## hUUFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

PREPARKO BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA. Nervous Debility

JAUNDICE. Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS of the SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Dis-ordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Rent the following symptoms, and if you find that our system is inflocted by any of them, you may rest several that disease has commenced its attack on the nost important organs of your body, and unless soon hedded by the use of proceedil venedies, a miserable so, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Btomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Wolght in the Stomach, Soure Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Hand, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Sufficiality Susations when in a tying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Date or Webs before the Sight.

Dill Pain in the Head, Leftering of Posture, Phin in the Sight, Lowiness of the Skin and Eyes, Phin in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudder Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Inaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits, All the synthesis discuss of the Livree Digestice Organic, common with impure blood.

Boofland's German Bitters Scoland's German Ellers is entirely regetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, He, b., and Barks from which these extracts are made are guilered in Germany All the medicinal virtues are extracts are independently in the medicinal virtues are extracts. These extracts are then forwarded to this examine to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, bence it is the only bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

#### ijoofland's German Conic

typoliting 5 German Come is a various of the littlers, with vivos besite tree Rinn, through the 1st lead for the state of states as the Hillers, in was where was pure discharded stranding temperate. It is made that there embed to the time of the time of the three embeddes are entirely at the different from any sources interested for the care of the discares a most, these being according one and extract, while the where are more describing of vinit for which the white the white the filling of the most grant and according to the time to the constitution of the most grant and any catale and agreeable remedies ever offered to the thirty to the transfer of the transfer of the time to the transfer of the transfer to the transfer of the transfer of the transfer of the transfer is the transfer of the transfer o

### CONSUMPTION.

Thousands of cases, when the pa-ficit supposed he was afflicted with this territole discase, have been cured by the use of these remedles. Extreme canctation, debility, and cough are the usual attendants upon severe tases of dyspepta or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genuine Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, afree genening and invigorating.

## DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hondand's German terrior Doubt in other of Hobilty. They impact a would right to the whole system, decaythen the ap-ille, cause on expressed of the find, enable the sound, healthy complexion, evaluate the nellow rings from the syr impart a bloom to the checks, and change the putions from a short-breathed, emuciated weak.

Weak and Delicate Children are mode strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

#### These Remedies are the best Blood Puriflers

tionen, and will once all discuses resulting from bad ble.d.

Kop your blood pure: keep your Liver in orders

Kop your digresive organs in a count, healthy condi-tion, by to now of these removies, and no disease will

THE COMPLEXION. Ladies who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellow-ish ringe and all other disfigurement, should use these remedies occusion-

should use these remedies occasionship. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in spark-ling eyes and blooming checks. CAUTION.

Horgand's German Remedies are counterfited. The mounts been lie signature of C. M. Jackson on the second of the nativity exception of each bottle, and the many of the excited bloom in such buttle. All others have counterfeld.

Thousands of letters have been re-ceived, testifying to the virtue of these remedies.

. READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS. FROM HON, GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Just' > of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PERSONAPHER, MARCH 16th, 1867. i find "Hooftand" of Gov. in Biliters" is not on inter-testing bettering, but is a go., 'tonic, mertal in sing-ders of the disestine organs, one of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

Yours tends

ORO, W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON, JAMES TROMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1866. I cons'der "Hoofland's German Bit-ters" o relicable medicine in case of at-tacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I ean certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

From REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D., Paster of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Paster of the Teath Baptist Church, Philodelphia, Im. JACKSON—Blash Six:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but reperting the practice as and of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cover defined; but with a clear point in carious instances, and particularly imay own family, of the merinances of Dr. Hoodward German Hilters, the hard for once from my meant course, he express my full conviction that ha general debility of the system, and especially he liver to the high it is a safe and valuable preparation. In our cases it may full; but wantly, I doubt not, it will be very herefold to those who suffer from the above causes.

Isome, very very very tely.

Tours, very verper fully, J. H. KENNARP, Eighth, below Contex &.

Price of the Bitters, \$1,00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.00. Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles. Recoiled that it is Dr. Haifland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Bruggist to induce you to take any thing die that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application a the

## PRINCIPAL OFFICE.

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia. CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO. These Remedies are for fale by Druggists, Sforekeepers, and Medi-cine Ocalers everywhere. the nest forget to environce will the article you buy, in order to get the generate.

