Denis Lobach Esq

READING GAZETTE & DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.--TERMS: $1,50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. LAWRENCE GETZ, EDITOR.] . SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1863. [VOL. XXIII.—NO. 51.—WHOLE NO. 1963.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office, North-West corner of Penn and Fifth street, adjoining the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,50 *a year, payable in advance.*
1,00 for six months, in advance.
To Clubs: Four copies for $5, in advance.
Ten copies for 12, "
☞ *All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.*

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE.

	1t.	3t.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	1y.
¼ Square, 5 lines, or less,	50	50	75	2,00	3 00	5,00
½ " 10 "	50	1,00	1,25	3,00	5,00	8,00
1 " 20 "	1,00	2,00	2,50	5,00	8,00	15,00
2 " 30 "	1,50	3,00	3,75	7,00	12,00	20,00

[Larger Advertisements in proportion.]

Executors' and Administrators' Notices, 6 insertions $2,00
Auditors' Notices and Legal Notices. 3 " 1,50
Special Notices, as reading matter, 10 cts. a line for one insertion.

☞ Marriage notices 25 cents each. Deaths will be published gratuitously.

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Yearly advertisers will be charged the same rates as transient advertisers for all matters *not relating strictly to their business*.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices*. Our assortment of Job Type is large and fashionable, and our Work speaks for itself.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS,

Including PARCHMENT and PAPER DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BONDS, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, LEASES, and a variety of JUSTICES' BLANKS, kept constantly for sale, or printed to order.

NEWTON D. STRONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE IN COURT STREET, NEAR FIFTH,
Reading, Pa. [March 14, 1863-3mo

JOHN RALSTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH A. B. WANNER, NORTH
Sixth Street (above the Court House,) Reading, Pa.
February 21, 1863-1y

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the north side of Court street first door below Sixth. [dec 22-tf

JESSE G. HAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH S. L. YOUNG, ESQ., PENN
Street, above Sixth, Reading, Pa.
☞ Will be at Friedensburg, every Thursday.
September 20, 1860-1y*

Charles Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—HAS REMOVED HIS Office to the Office lately occupied by the Hon. David F. Gordon, deceased, in Sixth street, opposite the Court House. [april 14

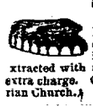
Daniel Ermentrout,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE IN NORTH Sixth street, corner of Court alley. [aug 15-1y

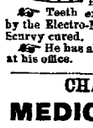
David Neff,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, No. 25 East ean street, Reading, Pa. [March 10, 1860.

LIVINGOOD'S
United States Bounty, Back Pay and Pension Office,
COURT STREET, NEAR SIXTH.
HAVING BEEN ENGAGED IN COLLECTing claims against the Government, I feel confident that all who have heretofore employed me will cheerfully endorse my promptness and fidelity. My charges are moderate and no charge made until obtained.
WILLIAM H. LIVINGOOD,
oct 18-tf] Attorney at Law, Court St., Reading, Pa.

ASA M. HART,
(Late Hart & Mayer,)
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, &c., Wholesale and Retail, at Philadelphia prices. Sign of the Golden Bee Hive, No. 14 East Penn Square. [april 17-tf

P. Bushong & Sons,
MANUFACTURERS OF BURNING FLUID, Absolute, Deodorized and Druggists' Alcohol; also, Fine Oil, which they will sell at the lowest Wholesale prices, at Reading, Pa.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited. [march 12

DR. T. YARDLEY BROWN,
SURGEON DENTIST.
GRADUATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Dental College. Teeth extracted by Francis' Electro Magnetic process, with Clarke's improvement. With this method teeth are xtracted with much less pain than the usual way. No extra charge. Office in Fifth street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. [april 2-1y

Dr. G. M. MILLER,
SURGEON DENTIST, FROM THE

College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia. Office: At his residence in Main street, Hamburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted under the influence of Ether, or by the Electro-Magnetic Machine, without extra charge. Scurvy cured.
☞ He has also Patent and other MEDICINES for sale at his office. [may 31

CHARLES LANCASTER,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,
Fourth Street, above Penn, Reading.
January 24, 1863-tf

PENSIONS,
BOUNTIES & BACK PAY.
APPLICATIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to. Terms moderate and no charge until obtained.
A. G. GREEN, Attorney at Law,
Jan 31-6mo] Office in Court street, Reading.

