The Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

J. S. 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 and Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Leucorrhœa, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Diseases 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 yielding 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 reproduction 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 startled 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.

Youth 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 weep over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this Institution, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

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

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

Choice Poetry.

For the Altoona Tribune.

TO A FRIEND DECEASED.

BY MOLLIE.

Forget thee! no, never!
The effort is vain,
Thy mem'ry engrosses my thought;
Though streams cease to flow
And the heavens to rain,
To me thou shalt ne'er be forgot.

How sad is my heart
When I think o'er the past.
Of the hopes and the joys which were mine;
Of the time when I gazed
On thy form for the last,
And partook of thy smile's bright sunshine.

I feel very lonely
And sink in despair,
As I sit by my taper and write;
But my heart seems to say,
And e'en to declare,
That thy presence could cheer me to-night.

I join with the merry,
And friends kindly greet,
But ah there's no pleasure for me;
For sorrow has blasted
My visions so sweet,
And memory lingers with thee.

Yet memory causes
Sensations of pain,
And tears from these eyelids to start;
For sadly it whispers,
We'll ne'er meet again,
Oh never re-echoes my heart.

For even this earth
Shall know thee no more;
Thine eyes bade adieu to its woe;
Thy days are all spent,
Thy pilgrimage o'er;
Thy wand'rings have ceased here below.

And far from the home
Of thy childhood and friends,
The stranger hath lain thee to rest;
The wide-spreading oak
In solitude bends,
And waves o'er thy slumbering breast.

Tread lightly, O stranger,
Around his lone tomb;
Disturb not his silent repose;
But plant ye choice flowers
Upon it to blossom—
The amaranth cypress and rose.

And when the pale rays
Of the moon gently fling
Their soft mellow light o'er his bed;
Then seek his repose
And mournfully sing,
A requiem o'er the lone dead.

BALLVILLE O., Nov. 2nd, 1862.

From the Evening Chronicle.

LINES.

Suggested by the Departure of a Sister of Mercy for the Seat of War.

Go forth, in God's name where the war's din is loudest,
To Corinth, where flows the heart's blood of our proudest;
Take your place near the wounded who fell on that plain
And shrink not, though round you in heaps lie the slain:
Raise the young soldier's head from the damp, gory earth
He was cared for and loved in the land of his birth;
No fond mother is near him, oh! watch his last breath,
And wipe from his pale brow the chill dews of death.
Stoop down o'er the veteran, he is writhing with pain,
His aged cheek is soiled with the battle's dark stain;
Moisten his parched lips, which murmur in vain
With low, quivering accents some well beloved name.
Go, ministering angel, where brave hearts have broken;
Shed the soft tear of pity o'er anguish unspoken.
Fix the warrior's gaze, tho' 'tis filmed and dim,
On the guerdon your blest lips shall teach him to win.
You will speak not of earth, its annals so gory,
But of laurels immortal in realms of glory.
It is meet gentle hands, should the torn limbs bind,
Of those who have nobly left friends far behind;
'Tis just the worn spirit of the hero should be
Kindly soothed in his passage to eternity.
Go, Virgin of heaven, your task is before you,
We miss you, but yet will not idly deplore you;
Fervent voices from many a desolate hearth
Will rise for your safety, thou Angel of Earth.

Select Miscellany.

A CORPORAL'S STORY.

Edward Hinman, corporal in one of the New York Regiments, has written a letter to *Harper's Weekly*, which gives as fair an idea of a soldier's personal experience as anything we remember to have read. His regiment enlisted for two years, but at first the Government would only accept it for three months' service. Afterwards it was unexectedly mustered in for the original term. Having adverted to the hardships which resulted through incompetency of officers, and lack of means on the part of the Government to provide for the men, Hinman says:

But it was pretty tough when our three months were nearly up—and we had never had a fight, and it seemed as if we never should—to be claimed for the rest of two years, and taken for it without our consent. We were volunteers before; now we were pressed. We offered two years at first; the Government would only take three months. If a new bargain was to be made we thought we had a right, the same as at first, to volunteer instead of being forced. This made us a good deal of trouble; but I thought that the Government would not take us if they did not need us; and I made up my mind if this great nation needed a poor man like me it could have me in its own way. And, besides, we had learned just what we ought to know to be good for something, and had got toughened to it. For one, I felt rather proud that we were considered good enough to be kept. And if it had not been for Sally and Johnny, who got nothing from the neighbors and had a hard look for the winter coming on, I should not have cared to be anywhere else. Some of our young fellows asked me how I liked being pressed from my wife and boy. Well, I said, I should be glad to go home and see them; but if it was to sneak out and have somebody else fight for my wife and boy while I staid at home, I should be ashamed to have my John call me father at that.

