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." [TERMS: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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LEVI L. TATE.

IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

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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, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits Confusion of ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease 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 Marines 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 deability, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

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 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 excess 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 of the pleasure of healthy offsprings, 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 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 troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and 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, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irratability, 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 the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, self-distrust, love of solitude, Timity, &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.

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 pitty that a 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 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 requisities 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.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds 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 makes 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 extremeties, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this desease becomes a horrid object of commisseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians incapable of Curing they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this 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 gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.

Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

Jan 18, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

TINWARE & STOVE SHOP.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has purchased his brothers interest in the above establishment and the concern will hereafter be conducted by himself exclusively.

He has just received and offers for sale, the largest and most extensive assortment of FANCY STOVES ever introduced into this market.

His stock consists of a complete assortment of the best Cooking and parlor stoves in the market, together with Stove Fixtures of every description, Oven and Box Stoves, Radiators, Cylindar Stoves, Cast Iron Air-Tight stoves, Cannon Stoves, &c., &c. Stovepipe and Tinware constantly on hand and manufactured to order. All kinds of repairing done, as usual, on short notice.

The patronage of old friends and new customers re spectfully solicited. A. M. RUPERT.

Bloomsburg November 3d 1860. tf.

Original Poetry.

For the Columbia Democrat.

A REVERIE.

BY REV. JOHN SUTTON.

The evening was beautiful, pleasant and gay,
The flowers sent forth, the rich odors of May,
The pale moon was shining, with soft mellow light,
And the star-spangled heavens smiled down on the sight

I wandered alone near a beautiful stream,
To meditate freely, on nature's fair scene,
When sudden there seemed, thr'o the fresh budding trees
A low wailing murmur, to sigh in the breeze.

I turned me to see from whence came the sound,
And saw a young female, bent low o'er a mound,
She plucked the wild flowers, so fragrant and gay,
And scattered them o'er where her dear loved one lay.

Then said in a plaintine and soul-touching cry:
O! lovely and loved one, why hast thou to die?
O! Death, inexorable, what hast thou to die?
Thou hast taken my best, and my only loved one.

I call, but no answer affords me relief,
I call and my echo, but mocks at my grief,
O that I could pierce, with my voice, the cold clay,
And speak that my loved one, could hear what I say.

But the last link is broken, that binds me to earth,
O let me forget all my sorrows in death,
Let me lie down and on the grave of my friend,
I ask not, I need not a happier end.

While thus she lamented her loved one's sad fate
And mournfully spoke of her own wretched state,
The Seraph-like form of an Angel of light,
Immortally clothed, stood full in her sight,

He gave her a wreath of the flowers of love,
That he culled from the fair of the garden above,
Then spoke in the language of God's holy word,
Saying "blest are the dead who die in the Lord,"

They rest from their labors of love when they die,
To resume them again with their Saviour on high,
Where flowers ne'er wither and death is no more,
And aching, and sighing, and keeping no more.

Then dry up your tears, and weep not for the dead,
For they shall be raised, the Savior hath said,
Prepare then, to meet him on that blessed shore,
Where friends shall unite, to be parted no more.

She heard him with rapture, and smiled thro' her tears,
His words so consoling, had chased all her fears,
By faith she looked upward, and heard from the throne,
A cure confirmation, that all shall be done.

Her mind then was tranquil, her tears fled away,
With patience I'll wait all the appointed day,
'Till the word of my change from the Father is given,
Submission I'll bow to the mandates of Heaven.

Still Water, Pa., 1862.

Interesting Story.

THE ANDREWS FAMILY IN THE CITY.

"DAD told us gals that when he got through harvest he'd take us all down to the city; so we put on our broad brimmed sun-bonnets, to preserve our complexions, and set to work raking hay—for we expected to cut a great swell in the city.—We worked smart for dad, so as to have him get through, we were so anxious, just like one is when they're waiting for their beau to come Sunday night.

"Jane Ann, she made her berage; Bet, she altered over her lilack silk, and I trimmed my Tuscan with red, white and blue flowers. It looked stylish, I tell ye. Well, we were more'n a fortnight fixing up, before dad was ready to start. Finally he hitched in the old mare, and we six gals bundled in.

"'Twas a splendid morning, and everything looked as serene as frisking lambs in a pasture. Dad drove up side of the park, as he called it; it looked like a great pasture, though if they'd had any sense they'd cut down some of them trees, if they expected to raise half a crop, Most all the ground was covered by the shade, and you know that grass that grows in the shade ain't half as sweet as that which has the sun.