SOLDIERS'
BOUNTY-MONEY, BACK-PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY
A. K. STAUFFER,
Attorney at Law, Office in Court Street,
Jan 31-tf] READING, PA.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.
No. 37 PARK ROW, NEW-YORK, & 6 STATE ST., BOSTON,
Are Agents for the *Reading Gazette*, in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our established rates.

WATCHES, GOLD AND SILVER, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
RELIABLE IN QUALITY AND AT LOW Prices. WATCH REPAIRING.—Watches put in perfect order and every one warranted for one year.
JACOB LUDEN,
nov 15-6mo] 21 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

F. P. HELLER,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER,
AND DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
SPOONS, SPECTACLES, GOLD PENS, &c., Sign of the "BIG WATCH," No. 53½ Ea Penn Street, above Sixth, north side, Reading, Pa.
☞ Every article warranted to be what it is sold for Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., repaired with particular attention, and guaranteed. [feb 1-tf

NOTICE.
A PREMIUM WILL BE PAID ON
GOLD, OLD SILVER
—AND—
PAR BANK NOTES
AT THE
EXCHANGE AND BANKING OFFICE
—OF—
G. W. GOODRICH,
READING, Pa.
August 10, 1861-tf]

JUST RECEIVED,
2000 FLOWER POTS, AT THE OLD JAIL.
oct 4-tf WM. RHOADS, Jr.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
☞ ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.
DR. JOHNSTON 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, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, 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, deformities, &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 too 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 pleasure 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. JOHNSTON,
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 else where, 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 on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.
THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.
YOUNG MEN
Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.
What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST, before contemplating
MARRIAGE,
reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.
DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.
When the *misguided and imprudent* votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal 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 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 own galling disappointment.
Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
His credentials 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 Dr. 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.
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
may 10-1y]

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
Single Rooms Fifty Cents per Day.
City Hall Square, corner Frankfort St.,
(OPPOSITE CITY HALL.)
MEALS AS THEY MAY BE ORDERED IN the spacious refectory. There is a Barber's Shop and Bath Rooms attached to the Hotel.
☞ Beware of RUNNERS and HACKMEN who say we are *full*.
Jan 17 1y] R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
(LATE WHITE SWAN.)
Race Street, above Third, Philadelphia.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT OFFERS GREAT inducements, not only on account of reduced rates of board, but from its central location to the avenues of trade, as well as the conveniences afforded by the several Passenger Railways running past and contiguous to it, by which guests can pass to and from the Hotel, should they be preferred to the regular Omnibus connected with the House. I am determined to devote my whole attention to the comfort and convenience of my guests.
☞ *Terms*, $1 25 *per day*.
D. C. SIEGRIST, *Proprietor*,
Formerly from Eagle Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.
T. V. RHOADS, Clerk. [march 15-tf

LAUER'S BREWERY
READING, PA.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully announces to the public that he has recently enlarged his BREWERY to a considerable extent, and introduced steam-power, and is now ready to supply all demands for
SUPERIOR MALT LIQUORS,
For home and distant consumption. His stock of Malt Liquors, warranted to keep in all climates, is as follows:—BROWN STOUT, PORTER, BOTTLING ALE, DRAUGHT ALE AND LAGER BEER.
june 19-tf FREDERICK LAUER.
N.B.—A liberal per centage will be allowed to Agents abroad.

FRESH GROCERIES
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
AT THE
Corner of Fifth and Spruce Streets.
March 1 M. KEFFER & SON.

Poetry.

THE STUDENT HEART.

[FROM THE GERMAN—FOR THE *Boston Post*.]

Oh student heart, what makes thee grieve?
Why droops thy weary wing?
Dost ask if freedom yet doth live,
Of which the poets sing?
Oh student-heart, the strife give o'er,
Our land is freedom's home no more!

Ah, no, not therefore is my smart.
Not therefore my remorse;
My heart is just a human heart,
And beats with human force!
That I am far from her I love,
Grieves me all other things above.

Poor heart, my pity you excite,
You keenly feel the dart;
So far away, in love's despite.
Forced from your love to part.
Yet be consoled and courage take,
And bear your ills for her dear sake!

Alas, no pleasure can I have,
No joy can me invite;
To be with her is all I crave,
All that can give delight.
Away from her, I sigh and moan,
And beats my heart for her alone.

