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[March 21, 1861-1y

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

ERY AND BAKERY!
NDERSIGNED ANNOUN-
citizens of Altoona and vicinity that he
d a large invoice of
ONFECTIONARIES, NUTS, SPICES
children &c., expressly for the Holidays.
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at all seasons of the year.
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OD WHITE WHEAT FLOUR.
HEAT FLOUR, CORN MEAL, &C.,
and for sale in large or small quantities.
and price my stock and you will find
cheap as any in town.
JACOB WISE.

REAT QUESTION WHICH
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37-tf] JOHN H. ROBERTS.

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BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
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RS & TOBACCO,
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
ONSTANTLY ON HAND.
61.

AL POLICE GAZETTE.—
st Journal of Crime and Criminals is in
, and is widely circulated throughout
contains all the Great Trials, Criminal
priate Editorials on the topics, together with
Criminal Matters, not to be found in any
ome $2 per annum; $1 for six months to
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unty and State where they reside plainly,)
To G. W. MATHELL & CO.,
A Prop'r. of New York Police Gazette.
New York City

FECTIONERY
YSTER SALOON,
BSCRIBER WOULD IN-
citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
RY, NUT and FRUIT STORE is always
e very best articles to be had, and in great
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ing the season.
ED BREAD & PIES always on hand.
ies prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c.
her parties. He invites a share of public
ing that he can render full satisfaction to
store and saloon is on Virginia street, two
ou's Hall. OTTO ROSSI.
0, 1861-tf

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
IST, respectfully announces
Altoona and the public gen-
it continues the Drug business
, where he keeps constantly
Wholesale and Retail DRUGS,
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FFICIAL TEETH, I am now prepared to
on this new and beautiful principle,
erior to the old style, on silver plate, as
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D AT McCORMICK'S Store
ll assortment of Ready-Made Clothing.
Nov. 21, tf.

RIES.—A LARGE AND
ssortment of Groceries have just been re-
ed by J. F. HILEMAN.

HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
h and Varnish Brushes at
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tly and expeditiously executed at the
"ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

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S. WAGNER.

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at KESSLER'S.
1-tf.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 7. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1862. NO. 34.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

J. A. 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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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, 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, deformity, &c., speedily cured.

Those who place himself under the care of Dr. J. may reasonably 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 to be commended for not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of generation 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,

first 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 Nauseous 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.

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, Dyspepsia, 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 slightly 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 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 credentials or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies for 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 gentleman 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, Maryla

Choice Poetry.

OUR UNION.

Dissolve this mighty Union!
Go stop yon rolling Sun—
Blot out the planets from their spheres,
Which now in order run;
Go stop the raging billows,
Go calm the raging sea,
And then this mighty Union
May be dissolved by thee.

Dissolve this happy Union!
Command God to sleep,
And cause the Sons of Freedom
In bitterness to weep.
But hard! they say with one accord,
This blessed land shall shine,
The Freedom of this country
Be preserved by power Divine!

Dissolve this matchless Union!
Oh! what a wicked thought!
To blast this mighty structure
That was so dearly bought.
Dissolve this starry Union!
Go hide your shameful heads—
Behold! the mighty hand of God
Her Spangled Banner spreads.

Dissolve this wide-spread Union!
Her mountains on you frown;
Volcanoes in their fury rise
In floods, to sweep you down,
But hark! from every State the sound
Of Union still is heard:
Her countless Sons assemble round
Their banners, at a word.

Select Miscellany.

MY FIRST SHOT AT A TIGER.

It was in the month of April, one of the hottest months of an unusually hot Indian season, now some ten or twelve years ago, that I set out with my friend P—— on a tiger hunting expedition for the Jugdispore jungle.

The vast jungle, or impenetrable forest, as it may justly be termed, was, at the time of which I write, the haunt of numerous wild beasts, and among these many Bengal tigers, which were the terror of the neighborhood, and which, from their immense strength and ferocity, proved themselves in several encounters such dangerous antagonists that few Europeans cared to attack them.

