

# The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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Subscription—\$1.50 in advance

## Select Poetry.

Under the Washington Elm,  
CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 27, 1861.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Eighty years have passed, and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore  
They would follow the sign their banners bore,  
And fight till the land was free.  
Half of their work was done,  
Half is left to do,—  
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!  
When the battle is fought and won,  
What shall be told of you!  
Hark!—is the south wind moans,—  
Who are the martyrs down?  
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's  
bones  
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones  
Of the murder-haunted town!  
What if the storm clouds blow?  
What if the green leaves fall?  
Better the crashing tempest's throes  
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;  
Trample them one and all!  
Then, when the battle is won,  
And the land from traitors free,  
Our children shall tell of the strife begun  
When Liberty's second April sun  
Was bright on our brave old tree!

## ETHAN SPIKE ON "DIXIE."

If ever there was a spared monument  
Of manly, I am that ere monument. If  
ever there was a poor, mean, down-trod-  
den cuss, I am in that line of business.—  
If when my case is known there ain't one  
general bust of indignation, tribulation  
and wrath, then I'll bust myself—that's  
all. If the dry bones don't rattle now,  
it must be cos they haint nary a rattle left.  
I kin and will a tail unfold as shall set  
yer hair on end like quills on a frightful  
korkerker. Them as has tears to shed  
had better get em ready to let on, or else  
forever dry up. Tears as wont flow at the  
recital of my sufferings aint ginowine.  
Hea' but strike me.

At a secret session of our provisional  
government it was resolved that among  
other improvements, the "Patriarchal In-  
stitution" should be set up, and I was ap-  
pointed a delegate to go down to Virginy  
an get a couple of likely niggers for seed.  
It wasn't thought necessary to talk money  
to buy em, as everybody said our "South-  
ren Brethren" would be glad to help us  
in propagating their institutions. How  
wofully we miscal—but I wont antici-  
pate—only—blast their pities!

Wal, the mornin arter I got to Rich-  
mond, I sot right about findin a likely pair  
of niggers. There was one fellow at the  
tavern where I stopped, that seemed to be  
about the right sort, so I went right in  
to examine him. I opened his mouth an  
looked at his teeth, an pummed his ribs to  
try his wind. The critter stood all this  
fust rate, only grinning at me, but in the  
course of the examination, when I kin to  
kickin his shins, he rited in a milt. Kin-  
der lowered his head, kin at me full  
chissel, and butted me clean through a  
door. I went end over end, and landed  
flat on my back, where I laid a long time,  
as I darsent get up for fear he'd but me  
agin. But I gin him a piece of my mind.  
"You internal black son of Heen, Sham an  
Jaynt," says I, "what do yer mean?" says  
I, making an effort to arose; but down  
went his head, and I straightened agin.  
"Get out," says I, "you onsarcomized  
old merceno. You soopermoerated mon-  
key, why can't you get out?" says I.

But the suttly cuss only grined and  
snorted, till just as I was gettin out of  
patience he left the room. Thinkin he'd  
clean gone, I ris to a settin poster, when  
quicker than you can think, that pesky  
Kamanite hit me somers in the postmortem  
regions, and cend over end I went agin.  
I crawled under the bed and laid till I  
heard the nigger go down stairs.

I begun to think that if this ere critter  
was a specimen, perhaps it wint perilikely  
economy to introduce slaves into Hornby.  
But I went that night to hear Rev. Dr.  
Somebody preach, an he sid how Slavery  
was a Divine institution, an knowin that  
we are dreadfully in want of Divine insti-  
tutions, I concluded to try further. Wish  
I hadn't.

Next day I met in the street two real  
fat, healthy-lookin niggers—a man an a  
woman they war—an I says to em—  
"Haow are you, darkies?" says I.  
"Who you call darkies?" says the nigger  
that wart the woman. As his eyes  
rolled dreadfully, and he begun to curl in  
his head, I made sure he was going to but  
me, so I jumped over the fence into a  
garding.  
"What you do that for?" said the nig-  
ger with the gown on.