Well, then, to her you dearly love,
Return in quickest time;
Pack up your books and make a move
Towards her for whom you pine!
In her dear arms, and on her breast,
Oh student-heart, thou'll be at rest.

'Tis idle, all, thy tarrying here
With yearnings such as thine;
Science a mistress is, severe,
To pilgrims at her shrine—
And love, a jealous deity,
With learning hath no sympathy.

THE EVENING SERVICE.

The sun had drawn near to his setting,
One beautiful Sabbath in June,
When I sat at my window and listened
Spell-bound to a glorious tune,

'Twas the peal of a wonderful organ,
Touched by a performer unseen,
And the full-volumed music arose like
The prelude to some mighty strain.

Then the whole voice of nature responded
In chorus that floated along;
The high air, the low earth, the deep ocean,
All joined in harmonious song.

I thought that I well could interpret
The meaning of this festive lay;
'Twas a tribute of praise and thanksgiving
To Him who perfected the day.

Then I knew 'twas the evening service,
And our priest was the bird on a tree:
For a glory from Heaven was on him,
No priest unanointed was he.

So I waited in reverent silence
Till the going down of the sun,
For the prayer, and the hymn, and the blessing.
That come when the sermon is done.

But one long, continuous warble
Was sermon, and anthem, and prayer;
And I knew not that service was over
'Till the priest was away in the air.

Tales and Sketches.

SECOND SIGHT.

Strong of limb, and fleet of foot, with crisp, auburn curls, with cheeks like hard red apples, and eyes glowing like stars, Angus M'Lean was surely not likely to be the victim of disease. His family said he had the gift of second sight. But we have been accustomed to consider these "children of the mist," even when they belong to the stronger sex, to be weak, even as hysterical women. Their bodies we suppose to be emaciated, their nerves without tone, and if they see into the next world, we judge it is because the vail of flesh is fretted so thin by disease, that it becomes as it were transparent. But Angus M'Lean was no hysterical, nervous, or nerveless being, bearing about the misery of unmanliness and seeing ghosts in every graveyard. He was a man of few words, and never told aught that he had seen that common eyes could never see, unless it were to do some good, or avert some evil. And he would have been a brave friend or foe who dared ask Angus aught respecting ghostology. What Angus chose to reveal was told simply, truthfully, and with no seeming sense of the marvellous. I remember a night in Edinburgh when I was young and inexperienced, with hot blood in my heart and my head, that a singular adventure befell me. I had been sent by my father to the Horns public house to meet a drover, who was to pay him some money. I had received the money, and should have gone directly home, for the sum was very considerable, and I was not one to venture on my own strength. Then this house, to which I was sent, had fallen under suspicion as a place where our national morality was not respected as it should be. But I troubled myself little about rumors. I was young and full of enthusiasm, and pleased to be entrusted by my father with so important a matter. My father was so much an invalid, that he used to call me his hands and feet. We had been in pecuniary difficulties which it had taken all our fortitude to bear, but this money was to set us free, and make my father as much at ease as a man with moderate wants and enough to supply them, can be. I went then with an excellent heart to receive this money, which was duly paid me. I put it safely in my pocket, and was about to return at once to my home, when a tall, pale man, who sat apart in a coffee-room, interested me, and I lingered for one moment, thinking what might the book be that he was reading. As I looked at him he raised his eyes to mine with a quick intelligence and closed his book, keeping his place with his thumb between the leaves. Then he addressed me as if by the feeling of a common sympathy, and said:

"Young gentleman, do you happen to be familiar with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night?'"

Now Burns was my idol, and that home scene with its piety, purity, and poetry, was sacred to me I expressed my feeling with the enthusiasm of youth, and the stranger seemed delighted with my sentiments, but he sighed heavily.

"Far from home," said he, "this exquisite word painting brings all I love dearest before me so clearly, that I am saddened in spite of myself."

I pitied the stranger.

The stranger's heart, O wound it not,
A yearning anguish is its lot.

These words thrilled through my heart, and I kept beside the gentleman when I ought to have been on my way home. At length I spoke of going.

"My young friend," said the lover of Burns, "you will not go till you have drunk to the memory of Scotia's bard."