From the first moment of my placing foot on Indian soil, however, I had greatly desired to make closer acquaintance with these formidable brutes, of which I had heard so much, and on the day in question I was in high spirits on setting out.

P—— (or Clement, as I familiarily called him), was a thorough sportsman and a splendid shot; and although this was to be my first meeting with these "monarchs of the Indian forests," I had little doubt of our success.

Carrying each a trusty rifle, we left the small town of Jugdispore, where we had been staying, at an early hour of the morning, and in about two hours' time arrived at the borders of the jungle of the same name.

Before starting, Clement had proposed that we should take our swords with us, so that at the conclusion of our sport we might indulge in a little sword practice, of which he was passionately fond, and at which he was a great adept. To this I agreed, and accordingly we gave our swords to the care of two Indians, who were to accompany us to beat the bush. Arrived at the jungle, we lost no time in entering it by a small beaten path, our two Indians taking the lead. Wending our way through this for nearly an hour, we emerged on an open glade, in the center of which stood two palm trees. Towards these we tacitly directed our steps, and have sent our Indians to beat the surrounding jungle, we kept close under the shade of the trees, anxiously awaiting the result.

We could scarcely have been waiting more than ten minutes, when a fierce growl suddenly startled us both, and almost at the same moment a full-grown leopard sprang from the jungle. We fired simultaneously, and the huge brute fell dead almost at our feet.

Before firing, I had taken care to aim for the shoulder, where I knew a wound would, in all probability, prove fatal, and as I had fired steadily, I was pretty sure my bullet had told. It had struck me, however, that Clement, who was usually such a skillful marksman, had this time entirely failed, or that he had only wounded where he had intended to kill.

After the smoke from our rifles had cleared away, I was the first to speak.

"You have not sustained your old *prestige* as a shot," I said, addressing my friend; "for you see you have only wounded, where my bullet has killed!"

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that for the first time in your life you have not succeeded in your aim," I replied; "that the death of that leopard (pointing to the dead body of our late antagonist) is due to me alone."

Clement looked up with such a look of astonishment in his face as I never saw before. Then he spoke calmly and deliberately—"If you had never fired," he said, "that leopard would have lain where it now lies."

It was too bad. To be thus contradicted when I was convinced of the truth of what I had stated, was to me insupportable. At first I grew irritated—then angry; but while my words waxed warm he retained complete control over his temper, and his replies were calm and decided.—It was, perhaps, this very exercise of control over his temper that so exasperated me, and made me lose mine; but certain it is that, completely forgetting myself, and giving vent to my ungovernable rage, I called him a liar, accusing him at the same time of striving to take away from me the honor which was justly due me.

When I had said that word which no man should say to another, which I could not have said had I been quite myself, I bitterly repented it.

Such a change as came over Clement I never saw before, and hope never to see again. A rush of blood suffused his face, and his whole frame literally shook with nervous agitation, while his fingers grasped convulsively the stock of his rifle.

With an almost superhuman effort which was intensely painful for me to see he regained his self-possession; and though his face was now ashy pale, and his eyes fixed and glassy, his tones when he spoke were calm, quiet and deliberate.

"You have called me a liar," he said; "you shall first prove your words, and then you shall account to me for them," and he beckoned me to follow him.

I obeyed mechanically. Arrived at the dead body of the leopard, Clement addressed me—"Where do you say your bullet entered?" he asked.

"Near the shoulder," I replied.

"Then perhaps you can find it," he said, bitterly.

I stooped down, and scanned carefully the body of the leopard. There was no wound to show that a bullet had entered near the shoulder, but there were evident signs of one having glanced from the shoulder-blade. I looked up—I did not speak; it was evident that Clement saw in my face what he knew already.

"And now," he said, you will see that my bullet pierced its heart!"

Looking down again I saw, sure enough, close to the region of the leopard's heart, a wound where a bullet had entered, which must have caused death so suddenly and instantaneously that it had scarcely drawn any blood. There was no longer any doubt in my mind: I was thoroughly convinced.

