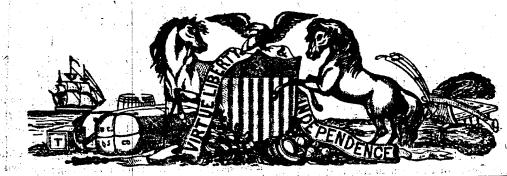
# Altonna



## Tribune.

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NeURUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

NO. 40

REFORM. New-York Benevolent Infirmary,

New-York Benevolent infirmary,

ESTABLISHED 1856,

had devoted to The Gause of Medical Reform; to the Diffusion of Medical Knowledge for the Prevention of Disease, faint of the relief of those suffering and afflicted with Chrosad to the relief of those suffering and this Infirmary is nic and Virulent Disorders. To this end this Infirmary is nic and Virulent Disorders. To this end this Infirmary is nic and Virulent Disorders. To this end the Infirmary is need to chall the sick and suffering throughout the endowed, to enable the sick and suffering throughout the property of the side and Information of the Poismous through which thousands and tens of thousands annually portal.

progs. Extortion, and ignorance by thousands annually through which thousands and tens of thousands annually perish.

The following are some of the diseases we cure, not only at the Infirmary but in all parts of our country: at the Infirmary but in all parts of our country: at the Infirmary but in all parts of our country: a the Infirmary but in all parts of our country: and other dis, Dyspesia, Kyo and Ear Disease, Cancers and other fail, Dyspesia, Kyo and Ear Disease, Cancers and other Tumors, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Seminal Weakness, and all diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, from whatever cause or whatever nature. Our object will be to give joy to the allicited by effecting in all cases appealy cure. Our rule is to charge nothing for advice and written predictions; but will furnish when requested the very best neclicines at the lowest rates.

These remedies are prepared in our own Laboratory, unfact the gare of able Chemists, and are the most reliable known to science, including all the recent discoveries. The analysis of the control of symptoms, and appearances of discose, age, occupation, &c., we will write a caudid reply, with advice and directions we will write a caudid reply, with advice and directions to deasted to furnishing medicine for the poor. In all cases and other to furnishing medicine for the poor. In all cases and for one or more of our works and judge for yourselves. Also published at the Infirmary, to sid these objects.

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Containing simple remedics easily obtained for the cure of placases in all its forms, with full explanations of the cures symptoms, diet, bathing and exercise. Price 50 ct THE LADIES' MEDICAL FRIEND, AND THE PHYSIOLOGY ON MARRIAGE.

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TANK THE

VARLETY

AR CONTINUES to this boat interfer and the state of the s

PROFESS WHICH

PREVENTIVE. We are convinced that there are many parents of scrofulus, consumptive and diseased condition to whom a numerous offspring only brings suffering and poverty. To such we would say write, and we will send information of a sure, well-tested, and never-failing Paeventive.

We will mail free, to any one applying for it, THE JOURNAL OF MEDICAL REFORM.

It is a large and beautiful paper, and contains the most ratuable information on Spermatorheca, or Seminal Weak-ress. The cause, effects and cure, showing the awful of fects of the disease, On all other diseases of the Sexual Organs, a full expla-nation of the origin of Syphilis, the means of prevention

on cure.
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On the Liver, Heart, Stomach and Skin.
On Emple Completion On the Liver, Heart, Stomen and Annual On Female Complaints.
On the various Schools of Medicines.
On the modes of Treatment now practised.
On the False Treatment of Discasses.
On the various Medical Humbugs. On the Physiology of Marriage. On the Common sense of Medicine.

On the Common sense of Medicine.
On Diet, Exercises, and Ablution.
How the Physician should be.
How to prevent Pregnancy.
And many other things. SEND FOR IT.
This journal should be in the hands of every one.
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Correspondents will please enclose two or three stamps
for return postage, and address

DR. A. BERNEY, Secretary.
(Box 141.)

Williamsburg, New York.

(Box 141.) Nov. 15, 1860.-1y

THE ROOT & HERB DOCTOR FROM PHILADELPHIA,

WHO HAS HAD 30 YEARS CON-WHO HAS HAD 30 YEARS CONSTANT practice, can be consulted at the Altoona House, Mr. John Wood's, viz.:—On the 7th of June, the 5th of July, and the 7th of August—he will then vacate for 5 months. Notice will be given in this paper when he commences his Winter's Term again.

He treats all diseases that firsh is heir to. He invites all females who may be suffering with diseases peculiar to their sex, to call and examine his new mode of treatment, as thousands have been restored to health who have been abandoned by others. He is in possession of perfect instruments for sounding the lungs and chest and is therefore able to determine the exact condition of the vital organs—consequently can treat such complaints with greater safety and certainty than it is possible for those who guess at the disease and experiment for its cure. He believes that for every malady, there is found in our soil a sure and never-failing remedy.