He spoke gravely and tenderly, and I joined him over a bowl of punch made by the "Dew off Ben Nevis," meaning to leave my fascinating friend after a single glass. But I was not fated to do this. I listened to his musical voice, as he quoted liberally from Burns, and lauded him as liberally. I had never a strong head, and the national beverage and the national poetry, I suspect, were too much for me pretty soon. I remember that the gentleman remarked that "the higher sentiments should not be exposed before the vulgar," and in illustration of the remark he proposed that we should go into his own private room, which adjoined the coffee-room, but was fitted up much more elegantly. Then he opened a backgammon board and said with indifference:

"Do you ever play?"

At home I had never been allowed to play at backgammon, and probably for this reason I was very fond of the game. I said I liked no game better; and we began to play. I was very much excited by the punch, and by all the circumstances of the evening, and after a time I found we were betting largely. This seemed only natural, and I went on staking my father's money and winning the stranger's. I remember having a confused notion that if I took the gentleman's money when I had won it, the play would be gaming and no longer the innocent game I had consented to play. Therefore, though winning largely the stranger's money, I refused to take it. He urged the gold upon me, telling me that he should take *my money* without scruple, if he won it. A pile of gold lay at my elbow that I had refused to take, when he began to win from me.

"Win your own money in welcome," said I; "I will stake it all, and twenty guineas beside, on this throw."

As I said these words, a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, but I was too much under the influence of the punch and the game to notice it.

"Won, by all the Gods," said the gentleman. "*Hand over your twenty guineas.*"

"Won—but with loaded dice, and from a boy who stakes his father's money with a professional gamester who has made him drunk," said the deep voice of Angus M'Lean, who had come unannounced and at midnight into this room, which had a semi-public character, and, as we afterwards learned, was often used for the nefarious work of the professional blackleg. Angus knew the house well, but such had been the accuracy of his information this night, that he would have found me, if he had known nothing before of the house or its character.

As Angus spoke of loaded dice, the gambler cried out, "A base falsehood." At the same time he attempted to sweep them from the table. But Angus was too quick for him. He coolly put them in his pocket, saying, "I will just save this wee bit of evidence, and you, sir, may call me to account whenever you like."

The discomfited gambler scraped up his gold, and slunk out of the room. Angus drew my arm through his own, and essayed to take me away.

I was weak from the effects of the liquor, and violently affected by the opportune appearance of Angus. The thought that I had been within a hair's breadth of ruining my poor father came upon me, and sobered me, like a deluge of cold water.

Now Angus M'Lean always spoke Scotch when excited, though in the main he was only an English speaking cosmopolital, having spent several years in London, and having no pride in his Scottish idiom.

"Ye puir callant," said he to me, as we emerged into the open air. "I did na ken ye at a'. To think of your bein' clean wud that night, just real daft, and thrawing awa' your puir auld father's last bawbee."

I heard him, and yet I seemed not to hear him. I was in a dream-like state, and suffered myself to be led home and put to bed by Angus, as if I had been a child of two years led by the hand.

When I awoke next morning Angus was beside me. He brought me a bottle of soda-water, which somewhat cured the confusion in my head, besides quenching a burning thirst.

"My poor boy," said Angus, "do you remember?"

The rush of recollection, though confused, the shame of my conduct, the ruin, the misery that I had so narrowly escaped bringing upon my poor father and our family, overcame me entirely. I nearly fainted. I believe I felt in that moment all the agony that would have been my father's portion, if Angus had not interposed his strong arm between me and that most accomplished knave and hypocrite, who had me wholly in his power. After a few moments of keen remorse I revived, and replied "I have but a confused recollection." As I reflected, the incidents of the first part of the evening came out one by one on the background of memory with much clearness. "But how came you to think of coming to the Horns, Angus, and at 12 o'clock at night?" I asked.

"I will tell you," said he, very seriously, "that you may know how Providence watches over you; but I trust you will not therefore ever tempt Providence again. Last night I retired at ten, and, as is my custom, I was asleep the minute after my head touched the pillow. At eleven, I awoke with a violent palpitation of the heart, and I saw that gaming-room at the Horns, and you and that gamester at the table. I saw him ply you with spirits, I saw that you played at dice, and I saw, too, that his were loaded. I watched you both as he allowed you to win, and I thought of your poor father, and the ruin that was being wrought for him. I saw all this in a moment, as one sees a landscape, and takes in its features of house, hill, and vale, in a single flash of lightning, and I sprang from my bed, dressed me as rapidly as my agitation and trembling would allow, and laid my hand on your shoulder at the Horns as soon as my limbs would bear me there. And if your life had depended on my speed, I would have trusted myself sooner than any horse I ever saw."