"Cos," says I, "that ere husband of  
yourn was goin to but me."  
"Hi, hi, ho, ho, yah, yah!" yelled both  
niggers together.

"Pears like I shall laugh myself to def-  
f, says the nigger without no goawn—holdin  
his fat sides.  
"What in thunder you laughing at,"  
says I.

"Kase," says she, "you fraid Squash  
goin to but you." An then they both hi hid  
an ho hod and yah yahd again.  
"Who's Squash?" says I.  
"Dat ar my husbin," says she.

"Wal, looky here, Mister Squash," says  
I, "I see suttin to say to you."  
"He no Mister," says she, "he only  
Squash."

"Wal, then," says I, "Squash wouldn't  
you an this ere colored female Squash like  
to go to Hornby?"  
"W har dat ar?" says he-Squash.

"Wal, it lays jest about Nethe from  
here, perhaps Nethe by Nethest."  
"Norf!" said both in a whisper, an  
looked as scart as though they'd seen a  
ghost. "No good for niggers to talk bout  
Norf here," says he. An then he an tother  
Squash went away as fast as they could.  
I went pokin about an hour or so, lookin  
at the niggers an tryin to talk with some  
of em, but they seemed dreeful shy. I  
was jest thinkin what it meant, when a  
chap with a star onto his hat took hold of  
my collar, an—

"Come along," says he.  
"Go along yourself," says I, at the same  
time hittin straight agin, an smashin his  
nose. But in the twinklin of a bootjack a  
dozen more had hold on me, an I was car-  
ried to the court.

"Wot's it all about?" says I to the  
judge.

The judge said nothin, but a clerk got  
up an read a long paper, in which I was  
accused of bein suspected of bein the Pres-  
ident, director an company of the under-  
ground railroad, an that I was tium the  
niggers away.

Says I, "Squire, it's a cussed federal lie.  
Squire," says I, "my person is sacred. I  
an a plenty-percentage from the sivrinity  
of Hornby. I'm here on jewdicial businiss.  
I'm lookin for a good breed of niggers to  
start the Patriarchal institution with,"  
says I.

The judge didn't seem to pay no atten-  
tion to me, but when I stopped, said, as  
this was my fust offense he'd let me off  
with 35 lashes!

"Lucky here, Squire," says I, "you just  
try that on an—"  
Here a handkerchief was crammed into  
my mouth. In two minits more they had  
made a spread eagle of me, an a cussed old  
nigger whaled me with all his might. It  
hurt a wuffly, but I bore it like a martyr,  
as I was; never screamed once—couldn't  
very well, on account of the handkerchief  
in my mouth. Arter I was licked they  
outed me, an told me of I was ketchid  
there agin I'd be sent arter John Brown.

I was mad all over, but remembered that  
easy blows kill the devil. I says,  
"Feller citizens," says I, "I aint an ab-  
erlitionist—I hate em all—I allers did.—  
Everybody in Hornby hates aberlitionists.  
We've seceded!" says I.

"Feller citizens, I kin prove it," an I  
took out of my hata a copy of the Transcript.  
"Here, feller citizens, is the ordinance of  
secession," says I.

That ere paper of yours, Mister Editor,  
liked to lev bin the death of me. The  
crowd yelled and booted like injuss.—  
They said it was an aberlitionist paper,  
editid by Garrison an Nabby Folsom. They  
seized hold of me agin, carried me out of  
town, gin me another lickin, cropped one  
of my ears, shaved half my head, painted  
half my face black an tother half blue, put  
a ring in my nose, an wound up by tar  
an featherin me.

Haow I got hum I kin skersly tell, but  
when I did I was a sight to behold. No-  
body knew me—everybody was afraid of  
me. Aour folks wouldn't let me kin into  
the house, an when I persevered sot the  
dog on me. Two mortal nights I slept in  
a barn an sucked eggs for a livelihood.—  
At the end of that time I had plucked  
part of my fethers an rubbed off a lectle  
of the paint, so that I was partly visible  
agin, an folks begun to find out who it  
was. I don't wonder they didn't know  
me. The fust time I looked in the glass  
I thought I see the devil as much as  
could be. I hollered fire, and run down  
suller.