Patients can receive treatment for \$5 per month, except in cases of Gancers and Tumors, they vary from \$10 to \$100. Examination free.

N. B.—See Handbliks.

DENTISTRY. IRVIN STEEL, D. D. S., HAV. • ING located permanently in Altoona, respectfully in his services is the different departments of Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry. Office nearly opposite C. Jaggard's Store, Virginia st., Altona, Pa. (May 16, '61-tr.

WM. S. BITTNER. DENTAL SURGEON. OFFICE IN THE MASONIC TEM-PLE, next door to the Post Office. Teeth extracted without pata by the Current Electro-Magnetic Machine.

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Bons desired, with deciments.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

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### Select Poetry.

### A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

BY RALPH RANDOM. Yankee Doodle came to town, To view the "situation," Aud found the world all upside down, A rumpus in the nation; He heard all Europe laugh in scorn, And call him but a noodle; "Laugh on," he cried, "as sure's you're born, I still am Yankee Doodle." Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc.

He found the ragged Southern loons A-training like tarnation, They'd stelen all his silver spoons, And rifled his plantation; "I'll wait awhile," he quietly said, "They may restore the plunder But if they don't, I'll go shead, And thrush them well, by thunder!" Chorus-Yankee Doodle, ctc.

And then the lovely Queen of Spain Told him in honeyed lingo, That she had courted-not in vain-A darkey in Domingo: "My dear," said he, "if you will roam With all the male creation, Pray, don't come here—I can't at home, Allow amalgamation." Chorus Yankes Doodle, etc.

The British lion slowly cyed Dis bales of Southern cotton-"Dear Yankee Doodle," soft he cried, "That stuff is slave begotten:
A brother's tears have bleached it white, It speaks your degradation, But I must have it wrong or right, To keep away starvation,

Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc. Hands off! hands off! good consin John," Said quiet Yankee Doodle, "I am no braggart cotton Don Who'll bear the system fendal; I've heard you prate in Exeter Hall, Of sin and slave pollution, But now I see 'twas blaruey all You love 'the institution!' Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc.

"False words and deeds, to high and low, Bright righteous retribution; And cousin John maghap you know The frigate Constitution! She now is but a rotton boat, But I have half a notion, To set her once again afluat, And drive you from the ocean. Chorus-Yankre Doodle, etc.

"And if, in lengue with her of Spain, With all the past forgotten, You dare to lift the hand of Cain In aid of old King Cotton, Be sure you guard those costly toys You call your 'broad dominious,' For I have lots of Yankee boys Can flog your hireling minions. Chorus Yankee Doodle, etc.

"I trust in Gcd, and in the right, And in this mighty nation; And in this cause would freely fight . The whole combined creation; For when, in Time's impartial gaze, The nation's are reviewed all, I know the meed of honest praise Will rest on Yankee Doodle." Chorus-Yankee Doodle, etc.

#### SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Gives the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case:
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace,
And one by one, as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow.
And words of lire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a Jound
Shall traverse the earth to its ntmost bound—
Words that shall make

Words that shall make

Words that shall make
The tyrant quake.
And the bonds of the slave oppressed shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's night,
'or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the types they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in face with finger and thumb;
But the prince smiled.
And his work beguiled,
By chan'ing a song as the letters he pilled;
While pick and click,
Went the type in the stick;
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick!

"O where is the man with such simple tools, Can govern the world like If
A printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die;
With paper of white and ink of black,
I support the right and wrong attack.

"I pull the strings And break the despot's nose; Or let him whose; Till the people groan; When I need must interpose; Nor yet again
Do I e'en disdain
To talk of lowly wees.

"Then, where is he, "Then, where is the,"
Of who may be be,
Who can rival the printer's power?
To no monarcha that live
The wall doth he give;
Their sway only lasts for an hour;
While the printer still grows,
And God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower." Select Miscellany.

ADVENTURE OF AN ORPHAN BOY. Toward the latter part of the summer of

1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G-, sit-uated at the foot of Seneca Lake, New York, near the centre of the State. He had travelled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly made countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son and left among strangers at the death of his father, Geo. Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio, and remove to the State of New York for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through several towns and villages on his route, without meeting with anything to attract his attention, until reaching G-. This fine town, with its lovely lake and fine scenery struck his fancy; so he determined to obtain employment if possible. and make it his future home:

While walking along the principal street of the shady avenue overlooking the lake on which were located several fine churches and other public buildings, he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot, he found it a public meeting, held for the purpose of raising the pole and making

party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the names of their candidates to the top of the flag-staff. The flag had scarcely reached half way; the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were turned to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped a lit-tle in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their

opponents. At length Judge S-, editor and publisher of the G - Journal, then a caudidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to the person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. The but no one advanced to make the daring

"Will no one volunteer?" shouted the judge, strongly excited as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposi-

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed:

"Yes, sir, I'll climb it !" "You, my lad; are you strong enough?" "On, yes, sir; I am used to climbing."

