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ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1862.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)... All papers discontinued at the expiration of

ines with paper, per year.... 5 0
Communications of a political character or individual in Communications of a political character or individual in-terest will be charged according to the above rates. Advertisements not marked with the number of inser-tions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged ac-sording to the above terms. Business notices five cents per line for every insertion. Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C. PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. — Banes, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same room at 9½ o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. Lee Spotswoon. Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting if the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.—Sabbath School in the same room at 2 o'clock P. M. PVANGELICAL LUTTHERAM—Rev. C. L. EREEMERLD.

BAKERY!

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NUTS, SPICES

a good stock of place

RAISINS, AC,

plasses. Butter.

HEAT PLOUR,

N MEAL, AC., or small quantities, k and you will find

JACOB WISE

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are invited to call at onic Tempth, and ca-SHORMARKS. For Blair County. Cooking and for (Aug. 12, 1881.

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agency,

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AZETTE.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. C. L. EHERNFELD,
Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock,
and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the
Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.—
Sabbath School in same room at 9 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST-Rev. A. H. SEKROWER, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting overy Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Eabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. To clock. Saturat school at 9 o creek A. M.
UNITED BRETHREN—Rev. Samuel Kephart. Pastor.
Preaching every Salbath morning at 11 o clock, and in the
croing at 7 o clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room
every Wednesday evening at 7 o clock. Salbata School in
the same room at 9 o clock in the meruing.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—(No regular Pastor.)— Preaching on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the stepling at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesdevening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. evening at 7 octoor. Sabath School at 9 octoor A. M. BNGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. John Tuice, Pastor—Divine services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the aftern oon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock GERMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. ——

-Divine services every Sabbath morning at 101/4 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 AFRICAN METHODIST-Rev. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Pastor.—Preaching every Fourth Sabbath in each mouth. Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sab-bath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

Hypross Train East arrives 9,35 P.M., leaves 9,55 P.M. " 7,40 A. M. " 7,55 A. M. " 8,55 P. M., " 9,10 P. M. " 12,95 P. H. " 12,95 P. H. " 3,15 P. M., " 3,30 P. M. The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Ex-INDIANA BRANCH TRAINS connect with Mail train

and Johnstown Accommodation East and West, Express West, and with Local Freights. ENOCH LEWIS, Gen'l Supt.

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

8 00 A. M. & 11 00 A. M. 7 00 MAILS ARRIVE. 8.15 A. M. & 11 15 A. M. Hollidayaburg... 1 55 P. M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 281. A. Y. M., meets on second Tuesday of each month, at 71/4 o'clock P. M., in the third story of the Manonic Temple.

MOUNTAIN B. A. CHAPTER, No. 189. R. A. C., meets on the first Thursday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., le 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 room as show. MOUNTAIN COMMANDERY, No. 10, K. T. meets on be fourth Tuesday of each mouth, at 7½0'clock P. M., a same room as above.

ALTOONA LUDGE, No. 473, I. O. of O. F. meets every 'riday avoning; at 7½0'clock, in the second story of the dasonic Tempts. seconic Temple. VERANDA LODOE, No. 532, I. O. of O. F., meets every Taesday orening, at 714 o'clock, in third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street.
WINNEBAGO TRIBE, No. 35, I. O. R. M., meets every WINNEBAGO TRIBE, No. 35, 1: U. E. M., mecus every 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.

fovernor—Andrew G. Curtin.
Secretary of State—Ell Sifer.
Attorney General—William M. Meredith.
Auditor General—William L. Wright.
Adjutant General—William L. Wright.
Adjutant General—E. M. Biddle.

Judges of the Courts.—President Judge, Hon George Taylor, Associates, Samuel Bean, Adam Moses, Bate Senator—Hon. Lewis W. Hall.
Anemblyman—Thaddeus Banks.
Prothostary—Anthony S. Morrow.
Register and Recorder—Hugh A. Caldwell.
Marif—Samuel McCamant. Deputy—John Marks.
District Attorney—Benjamin L. Howit.
County Commissioners—George L. Cowan, George Koon,
James M. Kinkead.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

antly Europeyor—James L. Gwin, naturer—John McKeage, or House Directors—Peter Good, William Burley, David Aurandt.

Ounty Anditors.—A. M. Lloyd, Robt. M. Mesaimer, L. L.