BY A. A. HOPKINS. The typo!-a singular creature is he-A bit of a wizard I take him to be. A paradox ever, I stoutly assert, A fancy the statement you can't controvert: He "takes" a great deal, and he "proves" all

THE TYPO.

And he "sets" while he stands, and he stands while he "sets!"

A magical power there is in his hand, As swiftly the types marshal in at command: The art of a painter be has to portray The incidents many that make up to-day. A wedding he pictures:-"elick, click," and

there, The glad, merry party, the just-wedded pair; You see the young wife in her garments of white, (You have gone to the wedding without an "in-

vite. ') And fancy you hear the good wishes of friends, And-there the bright picture unwittingly ends. For the typo paints all kinds of scenes in a breath. He spelled you a marriage -the next is a death; And low in the coffin you see a dear face All silent and cold, that was full of rare grace; A sorrowing circle that tenderly kiss The lips whose sweet pressure they ever will

miss: And softly the tear-drops creep down o'er your

lashes. As sadly you echo the "ashes to ashes."

"Click, click"-now he's spelling a railroad disaster.

And fast "click" the types, and still faster and faster,

And horror is seen in each one of their freez. As quickly he ranges them into their places; 'A terrible slaughter," you shudder, then laugh With hearty good will at their next paragraph-A joke of three lines, or a dozen as brief, Done up-a rich bundle of fun-in a sheaf!

Then follow some "ad's"-patent bitters and pills.

To cure every one of mortality's ills; "Click, click," and just under his fingers they go fourth-

"None genuine unless signed 'John Jones," " &c. Now 'tis an "Elixir," and now a "Hair Dye," (To color, of course, for its spelled with y.) "Cough Syrup," perhaps, or 'Wafer," or "Lotion," (A humbing, condensed to a good "Yankee no-

A something, in short, for all human diseases-'You pays in your money and takes what you pleases!"

Variety truly gives living its spice. And typos can present it to you in a trice. From gravest to gay, every mood of the mind Is by them each hour completely defined; One moment they laugh, and another they weep-I fancy their sorrow is not over-deep-But be their expression whatever it may, The will of the typo they only obey; To all his commands they respond with a "click,"

# CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

'It was in 1819,' began Sam. Wilson, an old hunter, who for twenty years had made his home on the plains and among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, also spending a portion of his time in the Golden State of the Pacific, that I started with my party to cross the plains, in hopes of making fortune a digging for the shining dust that people said was to be had just for the picking up. There was a dozen of us, all firsrate jovial fellows; all of them having had more or less experience in roughing it on the

Praries of the West. 'We had no woman-kind among us to hinder our progress, and as we were in a hurry to commence making our fortune, and would like, as well, having the name of crossing the plains in the best time that had yet been made, we got over the ground pretty fast, and reached Salt Lake several days before we had expected to when we set out.— We were all well and hearty and in the best of spirits; and after spending three days with the saints, and getting a view of some of the ladies claimed by Brigham and his elders, who didn't seem at all averse to our company, we turned our backs upon them and our faces toward the setting sun.

The plains were no longer before us; but a country filled the deep valleys, and steep ruggid mountains. There were not then, as now, wide, broad trails to follow, selected with the greatest care, with an eye to the speed and ease of travelers; then each one that had gone toward the West, choose his own path, although, to be sure, taken to keep in sight of the trail that seemed to point out that the greatest number had gone that way. Yet, did we chance to leave t, we made no exertion to recover it, but kept on, confident that we should strike it again somewhere in advance, and if we did not, we had the same to guide us as those

that first passed that way.
The third day after cutering upon this ruggid tract of country, we encamped for the night on the bank of a wild mountain torrent that was swollen by recent rains. It had been with great difficulty that we had got safely across; and, although it was but the middle of the afterreon, we concluded to go no farther that hight, as one of our party

complained of not feeling well. 'After the arrangements for camping had been well nigh completed, and the sun was still some two hours high, and not feeling very much fatigued, I threw my rifle over my shoulder, and told my comerads that I was going to take an hour's tramp up the stream where a dark gorge opened among the mountains, in hopes to get a chance shot at something that would help us to make up a supper. Not one of the boys offered to accompany me; and after receiving caution not to though I was surrounded by scores of moulwander too far, and to return to the camp before nightfall, I set out.