After a while we all got over grumbling, and began to take pride in standing hardships and keeping ourselves as comfortable and clean as possible, no matter how bad the weather and how hard the service.

One day last December, after a long march in the snow, which slipped, and slushed and melted on our shoes, and then froze the shoes stiff, we got in late at night and slept in a big barn in the hay without supper, or breakfast next morning, for the roads were so bad the wagons could not get up. Well, that morning our Brigadier-General rode down to see us. We heard he was coming, and every man had his musket bright and his clothes brushed up, the snow had cleaned our shoes, and our cotton "dirt-covers," as the boys called their gloves, were very comfortable in holding a musket on a frosty morning. So we were paraded in line, as for dress parade, and when we presented arms to the General it went like the tick of a clock, for we were vexed, and we would have done it fine that morning if we had died. "Ah, hah, my fine fellows," the General said, "somebody has been lying about you. They said you had no supper or breakfast, and that your feet were frozen off you, and that you slept in a barn last night." We heard how he bragged about us afterward, and said that there was not a hay seed on our coats or a ration in the bellies of the whole regiment. The next day we went into Clear Spring, in Maryland, and that is a place for Union soldiers I must say. The people gave us the whole town, and all they had was welcome. It is only a village town but, as one of the girls said to Pat Mahoney, that though there was not a big heap, there was right smart folks there. Here we had a good rest, plenty to eat and a hearty welcome.

The first time we had a scrimmage with the secesh was not a long time after this. We forded the Potomac and marched towards Martinsburg. Cold and wet was nothing now, and hunger was not to be talked of. We were at last going to fight Jackson and Co. We thought our first fight was beautiful. The secesh all ran away as soon as we began firing. They were Virginia Militia. Some of our officers wrote home flaming accounts about it, but our Colonel became all at once very severe on us, and said such nonsense would spoil us. He ordered us and ordered us till day and night seemed nothing but orders, and he was very severe on any disobedience. I guessed afterward what he meant. For the next fight we had I think I found out that obeying orders meant not running away. I was scared and no mistake. We were marching in column of divisions expecting work, when suddenly a secesh battery opened on us and one or two balls came plowing through the column. We looked at one another just ready to run, when the Colonel's voice came down the line as sharp as a knife: "Battalion halt. On third division deploy column. Battalion by right and left flanks, March!" Now as much scared as we were, I really believe that we would have all skedaddled if we had not been more afraid to disobey orders. I trembled all over, but our company was in the third division, and we had to stand fast while the rest formed on us and the old habit kept us all there. A cold sweat stood all over me, but I had no time to think before the other divisions were double-quicking it through some open woods into line of battle, when we were ordered to lie down till our battery came up. Pretty soon a Georgia Regiment advanced on us down through a dip in the ground, halting occasionally and loading and firing as they came on. The bullets whistled all around but done no harm. Our battery on our right drew the fire of the secesh battery and we had an open chance before us. By forming on third division we had just a slight roll of ground between us and the dip in the meadow in front, and when we lay down the balls from the battery would ricochet over us, or go over our heads without striking. A few men got hit with pieces of shell, but nearly all we lost by artillery was from the first firing. The Colonel stood leaning against a tree at the right, and on the crown of the knoll, as cool as a cucumber, watching the enemy. The surgeon, and assistant and band were picking up the wounded men and carrying them to the rear out of fire. Every now and then the Colonel would turn and look at us lying along the ground, and I could see him from where I was show his teeth with a fierce looking kind of grin as he looked at us. The same as to say, it seemed to me, just wait 'till I *order* these fellows at you. It seemed a very short time before the order came. We fired a single volley at 100 yards distance and then fixed bayonets, and down we went at double-quick charge, every man yelling to suit himself. The Georgians stood till we were twenty paces from them, and then broke and run for a worm fence, where they tried to rally, but in climbing the fence we came up with them, and the rails flew off and we after them right up on to their battery, which could not hit us without hitting them.—So we took the battery of four brass guns. This is all I know about the first battle of Winchester. After we were ordered up to fire and charge I did not see anybody that looked scared; for my part I did not think about it then, though, till the secesh broke, men were every now and then dropping out of the ranks hit or killed.

