
all seasons of the year.
Sugar, Molasses, Butter,
D WHITE WHEAT FLOUR.
AT FLOUR, CORN MEAL, &C.,
d for sale in large or small quantities.
nd price my stock and you will find
up as any in town.
JACOB WISE.

EAT QUESTION WHICH
the mind of every person
get the best article for my
d to other matters, the subscriber
attempt to direct, but if you
the line of
TS OR SHOES
examination of his stock and work.
ently on hand an assortment of Boots, Shoes
&c., which he offers at fair prices.
pecial attention to custom work, all of
rranted to give satisfaction. None but the
employed
shop is on Virginia street, immediately
Drug Store.
7-tf] JOHN H. ROBERTS.

FETTINGER'S
l News Agency,
L, No. 7, MAIN STREET
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
RY, CONFECTIONARIES
RS & TOBACCO,
OTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
NSTANTLY ON HAND.

AL POLICE GAZETTE.—
Journal of Crime and Criminals is in
and is widely circulated throughout
ontains all the Great Trials, Original
State Editorials on the same, together with
minal Matters, not to be found in any
s $2 per annum; $1 for six months, to
scribers, (who should write their names
ty and State where their papers are mailed.)
To G. W. MATSELL & CO.
Prop'r. of New York Police Gazette.
No. 7 Park Row, New York City.

FECTIONERY
YSTER SALOON,
SCRIBER WOULD IN-
itizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
, NUT and FRUIT STORE is always
ery best articles to be had, and is prepared
also an
TER SALOON
re, in which he will serve up OYSTERS
D BREAD & PIES always on hand.
prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c.,
r parties. He invites a share of public
that he can render full satisfaction to
fore and saloon is on Virginia street, two
's Hall.
1861-tf OTTO ROSSI.

ESSLER—PRACTICAL
T, respectfully announces
Altoona and the public gen-
that he has opened a Drug business
where he keeps constantly
hemicals and Retail DRUGS,
MICALS, OILS, VARNISHES,
&c.
to business, and a desire to render sa-
to purchasers in prices and quality, he hopes to
share of public patronage.
Prescriptions carefully compounded at
hours, day or night.
[1-tf.

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ghts to manufacture the CORELITE
RIAL SHEET, I am now prepared to
on this new and beautiful principle,
or to the old style, on silver plate, as
e or discoler. It combines no metallic
course there is no galvanic action.
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of teeth will please call and examine
W. S. RUPERT.
Office in Masonic Temple, Altoona.

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ng Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., &c.
ESSLER'S.

O AT McCORMICK'S Store
assortment of Boots & Shoes, clothing.
Nov. 28, tf.

LES.—A LARGE AND
ortment of Groceries have just been re-
ed by J. P. SELTMAN.

AT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
and Variable Brushes at
ESSLER'S.

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ly and cheaply executed at the
ALTOONA TRIBUNE OFFICE.

ILS, COLOGNES, POM-
e Shaving Paste, &c., &c., for sale by
ESSLER.

LES AND EYE TWEEZER-
(1-tf.) ESSLER'S.

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 7. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1862. NO. 24.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

H. McCRUM,.....H. C. DERN,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1,50.
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

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Six lines or less.....	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON 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, Trembling, 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 cotemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformity, &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 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 not 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. Fail 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 Nuseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

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.

There 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 of 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 connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair 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 pain s 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 treatment 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 Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Maryland.

Choice Poetry.

JULY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

It is the glorious summer time.
The winds are soft and low.
And o'er the hill, sunlight and shade
Alternate come and go;
The voice of Summer sweet is heard
Among the leaves and corn;
For winds are full of whisperings
At eve and early morn.

Yes, glorious Summer now is here,
With all her lengthened train,
She sways her golden sceptre o'er
The fields of ripening grain:
The flowers along the river's side
Are bending down, as though
They wished to clasp their shadows in
The crystal depths below.

A gladsome voice is stealing from
The distant bourn and brake;
The clouds, that float upon the air,
Are mirror'd in the lake,
And softly trips the purling brook
On silver feet along,
While, from the bushes on its bank,
The birds pour forth their song.

