COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

$2 00 PER ANNUM

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LEVI L. TATE.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

DR. JOHNSTON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes and anticipations, rendering marriage &c. impossible.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr Johnston, and be restored to perfect health.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston, 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 disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequence 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. Health being dependent on the blessing of the blessing of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, Cough, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

☞ Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street, seven doors from Baltimore street, East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Guaranteed, or no Charge Made, to from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

DR. JOHNSTON

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons at London—graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many invented with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being startled at sudden sounds, and both fulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has yielded to the seeds of this painful disease, it is 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 be trusted, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as obscured sight, dizziness, confusion of ideas, pains in the head and bones, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this indulgence becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, sends him to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend such a speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

Then 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, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forbodings, Aversion of Society, 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. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

ON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored.—Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembings and Weakness or exhaustation of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston.

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 of not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of departing from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

MARRIAGE

should reflect that 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 & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore, Md.*

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by Letter.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

TO STRANGERS.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons, 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.

TAKE NOTICE

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless Quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his credentials and diplomas always hang in his office.

☞ Take Notice.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

March17, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER,

SURGEON DENTIST

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, he is provided with the latest improved porcelain teeth, which will be inserted on gold, platina, silver and rubber base; to look as well as the natural teeth.

Mineral plate and block teeth manufactured and all operations on teeth, carefully and properly attended to

Bloomsburg, Pa., August 3, 1861.

MADISON HOUSE,

(OF JERSEYTOWN.)

THE subscriber would respectfully apprize his friends and the public generally, that he has opened

A NEW HOTEL

Under the above name, in Jerseytown, Columbia county, Pa., where he is fully prepared to entertain the travelling community to general satisfaction. His TABLE and BAR are well supplied and will be carefully superintended. And his STABLE is ample and well stocked, in charge of careful grooms, will always be properly attended.

☞ He invites a share of the public custom, and pledges his best efforts to help his guests feel at home

SAMUEL RAMBY.

Jerseytown, May 11, 1861—3m.

Select Poetry.

Prayer for the Union.

BY H. CLAY PRICE.

A land of law and Gospel peace,
Of richest fruits and flowers—
God's Eden of the Western World,
What land so blest as ours?
How shall we prove our grateful thanks
To Thee, O bounteous Giver!
Whose own right hand hath made us one,
By lake, and Gulf, and river?
Lord! write this law on every heart:
"*Our Union, now and ever!*"
For thou hast taught us through thy Son,
That those whom thou hast joined in one
No human hand should sever!

The hero souls, whose prophet-dreams
Shine out in classic story,
Find here, at last, the "promised land"—
The shrine of Freedom's glory.
Our hallowed flag of Stars and Stripes,
What mem'ries brighten o'er it:
The hope of millions yet unborn—
E'en despots bow before it!
Lord! write this law on every heart:
"*Our Union, now and ever!*"
For thou has taught us through thy Son,
That those whom thou hast joined in one
No human hand should sever!

The Serpent crept in Eve's pure heart,
And by his cunning won it:
Woe, woe! unto our Eden-land—
The Serpent's trail is on it!
A million hands, by madness nerved,
Would strike the common mother:
A million sons cry out for blood—
The blood e'n of a brother;
Oh, God! to whom our fathers prayed,
In bonds of sweet communion,
Stretch forth thy strong Almighty Hand,
To still this tempest in our land,
And save our blessed Union!

Select Story.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world,
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow,
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed: for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair
I know it has been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The willow leaves
Are stirring as its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew
Like the small tribute of humility.

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our gifted countrymen, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful in the days that are gone. I well remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight,—and how, at last flinging aside the dull book which I had been attempting to study, I caught my light sun bonnet, and bounded out of the house which outward bloom and beauty had rendered prison like. I then turned my steps toward a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there has been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she had become the betrothed of one of ours, a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, etherial loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile,—

With all thy young head's shining bands
And all its waving curls of gold.—

with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicate rose bloom.

I must think of thee
On gentlest! as I knew thee well and long.
A young glad creature with a lip of song,
An eye of radience and a soul of glee—
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June.

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore was an exalted, yet a most loveable character an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections and fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity—had been self supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared! 'Twas passing strange—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossipped about the matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village life flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months and I thought his betrothed needed a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work as usual and but a tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eye lashes told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently inquired.

"In May—little less than one year."

"And then!"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid."

