HUTTER'S
STATE CAPITOL
Book Bindery,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,
No. 64 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
establishment is chiefly devoted to
manufacture of Blank Books for
County Offices, Railroad Companies,
Banks and Individuals. In all cases the
of stock and workmanship is warranted.
Blank Books printed, ruled and bound to
any pattern. Lawyer's, Attorneys and Justices
of all sizes, made and ruled to order. Triennial
County Assessments, Duplicates, &c., for county purposes
ruled or plain, ruled and bound to order. County
made of the best linen paper.
and others, desiring to have their Books well
at moderate prices, should give us a call. Newspapers
of the largest sizes, Harper's Weekly, Gleason's
Pictorial, Scientific American, London News,
to order, and in any style required. Harper's Monthly,
Knickerbocker, Blackwood's and Graham's
Godey's Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peterson's
Magazine, Piano Music, &c., bound in extra styles, or
plain and substantial half binding. Select Pamphlet
Law Magazines, Pamphlet laws, bound in good Library
style, at very moderate prices. Persons having a
of volumes to bind, will receive a liberal discount.
may safely be sent to us from a distance by Express
and all work entrusted to our care will be speedily
and, safely packed and returned by Express.
warranted. Address F. L. HUTTER,
Harrisburg, Pa.
McCRUM & DERN, at the Tribune Office, are my
in Altoona, and vicinity. They will give information
relation to binding, and receive and return books
at extra charges, for all who entrust their work to
them. [March 21, 1862-1y

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinney,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK,
at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1863.—tf.

FORWARD! EVER ONWARD!
STEP BY STEP!
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO
inform his old customers and the public generally
that this spring gone into the Dry Good business
and received a large and entirely new stock of
DRESS GOODS,
of all styles, embracing all the latest, prettiest and most
FASHIONABLE PATTERNS,
to which may be found every quality of goods,
of which it would be too tedious to enumerate.
In the line of pure, fresh and cheap
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS
he can't "knock under" to any of my competitors. In
this department I feel sure that I can render satisfaction.
Produce of country produce taken in exchange for
goods at the highest market price allowed.
Store on the corner of Annie and Helen streets. East
Altoona.
May 22, 1862. THOMAS HESLOP.

JACOB WEIS,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
VIRGINIA STREET, ALTOONA, PA.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
BREAD, CAKE, &c.
ICE CREAM
IN SEASON.
TREATS, of his own manufacture, which he
will sell, wholesale or retail, at the most reasonable
rates. Also, FOREIGN FRUITS, such as
ORANGES, LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
PRUNES, RAISINS, NUTS, &C., &C.,
on hand in their respective seasons.
CAKES BAKED TO ORDER,
for occasions, on short notice and in the neatest
style of the art.
Come and price my stock and you will find
it cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.
SPOUTING, &C.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD RESPECTFULLY
inform the citizens of Altoona
that he keeps constantly on hand a
assortment of *Cooking, Parlor, Office and*
Stoves, of all styles and sizes, to suit the
public, which he will sell at low prices, on reasonable
terms.
Keeps on hand a large stock of *Tin and Sheet-Iron*
Ware, consisting of all articles for culinary purposes—
Stove Pipe, &c.
He has purchased the right of sale in Blair county
for the
IMPROVED SAUSAGE STUFFER,
an article which needs only to be seen to be appreciated
by every one possessed by every farmer, butcher or those
using a machine.
Particular attention paid to putting up SPOUTING.
Tin, Copper or Zinc. Spouting painted and put up
on reasonable terms. [april 14, 1859-1y

FETTINGER'S
Central News Agency,
HALL, No. 7, MAIN STREET
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
STATIONERY, CONFECTIONARIES
CIGARS & TOBACCO,
FANCY NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
AND CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Call!

LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.,
AND
ELTON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,
BANKERS,
("Lloyd, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
DEALERS ON THE PRINCIPAL
Gold and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
promptly received on deposite, payable on demand,
or on time, with interest at fair rates.

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
CHEMIST, respectfully announces
to the citizens of Altoona and the public generally
that he still continues the Drug business,
at the old stand, where he keeps constantly
on hand, Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, OILS, VARNISHES,
PAINTS.
Attention to business, and a desire to render satisfaction
as regards price and quality, he hopes to receive
a share of public patronage.
Merchants supplied on reasonable terms
from a distance promptly attended to.
Prescriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

MANY FRIENDS WOULD DO
well to call upon the choice and chaste assortment
of DRESS GOODS now displayed upon the
shelves of MURPHY & McPIKE,
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.
Nov. 26, 1862.