"And now," continued Clement, addressing me—"Now that you have not been able to prove your words, you shall either retract them, or you shall account to me for them."

"I acknowledge that I am wrong, Clement," I said, bitterly, for his arbitrary manner irritated me; "but you must learn that I am not to be intimidated into retracting my words."

"*Then you shall not leave this place alive!*" As he spoke these words, he raised his rifle slowly to his shoulder and pointed it at me.

I saw by his determined look that he meant what he said, yet I was not afraid. Leaning my rifle against the stem of a tree, I folded my arms on my breast, and confronted him.

"If you wish to commit murder," I said—"If you would murder a defenceless man, you may do so. I shall not protect myself."

Clement lowered his rifle. "No, I do not wish to murder you," he said in that icy tone which froze my blood; "but you shall render me ample satisfaction in fair fight for the insult you have thought fit to put upon me."

"As you please," I replied.

"You will be good enough," he continued, "to take up your position with your rifle behind the palm tree near which you stand, while I place myself behind the one near me. But stay," he continued, "should our rifles fail, which I do not think probable, we have our swords;" and taking his from one of the Indians, he buckled it to his side. I did the same.

"And now," continued Clement, taking up his position, while I followed his example, "when the sun's shadow touches that sapling, (pointing to one which grew almost equidistant from our two trees, but slightly nearer to the jungle,) you will step out and fire."

"Agreed," I said, sullenly—"I will be ready;" and glancing toward the sapling, I saw that the shadow of the sun was creeping slowly nearer and nearer, and that in about ten minutes it would touch it.

During the whole of the foregoing scene, which I have endeavored to depict as truthfully as possible, and which took place in less time than I take to relate it, our two Indians had remained as immovable, and almost as impassible, as statues, doubtless well pleased, or caring little wether one or both of their enemies, the Feringhees, should be killed.

Up to this time I had acted under the impulse of the moment and almost without thought; but now that the excitement of the time was over, I could realize the intensity of my position. Clement, I had good reason to know, was a skilled marksman, and I knew also that he would have little mercy. Already, then, I had almost given myself up for lost! But even in this moment of dread and almost certain death, I would not have retracted my words nor have apologised for the world. No, my pride forbade it. Yet, angered and incensed against him as I still was, I had not lost all those feelings of friendship which I had entertained for him before our quarrel, and I felt that, should he fall by my hand, I should never forgive myself. Thus I had determined that I would fire low—that I would only wound him, if possible. But if I should be killed! Strenuously as I strove to banish it, this thought kept recurring to my mind again and again. I was so young to die; but if die I must, I felt that I would sooner fall by Clement's hand than a stranger's. But without one word of adieu to my relatives—to those I loved best in this world!—the thought was maddening. During the short interval of time which would elapse before the sun's shadow should touch the sapling, an after-thought struck me, and I called to Clement—"If one of us should be killed," I said, "who will know he was not murdered?"

"Our Indians are witnesses," he replied.

"Black testimony will not suffice in a court of law," I answered.

"True," he said; "I had not thought of that. I will write." And tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he took a pencil from his pocket and wrote the following words:

"The undersigned have this day entered in mortal combat. That everything was conducted in a spirit of equity our two Indians, Mohul and Visram Beg, can testify. He who falls, falls in fair fight."

Underneath he signed his name; then passing the document to me, he requested me to sign. I did so, and returning it to him, Clement hung it on the bough of the sapling, then resumed his position.

And now that the work of death was complete, I glanced towards the sapling. The shadow of the sun was very close to it; I saw that in a few minutes it must touch.

Banishing with an indiscribable effort the thoughts which came crowding fast and thick upon me, I kept my eye fixed on the sapling, camly awaiting the dread moment.

And now it had come. The shadow which had been stealing nearer and nearer now touched the stem of the sapling, and at the precise moment, and almost simultaneously, we both stepped from our post and fired!