Moore. Coroner A. J. Fraeman.
Superintendent of Common Schools-John Mitchell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Justices of the Prace—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland Burgers—John Allison. Town Council—A A. Royald Design Council—A Royald Design Council Design Counc Barget: John Allison.
Non Council—A. A. Smyth, Daniel Laughman, John Mc.
Dowell, R. Greenwood, D. R. Hostetter, N. J. Mervine.
Clerk to Council—S. M. Woodkok.
Borough Treasurer—Daniel Laughman.
School Directoris—Géo. B. Cramer, John Shoemaker, J. B.
Hileman, W. Boyden, James Lowther, E. A. Beck.
Treasurer of School Board—J. B. Hileman.
High Constable—Joseph R. Ely.
Collector of State, County, Horough; and School Tax—Jos.
E. Ely.

E. Ely John Lowther, C. J. Mann, Alex. McCormick.
Antitors—John McGhelland.
Antitors—John McGhelland.
Antitors—Jacob Hesser, J. L. Reifenyder.
Jedge of Elections—East Ward—William Majousy.

West Ward—John L. Pipter.

North Ward—Christian Whistler.

Jamestors—Kast Ward—J. M. Oreene; John Hooper.

West Ward—J. E. Bellman, Both. Pitcairns.

West Ward—J. E. Bellman, Both. Pitcairns.

Worth Ward—Kobt. McCormick, John Gondo.

After a short prayer, the minister and from leaven.

Choice Poetry.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RIGHT.

BY RICHARD COE. Let every loyal heart to-day Send up a shout of praise

Unto the mighty Triune God The Author of our days; That He hath given victory Unto the cause of right, And laid the rebel minions low Beneath the bloody fight!

We know full well our cause is just-Our men both true and brave; That Freedom's banner ne'er was meant To float above the slave;

We know that "truth when crushed to earth Will rise again" in might: And, knowing this, we give to God The glory of the fight! We have a faith, outreaching time. That this our land shall be

The heritage of all the earth, That labor to be free-That stricken millions shall arise And kindle at the sight: Believing this we give to God The glory of the fight!

Now, unto each and every one That hastened to the field, The homage of a nation's praise With grateful hearts we vield! But unto Him who led our hosts, And bared his arm of might, To Him we give the choicest praise,

Then let each loyal heart to-day Send up a shout of praise Unto the mighty Triune God, The Author of our days; That He hath sent the victory Unto the cause of right, And laid the rebel minious low Beneath the bloody fight!

The glory of the fight!

Select Miscellany.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A True Story.

The chaplain came at last to a cot, set somewhat by itself outside the wards. Here, reclining at length, was a young pain. He was unusually noble in his surprise upon the chaplain. countenance. His brow was broad and a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain now?" experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in his beauty; still he felt that there was no immediate danger.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed, softly.

"In the right side below the ribs," was the reply.

"Is he in danger?" "O! no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now. Charles," he ad-OFFICE Hours:—During the week, from 6 45 A. M. till 7 00 F. M. On Sundays, from 7 45 till 9 00 A. M.

GEO. W. PATTON P. M.

"the chaplain is going the rounds, would "the chaplain is going the rounds, would you like to see him?"

"O! certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling. "I am very glad to see him," and he held out his hand. His highest health, his clasp was yigorous.

"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend." said the chaplain. "O! only the casualty of war; we must ome of us expect it, you know."

"Do you suffer much?" "At times, sir, very severely; I feel so vell, only the distress here," and he pres-

sed his hand to his side. "You will be up soon, I hope."

"I trust so, sir: the doctors say it is a bad wound but will yield with care. 1

when the hardy soldier feels the pang of he gasped: pain. It is your name he calls, your form he sees through the mists of delirium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest, through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most chaplain. for him; and on the tented field, the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of

love and beauty.
"I can imagine how you feel," said the is a Friend who will be to you more than mother." mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man. "I am a professor of religion, and "Yes." The word came in a whisper. where I am perfectly willing to die."

