McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

• ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1862.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NO. 48.

KERY!

UTS, SPICES

for the Holidays.

ISINS, &C,

isses, Butter.

EAT FLOUR.

small quantities, and you will find

JACOB WIEE.

ON WHICH

IT IN COOK

AS AND BATING

ing to the public

invited to call at

ic Temple, and all HOEMAREA.

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BOOKS

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MEAL, MC.,

ANNOUN.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

m, (payable invariably in advance,)..... \$1,50

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. — BANKS, Pristor—Preaching are Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening 71 clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every closeday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same on at 9½ o'clock in the morning.

MATHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. LEE SPOTSWOOD.

Describing every Sabbath marning at 11 o'clock. METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. LEE SPOTSWOOD. Past r.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, adin the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the attre Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.—Lebath School in the same room at 2 o'clock P. M.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. C. L. EHENFELD. or. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock in the ovening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the of a the evening at 1 octock. Trayer account in the second every Wednesday evening at 7 octock—that School in same room at 9 octock A. M. RAPTIST—Rev. A. H. Stimowen, Pastor.—Preaching

Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at tack. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at tack. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. 

Proching on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the verific at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday againg at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. ENGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. John Tenor, Pastor—Disservices every Sabbath morning at 10% o'clock and the afternoon at 2 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock the afternoon.
GERMAN CATHOLIC-Rev.
-hivine services every Sabbath morning at 1012 o'clock.
-hi in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1

AURICAN METHODIST-Rev. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON or. Preaching every Fourth Sabbath in each month or Meeting every Faday evening at 7 o'clock. Sab School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 25, 1861, TRAINS Est test Train East arrives: 9,55 P.M., leaves 9,55 P.M. (a. West "8,20 A.M. "8,49 A.M. (b.44) A.M. (b.44) A.M. (c. West "8,55 P.M., "3,10 A.M. (c. West "8,55 P.M., "9,10 P.M. The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Ex-tures Train and Fast Line West, and Mail Train East and West.
INDIANA BRANCH TRAINS connect with Johnstown
Accommodation Trains East and West, Express West, and
Mail train East and West.
ENGCH LEWIS, Gen'l Supt.

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

8 00 A.M. & 11 00 A.M. Eastern Way ..... OFFICE HOURS:—During the week, from 6 45 a. m. till 60 F. M. On Sundays, from 7 45 till 9 00 a. m. GEO. W. PATTON P. M

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 281. A. Y. M., meets on second Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in the third story of the Masonic Temple.

MOUNTAIN R. A. CHAPTER, No. 189 R. A. C., meets on the first Thursday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

MOUNTAIN COUNCIL, No. 9. R. & S. M., meets on the first Monday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same MOUNTAIN COMMANDERY, No. 10, K. T. meets o Miduntain Commandery, No. 10, K. T. meets on the fourth Theaday of each mouth, at 7½ o'clock P. M. in same room as above.

ALTOONA LODGE, No. 473, I. O. of O. F., meets every friday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

VERANDA LODGE, No. 532, I. O. of O. F., meets every Tresday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street.

WINNEBAGO TRIBE, No. 35, I. O. R. M., meets every Tresday evening in the second story of Masonic Temple. Tuesday evening in the second story of Masonic Temple. Council fire kindled at 7th run 30th breath.

ALTOONA DIVISION. No. 311, S. of T., meets every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

STATE OFFICERS. Goernor—Andrew G. Curtin.
Secretary of State—Eli Slifer.
Attorney General—William M. Meredith.
Auditor General—Thomas E. Cochran.
Surveyer General—William L. Wright,
Adjutant General—E. M. Biddle.
State Breasurer—Henry D. Moore.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President Judge, Hon George Tay lor. Associates, Samuel Dean, Adam Moscs. lor. Associates, Samuel Dean, Adam Moscs.
State Senator—Hon. Lewis W. Hall.
Attendolyman—Thaddeus Banks.
Prothonotary—Anthony S. Morrow.
Register and Recorder—Hugh A. Caldwell.
Sherif—Samuel McCamant. Deputy—John Marks.
District Attorney—Benjamin L. Hewit.
County Ommissioners—George L. Cowan, George Koon,
Janes M. Kinkead.

noore. Oroner—A. J. Freeman. Superintendent of Common Schools—John Mitchell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS. Justices of the Peace—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland. rit—John Allison.
1 Council—A. A. Smyth, Daniel Laughman, John Mowell, R. Greenwood, C. R. Hostetter, N. J. Mervine.
10 Council—S. M. Woodkok. Borough Trearrer—B. M. Woodkok.
Borough Trearrer—Daniel Leughman.
School Directors—Geo. B. Cramer, John Shoemaker, J. B.
Hilleman, W. m. Boyden, James Lowther, E. A. Beck.
Treaturer of School Bourd—J. B. Hiteman.
High Constable—Joseph K. Ely.
Collector of State, County, Borough and School Tax—Jos.
K. Ely.