"We went across the street and got seven two cent glasses of small beer, just to wash the dust out of our throats; when we all went back to the wagon and got in.—Just then we saw a training company coming down the street; the band was playing 'Pop goes the wesel' like sixty. Dad reined up the hoss and axed a man if the Mexican war had broke out agin. The sassy coot, he bust right out a laughing, and says he:

"'I guess you don't take the papers up in your part of the country, do you?'

"Dad never answered him, and I wouldn't if I'd been him; he just hit the old mare a clip with the whip and sung out, 'g'lang.'

"When the military company got close by the wagon, the music put right into it as loud as it could. The old mare's fourteen years old, but if you'd seen her prance you'd thought her a colt. Dad hollered at her but she only acted worse. The fore wagon wheel struck something in the road, when the old mare give an awful jump and Angeline and I, who were sitting on the back seat, went right out of the wagon kerslam. You see the seat tipped back, and we were so heavy that over we went, right into the mud. It was dry enough out home, but Bet declared that she saw a sprinkling pot going up the streets, drawn by a hoss. For the life of me I can't tell what they should do that for; mud's bad enough when we are obliged to have it without making it.

"It's a wonder that we didn't break our necks. The gals and dad were eenamost scared to death, but the folks that were looking on seemed mighty tickled about it. Dad he just spit out a little of his mind right on the spot, and he told them they didn't know no better than to laugh at an unfortunate female's misfortunes!

"I wouldn't have cared a snap if I hadn't give my Tuscan such a jam, Angeline daubed her face all over mud, and I went with her to a pump that was there on the park, and she washed her face. Dad bought a cocoa nut and cracked it on the iron fence that was around the pasture.—After we ate that up he axed us if we didn't want to see a steamboat. Of course we said yes; so he fastened the hoss good and strong, and we started. 'Twas a killing way to walk, but we got there finally.

"'Twas as pretty as a picture', that steamboat. It was right close up to what they called the dock, and there was a thing made out of boards to walk on to it on.—Dad went fust, and we gals follered. I tell ye it was furnished as nice inside as Deacon Brown's parlor; the wood was corved and golded. It was splendid, and no mistake!

"What puzzled me was were the folks slept. Dad took us down stairs and showed us some little shelver all around the room; and then we all went down into the kitchen. I told a nigger woman who was there how to make some gingerbread; for she was housekeeper for the steamboat, and I thought I'd be doing a favor; but the pesky thing, she grinned clear round to her ears, and showed her teeth and rolled up her eyes, and says she:

"I guess you'se from the rural districts?

"I never answered her, but kept right straight after dad. He took us down into the place in the basement of the steamboat where they had their machinery and steam arrangements; but they had such a big fire down there, and was so pesky hot that we soon left. We hadn't any more than got through the chambers of the boat and up into the parlor, then dad heard a man say, 'Well, there goes the bell; the boat's agoin' to start!'

"'Cut sticks, gals,' said dad, and we run with all our might, dad right close after us. We got across—us gals—the plank concern, and then turned round to see if dad was coming. They were pulling the great plank into the boat; dad looked scared; he run, and the men who were pulling in the plank larfed an hollered out:

"'Go it, country!'

"Jest that minute there come a man runnin', puffin' and blowin', trying to get on the boat afore it left. He was in such a pucker that he 'bout knocked me over. He didn't see dad; they both sprung at the same time—the man for the boat, and dad for the land. Plump they struck right agin each other, and right down into the briny deep they went. Dad said afterwards that the water tasted about as much like fish or pork brine as anything that he knowed on.

"The folks on the boat, which was going way off by this time, cheered just like a Fourth of July celebration, and the people on the shore hollered and larfed. I was so mad that I could have slapped them right in the face, and says dad—sputtering, kicking and splattering—

"'Laugh at a fellow's misfortunes.'

"But there was some real kind men; they took some long poles with things kinder shaped like fish-hooks on the ends—they called them boat hooks. The strange man could swim, and he swum and scrambled up on to the shore, but them men they hitched them ere hooks right into the slack of dad's trousers and drawed him right out of the water. Warn't he a sight! he looked just like a cat that had been ducked into a mill-pond.