"Then go ahead, my little Spartan, said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat upon the shoul-Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutch-

ing the pole in a manner that proved him an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro with his weight. Nothing daunted, he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific - everybody, opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S. looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket book

to pay the promised reward. George noticed the action and exclaimed-

"Keep your money, sir, I want no pay for helping to raise an American flag." "Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan, and just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear. "Well, you shall live with me." ex-

claimed the Judge; "I'll take care of you for the future."

Five years have passed away since George Wentworth had been a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S. had been defeated by his politiprofound reasoning of these articles, in lowing letters.

The Editor was informed that the stone cal opponent, and George had been ini- variably carried conviction to the parties tiated into the mysteries of the "Art of to whom they were addressed. All the was taken from an old building, and he Arts." He had become a great favorite newspapers of the party of that Congres- was requested to solve the inscription. with the citizens, and was looked upon as sional district copied them, and curiosity It read: the adopted son of the Judge. It was was on tiptoe to discover the author, as whispered in private circles that he was to they were simply signed by two little be the envied husband of the beautiful and The election passed off, and Judge S accomplished Ida, the Judge's only daugh- was elected by a large majority. from the college swarm around the unac- tablishment was usually closed at twilight their tails against.

had he known the real state of Ida's feel- up at that hour, so the Judge determined ing the thought would have most turned to learn the cause. Requesting his daughhis brain; and could he have interpreted ter to accompany him, they walked up the gleam of joy that flashed from her stairs and quietly entered the office. A eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentisight met their gaze which caused the ment or sally of wit, it would have filled heart of one of them to leap violently. his soul with eestacy and delight.

Ida, her father and George, were enjoying head resting on his arm. the water. George heard the splash made a tender tone. by Ida, and before the Judge could utter "Oh, father!" exclaimed the loving came up with the struggling girl before me!" her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above water till the Judge came to his relief. In a few moments they were safe stopped him, laughing, saying: in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered "It won't do, young rascal! you are in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered Judge embraced George and exclaimed,

with tears starting from his eyes: "God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

By saying nothing about it," replied dream to a bright reality.

"I owe you a thousand times more than I can ever repay, and am too happy in being able to render this slight service." The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed on her preserver with an expression which told volumes. Her father observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence he turned the boat toward the shore. They had reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning, George received a note to meet the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly-what can it mean The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library he commenced:

ily, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner; perlecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself .--I have placed \$5000 in the bank at your think proper, or let it remain on interest, or you can take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. In either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you think of

my proposal?" George was completely bewildered and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he repaired to his room and ful, gained the casement. threw himself on the bed in a paroxism of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had hardly dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honora-

ble living by his own exertions. Various were the rumors set affoat by the scandal mongers of G-, as tothe cause of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion, but their inuendoes were unheeded. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression and his cheeks were paler. The Judge acted toward him in a straight-forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks a friendly nod was all that passed; still she felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed from his loving heart, and tinted his cheek with the tell-tale blush.

and he cherished the pleasing thought that her looks were beaming with love and hope. A little more than a year had passed away, from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election. Excitement ran high and Judge S-was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics, and laborers. The original and vigorous style clear, convincing arguments, deep and

ter. But this George had not dared to Late one night, while Ida and her fahim twitch to see the foppish students light in the printing office. As the es- formed that the stone was for cattle to rub

knowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth! it appeared strange that it should be lit is soul with ecstacy and delight.

At the desk, a short distance from the One fine day in the latter part of June, door, sat George, fast asleep, with his

a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht

As Ida's father stepped forward to awathe Swan which won the cup at the last ken the sleeper, he observed a political regatta under the management of our hero essay lying open on the desk, and a freshly who was standing with his hand on the written article with the mysterious\* \* atmast gazing at the beautiful scenery on tached. The truth flashed upon the the opposite shore; the Judge held the Judge in a moment—he was indebted to tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side George for his success! He beckoned to of the boat frailing her pretty hand Ida, who came trembling to his side .through the clear water of the lake, when Just then they saw by the flickering a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht lamp a smile pass over the slumberers face so that she lost her balance and fell into and he uttered the words "dear Ida," in

a cry, he had kicked off his light summer girl affectionately, throwing her arms shoes and plunged in to her rescue. Be- around him, "do let George come home ing a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he again. It is surely no sin for him to love

> Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, he endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge

from her unexpected bath. The old fairly caught, found out-talk in your sleep, will you? Ha! but here, take Ida. and be happy. I know she loves you. Ha! ha!"

