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e DERN, at the Tribune Office, are my
s, and vicinity. They will give informa
binding, and receive and return books
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[March 21, 1862-1y

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinney,
MANUFACTURER OF ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK,
MARBLE AND SLATE MANTELS. All work finished at this es-
tablishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1862-tf.

FECTIONERY
YSTER SALOON,
BSCRIBER WOULD IN-
itizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
Y, NUT and FRUIT STORE, is always
very best articles to be had, and in great
also an
TER SALOON
ore, in which he will serve up OYSTERS
ing the season.
D BREAD & PIES always on hand.
e prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c.,
her parties. He invites a share of public
ng that he can render full satisfaction to
store and saloon is on Virginia street, two
s Hall. OTTO ROSSI.
, 1861-tf

FETTINGER'S
il News Agency,
L, No. 7, MAIN STREET
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
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RS & TOBACCO,
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
ONSTANTLY ON HAND.
1.

LOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.,
TON, JACK & CO.,
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S ON THE PRINCIPAL
Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
received on deposite, payable on demand,
or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
IST, respectfully announces
Altoona and the public gen-
ll continues the Drug business,
where he keeps constantly
Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
EMICALS, OILS, VARNISH-
FFS.
on to business, and a desire to render sat-
regards price and quality, he hopes to
a share of public patronage.
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a distance promptly attended to.
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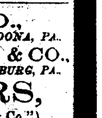

AL POLICE GAZETTE.—
Journal of Crime and Criminals is in
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contains all the Great Trials, Criminal
ture Editorials on the same, together with
iminal Matters, not to be found in any
ns $2 per annum; $1 for six months. to
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Address, O. W. MATTELL & CO.,
Prop'r. of New York Police Gazette.
New York City.

E BASE.—Having pur-
right to manufacture the CORELITE
ICIAL TEETH, I am now prepared to
on this new and beautiful principle,
ior to the old style on silver plate, as
e or discover. It contains no metals
course there is no galvanic action.
tes often become obnoxious. Persons
of teeth will please call and examine
W. S. RITZNER.
Office in Masonic Temple, Altoona.

Y FRIENDS WOULD DO
in upon the shelves and examine my assort-
DRY GOODS now displayed upon the
of MURPHY & NEPHEW
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts
, 1862.

ND LARD OILS, CAM-
ing Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at
TEMPLE'S.

D AT McCORMICK'S Store
l assortment of Ready-Made Clothing.
Nov. 2, '62.

ES.—A LARGE AND
ortment of Groceries have just been re-
of J. P. SILLEMAN.

AT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S.

DS OF PRINTING
ly and expeditiously executed at the
"ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE

LLAS AND PARASOLS,
variety, at
LAUGHMAN'S.
1862.

LES CARPETING AND
can be found at
LAUGHMAN'S.

RAL ASSORTMENT OF
Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs,
LAUGHMAN'S.

ASSORTMENT OF OVER-
can be found at
LAUGHMAN'S.

ENT HEAVY BOOTS &
received at
LAUGHMAN'S.

WANT A HAT OR CAP,
the?—go to
LAUGHMAN'S.

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1863. NO. 1.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

J. B. McCRUM,.....H. C. DERN,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1,50.
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
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Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

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Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices..... 1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change,..... 10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year.... ..... 5 00
Communications of a political character or individual interest will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the Most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the world for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Nausea, Nervous Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps from untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformity, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately Cured, and full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are so ignorant of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of reproduction is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy off-spring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,

left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being startled at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects of the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of spirits, Evil-Foreboding, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are slightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone benefit him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pain in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month, taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Maryland.

Original Poetry.

For the Altoona Tribune.

BATTLE OF THE RAPIDAN.

BY JAMES WIDNEY.

