

LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart is beautiful, I care not for the face; I ask not what the form may lack...

THE BLADENBURG DUELING GROUND.

On the old stage route leading from Washington to Baltimore, a short half mile beyond the boundary of the District of Columbia...

Apart from its wildness, however, there was nothing about the place to attract the attention of the traveler...

One of the most desperate of those melancholy encounters which have made this place so memorable, was that on the 6th of February, 1819...

On Saturday morning, the 6th of February, 1819, at eight o'clock, the parties met. The contemplated meeting, it is said, was generally known at Bladensburg...

Some months afterward, however, while riding to Richmond in the stage, with a gentleman of high military and political standing...

Some months afterward, however, while riding to Richmond in the stage, with a gentleman of high military and political standing (General Jackson), he was told that he ought to challenge M'Carty again...

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and till their wedding they were called spinners...

SHORT DRESSES.—All the girls with pretty feet and ankles are in favor of the new fashion of short dresses...

CROCODILE HUNTING.

Don Ramon Paez has recently published in England a Book of Travels in South America, which contains some exciting adventures. Here is a sketch of

CROCODILE LIFE AND DEATH.

While walking along the banks of the Portuguesa one may see these huge lizards basking in groups of half a dozen or more...

"What!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "do we expect to kill one of these monsters with so slight a thing as an arrow?"

"These arrows are constructed so as to allow the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat in the manner of a lance, to come off at the moment it strikes an object in the water..."

"Accordingly, I went in search of the Indian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated like a toad, on his haunches, skinning a porcupine he had just killed."

"At my approach he raised his head and fixed on me his unmeaning eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to all my questions with the monosyllabic, si, no. After a little coaxing and the promise of some fish-hooks, he followed me to the canoe without uttering a word more."

"We were not long in getting a chance to test the skill of my new acquaintance. As we approached the river banks a large crocodile lay in sight, floating down the stream like a log of wood."

"Our position was most favorable to send an arrow rattling through his scales, and my young Nimrod lost no time in improving the opportunity. Stepping a few paces in advance, he let fly at the reptile's head his slender, yellow reed, porcupine, viz: shooting the arrow up into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, which causes it to descend with great force upon the object, after describing an arc of a circle in the manner of a bomb shell."

"Although the distance was fully 300 paces, the arrow struck the mark with the precision of a rifle ball. A violent plunge of the reptile was my first intimation that the trial had been successful, and the moment I perceived the golden reed, now attached to him, swimming swiftly over the surface of the water..."

"After waiting for him two hours, we gave him up, along with the arrow head sticking in his own. I made various other attempts to secure a specimen, but with no better result, as the river was yet too high to sound for them."

"While in this place I was told several incidents in relation to the cunning and instinct of these saurians, one of which appeared to be most remarkable in an animal of the reptile tribe. The ferryman here possessed a great many goats. Once he perceived that several of them had disappeared, and not being able to account for it in any other way, he at once laid the blame on the hated crocodiles...

"No person can venture near the water without danger from their attacks, being so treacherous that they approach their intended victim near enough to strike him with their powerful tails before he is even aware of their proximity. The bubbling sound of a gourd being filled with water by some imprudent person specially attracts them. To obviate this danger, a calabash bowl with a long wooden handle, is usually employed for the purpose; yet this is not unfrequently snatched from the hands of the water-carrier."

"If by accident a human being falls a prey to this tyrant of the river, the reptile is then called cebado, which appellation implies everything that is bold, ferocious and treacherous in an animal of the species, as from that time they not only waylay persons, but follow them in the canoes, in hopes of again securing this dainty morsel. There are, however, men bold enough to meet the enemy face to face in his own element. The man who makes up his mind to this encounter is well aware that this must be a conflict to the death for one of the antagonists."

gallantry worthy of a better cause performed here by a Bladeno with one of these monsters. The man was on his way to San James on a pressing errand. Being in haste to get there the same day, he would not wait for the canoe to be brought him, but prepared to swim across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head, as is usual on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried out to him to beware of a caiman cebado, then lurking near the pass, urging upon him, at the same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning his advice, the Bladeno replied with characteristic pride, 'Let him come; I was never yet afraid of man or beast.' Then laying aside part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two edged dagger between his teeth and plunged fearlessly into the river.

"He had not proceeded far when the monster rose and made quickly towards him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of 'Jesus Maria Jose!' fearing for the life, and, above all, for the toll of the imprudent traveler. In the meantime the swimmer continued gliding through the water towards the approaching crocodile. A ware of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he should reach the arm-pit, he awaited the moment until the reptile should attack him to throw his saddle at him. This being accomplished so successfully that the crocodile, doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Bladeno plunged his dagger up to the hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to rise no more."

"Proud of his achievement, and scorning the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who offered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming as he did so, 'Is there no other about here?' and then turning, he swam leisurely back to take his horse across. The caimero who related this adventure then added, 'So delighted was I on that occasion that I killed my fattest hen to treat the man to good saucosco for the caiman had devoured all my goats.'"

THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG.

The country has already heard of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg—of how the old man sallied forth, a host within himself, to fight on his own hook, and how he fell wounded after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle into the faces and hearts of his country's foes. John Burns' name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism have an admirer and an emulator.

The old hero Burns still lives—the heroine, sweet Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed, and the perfume-laden air wafted lovingly over Cemetery Hill. Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assault of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for our national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but this she sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a mimic ball pierced her pure heart, and she fell a holy sacrifice in her rebel officer's hands. Almost at the same time a rebel officer of high rank fell near where Jenny Wade had perished. The rebels at once proceeded to prepare a coffin for their fallen leader, but about the time it was finished the surging of the conflict changed the positions of the armies, and Jenny Wade's body was placed in the coffin designed for her country's enemy, and thus the heroine of Gettysburg was buried. The incidents of the heroine and the hero of Gettysburg are beautifully touching, noble, and sublime. Old John Burns was the only man of Gettysburg who participated in the struggle to save the North from invasion, while innocent Jenny Wade was the only sacrifice that the shrine of our country. Let a monument be erected on the ground which covers her, before which the pilgrims to the holy tombs of the heroes of Gettysburg can bow and bless the memory of Jenny Wade. Before the summer sunshine again kisses the grave of Jenny Wade; before the summer birds once more carol where she sleeps in glory; before the flowers again deck the plain made famous by gallant deeds, let a monument rise to greet the skies in token of virtue, daring and nobleness.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

JONES, since his marriage, has taken to talk slightly of the holy estate. Brown says, telling him of the death of a mutual friend's wife, whom the deceased had married for twenty-eight years and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virgin, but died two years after the wedding. "There," said Jones, "there's luck. 'Sug what the fellow escaped by a long courtship!"

AN English Judge, in India, is reported to have thus addressed a person convicted before him, prior to passing sentence: "Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing licks!"

A YOUNG medical student was thrown from his horse at a late meeting at Epsom, and upon a friend asking him, a few days afterwards, "Where were you hurt, Fred?" was it near the vertebra?" he replied, immediately, "Oh, no, it was near the race course."

HEROES AT THE BREAST.—Eggs have been filled with whiskey and shipped in barrels. But now a certain woman sports gutta percha breasts, filled with old Bourbon of best quality and greatest age. From these the soldiers quaff copious draughts.

SO IGNORANT are some of the English peasantry that they took the recent earthquake for a sign that the world was coming to an end, and immediately packed up to emigrate to America to avoid the impending calamity.

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground in the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

TOM MOORE compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

AN Irish lady bought a lot of postage stamps, and for safe keeping, stuck them on the wall, "and," said she, "divil a one of them could I get off next morning."

THERE is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

Publications.

SOUTHERN HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR. By E. A. POLLARD, Editor Richmond Examiner. 1 Vol. 8vo; 400 pages; Cloth, \$2.00. With authentic portraits, on steel, of JACKSON, AND DAVID LEE, BEAUREGARD AND HILL, DRAGG AND JOHNSON, AND PLANS OF BATTLES.

SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR. By E. A. POLLARD, Editor Richmond Examiner, and Author of "First Year of the War." 1 Vol. 8vo; 400 pages; Cloth, \$2. With authentic portraits, on steel, of STEPHENS, GENERAL LONGSTREET, HILL, DRAGG AND JOHNSON, AND PLANS OF BATTLES.

COMPANION TO POLLARD'S HISTORIES. OFFICIAL REPORTS OF BATTLES. Published by order of Congress, Richmond, Va. 1 Vol. 8vo; 600 pages; Cloth, \$2.50.

THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG. AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF GEN. BEAUREGARD. An exact reproduction of the Official Confederate Reports of BATTLES, RAIDS AND SIEGES, which are of the greatest interest and importance. They will command the attention of multitudes of readers in all parts, who desire to know the Southern History of the War.

THE NEW EDITION, 15,000—THE GREAT GENERAL OF THE SOUTH. AN AUTHENTIC LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. LIFE, SERVICES AND CAMPAIGNS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

NOTICE.—The Subscriber will publish in September, a PORTRAIT OF STONEWALL JACKSON WITH AN AUTOGRAPH, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY ONE OF THE BEST ARTISTS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE RURAL AMERICAN.—The Best Paper for Farmers and Fruit Growers.—Eight Dollars Premium for only Twenty Subscribers.—I will send 10,000 copies to circulate the Rural American, DUBLIN, N.Y. Volume VIII commencing January 1st 1864.

MR. BRADBURY'S NEW MUSIC. MR. BRADBURY.—The new collection of Church and Singing Music, by W. B. Bradbury, is ready at last, and the publishers, believe will well repay the money invested in it.

