



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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DR. JOHN STON'S REMEDY FOR THE CURB OF THE URINARY TRACT. Now, who that understands the subject will not deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner than falling into improper habits than by the gradual sapping of the pleasure of healthy life.

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Select Poetry.

A GEM.

The following from the pen of James G. Percival, is one of the most touching poems in the English language. It moreover tells the story of many a breaking heart.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the sun go down, But yet he comes not. Ours it was not so.

Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep, O'er those sleeping eyes; that smile which cheers My heart, though sunk in sorrow, grief and deep.

I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;

Miscellaneous.

The King of the African Forest.

In Harper's Magazine for June is an illustrated paper on Mr. Du Chailu's explorations in the country inhabited by the monster ape, the Gorilla.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made every breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the Gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male Gorilla. He had come through the jungle on his all-fours, but when he saw our party, he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists, till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the Gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in those African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep ball roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of the distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it, where I did not see the animal.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire, as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair, which stands on the forehead, began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar.

"With a groan which had something terribly human about it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it possessed.

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The Play Hour.

In the Spring of 1835 I went into a school in Boston. There were about sixty children belonging to it. When I went in they were all at play except two. As I entered I saw two children, Leonard and his sister Rebecca, standing by the teacher.

Rebecca was four, and Leonard about seven years of age. Never did a brother and sister love each other more than they. Rebecca was a laughing, jocular, affectionate little child, and Leonard was all to her. She did not enjoy either food or play, unless her brother was present to share it with her. They never quarrelled; for the very reason that it was Leonard's delight to see his sister happy, and she was sure to get the larger share of everything he had.

When Rebecca had done anything wrong, her brother always stood by her to avert or to share the punishment. These two children stood beside their teacher. As soon as I saw them, I feared that Rebecca had been doing wrong, for Leonard had been crying. The teacher said to me, as I entered and sat down.

"What shall I do? I have here a case which I know not how to dispose of." "What is the matter?" I asked. "Have Leonard and Rebecca been misbehaving themselves in the school?"

"No," said she; "Leonard has done nothing wrong, and seldom does. He is one of the best boys in school." "What is he crying for, then?" I asked, "if he has been such a good boy? Why does he not go out to play with the rest?"

"Rebecca," said the teacher, "has been very troublesome to-day in the school, and as a punishment, I told her she must stay in the house when the children went to play."

"Well," said I, "why need Leonard cry about that? You do not keep him in to punish him because his sister has been a naughty girl?"

"No," said the teacher; "but Leonard wishes me to let his sister go out and play, and to let him stay in and be punished."

"How is that, Leonard? Why do you not go out and play?" "Because, sir, Rebecca cannot go."

"Well, but cannot you go and enjoy yourself with the rest?" "I could not play if I did go, sir."

"Why not, Leonard?" "Because, sir, Rebecca would not be enjoying herself at the same time."

"But even if your sister should be allowed to go out, she could not play with you. She would be in the girl's yard."

"But then I should know she was there, sir, playing with the rest."

"But why do you wish to stay, and let your naughty sister go out?" "Please do not call her naughty, sir," said the generous boy. "I love her, and would rather that she should go out than go myself."

"Then you think," said I "you would rather see her happy than to be happy yourself, and you would rather be punished than see her punished? Is that because you love her?"

"Yes, sir," said he; "I am older and stronger than she is, and I can bear it better than she can. I could not be happy if she stayed in. Do, ma'am, let her go out," said the noble-hearted boy to his teacher.

He stood with his arm round his sister, pleading that he might be punished in her stead. What a generous disposition he had! I think if Jesus had been there, he would have taken him up in his arms and blessed him." It was affecting to witness his generous devotion to his sister, and his readiness to suffer for her sake.

"This," said I to the teacher, "is love that seeketh not her own." What can you do?" "I will let them play together here in the room," said she.

She did so, and they were both happy. If we love our 'enemies,' as Leonard did his sister, with a love that seeketh not her own, there could be no wars or fighting in the world; for then we should rather suffer and die ourselves than inflict suffering and death on others.—From "Kiss for a Blow."

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell "hostility." "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not horse-tility," said the teacher, "but hostility."—"Share," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say horse! Be jabers, it's one thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

Who Saw the Steer?

The richest thing of the season, says the Newburyport Herald, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greenest imaginable looking man in slouched hat, a long blue frock and a pair of cow-hide shoes as big as gondolas, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving the time in trudging round the ivories, and after recovering his first surprise at the (to him) singular aspect of the room, inquired if 'any of 'em had seen a stray steer,' affirming that 'the blasted critter got away as he came tho' 'toward 'o' day and he hadn't seen nothing of him since.'