K. Ely.

Auditors—John Lowther, C. J. Mann, Alex. McCormick.

Autitors—John McClelland.

Anixian America—Jacob Hester, J. L. Beifunyder,

Judge of Elections—East Ward—William Maloney.

"West Ward—John L. Piper.

"Rorth Ward—Opristian Whistler.

Impictors—East Ward—D. M. Orieme, John Hooper.

"West Ward—J. K. Bellman, Bobt. Pitckirns.

Borth Ward—Lobt. McCormick. John Condo.

## Select Poetry

THE WOLVES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The following poem, which we find in the Atlantic Monthly for December, may not jingle so musically upon the ear of the casual reader as some others we might select, but to our mind it

Ye who listen to stories told Of the lone woodside and the hungry pack That howls on the fainting traveler's track Flame r d eye-balls that waylay, By the wintry moon, the Lelated sleigh; The lest child sought in the dismal wood, Wishing some angel had been sent Than the gaunt grey herds of the forests are? Swiftly vanish the wild, fleet tracks Before the rifle and woodman's axe; Pattering by night through the city street! Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown Lives a spectre and haunts the town: All night they snuff and snarl before The poor patched window and broken door; They paw the clapboards and claw the thatch; At every crevice they whine and scratch: Their tongues are subtle, and long and thin, And they lap the living blood within Icy keen are the teeth that tear, Red as ruin the eyes that glare. Children crouched in corners cold Shiver in tattered garments old, And start from sleep with bitter pangs At the touch of the phantom's viewless fangs Weary the mother and worn with strife. Still she watches and fights for life. But her hand is weak and weapon small! One little needle against them all! In an evil hour the daughter fled From her poor chamber and wretched bed:

To the door of sin the wolves pursued. Fierce the father and grim with want; His heart is gnawed by the spectre gaunt; Frenzied, stealing forth by night, With whetted knife to the desperate fight, He thought to strike the spectre dead, Oh! ye who listen to stories told When hearts are cheery and nights are cold, Weep no more at the tales you hear-The danger is close and the wolves are near Shudder not at the murderer's name, Marvel not at the maiden's shame, Pass not by with averted eye

Through the city's pitiless solitude

But when the heat of the unseen feet Fellow thou where the spectres glide; Stand like Hope by the mother's side, And be thyself the angel sent To shield the hapless and innocent, He gives but little who gives his tears, He gives his best who aids and cheers. He does well in the forest wild Who slays the monster and saves the child;

But he does better and merits more,

Choice Miscellany

Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

[Original.] MY BIRTH-NIGHT DREAM. BY DAISY HOWARD.

There is a tempest raging outside tonight; and I sit here alone, listening to its strife. The rain is dashing against the windows like mad, and the wind is wailing out a wild miserere—a sad, sullen Dies Ira-and that strikes a chill to my

heart. Twenty-six to-night! lonely, homeless; I had well nigh said friendless; but, thank God, some few friends are left to me. Courage! fainting heart; let you and I look at this thing just as it is. Let us bade him copy the pattern—the crown look our future calmly in the face—you remaining long enough to enable him to

and I, poor heart. First let us count our purse. Just seven cents!-a bright half-dime and two pennies; and poor Jamie's shoes out at the County Surreyor—James L. Gwin.

James M. Kinkead.

Ozunly Surreyor—James L. Gwin.

Prox House Directors—Peter Good, William Burley, David

Amount

Transport

L. L.

toes, and mis bright
by an old felt hat with many and many a hole in it; poor little Jamie! Givestrength, O! Father—strength to a sor-

row-sick soul. Twenty-six to-night, "and all is lost heart; droop not, O! weary head; it is not seemly on your birth-night. All this is very well to write or speak; but it will not still the clamoring of my lonely heart. O! friends of other days, my soul is yearning for your presence. Come back to me -come if but in seeming, and sit thee down in the vacant chairs by my side; for I am weary and lonely, and my heart is aching drearily. Ah! I invoke thee in

so longed for this hour; and now that it has come my heart is fairly flooded with its rich tide of hapdiness. A mist gathers over my eyes, and I grow dreamy; I see, afar off, glimpses of the green pastures softly, I'm dreaming now.