"You saved me from life-long remorse, and my dear father from ruin, my good Angus," said I. My heart was too full for adequate expression.

"Give God thanks," said Angus. "It was my gift. It was the second sight, Allan, and all our gifts are from God. Therefore we should use them wisely. Keep my secret, Allan, and I will keep yours, and we will both be thankful all our days, to the good Providence that had us in keeping."

Though this occurred many years since, I have never before communicated the facts to any person. I would like to have this and other strange experiences of my friend explained. When I have spoken with him on the subject, he has always said, "It is my gift, Allan. It never comes at call, and I am glad it does not, but it always comes for good. I thank God for it, and I am sure you do Allan, for had you not cause?"

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

"Take care of yourself," is a principle which, in some respects, is not neglected by mankind in general, but is not often carried out in the way it ought to be. Take care of yourself; for, be assured, from the very outset, that if you do not take care of yourself, there are none to be found who will perform this office for you. In taking care of yourself, your health, your reputation, your interests, your happiness, are to be considered, and whatever else combines with them to make up the individual known as yourself. A contrary course, may secure your temporary popularity, but nothing more. People may call you a clever fellow, and all that; but heed them not; for the day may come, unless there be a prudent change in your tactics, when the same people will pass you with a smile of contemptuous pity, as the man who did not know how to take care of himself; and this you will find but a poor reward for sacrificing to the good of others. Your individual self, remember, is a sacred trust confided to your keeping; and as that trust is discharged, so will be your happiness.

It is a great fault to neglect your own advancement in life; see to it always, by every means of a fair and honorable character. It is folly to stand aside while others pant and struggle for a prize which might as well be yours as theirs. Assert your own claims, your own dignity; and heed not the sneers that may assail your coming forward. It is ever so. If you are successful, *these sneers will be changed at last into applause.*

What are great men, successful men, self-made men—all men whom the world admires? What, but men who have taken care of themselves? It is not, perhaps, that all of them are endowed with lofty qualities; this was not necessary to the end; but it is evident that they have been firm and inflexible in taking care of themselves. Those nearest to them have doubtless often thought that they were cold, selfish, and wanting in generous sympathies—perhaps, even considered them mono-maniacs. But let it be remembered, that if you take good care of yourself, *it is essential that you devote yourself to a* purpose, always fixing your energies upon the end you have in view, and laboring steadily until that view has been attained. All else must be secondary and insignificant. If you pause to chase butterflies, and play among the roses more than is necessary to nourish strength, some one else, who better understands how to take care of himself, steps fleetly beyond your place of enervating repose, and you will never recover the lost ground. Up, then, and be doing.

"Waste not, want not," was well written on the walls of the industrious man's kitchen; but "Take care of yourself," should be placed in letters of gold before the eyes of the young, that it may never, even for a moment, be forgotten. Pay no regard to unreasonable sneers about taking care of Number One. It is your special business on earth to take care of that number, and to have a sharp eye for Number One's welfare. Who else is there but you to take care of *that number*? Will *Tom* do it? or will *Dick*? No, nor Harry either.

If you acknowledge the correctness of this maxim, awake at once from your dreams of disinterestedness, and look at the fate of those who were careless of Number One. See them in middle life; observe them in old age. Alas! what sorrow, what suffering, what remorse! Be wise, therefore, while it is morning; for in paying due attention to yourself, you will be able to assist those who stand in need of your assistance; and there is no greater happiness than this.

"NEVER SAY DIE."

Three months ago a young musician well known in Philadelphia, struggling with poverty, undertook to commit suicide. He had a single dollar remaining, with no prospect of obtaining more. He invested the dollar in a bottle of Rhine wine, drank it, and ordered up a three levy pair of slippers in which to "shuffle off this mortal coil." He decided upon drowning as the easiest method of leaving a frigid world. He went down to Callowhill street wharf, to commit suicide by drowning. One of the harbor police, divining his intention, took him to his house, and like a good Samaritan ministered to his necessities. He remained at the policeman's house for two days. While there he casually observed in a newspaper a four stanza ballad. In a moment of inspiration he improvised an air for it. He took on new life. Energy was aroused within him, and he wrote out the melody with piano accompaniment. A publisher of music next day agreed to get out the piece, with the usual copyright to the author.

