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...M & DERN, at the *Tribune* Office, are my ...ean and vicinity. They will give informa... ...to binding, and receive and return books, ...charges, for all who entrust their work t... [March 21, 1861-ly

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 establishment warranted to give satisfaction. Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1858-tf

...ERY AND BAKERY!
...NDERSIGNED ANNOUN... ...e citizens of Altoona and vicinity that he ...d a large invoice of CONFECTIONARIES, NUTS, SPICES ...children &c., expressly for the Holidays, ...keep always on hand a good stock of plain ... of his own manufacture.
...S, PRUNES, RAISINS, &C, ...at all seasons of the year.
...as, Sugar, Molasses, Butter, ...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 ...ates the mind of every person ... get the best article for my ...gard to other matters, the sub... ...not attempt to direct, but if you ...in the line of ...OOTS OR SHOES ...an examination of his stock and work. ...stantly on hand an assortment of Boots, Shoes ...rk &c., which he offers at fair prices. ...special attention to custom work, all o... warranted to give satisfaction. None but th... ...are employed ...y shop is on Virginia street, immediatel... ...r's Drug Store. ...57-tf] JOHN H. ROBERTS.

...FETTINGER'S ...ral News Agency, ...LL, No. 7, MAIN STREET ... BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, ...ERY, CONFECTIONARIES ...ARS & TOBACCO, ...NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY ...CONSTANTLY ON HAND. ...1861.

...NAL POLICE GAZETTE.— ...reat Journal of Crime and Criminals is in ...ear, and is widely circulated throughout ...It contains all the Great Trials, Criminal ...priate Editorials on the same, together with ... Criminal Matters, not to be found in any ... ...tions $2 per annum; $1 for six months, to ...subscribers, (who should write their name... ...ounty and State where they reside plainly.) To G. W. MATSELL & CO., ...r & Prop'r. of New York Police Gazette. New York City

...NFECTIONERY ...OYSTER SALOON, ...UBSCRIBER 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 ...s also an ...STER SALOON ...store, in which he will serve up OYSTERS ...uring the season. ...KED BREAD & PIES always on hand. ...ares prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c., ...other parties. He invites a share of public ...ving that he can render full satisfaction to ... ...is store and saloon is on Virginia street, two ...ton's Hall. OTTO ROSSI. ...10, 1861-tf

... KESSLER—PRACTICAL ...GIST, respectfully announces ...f Altoona and the public gen... ...still continues the Drug business ...t, where he keeps constantly ...Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS, ...HEMICALS, OILS, VARNISH... ...UFFS. ...ntion to business, and a desire to render sat... ...regards price and quality, he hopes to ...e a share of public patronage. ...ll merchants supplied on reasonable terms, ...om a distance promptly attended to. ...scriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

...TE BASE.—Having pur... ...e right to manufacture the CORELITE ...TIFICIAL TEETH, I am now prepared to ...es on this new and beautiful principle, ...perior to the old style, on silver plate, as ...rode or discolor. It contains no metalic ... of course there is no galvanic action. ...plates often become obnoxious. Persons ...t of teeth will please call and examine W. S. BITTNER. ...f] Office in Masonic Temple, Altoona.

...AND LARD OILS, CAM... ...rning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at KESSLER'S.
...ND AT McCORMICK'S Store ...ndid assortment of Ready-Made clothing. Nov. 22-tf
...RIES.—A LARGE AND ...assortment of Groceries have just been re... ...re of J. B. HILEMAN.
...HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING, ...ash and Varnish Brushes at KESSLER'S.
...INDS OF PRINTING ...eatly and expeditiously executed at the "ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE.
...OILS, COLOGNES, POM... ...aving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c. for sale by G. W. KESSLER.
...CLES AND EYE PRESER... ...le at [1-tf.] KESSLER'S.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 7. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1862. NO. 35

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. 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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	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
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Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
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	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
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Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

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Communications of a political character or individual interest will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

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.
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 to 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. 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, 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, Maryla

Choice Poetry.

THE ONE-HORSE TOWN.

I've heard that for all our earthly sins,
The punishment here on earth begins;
And the doctrine's true, I haven't a doubt.
For the proofs are lying all loose about:
And one of 'em is that I can't escape,
Can't vamose or travel in any shape.
For cruel destiny pins me down
In a mean little, green little, one-horse town.

Early rising's a terrible bore,
But here they all rise at half-post four;
And if I am late they've a regular trick,
To rap and inquire if the gentleman's sick!
Breakfast half over—all in one key.
Folks holler out, "We're waiting you see!"
For they do up old jokes exceedingly brown,
In this mean little, green litttle, one-horse town.