WINDSOR LARD OILS, CAMPHENE,
Burning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at
KESSLER'S.

READY-MADE CLOTHING AT McCORMICK'S Store
A full assortment of Ready-Made clothing
Nov. 26-tf.

GROCERIES.—A LARGE AND
well assortment of Groceries have just been received
by J. B. HILEMAN.

BRUSHES—HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
Shoe and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S.

PERFUMES, OILS, COLOGNES, POMADES,
Shaving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c., for sale by
G. W. KESSLER.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1863. NO. 40.

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has just returned from the East, where he has been selecting his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in this neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and as it is quite an object in these exciting war times, for every one to purchase where they can get the Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices,

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes all to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will satisfy competition. His stock consists of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description,
MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR,
LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF HOSE,
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE,
HATS AND CAPS,
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Ladies Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
Ladies' Pegged ..... 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots ..... 2.75@3.50
SUMMER SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c., and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.
Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

AVOID THE NEXT DRAFT!

THERE IS A PREVAILING EXCITEMENT among the people of Altoona and vicinity about THE SECOND DRAFT—not so much about the Draft as for making the *Three Hundred to pay exemption*. All patriotic! but choose rather to stay at home with their beloved ones, for their support, than to risk their lives in this bloody war. Now, to bring the matter to a close, we will inform the public that by buying their goods at the GREEN STORE, Corner of Branch and Annie-street, East Altoona, kept by GEIS & CO., they will

SAVE THE THREE HUNDRED

in a short time. They have just received a large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, which they are selling for Cash at the lowest living prices.

A large assortment of LADIES' COATS AND CIRCULARS, ranging in price from $4.50 to $12.00.

The attention of the public is particularly drawn to the fact that they are selling Brown and White Muslin from 5 to 45 cents; Calicoes from 12½ to 25 cts.; Delaines from 18 to 35 cents per yard.

They have always on hand a large assortment of MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. In fact, everything kept in a first-class Store.
Altoona Oct. 7, 1863.

CITY DRUG STORE.

D. E. H. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Berlin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite Irvin's Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure,

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand,

DRUGS,
MEDICINES and CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
CARBON OIL, AND LAMPS,
NOTIONS, CIGARS,
and every article usually kept in a First class Drug Store.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
for medicinal use.
DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
Accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

Victory Won!

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that they have just returned from the East with their

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES.

Their stock of HATS & CAPS have been selected with great care, and with the view of suiting all who may favor them with their patronage. Their line of Boots and Shoes is complete.

Their *LADIES' MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES* are of City make, and warranted. Their Balmoral Shoes for Ladies and Misses, are just the thing for wet weather and saving health.

Thankful to the public for their very liberal patronage heretofore, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Store on *MAIN ST.* next door to Bowman's Exchange Hotel. SMITH & MANN.
Altoona, May 12, 1863.

HAMS! HAMS! HAMS!—Just received, a large lot of Canvassed Sugar-cured Hams of the best brands in market. Every one sold is guaranteed to be satisfactory. FRITCHEY'S

MACKEREL—NOS. 1, 2, AND 3, in all sized packages, new, and each package warranted, just received and for sale low by FRITCHEY.

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!—FRITCHEY is selling Teas superior to any ever offered in Altoona. They are free of adulteration, coloring, or mixture of any kind.

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF THE CELEBRATED JERSEY HAMS just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

CREAM CRACKERS! A fresh supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

IF YOU WANT GOOD COFFEE, pure Teas, the best of Chocolate, Syrups and Sugars, go to FRITCHEY'S.

BOSTON CRACKERS—A LARGE supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale by FRITCHEY.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, FROM the Cove, always on hand and for sale as low as the lowest by FRITCHEY.

COFFEES, SUGARS, AND SYRUPS of all grades, and at reasonable prices, for sale by FRITCHEY.

10 BARRELS PURE CIDER VINEGAR just received and for sale low at FRITCHEY'S.
Sept. 1, 1863.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, PUT UP in ¼ Sacks expressly for family use at FRITCHEY'S

WORRELL'S PREPARED COFFEE just received and for sale by FRITCHEY.

SUPERIOR CREAM CHEESE AT FRITCHEY'S.