The guards are out, the tattoo beat,
Nor sound is heard of tramping feet;
No rattling drum, nor bugle blast,
The marsh is o'er, the day is past.
Within their tents throughout the field,
The sons of Mars to slumber yield,
While sentries watch, with wakeful eye,
Each wood and hill as they pass by.
Thus pass the silent hours away
'Till dawn proclaims approaching day;
As shades of night to distance flee,
The drum beats up the reveille.
The startled hosts from sleep awake,
And light their fires, and rations take;
Scarce have they finished their repast
When lo! they hear a bugle blast.
A horseman comes with rapid speed,
With palid face and panting steed.
Gives tidings that the foe is near
And striving hard to gain the rear.
To arms! to arms! a herald cries;
From rank to rank the order flies,
And columns move with measured tread,
Each by their brave commanders led.
Long lines of Rebels soon appear,
And loud for "Jeff" and "Dixie" cheer,
While BANKS, amid his loyal band,
Awaits their coming, sword in hand.
"Soldiers!" he cries, "be firm, be brave;
We fight this day our land to save;
Let 'Stonewall's' minions keenly feel,
Your iron hail and pointed steel."
"Unlimber guns! positions take!
With grape and shell their legions rake;"
Each battery begins to play,
And whizzing missiles speed away.
The sweeping grape and bursting shell,
Their work of death by hundreds tell;
Brigades advancing left and right,
With eager haste to join the fight,
From their unerring rifles throw
A leaden deluge on the foe;
While many fall, no more to rise,
And in death's sleep they close their eyes.
The horsemen draw their glittering swords,
And fiercely charge the Rebel hordes
And laurels win; while many brave
Descend with honor to the grave.
Still fiercely burns the deadly strife,
'Tis hand to hand, and life for life;
Like dark portentious clouds that form
In wild array before a storm;
While quick the scatheful lightnings glare,
And awful thunder rends the air.
Thus o'er the field of carnage rise,
Dense clouds of smoke that dim the skies.
And like the vivid lightning's gleam,
The cannons pour their fiery stream,
As sounds as loud as thunders roar
Echo from hill, and vale and shore.
Thus raged the battle all the day,
'Till eve put on her somber grey.
Fresh troops arrived to Rebel aid.
And lo! a fearful charge is made;
But, like their native granite rock,
The Yankee columns meet the shock,
And "Stonewall's" hordes are made to yield
While BANKS is master of the field.

Select Miscellany.

A SCARED REBEL.

One day this week a Federal soldier, recently discharged from the service for disability, stopped a few minutes on business at one of the offices in town. While there a starched Tory of severe aspect, who was a stranger in these parts, stepped up to the soldier and made some insulting remarks concerning blue uniforms and black abolitionists. The soldier kept silent, and the Tory, convinced that the subject of his abuse had but little resistance in his composition, proceeded to touch on the usual topics of "Abolition Fanaticism," "Constitutional Rights of the South," and concluded by a home thrust at the alleged frauds and forgeries in our regimental elections. At this point the soldier who had been a passive hearer of this tirade, rose from his seat and confronted the Tory. With eyes flashing fire, he said:

"You have said enough, sir! It is through such scoundrels as you that the war is still on our hands! While thousands of our soldiers are laying down their lives in defense of a Government which has protected you from birth, and the rest of your villainous crew are stopping in the North to labor in your cowardly way for the success of the rebellion. I tell you here, sir, that I know how to read and vote. Their votes for the Union against all such Tories as yourself, are neither bought nor compelled. When you want to look round for frauds, villainies, forgeries, robberies, murder and Treason, hunt up your own record of your fellow scoundrels in Toryism!—There is a mark on your forehead now, which proclaims you a coward and a rebel!"

Here the soldier drew out a little pocket knife and opened it. He then continued—

"I have killed men a thousand times better than you are, and ——"

The sentence was cut short by a rapid movement of the Tory. That gentleman, aghast with terror, and believing that the knife, which was not formidable enough to abrade the nose of a pig, was already feeling for his, turned round on his heel, ran frantically to the door opened it, rushed into the street, and made the fastest time on record from the scene of danger, with the skirt of his coat extending horizontally in a rearward direction. Our private opinion is that this Tory will not be in a hurry hereafter to arouse the lion in a Federal soldier. A horror of blue uniforms and small knives like water to a rabid dog will haunt him through the rest of his mortal pilgrimage!—*Desmoins Register.*

☞ The following is said to have passed in a school down east:

"What is the most northern town in the United States?"

"The North Pole."

"Who is it inhabited by?"

"By the Poles, sir."

"That's right. Now what is the meaning of the word stop?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What do I do when I bend over thus?"

"You scratches your shins sir."

"What is the meaning of the word carve?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father do when he sits down at the table?"