When a letter for me in the post-office lies,
It runs a muck tho' the whole town's eyes;
And half a dozen stragglers come
And say, "You've a letter—it ain't from home,
The ritin' is so pretty and sleek,
We think it's the gal who writ you last week:"
And if you look grum they think you're a clown,
In this mean little, green little, one-horse town.

There are very nice little girls in this place,
But if you look in a pretty face,
You'll find before you're at home, I guess,
That you've put the whole town in a roaring mess.
"Round at Betsey's last evening, hey?
What'll that gal that writes to you say?"
For all of our actions are noted down,
In this mean little, green little, one-horse town.

If in a new garment forth you go,
A wonderful interest the natives show;
And all exclaim in the very same note,
"Now where did you get so much new coat?"
And they lift up the tails and collars and guess
"If I tried I might likely have got it for less;"
For genius all runs into beating down,
In this mean little, green little, one-horse town.

If you don't go home before half-past eight,
They wonder what kept you out so late!
And by nine o'clock they're all in bed,
Sleeping like regular pigs of lead:
And you may as well be sleeping too,
For never a thing beside can you do:
And in bed your cares you can always drown,
In this mean little, green little, one horse town.

Select Miscellany.

DEATH OF DAMIENS, THE ASSASSIN OF THE KING OF FRANCE.

The fate of Damiens, who was found guilty of conspiring to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth of France, was a disgrace even to that age. The sentence passed upon him was "death by torture." In order that the torture should be more effectual, learned physicians held long and frequent consultations as to the amount of agony, and the kind of agony the human frame could longest support before death released it from suffering. Grave dissertations were published on the subject. Public executioners compared notes with the learned, the former contributing their experience—the latter, scientific theories. It was at length determined to begin with the boot.

The decision of this sanguinary Areopagus was promptly acted upon. At twelve o'clock at night the criminal was conducted to the torture-chamber of the Bastille, and the first act of the bloody drama began. Those gloomy walls that had looked down upon so many dark deeds, never witnessed a sadder scene of human suffering. The dim light of an iron lamp, suspended from the vaulted roof, fell upon the stalwart forms of the executioners, and a dark group of bronze-visaged men who silently watched their proceedings. Wedge after wedge was driven in with a sickening crash of human flesh and bone. The perspiration poured from the brows of the executioners as the dull blow of their sledge-hammers echoed through the dungeon, but not a sigh escaped the lips of the tortured wretch. At length the physician, who stood by with a hand on his fainting pulse, signed to them to pause. Nature could bear no more. The pale morning light, struggling through the grated windows, fell on a mangled but still breathing mass of humanity.

Weeks rolled on, and under the sedulous care of physicians and nurses Damiens gradually regained his strength. The time approached for the completion of the sentence.

It was a cold bleak morning in February. Snow had fallen during the night and still covered the Place de Greve; but, nevertheless, every available spot was occupied. The Faubourg St. Antoine had disgorged its sans-culottic population. A sea of human heads surged to and fro in unwieldy mass—clinging to chimneys, clustered on the trees, hanging on the roofs, they found a brutal assemblage—fit spectators of a brutal drama. But in the balconies and windows overlooking the "Place" were hundreds of high-born ladies, many of them youthful and beautiful. They smiled and coquetted with their cavaliers, diamonds sparkled, and plumes waved in the winter wind. They were come to enjoy a new sensation, and to evince their loyal devotion to an outraged king. Some of the prices paid for places were fabulous. For days previous to the execution nothing else was talked of in the good city of Paris.

A scaffold, erected at the north eastern extremity of the "Place," rose in stern black lines above the shifty multitude. In the centre was a chair firmly fixed to the boards, and at one end a large stove. Iron vessels containing resin, pitch, oil, wax, sulphur and lead bubbled and boiled on the furnace, whilst the flames cast a lurid glow on the cruel, swarty countenances of the executioners as they completed the preparations, or watched over the seething caldrons.

The hoarse murmur of the crowd was now suddenly hushed. A general movement and flutter pervaded the fair occupants of the windows and balconies. Damiens appeared, slowly mounting the steps of the scaffold.

The executioners spent some minutes in firmly binding him to the chair, from the back of which extended a horizontal piece of wood about two feet in length. To this his right arm was securely strapped, his hand protruding just beyond it. Executioner No. I now advanced, and held under it a brazier filled with sulphur. A horrible cry burst from the wretched man, a cry that seemed to issue from his very vitals, and that for months afterwards rang in the ears of the spectators. The ladies shuddered: some nearly fainted, and retired a little way from the windows. Soon they returned, refreshing themselves with their smelling bottles, and leveled their glances once more at the scaffold. There was no fire visible. The sun had just burst through the clouds, and effaced the pale flame, in which his hand was slowly and invisibly burning. But a nameless stench filled the air, and a thick fetid smoke rose over the scaffold, gradually spreading itself out, and hanging like a pall over criminal and spectators, as if it would shut out the pitying heavens from this scene of cruelty. Daimens cried out no more. He sat quietly looking at the blackened bones fast withering in the flame.