4 BARRELS PURE WHITE LARD just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

FRITCHEY'S NEW STORE, corner of Caroline and Virginia Sts.

ALL STYLES CARPETING AND Oil-Cloths can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

NEW WINTER READY MADE Clothing just received at LAUGHMAN'S

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF OVERCOATS can be found at LAUGHMAN'S

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM. - - - - H. C. DERN.
EDITORS 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.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

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

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
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

Choice Poetry.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

They've sent him home, alas to die!
My first-born, noble boy;
They've crushed a loving mother's heart,
And robbed life of its joy
'Twas but one short, short year agone,
He rose in patriot pride,
And buckled spur and sabre on,
Then left his mother's side.

My son, my child! you'll dying now—
Oh, God, 'tis hard to see
My boy, in all his manliness,
Thus snatched from life and me!
He battled bravely for "Old Flag,"
He shrank not in the fray.
But, ah! he fell, and wasting, passed
Too many a weary day.

No shot from cannon's fiery mouth,
No glittering sabre's wound
Laid my brave boy upon his couch,
When heart-sick, sad he moaned.
But sickness sapped his young life's blood;
No mother's gentle care,
Gave him the cooling, healing drink:
No anxious one was there.

And so he's come, sent home "exempt,"
"Exempt"—the cruel word.
He'll soon exempted be, indeed,
By death's unsparing sword.
Oh, wife is not! Indeed 'tis hard
My darling boy to see
Stretched out so ghastly, pale and thin,
He life's last agony.

My boy, my boy 'tis hard, 'tis hard
To drink this bitter cup!
A mother only knows how hard
It is to give thee up!

NOT NOW.

BY ALICE CARY.

The path of duty I clearly trace,
I stand with conscience face to face.
And all her plans allow;
Calling and crying the while for grace,
"Some other time, and some other place—
O, not to-day—not to-day!"

I know 'tis a demon boding ill,
I know I have power to do if I will
And I put my hand to th' plough:
I have fair, sweet seeds in my barn, and lo!
When all the furrows are ready to sow,
The voice says, "O, not now!"

My peace I sell at the price of woe—
In heart and in spirit I suffer so,
The anguish wrings my brow,
But still I linger and cry for grace—
"Some other time and some other place—
O, not to-day—not to-day!"

I talk to my stubborn heart and say,
The work I must do I will do to-day:
I will make the Lord a vow;
And I will not rest and I will not sleep
Till the vow I have vowed I rise and keep.
And the demon cries, "Not now!"

And so the days and the years go by,
And so I register lie upon lie,
And break with Heaven my vow:
For when I would boldly take my stand,
This terrible demon stays my hand—
O, not to-day—not now!"

Select Miscellany.

THE REBEL SPY.

The other day I met a friend who was formerly one of the Red Devils. During the conversation which ensued he asked me whether I remembered Bill ———, who deserted the regiment at Fortress Monroe.

"A slender, dark-eyed young fellow, was he not?"

"The same," replied my friend. "We became chums from the first moment we met at Fort Schuyler; and if you will give me your attention a few moments you shall hear how he came to desert the regiment, and a few other facts that will surprise you."

"By all means," said I, "let me hear the story."

"Well," began my friend, "one day we were sitting in the shadow of a pine tree near our encampment at Fortress Monroe, when my chum commenced to speak of a beautiful girl in the village of Hampton, whom he was in the habit of visiting occasionally.

"'She is a beauty!' he exclaimed, enthusiastically; 'and Jack,' he added, laying his hand upon my arm, 'you shall go with me to see her.'"

At first I objected, pleading as an excuse the modesty and bashfulness I always experienced in the presence of the fair sex.

"But she isn't fair," said he; "she is a quadroon."

"When do you think of going?" I asked.

"To-night."

"But we'll have to 'run the guard.'"

"That's nothing," answered Bill; we can easily manage that."

"So at length I promised my chum that I would accompany him to the village of Hampton to see the beautiful quadroon.

"When night came, and we started upon our nocturnal expedition, we had no difficulty in passing our line of sentinels; for by some means or other Bill had succeeded in obtaining the countersign.