"He axes for the brandy bottle."

"I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down at the table?"

"She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

HISTORY OF A UNION MARTYR.

LECTURE BY REV. JOHN H. AUGHEY.

The Rev. John H. Aughey, a Presbyterian clergyman from Mississippi, delivered a public lecture at Yardleyville on Thursday evening, and one at Newton on Friday evening the 1st and 2d inst., for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Societies of those places. These lectures were well attended, and the narrative of his martyr to loyalty was listened to with great attention. Mr. Aughey delivered a lecture at New Hope a short time since, and in his story the people of that community were deeply interested.

Mr. Aughey is now engaged in the publication of a book, in which he relates the origin and progress of the rebellion in Mississippi, and gives an account of his own adventures and persecutions. He is sojourning at the residence of Rev. Dr. Breed, of Philadelphia. Dr. Breed is a son-in-law of Jared Boyd Solebury, in this county. In the course of the last year or two, Mr. Aughey has endured almost every imaginable suffering. He was an earnest, open, decided opponent of the rebellion from the outset. Arrested as a Unionist, he was heavily manacled, and thrust into a crowded, filthy prison, whence his companions were taken out day by day to be shot, and their bodies thrown into a ditch, as the punishment of their patriotism. Mr. Aughey, as a more determined and influential Unionist, was reserved for conspicuous hanging, but escaped before the fulfilment of that intention. Traveling in the opposite direction from that in which he would naturally be sought—wearing on his ankles the heavy iron fetters which he had not been able to remove—he was obliged to evade the bloodhounds that were usually kept to hunt slaves, but are now employed to track the white Unionists. Taking care to leave none of his garments in prison, as from them the scent might be taken; travelling only by night, and then very slowly, because of the galling circlets upon his ankles; living mainly on green corn plucked from the fields, and eaten raw, since to build a fire would have been to advertise his location to his unrelenting foes—he finally discovered himself at a venture to a farmer, who proved to be a Unionist, and by whom he was conveyed on horseback several miles in the right direction, thus enabled finally to evade the rebel pickets and make his escape.

On the first of July last, he was arrested by a company of cavalry under command of Capt. Hill, in Tishemingo county, Mississippi. When brought into Hill's presence, that worthy thus addressed him:

"Are you a Unionist?"

"I voted the Union ticket sir."

"That, sir, is an evasion. I voted the Union ticket, and now I am fighting against the Union. What are your sentiments now?"

"I have never seen any reason for changing my opinions. I voted the Union ticket, and am still a Union man."

"You must go to headquarters."

A Mr. Benjamin Clark had been arrested as a Unionist on the same day, while plowing in a field, and both were placed under guard and sent to Fulton in Ittawamba county, to the headquarters of Col. Bradfute. When they appeared in his presence, the following colloquy ensued:

"Are you a Unionist?"—(to Mr. Aughey.)

"I am, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the State of New York, but have spent eleven years in the South."

"Ah! Yankee born and a traitor. You deserve to be hanged!"

If being of Northern birth is a crime, it certainly was not Mr. Aughey's fault, inasmuch as his parents did not consult him as to the place he wished to be born, and he could not have helped it if he had tried. This he laconically stated.

They were then placed under a heavy guard and taken to Brooksville, the headquarters of Gen. Pfeifer, where they remained during the night, sleeping upon the grass, without covering. On the next day a guard conducted them to Priceville, into the presence of Gen. Jordan, who thus addressed Mr. Aughey:

"Are you a Unionist?"

"I am, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the State of New York—a State which never repudiated, nullified, seceded, nor did any other disgraceful act. I am proud, sir, of my birthright in that glorious Empire State."

"If you love the North so well, why did you not go there at the commencement of the war?"

"Give me a passport and I will go North instanter"

"The first passport you will get will be a free ticket to the infernal regions."

"Thank you for your kind offer. I was not before aware that you were the devil's ticket agent," was the response of the divine.