The blods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, and with much sly winking at each other, proceeded to console with him on his losses in the most heartfelt manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he had evidently never seen or heard of anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstrations of applause when a good shot was made—'Jerusalem!' being a favorite interjection.—At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hand in, and played as well as could be expected for a greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, which so flattered him, that he actually began to think himself a second Phelan, and he offered to bet a dollar with his opponent, which of course he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him, that he offered to play another game and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a big roll—for it seems his cattle had sold well and he was quite flush. This bet he also lost, as the fool might have known he would, when mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered around and raised money enough to cover it and at it they went again, when by some strange turn of luck, the greeny won. He now offered to put up the hundred. Of course he could not blunder into another game, so they could now win back what they had lost, and fleece the fellow of his own roll besides. They sent out for a famous player, who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played which Jonathan won. Another hundred was also raised and bet and won; and it was not until he had blundered through half a dozen games and by some accountable run of luck, won them all, draining the pockets of his opponents of about four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large 'mice.' When every body got tired of playing, gawky pulled his frock on over his head, took his whip under his arm and walked quietly out, turning around at the door and remarking, 'Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that eter, I wish you'd let me know.' At last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they came to the conclusion they saw the 'elephant.'

THE PROMOTION OF THE COMMANDER OF THE military department of Annapolis to the rank of Major General will give great satisfaction to the public, with whom Gen. Butler has been winning golden opinions ever since he went to Maryland. An important war, in which the troops consist mainly of volunteers, commanded by officers not taken from the regular army, brings to light a great deal of latent military capacity. In a country which does not maintain a large standing army there are always in civil life many men formed by nature to be soldiers, who are fitted to acquire immediate distinction as soon as a field is open for their abilities. General Butler is a man of this class; the boldness of his character; his energy of will, presence of mind, readiness to assume responsibility, combined with admirable prudence and respect for private rights, has led the country to anticipate for him a distinguished career, and it is gratifying to see, from his promotion, that the government shares in the popular respect for his military talent. In the senior offices of the regular army, who have the planning of the campaign and the general direction of operations, we have the coolness and foresight which are expected from long experience and a great reputation for strategy, but energy in executing plans wisely devised, and the ready intrepidity by which the enemy are to be overwhelmed and routed in the field, will perhaps be as largely supplied by the commanders of the volunteer forces as by the officers of the regular army. It is yet too early to know who will win distinguished laurels and become the particular pets of the army and country. Anderson, of the regular army, thus far shines pre-eminent, and Butler perhaps stands next. But who shall win some endearing sobriquet, like "Old Pat" in the Revolution, or "Old Hickory" in the last war with Great Britain, or "Old Rough and Ready" in the Mexican war, is to be hereafter determined by a happy concurrence of ability with opportunity. Whenever bestowed, it will be awarded by the quick instincts of the soldiers, outrunning the slower judgment of the public.

TAKING A FOUR.—Quite an original method of taking a fort is described in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. In 1699, a large Russian army besieged the Turkish fort at Azof, which was situated on a plain; strongly fortified and had a small but well disciplined garrison. No common approaches could be made to it and Turkish cannon swept the level with hail. In this case the engineering skill of the Russians was baffled, but Gen. Patrick Gordon, the right hand man of Peter the Great, and the only one for whose death it is said he ever shed a tear, being determined to take the place at any cost, proposed to bury it with dirt by gradual approaches. He had a large army; the soil was light and deep and he set twelve thousand men to work with spades, throwing up a high circumference of earth and advancing nearer and nearer every day to the place, by throwing up the huge earth wall before them in advance. The men were kept in gangs, working day and night, the earth being thrown from one to another like the steps of a stairs the top gang taking the lowest place every half hour in succession. In five weeks the huge earth wall was carried forward nearly one mile until it rose to and above the highest ramparts, and the earth threatened to cover them. This caused the Turkish Governor to hang out the white flag and give in. Had he not done so, Gen. Gordon would have buried the fortress.

A PORTENTOUS QUESTION.—A large pond of ice was near a school house where one Miss C— "taught the young ideas." To warn the boys against the danger of amusing themselves upon the "frozen element," one day she related the following story:

"Two young men who were very fond of skating, were out on the river one moonlight night. One of them placed sticks where he thought there were air-holes; but the other, in skating backward, passed the boundary, the ice broke and he went under. His body was found a long time afterward by some boys who were playing on the river bank—"

Here the excitement in the schoolroom became intense, and one boy, about eight years of age, who with mouth wide open, hair on end, and eyes dilated to their utmost extent, had literally swallowed the narrative started up and anxiously inquired, "reho got his skates?"