I am gradually recoverin my fasinily,  
but Doct. Pettigreu says I shall never be  
so harnsum as I was afore this afflictin  
dispensation.

The Government has declared war agin  
Virginy, an when I next visit the Old  
Dominion it will be at the head of the  
forces of Hornby.

We'll see if a citizen of a free sivrinity  
can be licked half out of his skin an facy  
painted with impunity.

P. S. I looked so curus that some ad-

vised me to take up with the offer Barnum  
made me as I kin through New York.—  
He offered me a dollar a day to stay in  
his museum as a native of the Guano Is-  
lands.

## Whistle Your way.

Solomon, when he became used up when  
his running gear was given over to rheu-  
matism and gout, said all was "vanity and  
 vexation of spirit." Solomon couldn't  
whistle. If he could have puckered his  
lips into a vent-hole for a regular whistle,  
he never could have felt so unconsciously  
blue as to condemn the good things of  
this world as vanity.

The man who can whistle and sing is  
snug in his boots. Let care, age, poverty  
and a cart-load of ills overtake him, and  
if he can whistle his way through the  
darkest hours of his trouble, go on his  
course rejoicing, and eventually turn up  
a trump of the first water.

Folks who can whistle, and do not, are  
mean, avaricious and unhappy. Judas  
Isariot was not a whistler. We'll venture  
to assert that the owners of those wretched  
death traps the tenement houses up town,  
can't whistle, and that no man ever heard  
them attempt it. There is too much gen-  
eral, outspoken goodness in a genuine  
whistler, to suit the disposition of a mean  
man. That's so. If you are trading with  
a man and he whistles jovially over his  
business, he won't cheat you. He can't  
do it. He thinks too much of turning  
his tune to bother about turning the  
tables on you. So, too, with the woman  
who is about her daily task singing. She  
makes her home a paradise of good din-  
ners, cosy comfort and white curtains.—  
Nothing will go wrong with her. If she  
is vexed, she will sing off the vexation. If  
she is possessed of vanity, she will sing  
away the worst part of it, and sing the  
other into a species of loveable pride.—  
There are no squalling babies, cross cats,  
snarling dogs, buttonless shirts, and  
marrow-bone suppers, in the house presi-  
ded over by a woman who sings at her  
toil.

Singing men are worth treble those who  
go about their work morose and gouty  
and moodily, as if they were going to bury  
their dearest friend. The "Ye-leave-oh"  
of the sailors accomplishes as much in  
hoisting the anchor as their muscels. There  
is a world of strength in that same "Yo!  
leave, oh!"

The Albany Times, in referring to the  
science of whistling, says: "Whistling is  
an institution. It oils the wheels of care,  
and supplies the place of sunshine. A  
man who whistles has a good heart under  
his shirt front. Such a man only works  
more constantly. A whistling cobbler  
will earn as much more money as a ord-  
wainer who gives way to low spirits and  
indigestion. Who ever heard of a whistler  
among the sharp practitioners of Wall  
street? We pause for an answer. The man  
who attacks whistling throws a stone  
at the head of hilarity, and would, if he  
could, rob June of her roses—August of  
his meadow larks. Such a man should be  
looked to."

Therefore, take heart and whistle. Me-  
thusalem was a whistler, and whistled his  
age out nine hundred years. Solomon  
couldn't whistle, sang only with his sty-  
lus, and therefore soon pegged out. The man  
with a "light heart and a thin pair of  
breeches" is always whistling.

## THE WAR TREADING ON MEN'S CORNS.

A gentleman had occasion for the pain-  
extracting service of a corn-doctor, and  
while the operation was going on the talk  
turned on the state of the times. "Bus-  
ness with me is remarkably dull," re-  
marked the doctor. "You don't say that  
the Southern troubles affect your business,"  
said the patient. "Indeed I do," rejoined  
the doctor. "But really you don't say  
that people, to avoid paying twenty-five  
or fifty cents, will suffer the pain of their  
corns?" "No," replied the doctor, "but  
the times make the people wear their old  
boots and shoes, and they don't have any  
corns."