but in life you know it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

the surgeon again, "and likely to recover." chaplain. "The bitterness is over now

the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he er"-he paused, gave one sob, dry, and

echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on I thought of them all. Tell my father many an ear that would never hear the that I am glad he gave me his consent. around him as he closed the last sheet and I find that Christ will not desert the passet back with folded hands, to think. He sing soul; and that I wish him to give volunteer with whom he had spoken last, And now will you pray for me?" haunted him. He arose to move to the window where the breeze was cooler, that devoted man, as he knelt by the bedwhen a knock was heard at the door, and side of that dying volunteer, the young a rapid voice called "Chaplain." He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the who was passing away could hear, be sought

more sorry still to give you an unpleasant ing of such unutterable tenderness taken duty to perform."

joinder. "The fine young fellow whom you

talked with is going." "What! you do not mean-" "Won't live an hour or two at the most. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't;

ease it you know." A great shadow fell on the chaplain for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he replied:

"It is a sad errand, but none the less your rest." my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, ndeed, I cannot. His voice was so strong, his manner so natural! I'll be there presently." And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for more strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and man, whose face bore slight traces of suf- disease. Going softly up to the couch at fering. It was flushed with a hue like which he had stood before, the chaplain unto health; the eyes were undimmed, and gazed upon the face before him. It looked only the position of his hands, which were as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but ON AND APTER MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1862, TRAINS | thrown over his head and locked in almost | he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, spasmodic tightness, told that he was in his eyes flew open and rested with some

"I felt as if I must see you again befair, and the thick locks that clustered back | fore I retired," said the latter, striving to | from the temples, curled like the ringlets of steady his voice. "How do you feel lowing was ever in print:

"O! better, I thank you : in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, hough he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chapain's throat. How should be tell him of his danger?-how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty?the poor, hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for. Another moment, and the young man appeared to be struck with some peculiarity in the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was painful, and strove to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he voice was strong and ringing, as with the said quietly: "you must be very faithful for it is past midnight." "I was on the point of going to bed

when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the tearful res-

"Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man, with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer; for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger; that eye so full of sympathy! only wish I had my mother here. She Still a strange silence! What did it has heard of it, and doubtless, started be- mean? The sick man's inquiring glance fore this. It will seem so comfortable to changed for a moment to one of intense see her; you don't know how I long for terror. He raised both arms-let them fall heavily on the coverlet at his side, Ah! mothers, you are first thought of and in a voice totally altered by emotion,

"Great heaven! you mean me." "My dear friend?" said the chaplain unmanned.

"I am to die. then-and-how-long?" his eyes once more sought those of his

"You have made your peace with God let death come as soon as it will, He will carry you over the river."

"Yes; but this is awfully sudden! awchaplain, "and I have no doubt you will fully sudden!" his lips quivered; he looked see her soon. Meanwhile you know there up gricvingly-"and shall I not see my

"Crhist is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

have been for years. When I was shot, His eyes were closed; the lips still wore aye, and before, I commended my soul to that trembling grief, as if the chastisement him for life or death; but I confess I have were too sore, too hard to be borne, but much to live for. I am not brought yet as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon "It may be for the reason that you are the wings of prayer, the countenance grew not yet called to die," replied the chaplain, calmer, the lip steadier, and when the eyes were opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only

strong and sanguine," he said, as he met said, more feebly, taking the hand of the "No doubt of it, sir, no doubt," was and I feel willing to die. Tell my mothfull of the last anguish of earth-"tell her The hour of midnight had struck from how I longed to see her, but if God will the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it permit me, I will be near her. Tell her knelled the departing moments, and the to comfort all who loved me, to say that sound of the striking hours again. The and that other fathers will mourn for othchaplain still sat up in his own room wri- er sons. Tell my minister, by word or ting letters for three or four of the wound- letter, that I thought of him, and that I ed soldiers, and a strange stillness fell thank him for all his counsels. Tell him could not tell why, but do what and go my testimony to the living, that nothing where he would, the face of the young is of real worth but the religion of Jesus.

O! what emotions swelled the heart of soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the car of God and that of him din moonlight that crept into the pas- God's grace and presence. Never in all his experienc had his heart been so pow-"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and erfully wrought upon; never had a feelpossession of his soul. He seemed already "Why, what is it?" was the quick re- in the presence of a gloried spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down, and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and the mother, and finally I thought of you. You can as well as himself. So perhaps thought the dving soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said: "Thank you! I wont trouble you any longer; you are wearied out-go to

"The Lord God be with you!" was the fervent response.