The way was rougher than I expected, and more than once I had half a mind to turn back; but I persevered, and for half an hour picked my way up the rough valley, which, as I have before said, was hemmed in by rugged mountains, or, rather by high cliffs that; owing to some convulsion of nature,

had cast huge masses from their sides, almost blocking up the narrow spabe that existed between their base and the banks of the canon, and in some places partially filled the bed of the stream, over which the water rushed with a noise almost deafening.

'Long before this time, I had lost sight of the smoke that arose from our camp fire, owing to the course of the stream that conformed itself to the valley; and all this time I had seen nothing that would deign to waste powder and bullet on, and began to think that I should be obliged to return to camp

as empty-handed as I went out.
'I toiled on, perhaps fifty yards farther, clambering over the jagged rocks that blocked up the way; and at last, discouraged at my want of success, I was on the point of turning back, when I espied, but a short distance before me, close to where a few bushes grew out from a cliff, a small creature, though from the glimpse I got of it, I could not distinguish what it was. Glad of the chance for a shot, I scrambled along over the rocks to a position that I coveted; but, before it was reached, the creature, whotever it was, had disappeared, and no trace of it could I find, after searching several minutes where I

was sure I had seen it. 'Disappointed, and cursing my ill-luck, J was on the point of turning back, when a loud clap of thunder resounded through the sky, and the next moment large drops of rain began to fall. Startled at the sudden approach of the storm, that I had been unmindful of, I glanced upward, and saw that a heavy shower was rising above the cliffs, that had been the means of my not preceiving its approach.

'I knew full well that one of these sudden storms was no slight thing to encounter and that, unless I could find some place of shelter among the rocks, I must experience a thorough dreaching, as it would be impossi-

break in all its fury. 'It suddenly occured to me, that a short distance back, I had seen what appeared to be the entrance of a cavern. I had noticed it particularly, from the fact that a large rock hung over the entrance, which looked to me as though the slightest jar would displace it, and send it crashing down over the

aperture. 'I hastily returned to this spot; but upon reaching it, I hesitated about entering. The great boulder, lying upon a mass of crumling rock, looked even more threatening than when I had passed it. Then I thought I was childish in my fears, as the rock had doubtles remained for ages in the same position it now occupied. Another clap of thunder, and a deluge of rain descended, which decided my action, and I entered the cave on all fours, but not until I had tried the boulder with all my strength, though then I couldn't help thinking how foolish I was in thinking that my feetile strength could move it. Appearantly I might us well have attempted to shake the entire cliff, as far as af-

fecting any result was concerned. 'I found the cave to be about ten feet in length, half as many in width, and perhaps four feet in height. It was lighted to its farthest extent, and there was a narrow passage extended from thence faither into the mountain, though so obstructed by sand and He rules with a stout little "rule" and a "stick!" large rocks that the aperture left, would ardly admit of the passage of a fox.

> 'All this I noticed, as I sat with my back ogainst the wall, I listened to the ring of the tempest without, the fury of which I do not remember to have seen equalled.

> 'Half an hour passed; and the storm instead began to think I should have to pass the night where I was. I knew, by the thundering of the water in the canon, that it was fast rising. From where I was sitting, in-deed, I could see the torrents, in miniature cataracts dashing down the face of the cliffs on the opposite side of the stream. It seemed, I fancied almost as the flood must have

appeared at its commencement. 'I had begun to feel secure in my place of tefuge, and the fact of the huge boulder being akove my head no longer troubled me, whnn suddenly, to my astonishment and horror, I saw a huge rock washed from its sandy base, and go plunging into the canon. Hor rors! what if the one before me should fall and block me in! I seized my rifle, and sprang toward the outlet. The storm was preferable to my place of shelter. 'God have mercy!' I cried, as I felt the movement of the cliff above me; and then, to my great horror and despair, the great boulder, loosened by the torrents of rain, slipped from its resting place and ere I could escape, hemmed me in dark-ness. I was entombed alive. The horror of my situation came upon me with such a force that I did what I never did before nor since, I fainted away.