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The Walled Lake.

A notice of the wonderful Walled Lake in the central part of Wright county, Iowa, has been published; but we have received a description of it from Frederick Lyman, which we think will be interesting. He visited it recently and says it is a great curiosity.

The shape of the lake is oval; it is about two miles in length and one mile in width in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2,000 acres. The wall enclosing this lake is over six miles in length, and is built of composed stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight, down to small pebbles, and intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts which makes its height to vary on the land side, according to the evenness of the country, from two to twelve feet high. In the highest part, the wall measured from ten to twelve feet at the base; and four to six feet thick at the top, inclining each way, outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large spring or feeder; wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves about ten acres each, no other timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks or stones in that vicinity for many miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action; the bed being perfectly smooth, and the border of regular form. The lake is situated about seventeen miles from Boon River, on the west, eight miles from Iowa city on the east, and 120 miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.—Cedar Valley Times.

INSECT MUSIC.—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith, and others, tell us that flying insects, like musketoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing, just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited, not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us) a wind-pipe, the outlet of which is furnished with a vibrating valve, like that employed on the accordion; but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen, and through each of the dozen, as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect and some degree of melody.

ELOQUENCE.—Gentlemen, do you know what is the finest speech that I ever in my life heard or read? It is the address of Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers, when he told them: "Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries;—those who love freedom and their country, may follow me. That is the most glorious speech I ever heard in my life.—Kossuth.

A CLEVERMAN meeting with one of his congregation who recently came in possession of quite a handsome property by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along in the settlement of the estate. "O," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What with getting out letters of administration, and attending Probate Court and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

JOB PRINTING.—"Job Printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper.—"Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week ever since I learnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, I'm sure."

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up his treasure in heaven." "Wha' de use of his laying up his treasure dare he neber see us again."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the man said when he hurled a squash at his enemy's head.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.—"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "that I got an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds. Out came the master. "What is that, sir; you can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I can, but I see you are at dinner; I will go away and call again."

"Oh, pray, sir, come in, and take dinner with me." "I shall be troublesome." "Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, "Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Well, sir, I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "I do, sir."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand pounds." The master of the house arose in a passion, and kicked him out of doors.

BERHAYE'S HOLLAND BITTERS.—The Philadelphia Argus, in speaking of the late exhibition held in that city by the Franklin Institute, says: "In noticing medicines, we are always extremely cautious, unless satisfied of the merits of the article. Among those exhibited is the celebrated Holland Bitters.—This medicine has been extensively introduced into every State in the Union, and into the Canadian Provinces, principally within the last two years. The exhibition shows testimonials in every language known in America, among which we notice one from the late Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware.

"Dyspepsia, Headache and Indigestion, by which all persons are more or less affected, can usually be cured by taking moderate exercise, wholesome food, and a dose of berhaye's Holland Bitters one hour before each meal.—Baltimore Sun.

A person went into one of our fashionable refreshment rooms, not long since, and was much surprised at seeing nothing on the table. "What will you have?" said the waiter. Jonathan started about him and replied, "Dan know."

"Would you like a bill of fare sir?" "Thank ye," he replied, "I don't care if I do take a small picnic."

A gentleman employed an Irish servant, who lived with him for many years. He told him one day that a friend of his was dead. His reply was: "You don't say so, master; have you had a letter from him?"

"SMITH'S CONUNDRUM.—Why were the Federal troops at Bethel unable to cope with the rebels? Because they were Generally incompetent! Smith is now doing well, having had his head well soaked in buttermilk.

An old soaker in Boston being found in the gutter on a rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels was asked by a passer, what he was doing. "I agreed to meet a man here."

At Norwich, Conn., on the Fourth of July, a party of juveniles paraded the streets with a banner, on which was inscribed the following words; "give us liberty, or give us confectonary."

THERE'S plenty of ups and downs in this life. Pendergrast was once run for constable, and the next day a constable ran for him. The last run he got in.

Aunt Doty has said many good things, among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

The volunteers at Camp Baltimore are issuing a camp journal, called the National Guard, edited by Captain W. Neff.

Flowers fling their wealth upon the vacant air, and rich men often fling theirs upon the vacant heir.

We suppose that a man who never speaks, may be said always to keep his word.