Our Brigadier-General came down to see us next morning, and we were ordered out to receive him, and he made us another short speech. Says he: "Boys, we have been just learning you a little here, and you have done very well. But I am going to take you over into McClellan's corps one of these days, and then I shall expect you to fight in real earnest. But I see your clothes look as nice as usual this morning." We had a bold talking Sergeant in the color guard, who spoke up and said: "That's more than yours do, General," which made us all grin. For the skirt of his coat had a hole through it, and his baggage had been started toward Manassas the day before the fight, and he had no change, and the hole could only be mended with a patch; but I suppose for as cool as he would talk to us he was rather proud of that hole in his coat. If he wasn't we were. We lay at Winchester some days before we marched across the Shenandoah for Manassas, and while lying there I went into the hospitals where our boys and the secesh wounded were being taken care of. And here I saw something that made me feel pretty bad. One of our corporals had a bullet through his thigh. He was wounded on picket the night before the battle. He had an Irishman on his picket-guard who would smoke his pipe through anything and everything. Well, it was cold and damp this night, so Pat lighted his pipe and smoked away, lying down with his shoulders against a fallen tree, for it was not his relief, and as he could not sleep he said he would take it out in a good smoke. This spark of fire made a good mark, and pretty soon a bullet struck the corporal who was standing some distance from Pat. "Bless the pipe, thin," says pat, "for if you had been smoking it, corporal, he would have fired it at you and hit me." The guard fired back by chance, and afterward approached cautiously toward the place from which the shot had been fired. They heard groans which guided them, and soon came to a badly wounded man, in a farmer's dress, with a large bore rifle lying by his side. They stopped the bleeding as well as they could, and turned out Pat's relief to carry him and the corporal to the nearest house in our lines. This turned out to be the farmer's own house. But it was deserted of everybody except an old darkey and a little girl about nine years old. It turned out that they had been sent to the house by the girl's mother, thinking nobody would disturb them, to get some clothes, left behind when they ran away from their home, which they did on hearing that Jackson was coming back to drive us out of Winchester. They went into the mountains, for the father was suspected of Unionism. The father had started from his hiding-place for news, when he was impressed by the secesh and made to serve as guide for placing the pickets as he knew the neighborhood. He said that he had his rifle to protect himself, and I believed him. But when they saw Pat's pipe, knowing him to be a good shot, they compelled him to fire at the light, he purposely aimed on one side and hit the corporal.

Our return fire drove away their picket, but wounded him in the chest, and he died in a few days. The darkey went back to the mountains but the little girl would not leave her father, and was carried to the hospital along with the corporal. She staid with him, giving him water, bathing his head, and saying, "Poor Daddy! poor daddy!" all the while till he died. Pat got a pass to go and see the poor man buried, and the next roll call he was among the missing, and nobody saw anything of Pat for the next four days, when he came into camp and reported to the Colonel, and pulled out his pass as innocent as a baby. Upon being questioned about such an absurd pretence as the pass being good for four days, Pat said he had to go home with the mourner from the funeral. And the fact was, the fellow had taken the little girl home to her mother in the mountains.

I do not know if you will think what I say of any interest worth publishing.—But I thought a plain soldier's account of what did happen really in this war might encourage some others to enlist just now when we want them; for we have got thinned out somewhat from what we were at first, and if our people will come into our old regiments with names already on their flags, or get up new ones that will do better than we have, why then it seems to me we can kill out rebellion before it gets old enough to go alone. And if they don't come and join us now, why a great many more will have to come by-and-by.

THE LOST KEY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I say Philip, have you seen my portmonnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that portmonnaie lost again?"

"Now, Philip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lightened word, "don't scold. Upon my word it is the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Cora," said the iron hearted husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation.

"Will you never break yourself of that careless habit, my love?"

Cora was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what annoyance these careless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gender tone, as the coral lips began to tremble and the eyes to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake. Here is your lost treasure," he said, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Cora clapped her little hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in a girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blending unconsciously into one another.

"Well if I don't make haste, I shall be too late to meet that engagement on Cedar street. Let me see, the notes are in my secretary, I believe. Nothing like locking things up and keeping the keys yourself. If Cora only followed my example—"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in all his pockets, with nervous haste, for something that seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lips. "I always put it in that vest pocket. Possibly, I may have laid it on the table among those papers.