A pleasant, checiful home is mine.cossesses more of the elements of genuine poetry and closed eyes, and pet names long a sound amazingly small to your two and "The ten dollar bill must go to the than anything we have met with in a long while, stranger to me—are whispered in my car. A sister's white hand smooths the hair from my brow; and red lips, that I foolishly thought I had seen grow pale under Somebody stands between me and the storms of life, and smooths the path for is this? a robe of sheeny satin, and gems! | and thrift. gems for me! My jaded eyes gleam brightly; my hair has a touch of its olden lustre, and the roses of other days are terest to the end of the year." crimsoning my cheeks. We are going to the fete-somebody and I. We first visit the nursery, and press a kiss upon two sleeping brows. A golden head lies pil- with her foot. lowed side by side with one of darker hue; two beautiful children that belong to somebody and I. And now we leave our home, and the strong form is close to me vet. guiding my footsteps lovingly. Music is swelling around us, and troops of friends speak kindly as we pass through the crowded rooms. How could we have fancied they had all turned coldly from us? -for, see! they love us now, and beckon us to them. How beautiful life is! How bright the beaming faces around us! How sweet the flowers' fragrance!—the busy hum of voices!-the flash and gleam of jewels! How precious the sense of the sheltering care guiding us about. But hark! What is that? A hollow cough grates upon my ear. I start up and rub my eyes. O, no! no! it cannot, cannot be that this is all a dream. I turn me round and look upon my surroundings. Alas! the bright pageant has departed. A little, feverish form, meets my straining sight; and a cough that sends thrills of dread and anguish surging through my soul, falls upon my ear. I remember me then, that death has robbed me of all my dear ones but poor little Jamie. I remember, too, Jamie's little, worn shoes,

and see the unfinished manuscript lying silk dress?" before me, that must be finished before the coveted shoes could be bought. So dies out many a hope and bright, bright taunting dream. Oh! Jamie!-

THE HISTORY OF CROWNS.

Crowns were originally sacred only to the gods. First there was the little band or bandelet, that fitted tight around the heads of the ancient gods; then two strings or fillets; then leaves and branches and flowers; then finally the conventional crown or circlet, much as we have it at the present day. But soon the emblem of the divinities was transferred to men, such matters." and victors and statesmen and lawgivers and kings and heroes of all sorts, even to a well developed athlete, were duly crowned, until at last the proudest of the rulers adopted the rayed or spiked crown. which was the last form held peculiar by for a more modern time-piece of gold, and gods, forgot to be men. With the Jews tions had come later, the original crown was pointed like horns As we sat before the -horns being the emblems of power and made of a crown in the Lible is when at the same store as myself, and his wife the Amalekites bring Saul's crown to David. According to a rabbinical tradition, Nimrod-Kenaz, the hunter king-was the first to imagine a crown, and the first that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale to be crowned. One day, as he was road to-day. abroad hunting, he looked up to the sky

and saw the figure of a crown in the heavens. He called to a craftsman, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty that the priesthood came direct from God, sired. but imperial power, crowned from Nimrod. "Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this him high priest, judge and supreme legis- cottage like that." lator of the Christian world. So was

closer—closer, ye loved ones. O! I have I would have been an orphan.

HOW TO EARN A HOME.

The other evening I came home with

an extra ten dollar bill in my pocket my childhood knew; I hear the low gur- money that I had carned by out of doors gle of the still waters. Hush! Speak work. The fact is, I'm a clerk in a down Warm kisses are pressed upon my brow port out of it. I suppose this income will aside all imaginary wants." an unpretending little house, for which we that cottage garden next spring!" the kiss of death, are prattling sweet pay \$150 dolars per annum, and Kitty, words close by my side. My precious my wife, you'll understand, does all her song over the glowing fire that night, and mother sits by the table in my home; I own work; so that we lay up a neat little its burden was "Economy and a home of had fancied I had no home! I can see sum every year. I've got a balance of two our own amid the roses and the country the dear silvery hair; and the kind eyes or three hundred dollars at the savings air." that I thought had grown dim with much bank, the hoard of several years, and it is weeping, are smiling lovingly into mine. astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me! Well, I came home with my extra bill I am not jaded and weary-hearted. What of course was delighed with my industry

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with in-

Forthwith I commenced casting interwas silent, and rocked the cradle musingly

got this extra money, we might afford to stood in exactly the same spot, and strug- his man, not knowing to what State he buy a new rug. This is getting dreadfully gled bravely out of it, and you are neither belonged; the fatal ball was sped on its shabby, my dear, you must see." I looked dolefully at the rug; it was

vorn and shabby enough, that was a fact. "I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife. "Velvet-seven dollars," groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my caucary her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it." "And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coax-

ngly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all

Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw." "But havn't you got a pretty green

"That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married." "Is it soiled, or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress forever! Everybody knows it is the only silk dress I have." "Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is trouble and care; you have got to fight getting."