George was bewildered and transported -he had been awakened from a pleasant

Matters were soon explained, and the warm hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.

#### "LIST TO THE MOCKING BIRD."

A strong story is related by the Scott Legion "boys" at the expense of one of the captains attached to their regiment. The story in brief is this:

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment at \_\_\_\_, our officers, while pressing near a handsome dwelling, were listeners to most beautiful music. The unknown vocalist sang in tones so soft, so tremulous and melodious, that they strained their the day time they went by squads past the went home with me in his arms. dwelling, but saw no soul. Once they "Since becoming an inmate of my fam- pursued a sylph like figure to the very

utmost silence reigned for several minutes, forming every duty cheerfully and neg- hearing the music repeated; and when it ceased ambition and worldly interest went er of merry old Eugland once wrote, out with them, so that their dreams were "Leaves have their time to fall"-and disposal; you can use this sum as you One night, when gathered together, the wind whistles without and we see the voice struck up again.

zing. I can't stand it. She must be dis- so much like the fading away of some covered!"

W. determined to reconnoitre the place. discovered, but very pallid and remorse-

Softly raising his head, he peeped withseemed to grow blind for the moment. the mysterious songstress—an ebony hued

negress scouring the tin kettles. W.'s limbs sank beneath him. when the discovered, looking up, shouted:

de fryin' pan at yer head. Don't stand dar peakin' at dis chile." W. left instanter, and the boys who had followed close in the rear, escorted him back to his quarters with peals of

We like point and persplcuity.-The following theory of the aurora borealis is therefore refreshing:

laughter.

When the melofygistic temperature of the horizon is such as to calorocise the impurient indentation of the hemisphere analogy, the cohesion of the borax curbistus becomes surcharghed with the infinitesimal, which are thereby virtually deprived of their fissural disquissions. This is effected, a rapid change is produced in the thorambumpter of the gympasticustus palerium, which causes a convacular in the hegagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aqua verusli. The clouds then become a mass of deodotomized specula of cermocular light, which can only be seen when it is visible."

AN EDITOR SOLD.—The editor of an Figlish paper was recently presented with a stone upon which was carved the fol-

ATT FORC Ubthe LETOR Ilsag IRTA

A In St—
Eminent men were called in to consult

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE. A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what of it? It is, I sup-

shild long since gone to God." "It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

pose, the curl from the head of a dear

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?" "It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I pos-

"I was a little child of four years old. with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my checks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the heavy strokes of the axe, as it went up and down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered: I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending upon my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That

THE FALLING LEAVES .- A sweet singfilled with fancies of the unknown face. that melancholy time is here, and as the leaves sailing along like vessels on the "By Jove!" said one, "this is agoni- wide ocean a pensiveness falls upon us dear heart affectionate and beloved, pas-Eager voices took up the remark, and sing away to the silent land. But ought we not look up to their mighty monu-He crept on tip-toe toword the dwelling, ments instead of becoming saddened at leaped the garden pales, and finally, un- their decay? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills? So stately! so eternal! the joy of man, in. The room was full of the music-he the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth, they are but monu-Lo! prone upon the kitchen hearth sat ments of those poor leaves which flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, however, without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may "Go way dar, you soger man, or I'll fly build it in the world's monument by which men may be taught to remember. not when and where we died but when and how we lived. So much for the lesson of the leaves.

> How a Man feels when he is Shot. -We take the following from a letter written by a gallant Iowa volunteer, who fought in the battle near Springfield, Missouri:

"I was standing, or rather kneeling behind a little bush, reloading my musket, just before the rebels engaged in this close work retreated. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in the shoulder, and fell to the ground. Jumping up, one of the boys asked me if was hurt? I replied I thought not, drew my musket to fire, when he said: "Yes, you are shot right through the shoulder." I think it was that remark, more than the

wound, which caused the field, all at once, to commence whirling around in a very strange manner. I started to leave it. with a half ounce musket ball in my shoulder, and once or twice fell down with dizziness; but in a short time was recovered sufficiently to be able to walk back to Springfield, nine miles, where the ball was taken out."

"That's a beautiful birrid," said Patrick, contemplating a skunk; "but I think the darlint must have been eddycated wid the dandies of New Yorick, he perfumes so much."

The two most precious things now dream of; 'tis true he never felt so happy ther were returning from a party given in upon the matter, and after an immense enclosed in hoops, are girls and kegs of as when in her presence, and it did make honor of his election, they observed a amount of time consumed, they were in powder. Ther's danger of blowing up from both-keep the sparks away from them.