Meanwhile the horrible caldrons were bubbling and hissing, and the pincers of the Provost's Court of Paris were heating in the furnace. The worst was yet to come. The executioner now advanced and tore the criminal's flesh with the red hot irons in six different places. His assistants followed carrying spoonsful of resin, oil, lead, pitch, sulphur and wax, which they poured into the gaping incisions. Soon the breast, the arms, the thighs were one awful wound. All this time Faubourg St. Antoine and Faubourg St. Germain looked on alike unsated; and the high born dames of Louis the Fifteenth's court smiled and chatted with their cavaliers, and looked and shrank back, and looked again.

All was not yet over. Daimens still breathed, still suffered, and occasionally cried out. Four horses were now led forward. The noble animals were almost ungovernable. All the morning they had struggled to escape from this dreadful spot; from the cries and groans, the thick smoke and sickening smell that filled the air. It was their turn now to take the place of the executioner, who could not find a fresh spot on the victim's body to torment.

Damiens was carried down the steps of the scaffold; the horses were backed towards him as he lay on the ground, and the nimble executioners made fast the traces. The grooms loosed their heads, and wih a terrified snort, they sprang forwards. But human thews and sinews were too strong for them. They were thrown on their haunches, and with a dull, heavy, thud, the body struck the ground. Again and again they started. Urged on by blows and shouts, they pulled, in vain. A quarter of an hour passed away. Damiens still lived—still breathed. At intervals he even raised his head, and looked at the animals.

"Oh! those poor horses!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Priandau, the young and beautiful niece of the Financier Bouret.

Evening was approaching. The commissioners appointed to preside over the execution were embarrassed. It was necessary to carry it out according to the strict letter of the sentence, which directed the criminal to be quarterd. The crowd, too, was waxing indignant, and clamorously demanded the *coup-de-grace*. They consulted together, and at length ordered the muscles and tendons of the legs and arms to be severed. Once more the horses plunged wildly forward—and this time all was over.

One of Bentham's discoveries in morals was that the pleasures of malignity were only to be branded as evil because they were *less* than the pain given in indulging them. In like manner *all infliction of punishment which gave more pain than it prevented from being given*, was, in Benthamite philosophy, to be regarded as leaving a balance of evil. Without going so far as this, it is still indisputable that the great end of all punishment, viz., *prevention*, is never attained by excessive severity. On the contrary, the notoriety which such punishment obtains, exercises an extraordinary morbid influence over some minds, and actually incites them to incur the same penalty. The excesses of the French Revolution were the result of such scenes as those here described. The thirst for blood that courtly lords and ladies nurtured in the populace, required ere long to be slaked with theirs, and exacted a terrible retribution.—*Once a Week.*

ENMITY BETWEEN ANIMALS—THEIR PECULIARITIES.