'How long I remained insensible, I know not; but when I recovered my senses, thought it was a terrible dream. But the illusion soon wore off, and the stern reality was before me, and I began camly to think

what chance I had of escaping. 'Very little indeed was there for hope in the prospect before me. No prison bars were as strong as those which held me back from highly as I now began to do. There seemed to be no possible hope; for man, with his unaided strength, could never move the huge rocks that sealed the entrance of to my sepul

'A faint ray of light came in on on side of my prison door, and through the crevice came the sound of rolling waters, swollen to double its usual volume down in the bed of the canon. That crevice would give me air, and tell me when night came, and went, so long as life remained to me. My companions would doubtless search long for me; and could I not make myself heard should they pass near by? This gave me a ray of hope, that I hugged to my heart as a drowning man will, they say catch at a straw .-This for a moment gave me a ray of hope; but my heart sank within me as the roar of the cateract filled my ears. No human voice could be heard above that terrible roar.

'I threw myself on the bottom of the cave, and all was darkness. Night had come upon me in my tomb, as dark and terrible as dering dead. As time must seem to the spirits of the lost, so that horrable night seemed to me. Morning came at last, and again a little hope came back with a ray of light that found its way into me, as if to say that I was not entirely cut off from the out-

ward world.

comrads should come up to seek for me, it might be possible that I might make myself heard. But how was I to know when they had come? Try as I would, I could not gain a position where I could get a glimpse of the outward world. My only chance was to call aloud at the top of my voice, and hour after hour I did so, until my throat was so hourse that I could hardly speak; but I heard nothing from without to repay me for the exertion I had made. My despair was terrible, and in my agony I threw myself on my face, upon the floor of the cavern, and with one action a new hope sprang into my heart.

Tor the first time since my imprisonment the thought came to me that a possibility of escape lay at the back end of the cave. If I could but remove the obstructions that blocked up the passage so that I could pass through it might possibly lead to daylight in another direction. Caves often have more than one outlet or entrance.

'Faint as this hope was, I clung to it, and went to work with a will. The rock I found I could easily remove, and the sand I scraped away with my hands, and soon had a place large enough to force my way through. En couraged by this, I did so, and after crawling along some fifteen or twenty feet, I found myself in a large apartment of a height that would admit of my standing erect. Another passage led off to the right from this, and I at once entered it although it was so dark that I had to feel my way along. The way was crooked, turning sharp angles and long curves, and I could form no idea 'of the direction in which I was going. It seemed almost interminable; but at last, to my great joy. I saw bright light ahead, and in a few moments I stood in the bright sunshine that I never expected to see again.

'You can imagine the state of my feelings as I made my way down the bank of the stream, after easting one look up to where ble for me to reach the camp before it would the great boulder was lying that had sealed tny tomb. It was larger than I had thought and the strength of our whole party could not have moved it.

There was great joy at the camp over my return; my companions had spent the night, and all the day thus for, in locking for me, and had come to the conclusion that I must have fallen into the canon, and been washed away, and in a half-hour more would have been on their way, leaving me to my fate.'

### Earthquake Experience,

It has been often asserted, and is largely selieved, that atmospheric and other meteoric phenomena often prognosticate the approach of earthquakes; and it is alleged that animals and men have an obscure preception and foreboding of them, manifested by a feeling of anxiety and restlessness, shudering and trembling of the limbs. Von Tschudi, and trembing of the same a good authority, affirms that he several times experienced this constition while in Pera, just harrow the accurrence of earthquakes. My own experience of several years in countries subjected to these phenomena, but which, however, is entirely of a negative character, does not confirm these statements and hypotheses. It was confind to a residence of year on the coast of Peru, and to three rather decisive shocks. I do not mention those slight tremers of the ground, which, during the day, are seldom to be distinguished from the vibration of the ground occared from the vibration occared from the vibration occared from the vibration of the ground occared from the vibration oc ble at night. The first of the three to which I refer occured November 23, 1865, at about six o'clock in the morning, and lasted about ten seconds. It was preceded by a distinct of abating seemed to increase in fury, and I rumbling sound; continuing during the movement, which was of the ordinary undulatory kind. \*The shock was felt along the whole coast, from Africa northward, doing little damage, however, except in the city of

The second I experienced a few weeks later at about two o'clock in the afternoon, while engaged in making a survey of the ruins of Amacavilea, near the village of Chorillos, pine miles south of Lima. I had just exposed a plate in my photographic camera, and was timing the exposure, when my attention was arrested by a sound from the southward, something like that of a heavy sea-wave striking the shore at an angle and breaking in a sustained, continuous roar. I recognized the sound, and carefully noted the time that elapsed between its first reaching my ear and the commencement of the earth movement. It was five seconds -- a fact of value as bearing on the rapidity with which earthquake shocks are propogated. The movement was not very severe, although sufficiently great to ruin my photographic negative, which I preserved as probably the only example of photographing an earthquake. In Lima it caused some alarm, but little damage.

