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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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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LEVI L. TATE.

IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE

In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

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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.

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Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

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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 consequence that may ensue.

Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is not safter by those falling into improper habits? Being 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.

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NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS.

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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 sound, and blushfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

MARRIAGE.

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 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 the 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. 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 slightly 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 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

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conubial 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 extreme parts, progressing with rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration 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 smalle t fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your gaching 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 friend and customers, that he has purchased his brothers interest in the stove 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, Cylinder 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 respectfully solicited. A. M. RUPERT.

Bloomsburg, November 3d 1860.—tf.

Choice Poetry.

Past and Present.

(Inscribed to my only Brother.)

BY E. B. R.

I sit by the fire to-night, brother,
And my heart is sad and lone;
No sound can I hear save the clock's dull tick,
And the wind's unceasing moan.
I gaze at the empty seats, brother,
That are standing side by side,
And I think of the dear home circle, brother,
Now scattered far and wide.

I listen for the well-known steps, brother,
That used to come in at the door,
And the night falls dark, and the lamp burns dim,
But those steps return no more!
Father and mother are here, brother,
As they were here of yore;
But our father's footsteps falter, to-night,
As he paces the parlor floor.

His hand is weak and nerveless, brother,
And his hair is white as snow;
He has long since passed the meridian, brother,
And life's sun is sinking low.
Dear mother is sitting near, brother,
But her eye is faded and dim;
She thinks to-night of her only son,
And she softly prays for him.

Few are the familiar friends, brother,
That now take her by the hand,
The most have silently crossed the flood
That bounds the spirit land.
She's recalling the past to-night, brother,
It comes back with a muffled tread,
And ghost-like and wan the shadows flit by
As she mournfully numbers her dead!

The homestead is little changed, brother,
Since you were with us last;
The cottage still nestleas among the green trees,
As it did in the days that are passed.
The willows stand near the pond, brother,
Like sentinels gray and tall,
While the sweet wild roses are clustering below,
And the ivy climbing the wall.

The orchard still blossoms in spring, brother,
Where we wandered with dancing feet,
And the birdies are singing the self-same songs
That in childhood we called so sweet.
The white birch still shadows the rock, brother,
Where we rudely carved each name;
They have levelled the beautiful grove, brother,
But they speak our record of fame.

The old oak at the foot of the hill, brother,
Still lifts its green branches on high,
And the broad, bright stream, where you paddled your boat,
Goes sparkling and murmuring by.
Ah, nature never grows old, brother;
'Tis only the human soul
That must WEAR its way through its prison of clay,
Till it reaches its final goal.

Miscellaneous.

A SAVAGE COMBAT.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A CALIFORNIA BULL AND A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole. While pushing his way through the bushes, he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two powerful animals writhed in the fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulders. But instead of showing any signs of defeat, he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had prompted him to seek an open space. A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw—lithe and wiry, yet wonderful massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him, when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in their wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle my sympathies were in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two He did not wait to meet the charge, but, lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. No sooner had he got within reach of the bull's horns, than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping his head to the ground by strength and the weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked strips of flesh from his shoulders with his paws.—The animals must have been of nearly equal weight. On the one side there was the advantage of superior agility and two weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater power of endurance and more inflexible courage The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his postrils—the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling to regain his breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the conflict. The cattle upon the surrounding plain had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants, but, as if withheld by terror, none seemed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length by a sudden and well directed blow of the head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent that the battle must soon end. Both were greviously wounded, and neither could hold out much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the certainty of death—the bear rolling over, and vainly trying to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At last, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but, blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him, thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of speedy victory; he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe.

The two rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would have terminated the bloody strife so far as my favorite was concerned, when to my astonishment I saw the bear relax his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrail's burst entirely through the wound in his belly. The next moment the bull was up, erect and fierce as ever Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate struggle that ensued, both animals seeming inimated by supernatural strength.

The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy that the bull, upon drawing his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for, blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust; but his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from the savage victor, and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering conclusively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws, a groan, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off—not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the battle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds, a death chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gradually dropping; then dropped on his knees and expired.

☞ A Geography seems to be badly wanted down South, as well as several other things. A letter from a Sergeant in the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment, dated "Near Norfolk, Va., *Camp Misery, fifteen miles from 'the knowledge of God,'* May 13th, 1862," says that Captain Tripps company was as well as could be expected, considering their situation.

☞ When is a Man not a Man?—When he's *three sheets in the wind.*

Pocahontas and John Smith.