Soon after this interview the guards set out with them for Tupelo, where they were incarcerated in the central military prison. There were seventy or eighty prisoners in that gloomy abode. The prison was filthy in the extreme. It was not supplied with any kind of furniture—not even beds or blankets. At night the inmates lay down on the hard planks and slept as best they could. They were starved, insulted and maltreated in every possible way. A strong guard came in daily and took the prisoners out to do scavenger work in the streets. At three o'clock every day some of them were taken out and shot or hung. Mr. A. with a Mr. Malone, attempted to escape. Mr. M. did escape to the Federal lines, but was recaptured, heavily ironed, and replaced in prison. Two companies of cavalry, with bloodhounds, were sent in search of them. Mr. Aughey's arrest took place after he had been out two nights and a day.—Several of his fellow-prisoners had been shot during his absence.

On his return he found the floor of his prison had been spiked down, the guards doubled, and great precaution and vigilance exercised to prevent any future escape. The Judge Advocate of the Confederate Army of the West came one day and informed Mr. Aughey that he would be executed on the following Tuesday. As they had determined to hang him, he petitioned to be shot, but the request was refused. He resolved therefore to attempt a second escape, and in the event of a failure draw the fire of the guard and be shot.—He preferred to be slain in the excitement incident to an attempt to escape rather than to meet a horrid death by strangulation at a rope's end, amid the jeers of a rabble. His fellow-prisoners sided him in removing his chain, but could not remove the heavy bands; and although the prison was strictly guarded, and surrounded by camps containing 15,000 or 20,000 men, yet he eluded their vigilance, and succeeded in reaching the dense woods. At length, after incredible sufferings from hunger, thirst and fatigue, he reached the Federal lines at Rienzie, Mississippi, in safety, where he found protection beneath the folds of the old flag.—*Bucks Co Intel.*

☞ A physician, in speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.—I know a man; he is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful well-behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl three or four years old:

"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but, for some time back, I have been in the habit of reading the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to the 'Lodge,' (he is a Mason) and did not go home till after eleven o'clock. The children, of course, were all abed, and I supposed asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment when I heard Nobie get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering along the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her; and, in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said, 'Pa, pray loud.' I prayed; I kissed her, and she went back to bed. And I tell you, G——, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long, except that little, '*Pa, pray loud.*'"

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden god of day, who yesterday drove his emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining on the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lower section of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill poster as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness—it is the voice of Frederick William calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia.

"Throw open the lattice love, and look down upon the casement, for I, your dear Frederick am here."

"What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy?"

"I come to offer thee my heart. Upon my soul I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?"

The maiden blushed as she hesitated.

"Ah," cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, "thou lovest another!"

"No! no! no!" cried Florence.

"Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?"

"Because," replied the innocent, but still trembling damsel, "I am *undressed!*"

WHAT NEXT, LADIES?—We read that a new feature in the application of gas to domestic purposes is upon the point of introduction into the ranks of fashion. Ladies are to be lit up with gas on entering the ball-room or the parlor! Fireflies of gold and brilliants already sparkle, says the authority upon which we make this announcement, upon the graceful white feathers and fresh green leaves that adorn the brows of some of our youthful queens. "Clusters of diminutive gas-lights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons; the jets will issue from burners measuring a twentieth of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to lie concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate back-comb, the top of which forms a row of little gas-lights. Before entering the ball-room, the husband will 'turn on the gas,' light up his blushing partner, and usher her into her sphere, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around."—What a dazzling idea!

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learned grammer when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack, my bookcase, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say if I, under those circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be in the whole world a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—*Cobbet.*

A CUTE WIDOW.—It is related that a man on his death-bed called his wife to him and said: "I leave my horse to my parents; sell him and hand the money you get for him over to them. But my dog I leave to you; dispose of him as you think best." The wife promised to obey. So in due time after the death of her lord she started to find a market for her animals. "How much do you ask for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone," she replied, "but I will sell you the horse and dog together at a fair price for both. Give me $100 for the dog, and $1 for the horse, and we can trade on these terms;" and the cute widow conscientiously paid to the parents the $1 she had received for the horse, and had to herself the $100 for the dog. Was she far wrong?

IDEAS IMPERISHABLE.—Abraham is dead, but a race survive to call him father. Plato these twenty centuries and more, departed from the porch and the lyceum, but phantomlike lives to teach the youth of endless generations. Christ is gone far from earth, but Christianity has lived to educate the church, and redeem the world, and bring many sons of earth to glory. Human worth and influence and character, and example, have an earthly immortality. These are great forces which commingle themselves in the world's life, and live and work through endless changes, affecting the character and the destiny of the race for good. The antithesis of this view of human influence is that which invests human responsibility with its appalling interests; for bad men likewise live when dead, and live in evil, expanding in volume, and endless progressive intensity.