My third and last experience was when de scending to the coast from the lofty table lands of Huancavelica, through the valley of the river Pisco to the sea, in the succeeding month of November. We were just emerging from the mighty walls of rock and bare, lofty mountains that shut in the upper waters of that stream, and were entering on the undulating desert extending from the mountain to the sea, when we again heard the ominous the outer world, that I had never prized so sound approaching, as before, from the south. My mule pricked up her ears and stopped on the instant, in a tremor, as if smitten with sudden ague. It was ten seconds, not counting the time this meneuver ocupied, before the movement commenced under our feet -The shock lasted seven seconds, and was a severe one, being the combination of the undulatory and salatory movements. It was also wide spread in its range, and in any country except Peru, where man has taken almost every possible precaution against the effects of earthquakes, would have been destructive.

And here I have to account a circumstance interesting in itself and to science. In gazing to the southward, and listening to the advance of the shock as it approached with constantly increasing noise, we distinctly saw the vibration of the mountains in that direction for four seconds before those nearest us began to bow to each other. Assuming that the movement of the mountains could be detected by the naked eye at a distance of two miles, we have the means of an approximate estimate of the velocity of the shock in question. It was about thirty miles a minute.-[E. G. Squire, in Hasper's Magazine.

A boarder at one of the hotels was recently observed to shed tears when the cheese ward world.

"The roar of the torrent still sounded in my of this agitation, he replied that the cheese ears, but not so loud as it had done. If my was a moveing sight."

#### The Spirits of Discontent.

How universal it is. We never yet saw the man who would say "I am contented."-Go where you will among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow you hear the sound of muttering, and the voice of complaint.

The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask.

"Ah!" said he, mine is a hard lot; forever trotting like a dog, driving a hoop."
"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration

from his brow, while the red hot fron glowed on the anvil, "this is life with a vengence, melting and frying one's-self over a fire. "Oh that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone. "Here I am, day after day, wearing my soul away making soles for others, cooped up in

this little seven by nine room-ho hum."
"I'm sick of this out door work," exclaimed the carpenter, "boiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—I wish I was a tailor."

"This is too had," perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life." "Last day of grace-banks won't discount

—customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry, musty

record, "happy fellows. I had rather ham mer stone than puzzle my head on this tedious, vexatious question. And through all the ramifications of societ

all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their particular calling. If it were only this, or that, or the other, I should be contented, is the universal cry-anything but what I am. So wags the world, so has it wagged, and so will it wag.

### Decline of the Race Course.

It seems to be generally accepted that the race course improves horses and demoralizes men; and among the professional horsemen Hiram Woodruff is pointed to with pride as the man who was honest. I hope, however, for the credit of his noble animal, and of our own race, that he is not the only exception; and I further hope that the tendencies will grow stronger and will prevail. The tendencies are shown in that such men as Mr. Bonner and others keep in their own stables and for their own use some of the fastest horses for the betting ring. These tendencies are also shown in that this class of horses is more and more in demand for gentlemen's use solely; as it is to be seen on the fine autumn afternoous by the hundreds or thousasds, on the broad avenue which leads to Macomb's Dam. It is estimated that there are, in New York alone, over ten thousand horses noted for speed, which are worth from \$1,000 upward to \$33,000-the price of Dexter.

But it may be well to caution young men-and old ones-against a vice which besets some, and may easily spread. It is the mania for buying trotters, in the expectation dan's victory as much as the Rebels Flora Temple or Dexter. This is worse than time to take advantage of his feeling sioned by carriages, and are mostly apprecia- useless. It can be shown, as I believe, that these horses, which once might have been bought for a song, have cost somebody all they at last brought. It has taken five or May. more years of constant training and outlay, and a vast deal of time and thought to make such horses what they are; and only one of a hundred of those so treated is a great prize. A young man who begins to act upon this theory is almost sure to be ruined. No; gentlemen must and will own this fine quality of horse-but as gentleman, not as jockeys if, by chance, such a one finds himself the possessor of a prize, let him call it a piece of luck, and not try it again, and not expect it at all. A gentleman will enjoy his horse, not the money he can make out of it. But there is danger too, for the farmers-the ordinary farmers-in this matter. Some of them are already possessed with a strong desire to grow a great horse, and, in attempting to gratify it, they may neglect the real business of their farms; they may get into habits of lounging away from their homes, and they may fall into grog-shop society.— [The Horse Growers, by C. W. Elliott, in March Galaxy.