The world seems very fair and bright,
The sunlight sweeps our brow.
But it will be as beautiful
A few short years from now;
With lightsome step July will come,
With cool, refreshing showers,
With laughing brooks, with singing birds,
With sunshine and with flowers.

The streams will glide as gently on.
With music sweet and low;
Upon whose banks at eventide
We roamed so long ago.
The same bright sun will still pursue
His trackless course on high,
And stars as bright and beautiful
Will still gleam in the sky.

Although the earth will be as fair,
The birds sing on each bough,
They will no! sing their songs for us
A few short years from now!
Eor every living thing on earth
Must shortly droop and die,
And we shall soon have passed away
Like cloud-tints from the sky.

Select Miscellany.

[From the Phila. Dollar Weekly Journal.]

AN INCIDENT OF BALL'S BLUFF.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

Since the outbreak of the war that is now sprinkling our hearthstones with drops of blood and sorrow, very many have been the instances of noble bravery, and many have been the scenes and incidents of an affecting and stirring character. But there have been none thus far, we think, that exceeds the following in tragic, heart-touching sadness, none that more readily brings to our lips the words:

"Would to God these things were ended."

On the day succeeding the battle of Ball's Bluff a party of Union volunteers, bearing a flag of truce, started out upon the bloody field for the purpose of burying some favorite comrades whom they knew to have fallen in the contest. Dividing into two squads, they commenced the sad search. By the slightest conceivable accident, the first squad straggled directly into a little ravine, so concealed by trees and bushes, that Nature seemed to have intended it specially for fugitives to hide in.

Each one of them stood still for a moment as a low, plaintive groan struck upon their ears, and then listening, they heard some one say, in broken tones:

"Oh, my brother! my dear Joe! God forgive me for killing you; but these villains deceived us and lied to us! Oh, dear Joe! I'm sorry I killed you!"

The intruders, as the voice ceased, stepped forward, and came in full view of the scene. It was the following:

Near the head of the little ravine, and close up against the dense wall of bushes and rank undergrowth, kneeled two men. Both were bleeding from their wounds, but one was dead, while the other was so nearly so that he was too weak to rise.—The dead one was dressed in a Massachusetts uniform, while that of the survivor proclaimed him a rebel.

As the latter perceived the new comers, he spasmodically grasped the butt of a pistol protruding from his belt, for the purpose of defending himself; but, either because he saw that resistance was useless, or because of his failing strength, he did not draw the weapon. With a mingled look of valor and pain upon his ghastly features, he straightened himself as well as he was able, and exclaimed in gasping, catching tones:

"Shoot me—no quarter—I killed—my brother!"

As the last words escaped his lips he seemed to become totally unmanned, and bursting into tears and sobs, he sunk beside his dead brother. This paroxysm was quickly followed by insensibility, from which he was only aroused by a little spirit poured down his throat from the flask of one of the Union soldiers, a corporal, who supported him tenderly in his arms, while his companions exerted themselves towards his recovery.

What a strange feeling must have impressed a spectator of the scene we have just described, who had witnessed the bloody carnage of the day previous. A few hours only passed since the red tide was ebbing and flowing upon the battle field, over which a solemn quiet now reigned, that was only occasionally interrupted by the sullen boom of artillery across the swollen river, in whose muddy waves many a mother's noble boy now lay, coldly, silently sleeping.

The rebel soldier presently recovered, and spoke a few faint words to his enemy friends, if the term be admissable. He was kindly answered, and again his pallid features betrayed the various conflicting emotions that passed through his mind.—He rolled his half-glazed eyes from one to another of the strange faces about him with an expression of inquiring wonder.

"You belong to the Union army, don't you?" he faintly asked, after finishing his survey of their pitying countenance.

"Yes, we serve the United States, and are fighting for the Stars and Stripes," was the reply.

"Then why do you treat me so kindly, don't you know that I am your foe?"

"No, we only know that you're a soldier wounded in battle, and so entitled to all the assistance we can give you."

"Then it's not true that the Northerners show no quarter to our men when they take them,"

"You ought to be able to settle that for yourself. We have taken you, and you see we have done you no harm, but done our best to save your life."