"Let's go'n' take somethin', said the stranger, smilin'; but dad looked as blue as an indigo bag; he didn't no what else to say so says he:

"Don't care if I do.'

"The strange man went ahead and we and dad followed him. Bimeby we come to a place where the lower panes of the window where white, so you couldn't see through 'em. Think's I that must be a great thing, that must. What's glass good for if you can't look through it? Dad told us to wait outside, and he and the stranger went in. Angeline and I stood up on tip-toe and peeped through the upper panes of the window. Dad was drinking something poured out of a tumbler; they seemed to be on first rate terms—a talkin' and laughin'. We gals got eenamost tired to death waitin' out there.—Dad and the stranger kept drinkin' and drinkin more than a dozen times, and then dad come to the door, and says he:

"'Come in gals and get some calm soup.

"So we went in, and dad called on the man that tended to fetch on his calm soup for eight, and plenty of broth. Then the strange man got some sassaparilla for us gals, and some of that other drink for him and dad. By the time we got the sassaparilla swallowed—'twas beautiful to drink, but as cold as if it had come out of the north east corner of the North Pole the soup was ready and all smoking hot; but while we'd been gobblin' our drink down like chickens swallowing dough, dad and the stranger had drinked two or three times.

"Well, we sot down to a table, and the way we shoveled in the soup was a caution. After we'd finished dad told the man to fill em up again, then he and the stranger took another drink. Well, after we got through, dad shook hands with the stranger, and we started to go back to the park where we had left the old mare hitched.

"Dad hadn't any more than got out of the door than he fell full lenght right down into the dirt, which stuck all over his new clothes. He got up and went on a few feet further, and then down he went again. Angeline and I raised him, for we were afeered that he might have hurt him. If you'd believe it, the very first step he went down head first; that kinder madded me, and says I:

"'Hain't you big enough to walk?'

"Some little boys began to snicker and laugh, and says dad, tryin' to raise up, kinder stutterin':

"'Larf at a feller's misfortin'!

"'What's the matter, dad?' says I kinder takin' pity on hin, for I thought the poor critter might be sick. He didn't say anything, but kept a hiccuping.

"'It's wind on his stummick,' said Angeline.

"'Clams,' said dad, kinder mournfully.

"Now I'd always heard tell that clams were mighty unhealthy in the summer season. I never knew the symptons of colleray afore—it's kinder curious how it will throw folks down. I thought the best thing we could do was to streak it back to the park and get home with dad just as soon as we could, for I was afeared though I didn't say anything to the gals about it—that some of us would be took. I believe I should myself, if I hadn't been so anxious 'bout dad and the rest on 'em.

"Angeline and I just pulled him up and took him by the arm and walked along.—'Twas a dreadful tedious job, I tell ye, pullin', haulin' and luggin' him along, and we got completely tuckered out by the time we got to the park.

"I don't know why folks should exult at other folks' misfortunes, but everybody that we passed grinned and laughed like monkeys. well, they say it's human natur'.

"When we got to the park dad seemed to feel considerable better. We sot him down on the grass and let him lean back against a tree, and then I went and bought a pint bottle full of good old cherry brandy, for I knowed it would be good for him. I took a swallow or so myself, and then made the gals drink too. The rest that was left I poured down dad's throat.

"Then we unhitched the old mare and got ready to go home. I told Angeline to drive, and I would have dad set on the seat with me. The gals all got in but Angeline and me; we h'isted dad up into the wagon, and then we got in.

"'Just put the old mare over the road,' said I.

"Angeline hit her a whacking clip with the end of the lines. She'd been standing there so long, and got so restless and uneasy, that she give an awful jump and sent dad clean out of the wagon, and almost jerked my neck off from my shoulders.—Angeline stopped the mare as soon as she could, and we piled out. Just then a man with a blue coat all covered over with brass buttons, just like a military officer, come up. He had a big star gilt just like his buttons.

"'What's the matter?' he axed.

"'Why, he fell into the ocean off the steamboat, and then he ate two bowls of calm soup, and I don't believe it agreed with his stummick.'

"'What's he drinked?' said he, kinder laughing, though I didn't see anything to laugh at.

"'Somethin' in a tumbler,' answered Jane Ann, taking the words out of my mouth and answering before I could speak.

"'Yes, I should think so,' he said, so kinder impudent and unbelevin', and then, says he—'I'm a police officer; I guess I'll take care of him;' and he reached out to take dad by the coat collar, when I just stepped up, and says I:

"'I rather recon you won't!'