## The Old Hymns.

Fanny Fern asks:

'Did you ever know any person who was prought up on the good old zion hymns, whom they ever feiled to move to the founda-tions when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands lingering on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the night air. That man-who has wasted life, and energy, and talent which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind —he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap while she sings that same hymn which will never grow old, about "the beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now; the hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshipers emerge, he recollects himself, and with an impatient pshaw! passes on. What! he moved at a "conventicle hymn!" he, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church. He, who believes neither in prayers nor priests, Bible nor sundays? He who has "outgrown all that?" Ah! but he hasn't, He can't outgrow it-it is there. It will como, whether he desires it or no. Come in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it. away. Come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind. Come as it did to John Randolph, who; after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left en record that "the only men he eyer knew well and approached closely whom he did not drscover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts." "Often," he says, the religion of his childhood were banished wholly by business or by pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking, and his last before going to sieep." Sald he, "I could not banish them if I would."

A mad dog made his appearance in Dan-ville, the other day, and was killed after having bitten several other dogs.

### The Capture of Petersburg.

On the night after the battle of Five Forks, Grant sat outside of his tent, about twenty miles west of the James, waiting for news from Sheridan. Mead's army and Ord's stretched in front of the long lines around Petersburgh, which had withstood them so long. Another flank movement was making, but thus far with little success. The weather had been miserable; the rains were violent, the roads almost impassable; horses and caissons and army wagons floundering in the quicksands. As far as Grant's left stretched out, so far Lee still confronted him. Sheridan had been fighting at Dinwiddie, and Lee had reached around almost to Grant's rear to strike at Sheridan,-had, indeed dealt him a heavy blow. But to do this, the enemy had to divide his own force, hoping to get back before Grant could attack the broken front. Grant, however, sent an additional corps to the support of Sheridan,

and, at nine o'clock in the evening, was waiting for details of the battle. He sat wrapped in the soldier's blue overcoat, which he wore in that campaign. Two or three staff officers were near, gathering round a camp fire in the wet woods. Two had remained all day with Sheridan, so as to report to the General-in Chief the result of the fight at the earliest moment. One of them had already returned, bringing work of success-how complete was not yet known. Finally, the other arrived with a full report from Sheridan. He was in great

excitement, having ridden hard, ten miles or more from the field of victory. Five Forks was won.

Grant listened calmly, only now and then interrupting the officer to ask a question. When all was told, he rose, without saying a word, entered his tent, where a candle flickered on the table, invited no one to join him, but wrote a dispatch in sight of the officers out side. and gave it to an orderly. Then coming out to the fire again, he remarked,-as calmly as if he were saying, "It is a windy night,"-" I have ordered an attack all along the lines to morrow at daybreak" When one remembers what that meant,-how many such attacks had in the world, which are never used as decoys been made and how often with little result; in what light the North had come to regard these assaults upon fortified work; how disastrous repulse would have been at that juncture to Grant, with a part of his army ten miles away,-the promptness of the decision can be better appreciated. But Grant felt the hour and the opportunity had arrived; he had that intutrive sympathy with his soldiers which every great commander feels; he knew that they must be inspired by Shiriwould be depressed, and now was the and make the final assult. At four o'clock next day the works of Petersburg were carried .- From the Atlantic Monthly for

# Shall we Meet Again!—A Beautiful Extract.

The following waif, afloat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully

"Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton at all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise. and with Charles Lamb we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable.-There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has no trailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to day, will to-morrow

disappear as the footsteps on the shore. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instincts of immorality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: 'I asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternalof the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit bath walked upon thy living face. I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that caunot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

TALL SHOOTING.—A gentleman remarked in a tavern that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot, another replied:

"Must have a good gan, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it." "Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill hawk with No. 6 shot?"

Uncle Dave himself. "Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?" "I shoot sait altogether. 'I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

"I don't use shot nor ball either," answered

A new Temperance paper, called the HER-ALD, has just been started at Milton.

Safata