The summer passed— a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill of autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm took cold—oh, does not my reader anticipate the mounful consequence? Her mother and elder sister had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seat of death was on her blue veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile frame. We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also, yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she had been ill—was still suffering from debility but that he must not be troubled about it, nor be painfully surprised by her changed appearance when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave—which might

Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride.

At length came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth for the great and unlooked for affliction which awaited him—yet meekly drank he the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place, Annie's friends readily assented, but she to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side as she was half reclining on a couch the hectic flush was more startling bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel he took her wasted hand in his, and said—

Oh, my Annie, let me call you wife, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not love

"Oh, William, William urge me no longer, she replied, it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me dearest, you must no longer be near me—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels heard in my dreams of Heaven! We must part now—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last.

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who is love.

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

"In close heart shutting up his pain,"

resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned and was gone! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart before I go—it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee before her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child as she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent but not tearless knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward and those lips moved in whispering prayer—he unwound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief.

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovlier than strength! I must never leave you Annie."

"Never!"

* * * * * *

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guiltless of ribbon or lace. I wished to twine in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's—but she gently put it from me.

"What, no ornaments?" I enquired.

"None," she replied, but yes, if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair.

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreathes, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed she wished to rize, and as she was too weak to stand alone I stood by her side and supported her. She smiled sadly as she whispered—you remember Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid.

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and heavenly love of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At the last she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning—and morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing it seemed.

Like a rainbow clasping the bright earth,
And melting in a covenant of love.

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doating father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile and murmured,

"Pray, once again, my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight, but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint like submission and a child like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed spirit. Suddenly he paused—her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, "she has left us. Oh! our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead! exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"oh! sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose tree from the garden and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with due, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, and unfading clime where ever livith the rose of love, in the bloom of immortality, in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say, another bud is unfolded over her breast—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly steeps the cool dew drop in its glowing heart!

A Fast Story.—An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveler in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared the station.

"What's that noise?" inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching the town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard!—Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee; we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so tarnal fast that the train always keep ahead of the sound."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact, said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried.

We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew I was picking myself out of a pond by the road-side, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound, but the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light on close behind it. I *have* heard that some of the *fast* trains beat the telegraph 15 minutes every 40 miles. But I can't say as *that* is *true*—the rest I knew to be so."

Saving for Old Age.—No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in.—Certainly, we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorrowful sight, and suggests to every one that his life has been foolishly if not wickedly spent. You save money, by all means.—But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of untill he is seventy; and then how much he will want it. It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism at, three score. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty, instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age; for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money—waste not want not. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty.

Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years, sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save more than money; save health, save honor, save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures save pure thoughts, save friends, save love, save rich stores of that kind of wealth, time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

Teacher's Association.

Pursuant to a call by Mr. Appleman, the county Superintendent, a teachers Association met in the Male and Female Academy in Orangeville on Saturday Oct. 5th 1861.

On account of the absence of the Presiden Mr. Appleman, by reason of illness. Mr Witmoyer was by vote of the society, made Chairman of the meeting. The Secretary also being absent, A. M. White was elected Sect. Pro. Tem.

The Society then proceeded to business.

Mr. Burgess, Chairman of the executive committee reported, that no particular programme of business had been made out.

Prof. Shank was then called on by the society to deliver an address. He responded extemporaneously, but without preparation, and made a short but animated address on the subject of education generally.

Prof. Gilbert then addressed the meeting ably and appropriately. He spoke at length, on the importance of the teachers having more general knowledge, and not confine himself so closely to book teaching.

No essays having been prepared, the society discussed the following question viz: What is the best method of presenting the subject of reading?

The discussion was participated in by Messrs. Shank, Gilbert, Burgess and others.

The next business in order was to decide whether a Teacher's Institute would be held the coming Winter and if so, when, where, and how conducted.

Nothing definite could be done on account of the absence of the County Supt.

On motion of Mr. McHenery the following resolution was adopted, viz:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to co-operate with the superintendent in selecting a time and place for holding a Teacher's Institute and that they be empowered to make all necessary arangements for holding said Institute.

The Chair then appointed Messrs. Wm. Burgess, H. Hutchinson, C. Schlicker, M. McHenery and A. M. White as members of said committee. On motion the Society adjourned *sine die*.

A. M. WHITE, Sect. Pro. Tem.

Dismissal of Col. Einstein.

Washington, Oct. 8, 1861.