At this reply the evidently misguided man closed his eyes for a moment or so, as though in deep meditation, and then, suddenly opening them, exclaimed:

"I see it all, now. Oh, my God! my God! forgive me! I am nothing but a murderer! Joe! Joe! I wish it had been me instead of you! What fiends these villians have been!"

"We will carry you to a hospital," said one of the Union soldiers. But the words had scarcely been uttered, before the wounded rebel cried out as vehemently as his failing strength permitted.

"No, no! leave me here to die! I cannot last long, and I want to die here—here in this spot, beside my brother, whom I have murdered!"

The dying man tore open the bosom of his coat, and there, in his broad and manly breast, gaped a terible and fatal wound, inflicted by a Minie rifle ball.

"Listen! listen to me," he gasped in quickened accents, as though he feared that death would seal his lips ere he could utter what he wished to say. "My dear brother here, and I were twin brothers, and loved each other dearly. When fourteen years of age, we lost our widowed mother, and were thrown upon the world with nothing but our own resources to depend upon.

"We were soon separated, he going to Massachusetts, while I went to Mississippi. For some time we did not see each other, and when at last we met, it was in Mexico, where, side by side, we fought, and fell wounded, for the old flag. From that campaign we returned, each to our respective States, and the next time we met was yesterday on this bloody battle field.

"Before the war opened, he and I frequently wrote to each other, freely expressing our opinions on the great questions of the day, and sometimes with much bitterness, for, while he of course advocated the cause of the Union, I as determinedly ranged myself under the banner of Jefferson Davis, in whose regiment of rifles I served in Mexico.

"When our correspondence ceased, it was with mutual threats, should we ever encounter each other in the coming strife. And oh, how awfully have we each fulfilled our threats; and bitter, oh, merciful God! how bitter is the cup of remorse that I am draining here on my death bed.

"Just after your leader, Colonel Baker, fell, I chanced to see my brother at the edge of this thicket. In an instant the devil took possession of my heart, and I discharged my rifle at him. At the very moment, however, that I pulled the trigger of my piece, an involuntary movement of his head saved him from instant death, as the ball, instead of piercing his brain merely glanced along his forehead. There is the wound, look at it."

The dying speaker pointed with trembling finger at the corpse beside him, on the forehead of which was a long gash, from which the blood had flowed freely.—It was full a minute before the surviving brother could continue his recital, so overcome was he; but after a second draught from the flask of spirits, he resumed:

"I saw Joe clap his hand to his head, reel, and look up. He saw me, and recognizing, I suppose by my exultant gestures, that I was the one who struck him, he raised his musket and fired it in the air. I must have been mad at the moment, for instead of interpreting this act as one of noble, brotherly magnanimity, I thought it meant a challenge to close and mortal combat.

"With a wild yell, therefore, I rushed forward, soon came upon him, and whipping out my bowie knife, plunged it several times into his body before I discovered that the blood from his first wound had trickled down into his eyes, and thus rendered him helpless to defend himself.

"As he sunk dying at my feet the spell was broken—I had murdered my only brother. With wild words of anguish I dashed my knife away, and raising Joe in my arms, bore him tenderly to this spot, laid him gently down, bathed his face with tears, and begged to forgive me, to pray for me. Dying as he was, he smiled as he used to when a boy, and, clasping one arm about my neck, asked me to raise him upon his knees and he would pray for both of us. I did so, and as well as he was able, poor, dear Joe, in a few broken words, prayed for me and for his country. Further than this his strength would not carry him, and with a sigh he died, just as you see him there, kneeling in supplication to that God who will soon judge between us.

The speaker here again became too weak to proceed, but after a short space revived so far as to be able to speak:

"All night I staid with Joe' the rain pouring down on me in torrents; but I did not feel it, for my heart was on fire. This morning as I was still watching by my murdered brother, I heard the report of a musket, and at the same instant I felt a ball pierce my breast. It was a chance shot fired by some straggling soldier, but it has brought a just punishment, and I am dying. Would to God I had died long, long ago, ere I lifted my hand against my country's flag, and murdered my brother in cold blood! Oh, Joe! my dear, dear brother, Joe, forgive me! forgive me!"

With these words the speaker drew a long, groaning sigh, stretched his limbs and expired.

