The Altoona Tribune.

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

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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.
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 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 pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."
It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS
Trust not your lives, or health to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month, taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.
Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.
His remedies or 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 BRAVEST AND BEST—WHERE ARE THEY?

Ask not—the lonely hearth-stone tells
Too plain the mournful story;
Gone in their beauty and their pride,
To swell the ranks of glory.
Scarce any home that has not now
Some vacant, lonely chair;
Look in the forward battle line—
Our bravest are all there!

They'll tread again the gory steps
Our father's trod of yore;
Avenge the sacred blood that dyed
The stones at Baltimore!
To shake from off our banner's fold
The dust that on it lay,
God takes his mighty cause in hand
God guides them on their way!

We've sent our best and bravest forth
To these unhappy wars
To lift our country's flag again,
The glorious Stripes and Stars.
To fight as gallant Lyon fought,
To fall as Winthrop fell!
To fill, perchance, a soldier's grave,
So, forward! and farewell!

At home the anxious hearts are full
Of many hopes and fears;
And in the midnight hours alone,
We shed our bitter tears.
While coming daylight finds us still
Whispering the loving prayer.
That God would take our absent ones
In his Almighty care!

Oh! mothers, wives, and maidens,
Have each done what you could.
You've crushed the aching longing
And sought your country's good.
You've taught your lips to smile farewell,
And bravely met the day;
While yours the harder lot it is
To wait, and watch and pray!

Oh, women, noble, suffering hearts,
Hope for a fairer dawn!
The hand that dealt the trial
Will give a bright'ning morn!
Pray on, then, with a mighty faith,
For freedom's right and laws:
That, whosoever live or die,
God save his holy cause!

And if they fall, (as fall they may)
With faces to the foe;
In mercy, Father, comfort send
Together with the blow.
Not for ourselves we pray,
Our "bravest and our best,"
Oh, guide them safely through the fray!
Or take them to Thy rest!

Select Miscellany.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Breakfast was just over at the parsonage, the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder, looking at the morning papers. And as fine looking a pair they were as you are likely to see on a summer day. The Rev. Clement Ashton was indeed regarded as the handsomest man in the world, and that with good reason. Whether he ever had an idea of his own on the subject was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana as her godfather and godmother named her—Chrissy as her brothers and her husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features were not very regular, and she was not very fair, but her eyes were so bright and so clear, her figure so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and above all, her frank easy manner, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness lighting up her face, made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat near the stove in church, and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sunday, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married but six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of the larger cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissy was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself and helped by her labors to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was on an independent footing that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover, "he is not strong enough to labor as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know that he has talents that will make him eminently useful in the calling he has chosen. I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing, his health will fail, and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend Mrs. Bickler, Clement."

And to this resolution she steadfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions and those of George, who was much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances the lovers did not see each other, and they were finally married without Chrissy ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish she had never been disenchanted: but she was a very wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellencies, and his strength as well as his weakness, and altering an old maxim to suit her purpose, she resolved both to endure and cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" said she, as Mr. Ashton arose from the corner of the sofa, having exhausted the paper.

"Visiting," replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's and see the Joneses, and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to Sunday school once more. Then I have to see Maggie Carpenter, who is much worse again: and if I have time I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the mills to see that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round!" exclaimed Chrissy. "You will never get home to dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put it off till six, and run the risk of being thought stuck up, like poor cousin Lily.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six, to suit the doctor's arrangements.—One day, Lilly called about some society matter on a lady who lived not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lily was about entering, when she thought she perceived the smell of roast beef in the hall, and said, very politely—

"'Perhaps, it is now your dinner hour?'

"'No, indeed!' replied madam, with indignation. We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up?'"

"Poor Lily!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, laughing. "What did she say?"

"Oh! she did her errand and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and as he did so his foot caught in the carpet, and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissy started in alarm, but he recovered himself, and said, pettishly—

"I wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week, I really believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it down," replied his wife, with mildness. "I am sure I saw her at work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"Oh! of course, there is some excellent reason for it being out of order. It seems to me that, with all your ingenuity, you might find some way of making it more secure."