It has always been a grief to romantic readers of the early history of Virginia, that two persons who seemed so well suited to each other as the brave discoverer and the noble daughter of Powhattan, should not have become man and wife. The precise difficulty in the case has not been made plain by any historian. An exchange intimates that Mr. Rolfe, to whom she was married, and his friends, were guilty of a base deception, in making her believe that Capt. Smith was dead. It says:

There is no doubt what the muse of history ought to do here. Were she a dame of proper sensibilities, she would have Mr. John Smith married to Miss P. Powhattan as soon as a parson could be got from Jamestown. Were it a romance that would be the result. As it is, we find Smith going off to England in two years, and living unmarried until his death; and Pocahontas married to the Englishman, John Rolfe, for reasons of state, we fear,—a link of friendship between the reds and the whites being thought desirable. She was of course Christianized and baptized, as any one may see by Chapman's picture in the rotunda at Washington, unless Zouave criticism has demolished it. Immediately she went with her husband to England. At Bentford, where she was staying, Capt. John Smith went to visit her. Their meeting was significant and affecting. "After a modest salutation she turned away, and hid her face, as if displeased." She remained thus motionless for two or three hours. Who can know what struggles passed through the heart of the Indian bride at this moment—emotions doubly unutterable to this untaught stranger? It seems that she had been deceived by Rolfe and his friends into thinking that Smith was dead, under the conviction that she could not be induced to marry him if she thought Smith alive. After her long, sad silence before mentioned, she came forward to Smith, and touchingly reminded him, there in the presence of her husband and a large company, of the kindness she had shown him in her own country, saying, "You did promise Powhattan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him 'father,' being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must call you." After a pause, during which she seemed to be under the influence of strong emotion, she said, "I will call you 'father,' and you shall call me 'child,' and so I will be forever and ever your countryman" Then she added slowly and with emphasis, "They did tell me always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhattan did command Uttamattomakin to see you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much."

It was not long after this interview that Pocahontas died. She never returned to Virginia. Her death occurred in 1617. The issue of her marriage was one child, Thomas Rolfe; so it is through him that the first families of Virginia are so invariably descended from the Indian princess. Captain Smith lived until 1631, and as we have said, never married. He was a noble and true man, and Pocahontas was every way worthy to be his wife; and one feels very ill-natured at Rolfe and company for the cruel deception which, we must believe, was all that kept them asunder, and gave the story of the lovely maiden its almost tragic close.

A SKINNED HEAD.—"Last Sunday we took our first born, Alonzo, to church for the first time. He is only two years old, but he is very smart for his age—very. His mother knows there never was a smarter child, and his mother is a knowing woman. We took Alonzo to church. He stood up on the seat between his fond mother and myself, his anxious father, and both of us had charged him to be perfectly still, not to say a loud word on any account whatever. The dear boy stood it well for the first five minutes, service had not yet begun. Deacon Wells, a bald headed man came in, and Alonzo looked at him curiously. Mr. Ostrum came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair oguht to grow. Alonzo was fidgety. Squire Jones, as bald as Mount Blanc, walked in and Alonzo could hold in no longer. In a clear ringing little voice he cried. "Oh, ma! ma! ma! there comes another man with a skinned head!"

☞ According to the United States census, the total value of boots and shoes produced in this country in 1860, was nearly $90,000,000.

Army Correspondence.

CAMP MISERY,
Near Alexandria, Va., Oct 3d.

Dear Brother:—

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary that a soldier should leave the hospital to seek his regiment, is it right that he should be escorted by a strong guard to a camp little fitted for the reception of swine? You have been wondering no doubt, why I have neglected to write. It is because I expected daily to be sent to my regiment, but I am in this miserable hole, with no assurance of getting away very soon! It is just three weeks to night that a squad of sixty men, left the hospitals to guard a portion of the P. W. & B. railroad. The duty was very light and just suited us, as we were scarcely able to join our regiments, though many of us wished to do so. Soon an order came that those who had no blankets nor overcoats should return to the Provost marshalls from whence they would be sent to their regiments, after staying for about a week in Philadelphia, we were sent on under the deluded hope of a speedy return to our regiments, where we were to be supplied with the necessary clothing. But vain are our hopes, and we awake to the reality that we are in camp misery, occupied by about 15,000 convalescents, whose deaths are about as numerous as the flies in a grocery fly trap, and it would appear to be, of about as much importance to the officers in charge, who seem to be a set who are either too lazy or too cowardly to fight, and think nothing of taunting you with the epithet of strugglers and deserters, when God knows we deserve something better at the hands of our government.

As I have already hinted, we are arrived here almost destitute of clothing, many of us having lost everything in battle, and here we lay on the cold, damp, dirty, ground, with neither blanket nor overcoat; the first night without even a tent over us. The whole camp was one vast sink, it is the greatest wonder to me that a pestilence has not broken out ere this. Some of the occupants have been here for months. When we came in I noticed several engaged in the very unpleasant duty of picking "grey-backs" from their clothing. Every breath of air we inhale comes to us with an odor of sickness The rations too, are scant and with all this they expect us to obey all their orders, who her according to the book or not; and if we refuse, the guard house, which is but little worse finds its occupants.

I am disgusted with such proceedings, and cant stand it long, for I feel sure that sickness must follow. I might have had my discharges but did not seek it.

There are thousands here now that will never be fit for service, and why; I ask are they kept here to die? The friends of such should cry out against it and if there must be a camp of convalescents, let it be conducted with cleanliness and gentility, instead of filthiness and brutality — A great majority of those here are Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. Will the friends of these suff ring soldiers permit it much longer. If they do hundreds will die, and the only "bounty" they will receive will be about 9ft. of the sacred soil of Virginia.

Hoping soon to be removed from here, I remain yours affectionately.