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming.

"Of course—you men have no taste in We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my iourney home. I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch

the gods. This was in those days of de- had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to generacy when kings, pretending to be further that purpose. Savings-bank reflec-As we sat before the fire each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, prowess with them; and the first mention knocked at the door. He was employed

was an old family friend. "I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased

"What! that beautiful little wooden

almost enviously. "Is it possible?" I cried. A little do so; and ever afterwards he wore that cottage home of my own, just like that I crown in obedience to the will of Heaven, had often admired on the Bloomingdale and no one could look upon it without road, had always been the crowning amblindness. Pope Gregory VII used to bition of my life—a distant and almost toes, and his bright locks uncovered, save say, sneeringly, in allusion to this story, hopeless point, but no less earnestly de-

The "mitre" of the Church is only the happen? You've only been in business old Jewish horn-crown, in its turn copied eight or ten years longer than. I, at a salfrom the Egyptian; while the Pope's tiara ary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I except a little life." But, courage! poor is the same mitre triply crowned, to mark could as soon buy the mint as purchase a

"Well," said my neighbor "we have the king of old time ever a twofold per- all been working to this end for years. sonage—high priest and chief magistrate My wife has darned, patched, mended and in one; and it has been an endless struggle saved-we have lived on plain fare, and hitherto to simplefy his pretensions. This, done with the cheapest things. But the too, is one of the many creaking legacies | magic charm of the whole affair was that |

omical man, and he was glad to sell at a our meaning.

moderate price. So you see that even 'hard times" have helped me!" When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and

I looked meaningly at one another.
"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't bad after all, and my green silk will do a year longer with care." "And a silver watch town store, at a sallary of \$600 per an- is quite as good for all practical purposes, num, and a pretty wife and baby to sup- as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set

three thousand dollar office-holders, but bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economise the nevertheless we contrive to live very com- coppers just as Mrs. Wilmor did. Oh, fortably upon it. We live on a floor of how happy she will be among the roses in Our merry tea-kettle sung us a cheerful

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED. Don't get discouraged! Whoever gained weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and beest, and calculating in my brain. Kitty gin again. There are some people who of which was from the town of Watereven to look at is worse than a dose of bury, was sent to Virginia. The battle chamomile tea. What if you do happen of Manassas was fought, in which they "I've been thinking Harry," said she, to be a little puzzled on the dollar and were engaged, and so was Summerfield. after a moments pause, that "since you've cent question? Others besides you have During the battle, Summerfield marked halt, lame nor blind, that you can do likewise! The weather may be dark and rainy-very well; laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow! Business may be dull; make the best of to appropriate to his own use. The fight what you have, and look forward to some- was over, and Summerfield had time to thing more hopeful. If you catch a fall, examine his prize, when remarkable as it don't lament over your bruise, but be may appear, the coat was marked with tious better half, who, seing she couldn't thankful that no bones are broken. If you the name of Thomas Holmes, and in the can't afford roust beef and plum pudding pockets were found letters signed with the eat your codfish joyfully and bless your names of the sisters whom Summerfield stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you had known in New York, and to whom thereby escape! But the moment you be he had made the remark we have quoted, gin to look over your troubles, and count in which the dead man was addressed as up the calamities you may as well throw brother. The evidence was conclusive-

yourself over the wharfs and be done with he had killed the brother of his friends. it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived, and the remark which he had made in "What is it!" I asked, softening rapidly. might have woes enough, if he set himself jest had a melancholy fulfillment. We "I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern seriously to work looking them up. They are assured this narrative is literally true, on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars,—only six dollars—only six d discover what is a great deal better let Dont get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband

says the new shirts you worked over so long 'set like bags." Make another pudding -begin the shirts anew! Don't feel 'down in the mouth" because the dust crockery will get broken. Being a woman the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and when you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh; never turn a blessing around to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else. Never allow yourself to get discouraged and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of place after all.