A THOUSAND YEARS.—Work of a Great War Song. Words and Music in January No. A SCHOOL MAGAZINE.—REBEI—CLARK'S SCHOOL.

THE PUBLISHER of this favorite Monthly, in order to reach all Schools, will send the Visitor one year gratis to one person (who will act as Agent) at any post office in the United States. This is an unparalleled offer.

TEETH INSERTED ON AMBER. BASE—DR. N. CHILDS.—Office still at his residence on EAST MARKET STREET, near the Franklin Hotel. Dentistry by Dr. N. Childs, is now conducted in all the modern improvements. Having published to this community for more than two years, that teeth on Amber is every way CHEAPER AND BETTER than teeth on any other material, and will not give out, he has no reason to change his opinion.

DR. W. W. SCHLOSSER, Surgeon. Dentist.—The undersigned has removed his Office from the Madison House to the residence of Mr. John Noel, Northwest corner of the Diamond, and immediately opposite the Franklin Hotel. Office on the second floor—entrance through the passage, to the right as you ascend the stairs.

REMOVAL.—Dr. J. K. REID, Dentist, has removed his office from the corner of the corner of Main and Queen Streets, above Wm. Hozer's Drug Store, Chambersburg, Pa. where he will be pleased to receive the calls of his friends.

A. ELTON & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, LEATHER, SUITS, HATS, AND CALF SKIN. No. 414 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having this day entered into partnership, in the Coak-Making business, in all its various branches, under the name of J. H. B. & Co. The said firm will do business at the stand lately occupied by the late firm of J. H. B. & Co. and will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of the horse by ANDREW J. LOCHBAUM.

REWARD.—Stolen from the pasture field of the subscriber, on Friday night the 7th inst., a white black of Chambersburg, Gettysburg Pike, a large black horse, 8 years old; weighed in the last shoulder, but does not have mane; with white bars on the middle. The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of the horse by ANDREW J. LOCHBAUM.

THE FRANKLIN CLOTHING EMPORIUM. NEWEST STYLES. LARGEST STOCK—CHEAPEST PRICE.

ELLIOTT, CLOTHIER, South-west Corner of the DIAMOND, next door to the Bank, CHAMBERSBURG, Pa. has just returned from the City with a large stock of superior and seasonable Goods, such as CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETT, JEANS, COARDS, &c. for Coats and VESTS, SATIN, MARSEILLES and other Vestings. Also a very full selection of READY-MADE CLOTHING, which is prepared to sell at the lowest prices.

R. C. W. CALBORN & CO'S WHOLESALE AND READY MADE LINEN AND DRESS STUFF MANUFACTORY. No. 5 & 7 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

WESTON & BROTHER, MERCHANT TAILORS. No. 900 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Having received a liberal stock of the latest styles of clothing, we are prepared to make up for our customers, and we assure we take to give entire satisfaction in a business guarantee that we value our customers as a brother.

SADDLERY, HARNESS, &c. SADDLERY! SADDLERY!—Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Collars, Trunks, Valises, &c. Signs of the HOUSE COLLAR, &c. are respectfully returned thanks to his patrons for the liberal consideration received from them heretofore, and he would invite them and the community generally, who may need any thing in his line, to give him a call at his OLD STAND, on the East side of Main Street, Chambersburg, five doors South of Huber & Tolbert's Hardware Store, where he keeps constantly on hand every variety of SADDLERY AND HARNESS of his own manufacture, and has prepared to sell the same at terms that defy competition. Any article offered for sale is warranted to be made of the best material and by competent workmen, which will be free of charge. He would also call the attention of persons wanting a good, neat, cheap and substantial Trunk or Valise, to his assortment.

WHIPS! WHIPS! WHIPS! WILLIAM SHULTZ & SON, Cor. of Main and Washington Streets, Chambersburg, Pa., manufacturers of all kinds of WHIPS, such as Whip, Cat-o-nine-tails, and Riding Whips of various sizes and of superior quality, which they offer to the public, either by Wholesale or Retail, at very moderate prices. LASHES of all lengths kept constantly on hand and for sale by the dozen very cheap. They also manufacture superior HORSE COLLARS, to which they invite attention.

BROADGEARS, COLLARS, HALTERS, and anything in the Leather line belonging to the Saddle and Harness trade, are made by order, and on reasonable terms at GOLDSON'S, opposite the Indian Queen Hotel, Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa.

GORDON HAS A SUPERIOR LOT OF SADDLES, HARNESS, BRIDLES, STIRRUPS, SPURS, which he will sell cheap for cash or good trade.

REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, on reasonable terms, by C. H. GORDON. He invites his friends to come to see him.

Photographic. E. & H. T. ANTHONY, Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. 501 Broadway, New York. CARD PHOTOGRAPHS. Our Catalogue now embraces considerably over Four Thousand different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans &c. &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. Of these we manufacture a great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our Albums have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. The smaller kind can be sent safely by mail at a postage of six cents per copy. The more expensive can be sent by express.