There is a continual enmity among animals: they are constantly attacking and pursuing each other; every element is a field of battle for them; the eagle is the terror of the inhabitants of the air; the tiger lives upon the earth by carnage; the pike in the waters; and the mole under the ground. It is the want of food which induces these, and many other species of animals to destroy one another. But they are some creatures whose hatred of each other does not proceed from the same source. Those animals which entwine themselves around the elephant's trunk, and press it till they have suffocated him, do not act so with the design of procuring food. When the ermine leaps upon, and lays hold of, the ear of the bear and the elk, and bites them with his sharp teeth, we cannot affirm that this is done to satisfy the calls of hunger. There is scarcely any creature, however small which does not serve for food to some other animal. I know that many people think that this arrangement is cruel and unnecessary, but I can with confidence assert, that even this antipathy and enmity among animals, is a proof that every thing is wisely ordered. If we consider animals, in the whole, we shall find that it is highly useful that some should subsist upon others; for while, without this arrangement of Nature, many species, could not exist; so, also, these numerous species, instead of being prejudicial are extremely useful. Insects and many reptiles feed on carrion; others establish themselves in the bodies of certain animals, and live upon their flesh and blood; and these insects themselves serve as food for other creatures. Carnivorous animals and birds of prey kill and feed upon other animals. Some species multiply so abundantly, that they would become burdensome if their numbers were not diminished. If there were no sparrows to destroy insects, what would become of the flowers and fruits? Without the ichneumon, which seeks out and destroys the crocodile's eggs, this terrible animal would increase to an alarming degree. A great portion of the earth would be desert, and many creatures would not exist, if there were no carnivorous animals. It will perhaps be urged that they might live upon vegetables, but if this were the case, our fields would scarcely afford subsistence for sparrows and swallows; and the structure of carnivorous animals must have been quite different from what it now is; and if fish did not live upon the inhabitants of the water, how would they be able to subsist? Besides, if the wars among animals were to cease, they would lose much of their vivacity and industry the creation would be less animated, and man himself would lose much of his activity. We may also add that we should be deprived of many striking proofs of God's wisdom, if universal peace was to prevail among animals; for the address, sagacity and wonderful instinct which they use in laying snares for and surprising their prey, very evidently manifest the wisdom of the Creator. So far then is the enmity which exists among animals from darkening the wisdom and goodness of God, that they receive additional brilliancy from what superficial observers think an imperfection. It forms part of the plan of the great system of Nature, that one animal should persecute and feed upon another. We might indeed complain of this arrangement, if it occasioned the entire destruction of any one species; but this never happens, and the continual wars among animals preserve a proper balance between them. Thus carnivorous animals are indispensable links in the chain of beings; and on this account their number is very small, compared with that of useful animals. We may also remark that the strongest fiercest animals have commonly the least sense and cunning. They either mutually destroy each other, or their young ones serve as food for other beasts. Hence also Nature has granted to the weakest species so much industry and means of defence.—They possess instinct, acuteness of sense, quickness, skill and sagacity sufficient to counterbalance the strength of their enemies. Can any one, then, behold this without acknowledging the infinite wisdom of the Creator, and confessing that this state of warfare, which at first seems so strange, is, in fact, a real good? We should be still more convinced of it, if we were better acquainted with the whole system of things, and the relations and connections which different creatures have with each other, but this is a degree of knowledge reserved for a future state, where the divine perfection will be manifested in infinite splendor. We may, however, in some measure, even in this world, comprehend why these hostilities among animals are necessary; but we can by no means conceive why men whose nature is so much more noble, should be continually fomenting wars and divisions so destructive to their race. To the disgrace of humanity, and the eternal reproach of the Christian religion, men pursue wars, and destroy each other with more savage barbarity than the wildest beasts that range the forests; than which, nothing is more opposite to the great ends for which they were created. Surely man was designed to render himself useful to his fellow-creatures, to contribute all in his power to their comfort and happiness; to be the defender of the helpless, the benefactor of the poor, and the friend of the afflicted and unfortunate. Let us not counteract these merciful designs of our blessed Lord, but endeavor to live in that peace and harmony which becomes the children of God, and followers of an humble and crucified Saviour; leaving animals which are destitute of reason to quarrel, fight, persecute and destroy one another; while we live in charity with all men, doing good unto all men, doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us.—*Sturm*

GRAPE GROWERS' MAXIMS.—We find a few good items under the above heading in the New Jersey *Herald*.

1. Prepare the ground in the Fall, plant in the Spring.
2. Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed; for fresh manure excites growth, but does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not always insure fruit.
4 Dig deep, plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.
6. Prune in the Autumn to promote growth, but in the Spring to insure fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellises.
8. Vines, like soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one well developed bud, for the nearer the old wood the higher flavored the fruit.
10. Those who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.
15. Every leaf has a bud at its base, and either a bunch of fruit or a tendril opposite to it.
13. A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch, a bunch of fruit a productive tendril.
14. A bunch of grapes without a healthy leaf opposite, is like a ship at sea without a rudder—it can't come to port.
15. Laterals are like some politicians; if not often checked they are the worst of thieves.
16. Good grapes are like gold; no one has enough.
17. The earliest grape will keep the longest; for that which is fully matured is easily preserved.
18. Grape eaters are long livers.
19. He who buys the new and untried varieties should remember that the seller,s maxim is *Caveatemptor.*—Let the buyer lookout for himself.

* Laterals are shoots which start from either side of the main but, at the axil of every leaf; if they grow unchecked they destroy its vigor; if entirerly removed, the bud itself shoots prematurely.

THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—When George III came to the English throne there was a little boy at Frankfort who did not dream of ever having anything to do, personally with the sovereigns of Europe. He was in the first stages of training for the Jewish priesthood. His name was Meyer Anselem Rothschild. For some reason or other he was placed in a counting-house at Hanover, and he soon discovered what he was fit for. He began humbly as an exchange-broker, and went on to be the banker of the Landgrave of Hesse, whose private fortune he saved by his shrewdness, when Napoleon overran Germany. This incident made his fortune, for he soon became a royal banker, and when he died left a colossal fortune to his five sons, who settled in the five great cities of Europe, and who are each richer at this day than their father ever was.