A SAILOR'S YARN.-Jack Brace tells the

following story in the Boston Journal: On

the passage, last Summer, of the ship Comet from San Francisco to New York, a mischievous sailor lad, the captain's apprentice, for some practical joke on the cooper was headed up by that personage in an empty water-cask on deck. Suddenly there came on a blow, and, in a severe lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled not noticed by those on board. Fortucottage with the piazza, and lawn, and nately the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach on the coast of New Jersey. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking around it, one came so near that the boy put his hand out of the bunghole and seized her tail, which he instantly drew into the hole, and held on with both hands. The cow bellowed and ran for a rock on the beach, and knocked it, as particularly active. we may say, into a cocked hat. The boy thus providentially released, was discovered by some fishermen and taken care of until he was sent to New York.

## SINGULAR WAR INCIDENT:

The Lynchburg Republican publishes the following incident, remarkable alike for its singularity, as well as for its melancholy fulfillment to the brother of one of the parties concerned: Just before the war broke out, and before Lincoln's proclamation was issued, a young Virginian named Summerfield, was visiting the city of New York where he made the acquaintance of two Misses Holmes of Waterbury, Vermont. He became somewhat intimate with the young ladies, and the intercourse seemed to be mutually agreeable. The proclamation was issued, and the whole North thrown into a blaze of excitement. On visiting the ladies one evening, at the hour of parting they remarked that their present meeting would probably be their last; they must hurry home to aid in making up the overcoats and clothing for the volunteers from their town. Summerfield expressed his regret anything by drawing down the corners of that they must leave, but at the same my tired feet. I am not poor and lonely; and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who his mouth when a cloud came over the time especially requested them to see that sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead, the overcoats were well made, as it was his intention, if he ever met the Vermont regiment in battle, to kill one of them and

take his coat. Now for the sequel. Virginia seceded. The Second Vermont regiment, a portion errand of death; the victim fell at the flash of the gun, and, upon rushing up to secure the dead man's arms, Summerfield observed that he had a fine new overcoat strapped to his back, which he determined with the singularity of the incident.

## DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, whose death occurred rather suddenly on Sunday, the 15th ult., in London, of gastric fever, was born at Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe Cowill settle, and clothes will wear out, and burg Gotha, under whose immediate personal superintendence he received an addon't procure you an exemption from mirable education, which he completed by attending the University of Bonn, during three academical seasons. In July, 1838, he visitted England, in company with Leopold, King of Belgium, and spent some time at the court of the youthful queen, and in November, 1839, it was formrlly announced to the privy council, by the Queen, that she intended to form a matri monial alliance with Prince Albert. The secret had long been public property, but was kept in suspense by the decorous contradictions of the ministerial journals. The marriage was solemnized Feb. 10, 1840. For the purpose of rendering him perfectly independent, the munificent personal allowance of \$150,000 a year was made to him by Parliament. Beside which he was a field-marshal, Knight of the Garter, and other orders, colonel of the Fusilier Guards, and held a number of other lucrative or honorary appointments. He was a man of refined taste, and an accomplished musician and draughtsman. Forbidden by his position from interfering in politics, he occuover into the sea. The circumstance was pied himself with superintending the education of his children. The progress of the arts and sciences, and general philanthropic subjects, such as the "dwellings of the working classes," sanitary arrangements, &c., also engaged his attention.-He was patron and president of numerous charitable institutions, in which he took a personal interest. As President of the Society of Arts, he was the chief promoter of the great exhibition of 1851. He was noted, in a country of scientific agriculturists, for the spirit with which he carried out agricultural experiments, and his farming stock has been frequently exdear life, and after running some two hun- hibited, and gained prizes. As a patron dred yards with the cask, struck it against of art, Prince Albert has shown himself

UNWRITTEN POETRY.-It is stamped upon the broad blue sky-it twinkles in every star, -it mingles in the ocean's surge when you doubt between two words, lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeons colors left us by the Jews.—All the Year Round.

we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual, positive want. Yes, I most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as have seen my wife lay by red coppers, one you would a rogue; love simple ones as you cloud. It is in the mountain's height and vain; but no—what is this? As I live, playful child, "What would you have been every chair is filled! and loving words without your pious father and mother?" the little rogue replied. "I suppose ma'am, the owner was not what you call an econwill grammatically and gracefully express can see the hand of God, there coanty finds her dwelling-place.