There has been much complaint at the Navy Department in relation to the Philadelphia Navy Agency, and a thorough investigation has been ordered into all its operations. The allegation is that gross abuse has been practiced in the matter of the open purchases made for the Philadelphia yard, with a system of shaving in all payments. Commander Crabbe has been detailed to investigate the charges.

Col. Max Einstain, of Philadesphia, has been broken of his command and expelled from the service without the formality of a Court of Inquiry. The regiment has dwindled down to half its origional number.

Gen. Cameron leaves Washington to-day on a brief visit to Harrisburg. He will be absent but two days.

The Harvest of Death.—Dr. Lyon, brigade surgeon, at the battle of Wilson Creek, was witness to the following extraordinary incident:—

"A tall rebel soldier waved a large and costly Secession flag defiantly, when a cannon ball struck him to the earth, dead. A second soldier instantly picked up the prostrate flag, and waved it again—a second cannon ball shattered his body. A third soldier raised and waved the flag, and a third cannon ball crashed into his breast and he fell dead. Yet the fourth time was the flag raised, the soldier waved it, and turned to climb over the fence with it into the woods. As he stood astride the fence a moment, balancing to keep the heavy flag upright, a fourth cannon ball struck in his side, cutting him completely in two, so that one-half of his body fell on one side of the fence, and the other half the other side, while the flag itself lodged on the fence, and was captured a few minutes afterward by our troops."

☞ One of the boys at Camp Noble, Indiana, was put on guard last week, and reported to his captain in the morning that "he was abused by a fellow because he would not allow him to pass."

"Well," said the captain, "what did you do?" "Do! why I remonstrated with him." "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but the barrel of my gun is bent.'

☞ Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton receives one hundred pounds sterling a week for his new story in "All the Year Round."

A Brace of Stammerers.

Stephen C—— was a jovial soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one.

Among his acquaintances he numbered a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very badly. They were not acquainted with each other.

Bob F——, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive; and to think that any one was making fun of his defects, frequently flew into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet them both at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing one of my acquaintances, a worthy young gentleman?"

"Cer-cer-cer-certainly, sir!"

Away he started for Bob F——.

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want to introduce you to. Come on."

"Does she taw-taw-talk?" asked Bob.

"Yes—like blazes."

So off they started, and approached the seat of the lady. Stephen introduced them, and immediately drew to one side, that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"Howware you enjoy-joy-joy-joing yourself th-th this e-e-e-evening, marm?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly; but it is ra-a-ther warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings, and continued:

"Pr-pr-presume you are acq-q-quainted with m-m-most of those pr-pr-present?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir, with all, I be-be-believe," she said, at the same time smiling.

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation; for hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-th-thunder, madam, if that is the w-w-way you make fun of a fellow's in-fir-fir-fir-firmities, you may go to gr-grass."

Stephen laughed immoderately all the while, and was subsequently called on to account for the trick; but his good nature drove away all bad feelings.

A Liar.—Among the many anecdotes of Buena Vista one beats all others. An Arkansas soldier being wounded asked an Irishman to take him off the field. The latter did so by assisting him to mount his horse the Irishman riding before. During the ride the wounded Arkansian had his head shot off by a cannon ball, unknown to his companion. Arriving at the Surgeon's quarters the Irishman was asked what he wanted.

I brought this man to have his leg dressed," said Pat.

"Why his head is off,' said the surgeon.

"The bloody liar!" exclaimed Pat, looking behind him; "he tould me he was only shot in the leg."

Got What he Called for.—The California *Christian Advocate* states that a secessionist recently entered an eating house at Martinez, and called for a 'first-rate Jeff. Davis meal." In due course of time the waiter placed before him a large covered dish—"only that and nothing more." On removing the cover, Seceah found snugly coiled up a hempen rope, with a slip-noose at one end. He left—had no appetite.

☞ An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented a cup of medicine.

"What is it?" he asked.

She answered—

"It is elixir asthmatic, it is very aromatic, and will make you feel estatic."

"Nancy," he replied, "you are very sistermatic."

☞ The following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious: 'To hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours, one dollar and a half.'

A country Editor, speaking of spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium except the 'circulation medium,' and that has become so scarce that our belief in it is shaken."

☞ The press, the pulpit, and petticoats. The three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads considerable.

A lady in Michigan, consoling her neighbor for the loss of her son, was answered in tears. "If Billy's grandmother is in Heaven, I know she will not see Billy abused."