COMING EVENTS.—We notice that some very knowing wiseacres are already busy in predicting what may and what may not occur during the year upon which we have just entered. Without countenancing their correctness we insert the following specimens of their smartness. It is asserted that the year 1863 will be a very eventful one—to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the nights become dark. Whoever falls in love this year will think his sweetheart an angel—and whoever gets married will find if it is true or not. He that loses his hair this year will be bald—and he that loses his wife will certainly be a widower.

ECCENTRIC TRAVELERS.—To anecdotes of eccentric travelers may be added the story of the Englishman who made a bet that Van Amburgh, the lion tamer, would be eaten by his ferocious pupils within a given time, and who followed him about the continents of Europe and America in the hope of seeing him at last devoured, and so winning his stake. The Russians also have a story of an Englishman, who posted overland, in the depth of winter, to St. Petersburgh, merely to see the famous wrought iron gates of the Summer Garden. He is said to have died of grief at finding the gates superior to those at the entrance of his own park at home. Add to this the lying traveler who boasted that he had been everywhere, and who being asked how he liked Persia replied that he scarcely knew as he had only staid there a day. Note likewise among eccentricities the nobleman, still living, of whom it was inquired at dinner, what he had thought of Athens during an oriental tour. He turned to his body servant, waiting behind his chair, and said: "John, what did I think of Athens?"—*Notes and Queries.*

EMPLOYING EMANCIPATED NEGROES.—Messrs. Ellis, Britton & Eaton, Vermont, a responsible firm, publish the following proposition to the President:—We will purchase, at any reasonable price for cash, 40,000 acres of the cotton lands in possession of the Government at Port Royal, and agree to employ 10,000 emancipated negroes to work thereon during the coming year, and pay them wages at the rate of $1.25 cents per day for each able hand, and a proportionate sum for those of an inferior grade; payable weekly, either in cash or necessary articles of clothing and provisions, at cost prices; and will, on the first day of January in each year ensuing, sell to the negroes any amount of these lands that they desire to purchase and have the means to pay for, from half an acre upward, at cost price, and will treat them in every respect, while in our employment, as agricultural laborers in New England are treated. As the planting season is at hand, an immediate answer to this will be required, to enable us to go on with the undertaking.

GREAT UNION MEETING IN ARKANSAS.—An enthusiastic Union demonstration occurred at Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the 27th. Over one thousand of the loyal citizens of Arkansas were present. Speeches were made by Dr. Johnson, a prominent Union refugee, Lieut. Col. Bishop, of the first Arkansas Cavalry, and others. Fifteen home guard companies were organized, and wished to be accounted as Arkansas militia. Hundreds of citizens signed a petition to Congress to order the election of a member from that State. All citizens having arms in their possession have given them up, to be used in defence of their homes.—Another meeting will be held at Huntsville in a few days. The Union sentiment is daily growing stronger in that section, and Col. Harrison, of the First Arkansas Cavalry, commanding that post, is affording every facility and encouragement.

CLERICAL WIT.—Robert Hall was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. When he was perhaps smarting beneath the disappointment he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very great taste—"You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished steel here to entertain you."—"Oh, madam, that's not the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass." His genius for happy retort never slumbered. One of his congregation, a sickly, querulous old mortal, met him in the street. "Ah, Mr. Hall, you have—never—been to see me—sir, I've been—very ill—I've been at death's door—Mr. Hall." "Indeed!" replied Hall, "have you? Well, why didn't you step in, sir? why didn't you step in?"

☞ Bill H—— took a jug to a store and asked for a gallon of whiskey. He gave his promise to pay for it on the spot. The jug was not empty. But he stated that he had already bought a quart, but wished the concern filled as full as it could hold. When the gallon was poured into the jug the money was not poured out of Bill's pocket, for the latter was as empty as the former was full. Promises to pay were not received, and the grocer poured the gallon back again into the measure, leaving Bill to trudge off with his quart of rum, not much worse for the little water with which it was diluted. The grocer's gallon was a little weaker, but Bill's quart had become a great deal stronger.