We yesterday learned that the young Teuton, who three months ago was in intention a suicide, has since received $1750 upon the copyright sale of the ballad. It chanced to be a hit, like the song "When this cruel war is over," a song that has netted its author the sum of ten thousand dollars, copyright alone. The moral of all this is "never say die!" The darkest cloud has a silver lining. In nine cases out of ten the suicide repents of his deed at the moment his jugular is severed, and when it is first ascertained that styptics can have no saving efficacy.—*Phila. North American.*

WASHINGTON AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.—LINCOLN AND MCCLELLAN.—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* closes a long article on the "Deposition of General McClellan," with this well put contrast:

"How would our immortal and venerated Washington have fared, if judged by this arbitrary rule of invariable success? He failed vexatiously and repeatedly in military enterprises, and like McClellan, was charged by envious politicians with tardiness and incompetency. Yet the country knew his worth, and treated his apparent short-comings with generous forbearance. But suppose the Continental Congress had indulged in the caprice of removing him from the command of its armies whenever the fortunes of the war seemed to lag, and in experimenting with new leaders, what would have been the issue of our revolutionary struggle? We should have had no country to fight for at this epoch,—and our fighting now will be of little avail if the Union army is to be made the sport of puerile counsels and discordant cliques."

Letters from the 151st Pennsylvania Regiment.

CAMP 151ST REGT. P. V., NEAR BELLE PLAINS, VA., }
MARCH 28th, 1863. }

Dear Editor:—This day having been set aside to review the 3d Division of the 1st Army Corps by Maj. Genl. Hooker and Gov. Curtin, and it now being a rainy day, the officers of the four Berks County Companies attached to this Regiment considered it an appropriate time to give an account of matters in general, to our friends at home, through the columns of your widely read paper.

The evening previous to our departure from Reading, (Oct. 10th) Maj. Kupp entertained us with an excellent supper, which deserves our mention here. And Lieut. Hessler, who has just returned from a short furlough, which he spent in Reading, cheered us all by presenting the gifts of Mr. Barto, consisting of *Excellent Old Rye*, and *Fine Brown Havanas*. We assure you, that the thought of being forgotten, since nothing was said of us in print, flitted away, and we all felt the welcome assurance that we are still warm in the remembrances of our friends.

An account of our doings may be interesting to you; so thinking, we will give a summary account of our Regiment, composed of 4 Berks, 2 Susquehanna, 1 Juniata, 1 Pike, 1 Warren, and 1 Schuylkill County Companies, commanded by Col. H. Allen, from Warren, for whom all cherish the kindest feelings, he being a man who has his head and heart in their proper places. Our field and staff officers are all excellent men, and we assure you, you will not find another Regiment in service, in which the officers and men are more social, and friendly.

On the 26th of November, we left Harrisburg, coming through Baltimore, en route for Washington. We were splendidly entertained by the "Maryland Union Relief Association," and reached Washington at dusk of the 27th. From there we came to Arlington Heights, where our Regiment was furnished with 8500 lbs. of ammunition, giving 100 rounds to each man; from thence we left on the 3d of December for Alexandria, initiating the men in carrying knapsacks. At Alexandria we boarded the cars at 2 o'clock P. M., and went to Union Mills, where we arrived at night, and our teams not having come up, we had the not so pleasant experiment, of sleeping *out doors in winter*. Next morning our tents came, and there being plenty of old rebel barracks around, we soon made ourselves comfortable quarters, so much so, that we felt like at home. Here we had, for over 2 months, 48 hours picketing along the famous Bull Run, to 24 hours rest, and much slushly weather; still we liked the place so much, that when the order came to report to General Hooker, we were sorry to leave. Notwithstanding, on the 12th of February we again boarded the cars; it was a beautiful day, and General Hays, our Brigade commander, accompanied us to the cars. He is a respect-deserving man, and was sorry to see us go. At 2 o'clock, P. M., we were all aboard the train, mostly on top, the inside being filled with our baggage—and started for Alexandria. About 4 miles below Union Mills, our train halted on a siding to let pass a way train from Alexandria which was due, and the track was single. After the train had passed, we started again, but just as our train began passing the switch to the main track, two cars in front ran off the track, the first one loaded with the ambulances, and the next with the regimental horses, 19 in number; which latter car fell on the side, down a little bank. The men, on perceiving this, flung knapsacks, guns, accoutrements, themselves, &c., down on the hard track beneath, with the impulse of despair!