"Angeline and I lifted dad into the wagon, and we hustled in ourselves and started, taking care to get a going easy.—I don't believy the old mare ever did any taller trottin' than she did then.

"Dad was the sickest creatur' going home I ever saw, and I don't see why marm was so mad with him when we got home; for my part, I felt mighty sorry for him, and so did the rest of us, I don't know what's the reason, but dad has never been to the city since, without marm's been with him, and he's ate clams many a time since and not been sick, as he was that time."

Gleason's Literary Companion.

Congress and the Nigger.

Congress is still busy with the nigger question, in the Senate. On the 10th, a motion was made by Mr. Powell of Kentucky to strike from the confiscation bill that portion which authorizes the President to oaganize and employ negroes to put down the rebellion, but was defeated.

In the House, Mr. Richardson of Illinois believes that the strengt of the army was sufficent to put down rebellion, but the indications were that another and inferior race were to be armed and uniformed and placed on an equality with the whites.—The legislation of Congress is almost exclusively with regard to the negro. They have abolished slavery here, and to the contrabands rations are daily distributed. Where is the evidence that rations are issued to the poor white people? Supplies at the rate of a hundred and forty four thousand dollars per annum are distributed among the blacks, while the people of Illinois are selling corn at eight cents per bushel to pay the taxes thus imposed upon them. They were employing negro teamsters and issuing supplies to negroes, paying in this district for them alone more than would support the State Government of Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire or New Jersey. Not only here but elsewhere are the negroes supported by orders of the Government, or through the Quartermaster. Besides these and other things for the benefit of the negro, you propose to send to and receive from Hayti, duly accredited Minesters.—He repeated that Congress legislated almost exclusively for the negro. But what were they doing for the children whose fathers have fallen on the battle field? Comparatively nothing. White men are required to procure passes to enter our lines, while negroes can enter them without such passes. He asked; was it the purpose of the majority hero to make the negroes the equals of the whites? He briefly showed that the history of the world had proved this impossible. All these and kindred questions have to be discussed before the people during the coming autumn. He hoped that the extreme men would be driven from the public councils into places where they could do no more mischief.—He repeated that the legislation of Congress had been disasterous.—Look as an instance, at Tennessee, over which has been placed a Governor popular and energetic, with fair administrative abilities; with two thirds of the people of that State opposed to secesrion, he has been unable to restore her to the Union. Why? Because you have been constantly exciting their apprehensions that you intend to violate the Constitution and strip the people of all their rights, instead of confirming the impression that wherever our flag floats they shall be protected in all their rights, including those of persons and property.

HOW TO SAVE GIRDLED TREES.—A correspondent furnishes a valuable mode of saving young fruit trees girdled by the mice, as many are likely to have been this winter. He does it by inserting what he calls conductors over the wounds, as follows:—"Take large scions, long enough to reach over the girdling, scarf off each end about an inch on the side to go next to the tree, then turn your scions over, and on the upper end cut a short bevel; after having having done this take a smooth instrument, raise the bark on the tree say an inch, or sufficient to receive each end, and carefully crowd the scion under; if the bark adheres firmly to the tree, cut a short slit. If the operation be carefully performed I have no doubt of its success. Seven years ago I had several apple trees entirely girdled by the mice; I tried the above method, and they are now thrifty, and the barkless spots nearly closed over."

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

Select Poetry.

John Charles Fremont, My Jo.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, when nature formed the plan
To make another race, John, betwixt baboon and man.
She manufactured you, John, but would no further go—
Disgusted with the specimen, John Charles Fremont, my Jo.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, when first we sent you West,
To see what you could do, John, you were all brightly dressed;
But that which won our hearts, John, was the way you wore your hair,
From crown to forehead parted, John, in lines so smooth and fair.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, the reason since is plain—
Your head is but a cranky craft, and destitute of brain,
So easily upset, John, you are compelled to trim
Its rigging with precision, John, to make the frail thing swim.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, on Rocky Mountain ground
You lost your senses, as well as way, and neither since have found,
But this strange paradox exists among the *Tribune* crew—
The bigger fool you are, John, the more they worship you.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, we tried you in Missouri,
And there you soon contrived, John, to cook a bad *potpourri*;
To speak in other words, John, as e'en your friends confess—
Though lying sycophants—you made a devil of a mess.