"Amen!" trembled from the fast white-

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily about his room .-There were hurried sounds, overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word— "Gone."

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

JOHN RANDOLPH OUTDONE.

Of the many anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we don't believe the fol-

He was traveling in a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted. In the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inkeeper was a fine old gentleman, and, no doubt, of one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who this distinguished guest was, he endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows;

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. "Sir!" said Randolph, with a look of

lispleasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which vay are you traveling?"

"Have I paid my bill?" "Yes." "Do I owe you anything more?"

"No." "Well, I am going just where I pleaseyou understand?"

" Yes." "The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes the servant returned to inquire which of the forks of the road to take .-Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent! just take which road you please." It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

Many years ago a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be not draw out the fact by any indirect conthis as it may the following dialogue en-

Court-What is your name, sir? Answer-My name is Knott Martin,

your honor. C.—Well, what is it? A .- It is Knott Martin.

ask you what your name is not, but what it is. No contempt of Court, sir. A .- If your honor will give me leave I'll spell my name.

C.—Well, spell it. A .- K-n-o double t, Knott, M-a-r-t-i-n, Martin-Knott Martin. C.-O, very well, Mr. Martin, we see through it now, but it is one of the most knotty cases we have had before us for ther gave it to me."

"Much remains unsung," as the the sick man parted. "He seems very "I thank you for your courage," he almuptly cut short his serenade.

some time.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES. Wherever the rifle and the axe of the

hardy pioneer were seen, there were also sure to appear not long afterwards the saddle bags of the Methodist minister.-An anecdote which we find in the sketch of Richmond Nolley well illustrates this. Mr. Nolley was one of a small band of missionaries sent out from the South Carolina conference, about 1812, to labor in the wilds of Mississippi and Louisiana which were then very sparsely settled, and occupied to some extent by tribes of not always friendly Indians. Mr. Nolley was a man of great energy, zeal and courage. He was exposed to many dangers in the prosecution in his work both from the hostile savages and the opposition of white men. But he was rigidly faithful, and omitted no opportunity of doing good to persons of any color or condition, in whatever obscure corner he could find them.-On one occasion, while traveling he came upon a fresh wagon-track and following it ne discovered an emigrant family who had iust reached the spot where they intended to make their home. The man, who was just putting out his team, saw at once, by the costume and bearing of the stranger what his calling was and exclaimed, What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went into a new settlement in Georgia, where I thought I should be quite quiet unpretending manner, and in this beyond their reach, but they got my wife connection it might be remarked that the and daughter into the church. Then, in aversion to public funerals is growing in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I England. The last Duke of Portland, found a piece of good land, and was sure one of the wealthiest noblemen in Eng-I should have some peace of the preachers, land, expressly directed in his will that but here is one before my wagon is un- the expenses of his funeral should not exloaded." "My friend," said Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist late Lord Herbert were carried by his preachers there; and if to hell, I'm afraid own servants from his mansion to the byou'll find some there; and you see how it zantine church, which he had built, and

terms with us, and be at peace." was very extensive in that section. He was not at all a facetious man, but his his honest directness in dealing with souls, positeness of genuine wit. On one occapreaching he met the class, or members of teries in London. The Duchess of Kent. the society, and spoke with them, as is the Queen's mother, desired to be buried customary, respecting their religious experience. After going through with the neral was quite private, with ne members, he turned to an elderly man sitting apart and inqured after his spiritual state. The old gentleman, after some hesitation, replied: "I am like old Pauliwhen I would do good, evil is present with me." To which Mr. Hull answered; 'I'm afraid you are like old Noah too get drunk sometimes!" He was a perfect stanger to him but it was a centre shot:

for the poor old man was a drunkard. Billy Hibbard was one of the most eccentric of characters, but withal a most agreeable person, and a man of unbounded good will. Of large general information, with an ease of manner which made him equally at home in the highest and in the owest circles, his remarkable powers of conversation and exuberant yet sensible oleasantry, together with his enterprising religious zeal, made him wonderfully popdar and successfull in his calling. No man was ever a heartier Arminian than he. and the Five Points of Calvinism, were almost sure to receive a blow somewhere in his sermon, no matter what the theme or the text. Yet he was always on the most intimate terms with the preachers of the antagonistic theology. Brother Hibbard, said a good Presbyterian friend, 'you hart my feelings yesterday." Why how Brother did I do that? He referred him to some doctrinal remark in the discourse. "Oh," said Hibbard, "I'm sorry you took that,-I meant that for the devil and you have stepped in and taken the blow. Don't get between me and the devil, brother, and then you won't get hart."