He turned into the study, shutting the door after him with unecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work basket for the day, with something of a cloud on her face. She was not left long undisturbed, Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her in an impatient tone. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband before his bureau, partly dressed, and with shirts, handkerchiefs and cravats scattered about him like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach at once painful and ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh! the old story. No button where it ought to be! Not a shirt ready for wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued, in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomfiture of the clean linen; "but, really, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure that I would do more than that for you, but here I am delayed and put to the greatest inconvenience because you cannot sew on these buttons. I should think a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone of mournful distress which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket of his sermon as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" said Chrissy, quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their places; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"Oh! it is very well for you to smile, my love; but I do assure you that I found several with no means of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfasted late; and now I shall be detained half an hour when I ought to be away. I know you mean well; but if you had served a year's apprenticeship to my mother before you were married, it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," thought Chrissy; but the thought was repressed in a moment.

She then picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warmed her husband's overshoes, and saw that the beautiful little communion service presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to such suffers as Maggie Carpenter, was in readiness.

Before he left the house, Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, and proposed that she should send for Lily to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elasticity of step.

Chrissy watched him from the door until he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fireside and her own reflections.

The fretfulness and tendency to be disturbed at little matters was almost her husband's only fault. He was self sacrificing to the last degree; faithful and indefatigable as an apostle, almost, in his professional labors, liberal to a fault, and, in his administration of parish matters, wise and concilitating to all. He could bear injuries, real injuries, with the greatest patience, and was never known to show resentment.

But with all these good qualities Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb, and finally destroy the comfort of married life. If his wife had by extravagance or bad management, wasted his income and involved him in dfficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missed, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation, half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissy's ears, and made her heart ache after Clement had forgotten the circumstance altogether.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton never thought of this habit, of which he was but imperfectly conscious, as to its being a fault. He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people.—He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials that even Chrissy, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect; but that the temper with which he met what he was pleased to call his peculiar trials ever became a trial to other people he did not imagine. He had, indeed, remarked, in spite of himself, that Chrissy's face was not as cheerful, nor her spirit as light as when they were first married, and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced the change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work turned towards home with his mind full of all he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table cloth was removed, and when he sat down in his dressing gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife all the events of the day, describing with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying—

"Certainly, religion has power to sustain and console under all trials, and under every misfortune—"

"Excepting the loss of a button," replied Chrissy, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Rev. Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean, Chrissy?

"Just what I say," returned Chrissy, with the same soberness. "Yourself, for instance; You can bear with the greatest resignation the loss of friends and misfortune. I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, nor show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirt, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and I must say it—unchristian."

Mr. Ashton arose and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

"I did not think, my love," he said, at last, in a trembling tone, "that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word—perhaps, I spoke too quickly; but, even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am very glad to bear with—"

Mr. Ashton paused. He was an eminently truthful man, and upon consideration he could not remember that he ever had anything to bear from his wife, aside from the shirt buttons, etc., which he was now becoming conscious he had not borne very patiently.

"If it were once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not seem in the least aware how the habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness."

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but, as he began to reflect he was still more surprised to find that his wife's accusations were quite true.

One day it had been about the front door mat, the next about a mislaid review, and then a lost pair of gloves, which, after all, were found in his own pocket. He felt that it was all true, and his own conscience brought forward one instance of unkindness after another—real unkindness—he sat down again and covered his face with his hands.

"But this is not the worst," continued, Chrissy, becoming agitated in turn. "I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear lest I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband; and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very morning I found myself wishing I had never known you."

Chrissy burst into tears, an unusual demonstration for her; and Clement, springing up, once more traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down by his wife's side

"Christiana," he said, mournfully, "I have deserved—I feel that I have, but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissy."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Chrissy, checking her sobs; "but I am frightened that the idea should have entered my head. If I should, I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband, as he clasped her in his arms. "But why, my dearest, have you never told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful nor a graceful office for a wife to reprove her husband, nor a woman her pastor," replied Chrissy, laying her head on his shoulder; "and if I had not been left here all day, I think I should have hardly got up my courage now. But if you are not angry, I am glad that I have told you all that was in my heart; for, indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say one word about them, my love," said Clement, impatiently. "I will never complain again, if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, because I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as any one. I was looking over your shirts, yesterday afternoon, and put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in in great distress to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness nor presence of mind. The child's convulsions were frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox was worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and in the meantime Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Here Amy put her head into the room—

"If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute."

