

# The Alleghanian.

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

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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!—in 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 throe  
 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.—  
Ef when my case is known there ain't no  
general bust of indignation, tribulation  
and wrath, then I'll bust myself—that's  
all. Ef the dry bones don't rattle now,  
it must be cos they hant nary a rattle left.  
I kin and will a tail unfoad as shall set  
yer hair on end like quills on a frightful  
konkerbird. Them as has tears to shed  
had better get em ready to let on, or else  
forever dry up. Tears as won flow at the  
recital of my sufferings aint ginowine.  
Hea' but strike me.  
At a secret session of our pervisional  
government it was resolved that among  
other improvm'nts, the "Patriarchal In-  
stitution" should be sot 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 tak money  
to buy em, as evrybody said our "South-  
ren Brethrin'" would be glad to help us  
in propagating their institutions. How  
wofully we miscal—but I went antici-  
pate—only—blast their pieties!  
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  
fast 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.  
"Yu internal black son of Heen, Shan am  
Jay't," 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 onsarucuzized  
old mercezo. You sopermeoerated mon-  
key, why can't you get out?" says I.  
But the suttty 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 crauled 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 wud perilkise  
economy to introduce slaves into Hornby.  
But I went that night to hear Rev. Dr.  
Somebody preach, an he said 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 nig-  
ger that warnt 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.  
"Wha' 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 gwain—holdin  
his fat sides.  
"Wha't 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 woudn'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 dreedful shy. I  
was jest thinkin wha't 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 hiltin 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-percentary from the sivriny  
of Hornby. I'm here on jowdicial 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 first offense he'd let me off  
with 35 lashes!  
"Looky 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 awfully, 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  
outted me, an told me of I was ketchin  
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.—  
Evrybody in Hornby hates abelitionists.  
We've sesseded!" says I.  
"Feller citizens, I kin prove it;" an I  
took out of my hata 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 abelitionist paper, edit-  
ed by Garrison an Nabby Folson. 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—evrybody was afraid of  
me. Aour folks woudn'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 livelhood.—  
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 first 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 harnum 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 sivriny  
can be licked half out of his skin an  
fancy 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 museam 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 pucker'd 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  
 sung 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  
 Iscariot 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 turnin  
 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 "Yo-heave-oh"  
 of the sailors accomplishes as much in  
 hoisting the anchor as their muscle. 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."

## 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 unmole-  
 sted 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,  
 removal 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 Crim-  
 ean 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.

## "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 rucie 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-  
 teous 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.—Bailet men-  
 tions one hundred and sixty-three children  
 endowed with extraordinary talent, among  
 whom few arrived at an advanced age.—  
 The two sons of Quintillian, so vaunted  
 by their father, did not reach their tenth  
 year. Hermogenes who at the age of five-  
 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 Henneken, whose  
 precocity was marvellous. 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.  
 Sanson 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 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  
 men rich.