I felt Clement's bullet, with a whiz and a dull booming sound, pass close to my cheek—so close, indeed, that I almost thought I was wounded. When the smoke from our rifles cleared away, I saw Clement standing erect; there was no doubt I had missed him, and that in attempting to fire low I had entirely failed. But there was no time to think, for drawing his sword, and uttering almost an imprecation at the failure of his shot, he sprung forward to the attack.

I attempted to draw my sword, but it would not come. The more I tugged, the firmer it remained; the more violence I used, the faster it stuck. I verily believe in that moment I cursed that sword.

Relinquishing, then, my hopeless efforts, I folded my arms on my breast and confronted Clement, calmly awaiting his onset and the sword which I knew would be plunged into my breast. But it was never to come. Just as he had upraised his sword in his right hand ready to plunge it into me, and that I thought my last moment had arrived, it was hurled violently from his hand to some distance, and he himself was thrown with force to the ground.

I looked for my deliverer and his assailant. I had not to look long. At a short distance from me Clement lay on the ground, and on the top of him, and growling fiercely, was an immense Bengal tiger. There was no doubt in my mind that the huge brute had seen him rush across the glade, and had sprung upon him from the jungle.

I cannot say what thoughts at that moment passed through my mind. Clement I knew was unarmed; his rifle he had fired at me, and his sword had been hurled violently from his hand. When I say unarmed, I own that I knew he carried about him a small clasp-knife; but what was that against such an antagonist? Yet I knew he was brave, and even in this perilous moment he did not lose his self-possesson, but drawing his clasp-knife from his belt, he struck well-directed and strongly-given blows on the head and throat of his assailant; but they had but little effect save to enrage even more the huge brute, who had now raised his victim from the ground, and was preparing to carry him off to the jungle.

I must confess that evil thoughts were passing through my brain. Here was a man who but a minute before had been thirsting after my blood, in the power of a merciless assailant; and I, whose life he had striven to take, was the only one who could save him. *Should I leave him to his fate?*

Heaven be praised that this thought had not long dominion over me. I forgot in another moment my quarrel with Clement, and only remembered the feelings of friendship which I had entertained for him, and determined to save him even at the cost of my life.

These thoughts had flashed through my mind in a second of time; and loading my rifle hastily, I raised it to my shoulder, bending one knee on the ground to ensure a steadier aim.

And now the cries of the Indians had become terrific, and almost unnerved me; and motioning them to be quiet, I waited till the tiger should expose a vital part at which I might aim.

In this moment of intense anxiety I felt my heart audibly beating, for I knew that, should I fail in my aim, no earthly power could save my friend; that the tiger would bear him to the jungle, and that I should never see him again; and I knew also that, in this moment of peril, Clement would rather have died than have called to me for succor—that his pride would forbid it.

However, the decisive moment had arrived, for the tiger, irritated, no doubt, by the cries of the Indians, turned his head round towards me, growling fiercely. I did not wait a moment, but, taking aim for the temple, I fired. My ball pierced its brain, and the huge brute rolled dead on the ground.

Springing forward to Clement, I found him lying on the ground insensible. Taking some water from some chatties or earthenware vessels that we had brought with us, I bathed his face with it; then producing a flask from my pocket, I poured some brandy down his throat. The strong liquid ineffably revived him, and in a few minutes he was enabled to regain his feet. Seeing that he was still, however, too weak to return home on foot, I dispatched our two Indians for a palanquin, while I remained with him till their return.

After the Indians had departed, Clement remained silent for some time; then addressing me, said:

"Who fired that shot? To whom am I indebted for my life?"

"I did," I replied.

"Good God!" he said, "this is a just retribution; that the man whose life I was bent on taking away should have saved my own. Forgive me, Harry," he continued, coming forward and calling me by my name; "we have both been very wrong, but we have learned a lesson by a that I trust we shall never forget." He held out his hand; I grasped it eagerly. My joy knew no bounds. What I had thought to be impossible had now come to pass. Harry and I were again reconciled During the half hour which elapsed before our Indians returned we neither of us spoke—I believe our hearts were too full!