One would have thought to see a few hundred dead or crippled men, and every beast ruined, in beholding such an accident; but strange as it may seem, only a few men were slightly *scratched*, and all the horses were saved in a serviceable condition. After two hours' delay we started again, arriving at Alexandria by dusk, where we expected the transports to take us on, which were however for some reason or other not there, so we marched about one mile from the city to the commons, where we again slept *out doors* on the wet ground. The night passed with rain and storm, and when our tents were brought up in the morning we assure *you*, we all found great relief. We expected to depart that day, but transportation not having come, *we spent the day*, unpleasant as it was, in learning something about the city.

Early on Sunday morning, the 15th, amid rain, and mud, we struck tents, marched to the harbor, and by 11 o'clock A. M., we were snugly stored aboard three steamers, respectively in charge of Col. Allen, Lt. Col. McFarland, and Maj. Young. Each one wanted to be foremost, so the Major started the race, but his machinery got out of order, by which he lost start; but he managed to get all right again, and renewed the race. However, the Colonel who is always *first*, came out best. It was, much to our regret, rainy, which robbed us of the inspiriting view we expected of Mount Vernon. Still the gloomy weather tended to make a permanent impression on our minds, thinking that the soil made sacred as the resting place of the illustrious Washington, is the arena upon which unprincipled men are striving forever to annihilate *his* noble principles of, Union and Independence.

At Aquia Creek landing, we anchored the three steamers aside each other for the night, *awaiting the morning for orders*. During the night, we had a very high storm, but morning brought us a bright, calm, beautiful day. We were ordered to land at Belle Plains; accordingly we started, and effected a safe landing by 5 o'clock, P. M. From thence we began *wading*, for such it was indeed, and came about two miles from the landing in the direction of Falmouth, where we bivouacked for the night in the woods. It was truly a beautiful evening, calm, and mild, but, lo! when we awoke in the morning, four inches of snow, the gift of Hibernus, had covered us. During the night our baggage was brought up, *and you may form an idea of* the mud when you consider the fact that it made 85 four mule loads. Early in the morning all were busy in pitching tents. It snowed all that day, and cleared up next with rain. We stayed there until the 2d of March, all the time under marching orders, but waiting for passable roads. On the 2d we came here, one of the finest camping places you can imagine, six miles from Falmouth, having plenty of wood, good water, and a convenient commissary. The men are in good trim, fine spirits, tolerable good health, and finely improving in efficiency. We are under marching orders, and *may* soon get work to do with the *rebs*, which, if it must be so, may be in time Berks will find occasion to applaud her interest in the 151st. We have not been fighting any, but have had as much active duty as any other Regiment for the time we have been out.

We would yet say that we wish there was more Union at home. Our motto is, "*The war is begun, rebellion must be crushed, and the Union restored.*" So, God speed us!

Maj. Kupp and Mr. Barto will accept our sincere thanks for compliments tendered.

Yours affectionately, &c.
THE OFFICERS FROM BERKS.

MARCH 18th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Having a few leisure moments to dispose of, I avail myself of this favorable opportunity to drop you a few lines. Since leaving home we have passed through some very beautiful country, and have appreciated the different sceneries.

As I have seen no notice in your interesting sheet, in reference to our Regiment (151st), which Regiment is composed nearly all of gallant boys of old Berks, an account rendered of what we have already undergone, may likely interest some of your readers.

Col. H. Allen, of Warren County, Pa., has command of our Regiment—a man of shrewd business qualities, and eminently fitted for the post he now occupies. A good soldier, and one well acquainted with military details, we are gratified that we are singularly blessed by the presence of such a man. Possessing, also, those genial qualities that endear persons toward each other, I may with safety assert that he is beloved by the whole Regiment and is decidedly a popular officer.

We left Harrisburg on the 26th of Nov. 1862, and proceeded to Camp Seward,