CHARLESTON.—The condition of affairs  
at Charleston is apparently becoming rather  
desperate. Provisions are very high  
and scarce with the prospect of their be-  
coming still more so when blockade shall  
have been made effective. But this is not  
the only trouble. The troops there are  
becoming disaffected, and refuse to obey  
the behests of their leaders. This fact is  
divulged in an address delivered to one  
of the regiments by Gov. Pickens, which  
indicates that they had refused to leave  
the State to fight the battles of the Con-  
federacy in Virginia.

If the league of friendship is once  
broken, the cabinet of secrecy is unlocked  
and loving confidences fly wildly about  
like uncaged birds.

## Spiking Cannon.

The process by which it is sought to  
render cannon immediately unserviceable  
has by recent events been brought promi-  
nently before the public attention. It is  
an operation which may be done quickly.  
The officer in command of a battery, per-  
ceiving that he will be driven off without  
being able to bring away his guns, spikes  
them, so as to render them useless to their  
captors, as well as to prevent them from  
being turned against him while retreating,  
or on the line on which he intends to fall  
back. The commander of a fort, on aban-  
doning it, as in the instance of Anderson  
at Moultrie, adopts the same measure.—  
Frequent cases are on record of an attack-  
ing party capturing a battery, and being  
in turn driven from it, though not with-  
out first spiking the guns. When Paul  
Jones undertook the destruction of the  
English shipping at Whitehaven, his first  
movement on landing was to seize the  
forts, and render the guns useless in the  
same way. The only defences of the har-  
bor (thus rendered harmless) by a stroke of  
daring which required but a few minutes  
to accomplish, he could proceed unmolest-  
ed to the work of destruction. The great  
point achieved by spiking a gun is to make  
it unserviceable for the time being. Even  
a temporary interruption of its fire is of  
the utmost importance. But no spiking  
yet invented has been able to do more than  
temporarily disable the gun, though vari-  
ous contrivances have been suggested,  
some, however, making its restoration  
more difficult than others.

A favorite mode of spiking is by driving  
a rat-tail file into the vent, and breaking  
it off. If the spike be an ordinary nail,  
made of soft iron, the drill will readily  
remove it; while the hard steel of the  
file will require far greater time and labor.  
The steel spike, rough and jagged, with a  
soft point, is also used. If broken off  
even with the surface of the gun, and the  
point clinched inside by the rammer, re-  
moval is made more difficult. If the spike  
happens to be so small as to fit in loosely,  
it may be driven out by gunpowder; but  
if it be made of hardened steel, with an  
accurate fit to the vent, and is driven  
in with great force, neither drill nor pow-  
der will remove it. A patent spike was  
brought out in England during the Crite-  
man war, which claimed to make a gun  
permanently unserviceable. It consisted  
of a rod of finely-tempered steel, turned  
to fit the vent but to move freely in it,  
and terminating in a forked spring in the  
bore of the gun. It was contended that  
this spike could not be drilled out, because  
it would turn with the drill. But though  
this were true, yet its inventor forgot the  
important fact that the forked points in  
the bore could be cut off by a single blow  
on a cold chisel. When a spike is so fixed  
as to render extraction very difficult, the  
remedy is to drill a new vent, which may  
be done without impairing the usefulness  
of the gun. To do this a competent ma-  
chinist will require some three hours, or  
more or less according to the size of the  
gun. But all spiking at the vent is ad-  
mitted to be only a temporary expedient  
to render artillery unserviceable at the  
moment. Yet even this has often been  
found productive of the most important  
results.