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither like animated snowflakes as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought among their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the secretary, with no earthly chance of ever getting at it. But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose any thing! It won't do to wait many more minutes. I'll just put on a clean shirt, and run down town. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened to his room to complete the details of his toilet ere he left the house, but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his bureau was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible secretary.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping that the key might be on the mantelpiece, where he had not yet searched No, it was not there, but a treacherous inkstand was—the contents wherof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt bosom—the shirt bosom upon which alone he had depended.

"Well here is catastrophe!" he murmered gloomily, staunching the inky flow with his pocket handkerchief."—"However, I can button my coat over it for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smith today, and—"

He stoped short, a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money drawer was a fixture of the wretched secretary!

Penniless, shirtless and paperless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however. Would he not be characterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance, discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key? So thought Mr. Walter as he strode off down town to a day of perplexities and mortification.

"If ever I tease Cora again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the tea room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck! It is a judgment sent upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink stains of the morning. Cora uttered a faint scream, and shrank back, exclaiming—

"My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt bosom?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you another, dear."

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her "it is not at all worth while. Do sit down and be easy, my love!"

Cora started to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door, something jingled in the pocket of her little silk apron. She stopped in the passage.

"Oh! by the way, Philip, here is the key to your secretary. I found it on the dining table, this afternoon, and," she added, with an arch sparkle of the eye, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She put the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words As he contemplated the gleaming words of the little mischief maker in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Cora's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ears like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed, too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Cora Walter was a discreet female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

FEARFUL RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

In England, railway passenger cars are called carriages, and are built on the plan of old stage coaches, with entrances on each side. Some years hence thick-headed Mr. Bull will probably invent a car similar to Yankee ones, bnt he will never be guilty of taking a pattern from American outside barbarians. For fear some passenger will get in without paying, the railway carriages of England are all locked. A passenger shows his ticket, which is then checked, or stamped, and then the carriage door is unlocked; he gets in, is locked in, and thus performs his journey. Free and enlightened young America would not thus suffer himself to be locked up—not he. But to our story. A gentleman who was thus locked in, no other passenger being in that particular carriage, started on his journey from London to Nottingham on the evening of September 5th. He soon fell asleep, and slept, he did not know how long. We will let him tell the rest of the story, as he printed it in the London *Dispatch* of the 18th of September. "When I awoke it was dark, pitch dark. The light in the roof of the carriage had gone out. But where were we, and why is it so dark? Above all, why were we not moving? I soon lit a match, but I could see nothing outside but blackness. I shouted, but there was no one to answer, while the sound of my own voice told me where I was. I soon knew all about it by that time, though I tried to fight off the conviction. I had got into the last carriage in the train, and it had somehow become unhitched from its fellows and was left in the tunnel. I knew the tunnel and its length, but where abouts in its hideous blackness was I? Should I get out? I tried the doors, but they were locked.—Stretching out my hand, I tried to feel for the wall of the tunnel, shuddering as I thought it would meet me clammy and stone-cold, like the hands of a corpse.—But I could not reach it. Was it the other side? I passed over to try. Hush? What was that? I drew back my arm instinctively, and sunk down a helpless mass on my seat again. Do you know what it was, reader, that I heard then? It was the snort of a distant engine.—Everywhere before me I saw the gaze of two ferocious eyes, like the eyes of a wild beast in his den, and I knew that every snort was bringing the monster steadily closer. Nearer still. Another minute—less—and where should I be? Mutilated fragments of a human body once my own, whirling away in all directions, rose up to answer that question as it passed through my mind. Nearer still. It takes but a second, say the wise and learned, to bring before a man his whole life; but in that strange moment, instinct as it was, with a horrible and fascinated excitement I saw only the ferocious eyes, and heard the voice of my young brother, dead long years ago, calling upon me to come and save him, as he was wont to do in his delirium. Nearer still—and the earth quivered beneath me, and thunder filled my ears. There was a whirling rush, a quick wind, and then the roar going off into the distance again. When I could think of myself, I found that I was sitting doubled up, shrinking as a man would from a threatened blow, and my hands were clenched till I felt the smart of the nails in my flesh. The train had chanced to be on the other line of rails, or I had not been sitting here now to write my adventure. An engine was dispatched to bring up the missing carriage, as soon as the fact of its having been left behind was discovered, and thus your correspondent was rescued from his dreadful and frightful situation.

☞ A one-legged orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irish man, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking upon my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced it was settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "By the powers," said Pat, "it wd av bin a good thing if it had only settled in your head."