A RISING MAN.—The editor of the Springfield Mass., *Republican* says he has a receipt, signed by Nathaniel P. Banks in 1836, for money received by him from Sargent M. Davis, of Roxbury, Mass., in whose employ he then was, a machinist, at $1,33 per day. The same Nathaniel P. Banks, since that time, has been Governor of Massachusetts, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, and pronounced the most accomplished, with a single exception—HENRY CLAY—that ever held that place; and is now a Major General in the United States army, and in command of the Federal forces at New Orleans.

☞ We hear a good anecdote concerning a soldier laddie on one of our gunboats. The vessel was just going into action, and our soldier was upon his knees, when an officer sneeringly asked him if he was afraid?

"No, I was praying," was the response.

"Well, what were you praying for?" continued the officer.

"Praying that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, *principally among the officers!*" was the quick and ready retort.

☞ A female servant sweeping out a bachelor's room found a four-penny-piece on the carpet, which she carried to the owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he smiling. A short time after he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir!" The old bachelor grinned a horrible smile, and vanished.

☞ Illinois is a good State to live in. Governor Yates in his late message, says of that State: "She now produces twice as much corn as any other State; almost twice as much wheat; in meat cattle, the first; in hogs but little behind Ohio; and in the value of live stock of all kinds, she is already the second State in the Union."

CAMPAIGN ALREADY CHALKED OUT.—The Washington *Star* of Monday evening says:—"It is understood that Gen. Hooker has his plan of campaign already chalked out, and that with the very first opportunity for breaking the mud blockade, he will enter upon its active development."

A CURIOUS FACT.—Some curious genius states, as the result of an estimate, that a million one dollar treasury notes would weigh over a ton, and make a pile as high as the Washington monument. This will give some idea of the labor of preparing our treasury note issue.

A VOICE FROM NORTH CAROLINA—PLAIN TALK.—The Raleigh Standard, in speaking of the rebel authorities at Richmond, holds the following language:

"They labored to break down the old Government because they were about to *lose the 'beef,'* and they would break the *new one* before they would part with the carcase upon which the *vultures* are settled. Their motto was, *divide and destroy*, and their motto now *is, consolidated rule or ruin.* Hence they are the destructives, and those who oppose them are the conservatives. We still walk the soil and breathe the air of freedom, and are not to be influenced in our course by the blandishments or the frowns of power."

"The Federal officers in Gates county, N. C., have made important captures of contraband goods, amounting in value to some $30,000."

CRIME OF MURDER.—There are four murders committed in England for every million inhabitants; 17 in Belgium; 20 in Sardinia; 31 in France; 36 in Austria; 68 in Bavaria; 45 in Lombardy; 100 in Rome; 90 in Sicily; 200 in Naples. Murder is almost unknown in the valleys of Vandola.

PENNSYLVANIA'S MARTYRS.—Since the commencement of the war sixteen Pennsylvania colonels have been killed in battle, and two have died from camp diseases.

A RAVEN has been shot in France bearing a little locket with an inscription purporting that the bird was born in 1806, and was called "Wagram."

Obituary.

For the Altoona Tribune.

IN MEMORIUM.

DIED—October 31st, 1862, HERVEY ROBINSON, aged 10 years.

And what more?

Would there was nothing more. That he had gone home to God, and that was the end. That no home was left desolate, no hearts bereft.

Gone home to God? What could we ask for more? What indeed? but that our hearts are so *human* and we so frail. The eye of faith grows dim with anguish, and a heart-mist rising, veils the "shining shore," so that we cannot see clearly the young feet treading safely on the other side—safely—because he has crossed over the dark river, has stood in the swellings of Jordon, and is now stranded forever on the eternal shore. It is a loving Father that has laid this heavy cross on trembling shoulders, for some wise end. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' Mark the promise. By and by God will bind content about the hearts he has broken.

Though missing still the bright face, they will grow calmer, and feel how much better it is to have him before them than after them. What it was better far to die when his heart was pure, than live till the days come when you have no pleasure in them; till the frame is outworn, and the keepers of the house tremble, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, (mayhap by dispair or anguish,) 'till the strength is gone and even the grasshopper proves a burden. Why should the home-folks weep so sore?