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, you filched from Stockton's hand
The honor bravely won in fight, in California's strand,
And now, you Prince of Charlatans, you and your pandering pack,
Would pluck the laurels from the brow of glorious "Little Mack."

John Charles Fremont, my Jo John, to you we've had our say,
And recommend to you, John, to take yourself away—
To flee to Mariposa, John, as fast as you can go,
And fight the squatters on your tract, John C. Fremont, my Jo.

And when your life is o'er, John, we hope there'll be a place
For niggers, you and Greeley and others of that race,
If this shall be impossible, we hope that you will go
Forever to the Devil, John—John Charles Fremont, my Jo.

Miscellaneous.

The Tax Bill.

Since the report of the tax bill, published some time since, was given to the public, several new amendments have been made to it, as follows:

For kissing a pretty girl, $1.00.

For kissing a homely one, $2.00—the extra amount being added probably as a punishment for the man's folly.

For ladies kissing one another, *Ten Dollars*. The tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C.'s as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents.

Every young man who has more than one "girl" is taxed $5.00.

For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.

Courting in the sitting room, 50 cents.

Courting in the parlor, $1.00,

Courting in a romantic place, $5.00, and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cents for each offence.

Seeing her home from the dime society, 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

From a lady who paints, 50 cents.

For wearing low-necked dressee, $1.00.

For each curl in a lady's head above ten, 5 cents.

For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, $5.00.

For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents for each hoop.

Old bachelors over thirty are taxed $10.00.

Over forty, $20.00.

Over fifty, $50, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cents to $25, she to fix the estimate on her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy bady, 50 cents.

Each girl baby, 10 cents.

Families having more than eight babies, are not to be taxed.

☞ A Western editor, having figured up the cost of the war to date, says the Government has already expended enough to purchase every nigger in the United States, and to furnish each one with a flannel shirt, a copy of the New York *Tribune* and a quill toothpick.

☞ An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched firstrate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

BREVITIES OF THOUGHT.—Accursed is he who sins in ignorance, if that ignorance, is caused by sloth.

A house is no *house*, unless it contains food and fire for the mind, as well as the body.

In saying that our days are few, we say too much. We have but one; the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future?

Unhallowed desires often prove to be like the Grecian fire, which consumes, but cannot be extinguished.

Human beings are not so constituted that they can live without expansion. If they cannot get in one way, they must in another, or perish.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being ovserved; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

To do much good, and make but little noise, is a singular thing. Some say much but do nothing; but Christians should do much, and say nothing.

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING?—The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, accompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat-lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, informs us that, on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder-storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.—*Prof Henry.*

A LITTLE HERO.—A Wisconsin boy was wounded at Fort Donelson, and taken within the rebel lines a prisoner, where Dr. Voorhies, of Mississippi, attended him. The little fellow, without moving a muscle talked with firmness during the operation of sawing the bone, when a ball went plunging close by them. The doctor remaarked that it was getting too hot for him, end picked the boy up in arms, and carried him into one of the bomb-proofs, where the operation was completed. The lad was perfectly cool all the while, and remarked when the doctor changed his position, "If you think it too hot already, you will find it a good deal too hot by-and-by." Voorhies declares the lad was the noblest fellow he ever saw.

MIRAGE.—There is a remarkable mirage visible frequently at Chicago. On the 3d inst., from any point in the vicinity of the Illinois Central Railroad depot, could be plainly discerned with the naked eye the villages, forests, and bluffs of the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, sixty miles distant. Vessels miles out in appeared as though they were almost within a stone's throw. Michigan city seemed to be within ths limits of Chicago.

It is said that there are between five and six hundped men of the Tenth Maine regiment, now guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, who never drank a drop of liquor in their lives. In this whisky drinking, lager beer swilling, wine bibbing country, an announcement of this kind is almost incredible.

The *Lutheran Observer* say that there are now laboring in South America fifty seven missionaries, representing the English and American Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and Lutherans.

THE United States Government is feeding at least twenty five thousand negroes daily, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars per day.—*Letters from Hilton Head.*

☞ Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

☞ The higher you rise, the wider is your horizon; so the more you know the more you will see to be known.

☞ It is a singular fact that the man who pays the printer regularly never gets the night mare.

☞ "I'll take the responsibility," as Jenkins said when he held out his arms for the baby.