Tenderly the Federal soldiers laid the dead brothers beside each other in one grave, and left them to slumber on until that great day, when Davis and his vile compeers will be called to a just account for the ill they have wrought upon so many millions of their fellow countrymen.

TROUBLE IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—Some time since a gentleman of good standing in the community, who is a member of the up town Baptist church purchased a fashionably located pew, for which he paid the munificent sum of $1,000. In the course of time he reverses, and among the effects at the mercy of the creditors was the pew in the church. This fell to the lot of a practical working mechanic, who decided that he would worship God in that edifice, and with family, would, on the next Sabbath occupy the $1,000 pew for that purpose. Accordingly, he and his family attended regularly and respectively the services of the sanctuary, but his social status became known to the ladies and gentlemen who occupied pews adjacent to his, in the middle aisle, and they presumed to criticise the minutest act of the new comers. The mode of shutting their eyes during prayer, their usual attention, and apparent devotion during services, their vulgar practice of remaining till the close of the services, their going to church in stormy weather without using a carriage, and other extremely ill-bred peculiarities, are all criticised. As the mechanic and his wife retired from the church, the grown boys of the congregation, together with some of the younger misses, would crowd in the vestibule and converse loudly about "tallow," "grease," "shoddy coat," "calico," "leather gloves," and other kindred subjects, with which the strangers were supposed to be familiar. It appears that the humble but frugal mechanic bore this contumely with creditable christian forbearance yielding his rights in no degree, but continuing his religious ordinance as usual. The stoicism of the iron pew-holder was an outrage to the devotees of fashion; they appeal to the trustees, and the trustees appeal to the mechanic, the mechanic offered to sell out at cost price; the trustees hesitated, and the mechanic retained the pew, attending the church as usual. Being somewhat democratic in his notions of society, and a believer in the doctrine of human equality, he introduced into his softly cushioned pew two colored brethren. This last act was the feather which broke the camel's back. So grave an outrage demanded redress at the hands of the law as a "disturber of public worship"—an act of annoyance to God's people "under their own vine and fig tree."

The mechanic still continues his devotions, is passionately fond of music, and delights to look up at the choir while praise is going on in that locality. Meanwhile the trustees have preferred a charge against him before the police justice for "disturbing public worship," on which Mr. Mechanic had to find bail, and the Grand Jury have found a bill against him. His case will be tried soon, in the court of General Sessions. The church demands that they prosecute the case. They contemplate forcing him to sell the pew at a sacrifice, which he considers would not be an equitable financial transaction.

☞ Imagination should be modest and retiring; like the heart emotions extorted from it are always less forcible than those that spring spontaneously.

☞ At what time of the day was Adam created? A little before Eve.

HOW TO MAKE SELFISH PEOPLE.

The way to spoil a child is to give it all it wants and require nothing in return. The way to make a child grow up to be sensible and unselfish, is to give it little and require of it much. For, it is not what others do for us that benefits us, but what we do for ourselves and others. We know parents whose only study is to *gratify* their children, and this they think is generosity. It is not generosity; it is selfishness. To gratify a child is a keen delight, but to make it do its duty is often troublesome. To let it off a lesson costs only a word, to give it a toy is an affair of only a few cents; to say to it some fond and flattering word is no trouble at all.—But the moment you begin to enforce a duty, or compel the faithful performance of a task, you encounter difficulties, you have to take trouble, and practice some of the cardinal virtues; you have to be patient firm and wise. The difference between a good parent and a bad one is this: a good parent treats his child in the way that will be most beneficial to it when it is grown up; a bad parent thinks only of the child's enjoyment of to-day.

We ought to be more charitable toward selfish people than we are. Selfishness is an exceedingly unpopular vice. But when we consider how many fond and foolish parents spend years in doing nothing but trying to please their children, and never exercise their sense of duty, never call their attention to the rights of others, or perform service for others, we ought not to wonder that so many persons are wholly devoted to the gratification of self. The limb that is not used becomes weak and soft, and will at length dwindle and wither, but the mighty right arm of the blacksmith still thickens and hardens, the longer he uses the sledge hammer. Well, it is just so with all the faculties of body and mind.