The mistress arose and went into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table entered the study and locked himself in. Chrissy waited for a long time, and at last went and tapped at the door. It was opened to her with a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words said on either side, there was a light in the eyes of the husband and wife which showed the understanding was perfect between them.

DO YOUR OWN WORK.—Enlarge not thy destiny, says the oracle; endeavor not do to more than is given thee in charge; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipation are coarse or fine. Property and its cares, friends and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting—everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faihful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries' hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you should take what your brain can, and drop the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing.

SKEDADDLE.—The *Historical Magazine* for the current month says that this word may be easily traced to a Greek origin, and that the original word is used by at least two great historians, in reporting the dispersion of routed armies. A correspondent of the *Magazine* thus speaks of skedaddle:

"It is of both Swedish and Danish origin, and has been in common use for several years through the North-west, in the vicinity of immigrants from those nations. It is Americanized only in orthography, the Swedes spelling it '*skuddadaal*,' while the Danes spell it '*skyedededkl*,' both having precisely the same signification. This phrase is also becoming Indianized, at least among the Sioux, who frequently use it in place of their word '*poch-a-chee*,' which signifies 'clear out,' 'go off,' &c. I will also add that the Swedes use the word *skudda*, and the Danes the word *skyede*, in the same sense as we do the word scud."

☞ A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know which one of them to die of, and so he lived on.

TO THE POINT.—A good story and a true one, is told of Gen. Duryea, while he was stationed at Baltimore, as the Brigadier Commanding. He addressed a note to a person who had ordered a petty farmer upon his land, some nine miles from town, to haul down the national flag. The father-in-law of this man, a president of one of the banks, waited on the General to know whether he had written the note. "I did," said the General. "Are you the person?"

"No; I am his father-in-law."

"I give you thirty minutes to produce your son-in-law in this office!"

"But General—?"

"Thirty minutes, sir, thirty minutes!"

The two came at the appointed time, and the offender confessed that he had committed the offence against the flag.

"You must, both of you, take the oath," said the General, "and I give you, sir, two hours to hoist that flag upon the same spot where it was pulled down."

"But General—?"

"Two hours, sir, two hours, or you both go to Fort McHenry!" The flag went up at the appointed time, and there it has floated ever since, and the two are now sworn Union men.

☞ We wish we could remove one fallacy from the Northern mind, and that is the fallacy that labor performed by negroes on the plantations of the South cannot be done by white men. We say it can; be done cheaper and better. Intelligent and independent southerners will admit this. Why, the white farmers of the west, in their harvest season, work and are happy and healthy under a sun quite as oppressive as that of this lattitude. The hod carriers of the North with no wool to sheath their heads, work as no negro could work in a sun quite as broiling as anything examination of the philosopher and the statesman. And we will anticipate events so far as to say that a sugar plantation will be worked in this State by white men before the year is out. Don't then believe those who tell you that a white man can't do what a negro can. He can do all a negro can, in the way of laboring in the sun, and as much more.—*New Orleans Delta.*

FRIGHTFUL SCENE.—A Kerry paper (Ireland) says that a lion in Bell's Hippodrome Circus seized a visitor named Cournane by the coat-sleeve, dragged him close to the cage, and made an effort to catch him by the collar of his coat. The man, to save himself, ducked his head under the flooring of his cage; the lion then caught him with his paw by the upper part of his shoulder, and held him for a few seconds. The keeper struck the lion several heavy blows on the paw, which still kept its hold of Cournane. The keeper continued to ply his loaded whip vigorously on the paw of the lion, which, in a few minutes, loosed his hold, and Cournane escaped with a deep cut on the back of his hand and a severer one on his shoulder.

☞ At Worcester Assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersal, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim—,

Pray sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?

'I acknowledge my ignorance,' replied the clergyman; 'I hardly know the difference between a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully,' bowing respectively to the counsellor, '*luckily for me*, has none.'

AVOID BAD COMPANY.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom: and editors, clergymen—indeed all classes in society will do well to remember it and govern themselves accordingly.

"A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting."

"How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

☞ Time wears slippers of list, and his trade is noiseless. The days come, Indian file, softly dawning one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips of those who pant for it; their music is sweet to the ear that listens to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

☞ "Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington as she interrupted Ike, who was reading the war news—"the pickets were driven in five miles." "Bless my soul, that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep to keep the secessionaders from digging out under them.