J SANDERS.

THE CROWNED SKELETON.—Aix la-Chapelle in Germany, derives its name from the tomb of Charlemagne. He gave instructions that when he died he should be buried in a royal position; not prostrate as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected over the sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The gospels, which I suppose he had often read whilst he was living, he would appear determined to study thoroughly after he was dead. He directed they should be laid upon his knees before him. By his side was his sword; upon his head was an imperial crown, and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders. Thus was his body placed, and did his body remain for about 190 years. One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what had become of the riches that adorned his tomb. Nearly a thousand years after Christ, the tomb was opened by Emperor Otho. The skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered; the various ornaments I speak of were all there too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen disjointed and asunder, and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull wearing its crown still! The various relics were taken up, and are now preserved at Vienna; and they have often since been employed in the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, in order to satisfy their greatness and their being successors to Charlemagne.—*Dr. Massie's Summer Rambles.*

My Wife is the Cause of It.

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L. called at the house of Dr. T., one very cold morning, on his way to H———.

"Sir," said the doctor, the weather is very frosty—will you not take something to drink before you start?"

In that day ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L., "I never touch anything of that kind, and will tell you the reason: *my wife is the cause of it.*

"I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops, and liquors were introduced. After a while we met not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied:

"I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out."

"This always troubled me. I wish in my heart she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for months, when I at last resolved that I would, by returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unburthen my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morting. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said:

"Come in husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet and here is a cup of coffee."

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment that I could never touch another drop while I live, and I never will.

He never did. He lived and died practising total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has raged as much as in any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The fact above related were received from the doctor himself, on a visit to my native village not long since.

DRAWING LOTS.—A friend of ours was traveling a day or two since in the vicinity of Buxton. While crossing the bridge he was stopped by some young men, one of whom addressed him as follows:

"Say, Mister, got any whiskey with yer?,,

"No, sir," politely responded our friend.

"Don't yer never drink whiskey?"

"No, sir"

"We-e-l, that is too bad. I should like mighty well to get some good whiskey, but cant get none here. Tell ye what 'tis, stranger, it's dangerous stuff they have here abouts. We are bound to drink it anyhow, but we draw lots to see which shall drink first. The one that draws it goes and drinks and sits down. We all wait an hour, and if he ain't dead then we all drink, if he is we try another place.

Bangor Press.

☞ A Person was relating to a son of the Emerald Isle how one of our generals had gained a victory with only a few hundred men on his side, when Pat said:—"An' he had several hundred men on his side?" "Yes." "Begorra, wasan't his ribs strong."

☞ A pig lately walked into a tailor's shop, and before he was noticed by the proprietor, made his way toward the cutting-board—attracted doubtless by the smell of "cabbage" in that locality.

☞ The Quakers of Illinois are to be subject to the draft, and those who are drafted are to fall in or pay $200 each.

☞ I O U, this many of our subscribers can say then why not open your ☞.

THE LOSSES.—The Union Losses, at the late battles in Maryland, are estimated by Gen. McClellan at 10,000.

The Best Advantage.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best.

He had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his friends money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity the trader says.

"I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the farmer with a leer in his eye.

"In the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countrymen. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the farmer, 'have you got the article?'

The storekeeper stopped instanter, and the next thing that was heard from him was that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down town.

A Soldier's Story.

Not long since a lot of us—I am an H. P., "high private," were quartered in several wooden tenements and in an inner room of one lay the corpse of a young secesh officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off, and down came tearing a sentimental, not bad-looking specimen of a Virginia dame.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!" she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother!"

'Kiss whom?"

"The dear little Lieut. the one who lies dead within. I never saw him but oh!"

I led her through a room in which young Lieut. ——, of Philadelphia lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep.—Supposing him to be the article sought for, she rushed up exclaiming.—

"Let me kiss him for his mother," and approached her lips to his forehead. What was hear amazement when the "corpse" clasped his arms around her and exclaimed:

"Never mind the old lady, Miss, go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

A DELICATE LEGAL TOUCH.—Not very far from Central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Tom Hall.—Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter Mary. One evening when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer, who has but little besides his profession to depend upon and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder she answered, "I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "There's Tom Hall is going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him."

Major Brodiback of the twelfth Kentucky regiment is a great favorite with his men. He is a German and although a strict disciplinarian and a regular soldier, he is not always severe. An instance of his humor is thus related:

Several of his men were reported drunk. Upon visiting them the Major exclaimed:

"Here! here! here!" said he, "What's all this?"

"Major, dear," one of them replied, "you know we've been (hic) cooped up a long time and when a feller gets a chance [hic] he's apt to go it."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Tight, that's all."

"What have you been drinking?"

"Lager"

"Well, dat is better as the measles."

So he lets them off.

A couple of young ladies, having buried their father, who had an aversion to matrimony, conversing on his character, the eldest observed:

"He is dead at least, and now we will marry."

"Well," said the youngest, "I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C——, shall be my man."

"Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be so hasty in the choice of our husbands let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us, our marriages are registered in heaven's book."

"I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

The boy who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said, "If that is the only remedy, which can be proposed, I, for one say let't palpitate."