Who are the generous and public spirited? Who are the first to rush to the defence of an imperilled country? Who bestir themselves for the improvement of their village or town? Go back to the early homes of these people, and you will find they were brought up to lighten their parents' load, not to make it heavier.—They learned self-denial and good sense by being obliged to perfom at least as much work as they caused. The boys were hoeing corn, bringing in wood and hunting the cows, the girls were helping their mothers. In this way, they acquired a certain invaluable *something*, which prevented them from being either selfish or very foolish. This something we know not what to name, but it is the difference between a person of sense and a fool.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A KNOWING BLACKBIRD.—When a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it nor any part of it. I once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and going to the piano, struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's new master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before, so, after listening for a while, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above named gentleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe" (the blackbird's name) attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over his cage, and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and two daughters, and every night at 7 o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe fell into new hands; but to his dying day, he never gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven he tuned up, and went straight through with the gravity of a parish clerk.—*Beeton's Home Pets.*

☞ An editor in the village of Mitchell, C. W., says:—"One little garden patch of ours was very profitable last season.—The snails eat up the cucumbers; the chickens eat up the snails; the neighbors' cats eat up the chickens; and now, if we can only get hold of something that will eat up the cats, we'll try it again."

☞ A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

A CAPTAIN DISGRACED.

"On Tuesday, I, with our regiment and all of the division not on duty, witnessed a very interesting but very solemn ceremony—that of disgracing a Captain publicly. It appears at West Point, Va., Company I of the Thirty-fourth N. Y. Volunteers, was color company, and the disgraced officer was captain. The colonel wanted to assign the colors to another company, and at dress-parade the captain refused to parade his company, and even stacked arms and told the men to refuse to take them. He was arrested and tried by a court martial for mutiny, convicted, and would have been shot had not General McClellan commuted his sentence.

"The ceremony took place in a large field. The regiments were formed in columns of divisions; each column was close to the next, so that it made an unbroken front. They were then formed into a hollow square; the commanders of regiments, brigades and division and staffs were in the centre. The prisoner was brought in under a heavy guard, and hand-cuffed. They marched to the centre of the square. The prisoner stepped two paces to the front of the guard; the officer commanding the guard then came forward and told the prisoner to take off his hat. He then read in a loud voice, the charges, specifications, and the sentence of the court martial, which was: "that his sword be broken before his face, that he be publicly disgraced before the division, and serve one year in the District of Columbia jail; and that it shall be disgraceful for any soldier of the army of the Potomac to associate with him hereafter." After this was read a sergeant came forward and cut all the brass buttons from his coat, and then took his sword and brake it in half, saying as he did so: "I hereby declare it disgraceful for all men of the army of the Potomac to associate with this man hereafter," and then threw the pieces on the ground. The prisoner was marched off under the same guard, and we were marched back to our camp."

A CHAPLAIN'S MISTAKE.—One morning when visiting the hospital and speaking an encouraging word to each individual, I came to one who had been severely wounded, and whose sufferings the day before, while having his wounds dressed, were very severe. He was deathly pale, and had a very sad, desponding expression of countenance. I immediately went to work to comfort and encourage him, and among other things said: That he would very likely go home a cripple—that he would have but one leg on which to journey along through life—that he might, perhaps, have some serious difficulties to contend with, but it would always be a great comfort for him to reflect that he had suffered in a good cause—that he had shouldered his musket in defence of his country—that his wounds were honorable, and that God would bless him—and so on.

"He's a secesh! chaplain, he's a secesh!" said a wounded boy occupying the next cot.

"Ah! hem! well! yes—hem!" stammered I, feeling somewhat up a stump.

"Secesh! ah—mistaken," said I trying to recover my equilibrium, and as politely as possible remove the underpinning of the consolary edifice I had been so industriously and hopefully building.

"But he is sorry for what he has done, and says he did wrong in joining the rebels," said the boy apologizing as much as possible for the wrong-doer, and magnanimously trying to take the edge off his keen accusation.—*Chickahominy Correspondence.*

A TIMELY REPROOF.—Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reproofs like the following were more frequent:

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, N. J., there was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first she bore it with equanimity; then as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecation, she began to grow fidgety and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would be shot, and that it would strike him.

"Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a half unconscious slightly sneering tone

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you will greatly oblige me and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you do it in Hebrew."

I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white.—He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

? retnirp eht yap syawla noy oD