When the palanquin arrived, I assisted Clement into it, and in a short time we safely arrived at our homes. He is now completely recovered of his wounds. Many years have passed since then, yet I still as vividly remember the details of the scene which I have attempted to describe as on the day they happened. We have been better friends ever since. The tiger's skin I keep as a trophy, and I shall never forget "my first shot at a tiger" in the Jugdispore jungle.

WOUNDED AND KILLED.—It takes but little space in the columns of daily papers; but ho! what long household stories and biographies are every one of these strange names, we read over and forget!

"Wounded and killed!" Some eye reads the name to whom it is dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken with the blow made by the name among the list.

It is our Henry, or our James, or our Thomas that lies with his poor broken limbs at the hospital, or white, and still ghastly face on the battle field. Alas! for the eyes that read; alas! for the hearts that feel!

"He was my pretty boy that I sung to sleep so many times in my arms!" says the poor mother, bowing in anguish that cannot be uttered. He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children! sobs the stricken wife. He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was proud of," murmurs the sister, amid tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on homes throughout the land.

"Wounded and killed!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home, and falls a long black shadow upon some hearthstone.

A GOOD ONE.—A Physician was once called upon to tender his professional aid to the wife of a recently married countryman, who, by the way was little versed in the technical terms which are used by the medical family. The doctor having felt the pulse and viewed the tongue of the patient, together with sundry other wise tricks prepared a plaster, which he ordered the husband to lay upon the chest of his 'better half,' promising to call again on the following day. He came, and after making the usual inquiries respecting his charge, asked if the plaster had been applied agreeably to his instructions.

'Sir,' said the husband with the utmost gravity conceivable, 'my wife said she had no CHEST, and thinking it would answer just as well, I laid it on her TRUNK?'

About this time we might have been seen making tracks down the road in a roar of laughter.

LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, culled from the fields of an ancient story, may be of some interest at the present time.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all 1,000,000 and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Trerah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Sesotris King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men 25,000 cavalry and 27 scythe armed chariots. 1461 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage consisted of 300 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthagenian fleet numbered 350 vessels with 15,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, there were of the Romans including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthagenians 40,000 foot and 18,000 horse. Of these 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners; more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian King, 2,200 years B. C. led against the Bachtrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot 200,000 horse and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel—2 Kings, 16 35—37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong was buried up in the dessert sands of Africa by a South wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopalae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,510, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, suttlers, &c., in all numbering 5,283,230. So say Herodotus, Plutarch and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxarexes before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted 1,200,000.

10,000 horse and 1,000,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,101,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela numbering more than 15,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodurus.—Arian says the Persians, in this battle, lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

THE PLAGUES OF SOLDIER LIFE.—A volunteer with Buell's army in Tennessee, thus writes of the annoyances that beset a soldier from reptiles, insects and vermin:

Go out for a stroll on the mountain and ten chances to one you are bitten by a rattlesnake or stung by hornets, yellow jackets, or bumble-bees; taken a bath in the river, and between snapping-turtles, water-snakes, alligators and blood-suckers, you have a lively time; set down under a tree to read or converse, and in five minutes you are covered with spiders, woodticks, bugs, daddy long-legs; try to sleep, and swifts swiftly traverse your body, and gallippers—as large as humming-birds—present their bills and sing their duns in your ears with a hum as loud and shrill as the scream of a paroquet; and then, while you eat or drink, flies, green, blue and black, buzz in your ears and mouth, blow in your nose, fly in your vituals, and commit suicide by tumbling into your coffee, and are guilty of many other like impertinences. Yes, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking, walking or standing, these mischievous hectors vex you with a pertinacity unparalleled.

VERY POOR.—A trifling young fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being 'a poor young man,' &c. 'Ya ya' said the old man, 'I knows all about it; but you ish a little too poor—you has neider money nor character.'

☞ An intelligent farmer, being asked if his horses were well matched, replied:—"Yes, they are matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

☞ Probably the reason why the way of the transgressor is hard, is that it is so much traveled.

☞ The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

☞ The men bear arms in war; the ladies bare theirs in peace.