On one occasion he had a newspaper controversy on some theological topic with Dr. Lyman Beecher, the disputants being personally strangers. Not long after, while journeying on horseback in Connecticut, the two met. Dr. Beecher suspected his companion to be a preacher but could versation till he asked him plumply, "are you not a minister of the gospel? "I am," said Hibbard. "Do you belong to the standing order " "No, I belong to the kneeling order." So characteristic a reply unmistakably indicated Billy Hibbard to the skrewd mind of his interlocutor, and he C,-"Knott Martin," again! We don't at once introduced himself. The acquaintance thus begun was an amicable one.

His ready wit never failed him. Once when the roll-call of the conference gave his name as William, he arose and objected his freasures in Heaven to answering to that name, insisting that his name was Billy. "Why Brother Hib-bard," said Bishop Asbury, "Billy is a see um again?" little boy's name." "Yes, bishop," he replied. "and I was a litle boy when my fu-

This quality in these pioneer preachers was by no means a rare one, and it sometimes became a most offective weapon, whether in silencing an antagonist, repulsing a caviler, or giving zest to a social "The heding remedy, you goose will a strug." tom-cat remarked to the brickbat when it whether in silencing an antagonist, repul-

intercourse. Of Jesse Lee, the early appearance tle of Methodism in New England, it is related that one day, while traveling on horseback, he fell in in with two lawyers who taking a place on each side of him began to quiz him. They inquired if he wrote his sermons. He replied in the negative. But do you not sometimes make mistakes, for instance, in quoting scripture? "Perhaps so, sometimes, but not often." "When you find you have made a mistake, do you not correct it?" Not always; if it involves no essential I let it pass. The other day I tried to repeat the passage where it says the devil is a liar and the father of them; I got it "The devil is a lawyer and the father of them," but I hardly thought it necessary to rectify so unimportant an error. By this time one of the young sprigs was prompted to remark to the other, he hardly knew whether the fellow was a knave or a fool. Lee glanced meaningly on either hand, and replied, perhaps between the two. The young gentlemen by this time concluded to leave the itinerant to his own meditations. -North American Review.

PUBLIC FUNERALS IN ENGLAND. Prince Albert had a decided aversion to expensive or extensive obsequies, and it was in accordance with his known wishes that his funeral was conducted in such a is in this world. So you had better make were followed by his widow, his children, and his tenantry, all on foot. The body Hope Hull was one of the pioneers of of Sir James Graham reposes in a counthe denomination in Georgia, and his fame try churchyard, under a plain stone bearing only his name with the date of his birth and death. The late Duke of Suswonderful penetration into character with sex, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, the uncle and nunt of sometimes gave to his language all the up- the Queen, who were entitled to a royal funeral in the chapel at Windsor, chose sion while a circuit missionary, after to be interred in one of the public cemeneral was quite private, with no official pomp. So it was with the Prince's Con-

> A "ZEALOUS" COLONEL VS. A "ZEALous" CHAPLAIN.—One of the Chaplains of the Army of the Potomac called on a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. Me was politely received, and beckoned to a seat on a chest.

"Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the Colonel.

"Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your "Well, I don't know," was the Colonel's

answer. "A lively interest," remarked the Chap-

lain. "has been awakened in the regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been already baptized!" [This was a rival regiment. "Is that so, pon honor?" asked the

Colonel. "Yes, sir," replied the Chaplain. "Sergeant," said the Colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed, immediately, to be baptized; I'll be —— if I'll be outdone in any respect!" The Chaplain took a note of the inter-

view, and withdrew.

A kind hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore. "Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife. Well has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

WHAT A WESTERN EDITOR WARTS Wanted at this office, a bulldog, of any color except pumpkin and milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped care all-brevited continuation, and had disposition—who can come when called with a new beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco-juice on the stove, and steads the exchanges.

Pious Darkey.—"Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tall him to talk Practical Sam.—"Whais de use of his laying up treasures dure, where he

one, "When the sheriff is some course up to him with a writ in he hand?"