BURIED TREASURE.—An old man named Bembold lately died at Sumptions Prairie, Indiana, who was worth fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars in gold, the whole of which is supposed to be buried on a four acre patch on which his house is situated. He left two sons, one of whom has joined the army, and the other is a thrifty farmer in the neighborhood. It seems that old Bembold, since 1857, had been afraid of all banks, and bank notes, and had turned all his property into gold, which he kept—no one knew where. He received one payment of over $9,000 for a farm, and another of $2,200. It is pretty certain that there is at least $14,000 somewhere on his premises, and it may amount to $20,000. He did not speak to his married son for three years because of a quarrel with his wife. He lived alone after his younger son joined the army last Spring.

☞ Raccoons are cunning animals.—One day I watched one fishing for crabs, of which they are very fond. He bit the end of his tail until the blood came and then dropped it into the water. A crab soon seized the tempting bait, and as soon as it had got a good hold, the raccoon carefully pulled the crab to the surface, and then by a sudden jerk threw it on land. He then devoured the crab at his leisure, carefully avoiding its claws until he had disabled them.

WHY THE DOG COULDN'T EAT

I have a bachelor cousin, (Joe Elliot.) who is very near-sighted; in addition to which misfortune, he is cross-eyed. He was once operated upon for *strabismus*, on the new mode, but it only resulted in changing the obliquity to a different direction, and designs, he says, to have it set back, for he likes his old squint the best. As I said, however, he is very near-sighted; I don't think he ever saw his big toe in his life, and I've seen him blot out his signature with his nose, while writing it. Well, he had a favorite spaniel, a handsome fellow, with long drooping ears, and eyes that had a remarkably human expression. He was an affectionate, faithful animal, and his master loved him as he would have loved a child. One morning last summer, while passing down Broadway I encountered Joe, wearing an aspect unusually doleful, and on inquiry I learned that *Dash*, his poor dog, was very sick aud was going to die.

"He acts very strangely," said Joe, "and I've shut him up in his kennel."

"Ah," said I, "hydrophobia, perhaps, won't he drink?"

"Like a fish," said Joe, "but he won't *eat.*"

"Won't *eat?*"

Not a morsel—not a crumb—I've tried him with everything; I even had a chicken broiled for him yesterday, and buttered, and he wouldn't touch it."

"Well, that *is* strange," said I. "How long has he been in that condition?"

"This is the fifth day," replied Joe, looking very serious, "and the poor fellow can hardly stand from weakness."

We were far from Joe's house at this time, and I proposed to visit his patient, to which he gladly assented, and led the way uttering many an encomium on poor faithful *Dash*, and expressing his fears that we might not find him alive. On going into the yard, Joe opened the kennel, and out came poor *Dash*, and he was poor in every sense of the word. He appeared to be only a walking skeleton, and could scarcely drag one foot after the other.

"Take off his muzzle," said I "and let us see how he acts when you offer him food."

"Muzzle! muzzle! what do you mean?" says Joe, in astonishment.

"I mean that the dog can't *try* to eat with a wire muzzle over his nose."

"My God!" exclaimed Joe, "is it possible that poor *Dash* is reduced to this state by my carelessness? I now remember I told Peter to muzzle him, as the dog law might enable any loafer to make him a victim. Peter you know, enlisted last week, and here's my poor dog nearly starved!"

And so it proved. Joe's limited vision had prevented him from seeing the wire muzzle on *Dash's* nose. No sooner had I released his masticaters than he fell to eating like a famished wolf.

BARNUM OUTDONE.—A German actor in Berlin wanted to get a full house at his benefit, and adopted this ingenious stratagem. He put the following advertisement in the newspapers:

"A gentleman, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of fifteen thousand thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualifications is no object. Apply to ——."

Hundreds and hundreds of letters poured in in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day each person who had sent a reply received the following note: "The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Kallenbach's theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in Box. No. 1." Of course, the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best paying places in the house were filled early in the evening with a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the royal opera itself. Glasses were leveled on all sides in the direction of box No. 1, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece when she should appear in company with the uncle. But uncles are proverbially wicked old men; and in the present case neither uncle nor niece were to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre had not had such an audience for years, and, of course, the chief person concerned reaped a rich harvest by the trick.

SHARP.—"Grandma, do you know why I can see in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four year old, of the venerable lady who sat on the piazza knitting.

"No, my dear; why is it?" replied grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way." And the young philosopher resumed his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

☞ "Drop me a line!" as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.