When time is afforded, such as the de-  
liberate abandonment of a military work,  
spiking at the muzzle is sometimes a opted,  
and when thoroughly done, with far  
greater embarrassment to those who subse-  
quently come into possession. A shot is  
driven into the bottom of the bore by  
wrapping it with felt, or using iron wedges  
and employing an iron rammer to drive  
the ball home. When this is done to an  
iron gun, the only method of unspiking it  
is to bore a hole in the breech and drive  
the ball out, closing the hole with a screw.  
To do this, the gun, in most cases, must  
go back to the foundry. In brass guns,  
which usually have vent-pieces, these can  
be taken out and the ball expelled by  
wedges. Various modes for destroying  
cannon are adopted. Shells are sometimes  
exploded in them, while heavy charges  
are put in others, over which sand or shot  
is rammed to the muzzle, and bursting  
follows. One piece is sometimes fired  
against another, muzzle to muzzle, or the  
muzzle of one to the chase of the other.  
In iron guns the trunnions are broken off;  
with brass ones, a fire is lighted under the  
chase, and when struck with a heavy  
sledge while heated, the gun is bent and  
disabled. Had time been allowed Colonel  
Anderson to destroy the cannon in Fort  
Moultrie before abandoning it, there can  
be little doubt, from his long experience  
as an artillery officer, that he would have  
left to the rebels a legacy of crippled guns  
unfit for anything but the foundry.

Lazy rich girls make rich men  
poor, and industrious poor girls make poor  
men rich.

## "Nobody Asked You, Sir."

Where are you going, my pretty maid?  
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.

Who is your father, my pretty maid?  
My father's the miller, sir, she said.

Will you marry me, my pretty maid?  
You offer me freely, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!  
Nobody asked you, sir! she said.

## COURTESY.—Courtesy is not an obser- vance of the conventionalities of society; it is in reality founded on common sense and manly feeling. An uncourteous man is one of the greatest bores in the world. He offends everybody, and instead of be- ing treated with kindness and considera- tion by his neighbor, he is generally in- tensely disliked, and no language is suffi- ciently strong to express his demerits.— To be courteous is simply to pay a proper deference to the feelings of others. A well educated man is generally courteous. The fact of his mind being liberalized teaches him the necessity of exercising this virtue. Benevolent men are always courteous; the desire to give pleasure to others is sufficient inducement for them to cultivate this good quality. It is just as easy to be courteous as the reverse. The time has gone by when bluntness is taken as a sign of honesty. It has been found that dishonest men can be blunt and rude as well as honest men; and com- pliments of deference to the feelings of others, have ceased to be marks of insin- cerity. A person who is habitually dis- courteous, generally possesses little sensi- bility, and he cares nothing about wounding the feeling of others, excusing himself by saying that he only speaks what he thinks; that is, to put forth his own private op- inion, whatever it may be, no matter wheth- er it wound the feeling of his dearest friend. Of course, if a person's opinion is requested, he must tell the truth; but even that can be done in courteous lan- guage which will wound no one. If cour- tesy were more generally practiced, it would be conducive of the best results. Mutual civility among all classes of society would be found a potent remedy for more than half the evils that now oppress us.

## WONDERFUL CHILDREN.—Baillet men- tions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talent, among whom few arrived at an advanced age.— The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes who at the age of fif- teen taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Marandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirably Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters.

Pascal, whose genius developed itself  
at ten years old, did not attain the third  
of a century. In 1791, a child was born  
at Lubeck, named Henri Heineken, whose  
precocity was miraculous. At ten months  
of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learnt  
the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen  
months was perfectly acquainted with the  
Old and New Testament. At two years  
he was as familiar with Ancient History  
as the most erudite authors of antiquity.  
Sansou and Danville only could compete  
with him in geographical knowledge. In  
the ancient and modern languages he was  
a proficient. This wonderful child was  
unfortunately carried off in his fourth  
year. Wonderful children generally die  
young. Things that ripen early rot easy.  
Therefore, do not force your children into  
a hurried growth.

## HOW TO BREAK BAD HABITS.—Evil habits though they sometimes become ap- parently irresistible and incurable, and lead many clever men into speedy destruc- tion, yet none ever become so powerful that they may not be corrected. The firm and resolute determination is more than half of the battle gained. Here is the way to break off from pernicious practices: Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons why the habit is injurious.— Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts that lead into temptation. Frequent the places, associ- ate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy—idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up to the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten or a thousand times. Do not think it is an easy matter you have undertaken, but keep constantly on your guard, that you may not be surprised into sinning. Keep guard constantly.