"This task accomplished, we now made our way to the river beach, and after we had walked a short distance, my chum passed near a rock that jutted over the water, and showed me a small skiff moored beneath its shadow. We were soon seated in the skiff, which flew swiftly over the waves before the vigorous strokes of our paddles. In a few moments we reached the place of our destination—a small, dilapidated building which stood a few yards back from the spot where we landed. There was a small archway beneath the house, which evidently lead into the cellar, and it was to that quarter that the steps of my chum were directed. Passing through the archway, we found ourselves in total darkness; but Bill shouted "Come on!" and so I followed, although I stumbled several times against some empty casks, and once came very nearly being precipitated over a barrel.

"It's all right!" shouted Bill. "Come on!"

"What the deuce tempted you to seek an entrance this way?" I inquired. "There is a good stoop on the outside of the house, for I saw it."

"It's the shortest rout," answered my chum. "Here we are—here are the cellar steps," he continued, catching me by the arm, pulling me towards him. "We were soon at the top of the steps, when Bill knocked at a door in front of us. A musical voice said "Come in!" and we entered a small, neatly furnished room, in which were seated an old negress and my friend's quadroon.

"The latter was a beautiful creature, with long black hair that descended below her waist, and eyes as dark and soft as a summer midnight.—She seemed very glad to see us—Bill in particular, around whose neck she threw her arms, kissing him with all the warmth and favor of her Southern nature, while he was not at all backward in returning the compliment. The old negress rose and left the room; and I was just coming to the conclusion that it would be a good plan for me to do the same, when the unmistakable tramp of horses hoves approaching at a gallop saluted my ears and drew me to the window. Looking out into the night, I caught sight of a number of grey uniformed horsemen coming towards the house at a pace which must bring them to the door in a few moments.

"The moon, which had hitherto been obscured by clouds, was shining brightly, revealing every outline of the approaching figures. They were rebel cavalrymen.

"'Bill," I exclaimed, 'come here!'"

"There was no answer, and without turning around I again called his name.

"Still there was no reply."

"I shouted his name aloud, but there was no response; at that moment a gust of wind swept through a broken pane of glass and blew out the candle, leaving me in total darkness.

"Again I stepped to the window and looked out. The horseman had halted a few yards from the house, and were dismounting. Presently I saw three of them advance to the stoop, and heard the clattering of their sabres and the noise of their heavy boots as they ascended the steps. I could also hear some of them coming up from the cellar; so there was now left to me but one way of retreat from the apartment, the same by which the old negress had made her exit. As I passed through the doorway, I stumbled against the bottom of a staircase. This I immediately commenced to ascend as noiselessly and as swiftly as possible.—Arriving at the top, I discovered a door which I pushed open with ceremony, and found myself in a small apartment half lighted by the rays of a lamp which streamed into it from another room connected with this one by a door which had been left open. The murmur of voices, coming from the other apartment, fell upon my ear. I looked through the open doorway, and beheld a sight which surprised me. Seated upon a sofa at one end of the room were three figures. One was my chum Bill ———, with his arm around the waist of the quadroon, and her head upon his shoulder; while the other was a tall figure in the uniform of a rebel lieutenant of cavalry.

"So Magruder doesn't want the village burnt yet?" remarked Bill, as he stroked his whiskers. "There's an excellent opportunity to do it, if he does; for the pickets are very small around Hampton at present."

"I know that, captain," answered the lieutenant, "but Magruder will wait until he sees how long the d—d Yankees are going to stay. If he sees a prospect of their going into winter quarters here, you may depend upon it he'll burn the town?"

"I shall keep my eyes about me," said Bill, "and report matters as usual."

"But when are you going to rejoin us, captain?" inquired the rebel.

"'As soon as Magruder thinks fit, answered Bill, 'though to tell the truth I'm about tired of playing the spy. It was a deuced good idea of his—my going to New York and enlisting in the Fifth Zouaves—ha! ha! ha! Captain, S——, of the rebel service, a Red Devil."

"At that moment Bill happened to turn his head toward the door. Our eyes met and he sprang to his feet with an exclamation. At the same time the lieutenant rose and drew his sword.

"'You have overheard us?" said Bill.

"'Ay, traitor every word," I answered.

"'I might have foreseen this," said Bill, in a tone of chagrin, "but that whisky of yours," he added, turning to the lieutenant, "made me careless."

"He shall not leave this house alive," exclaimed the lieutenant, drawing his pistol from his belt and pointing it at my head.

"But I had picked up a chair as he drew forth his weapon, and now with the quickness of lightning I hurled it at his face. The pistol was discharged, but the contents whistled harmlessly over my head. I darted from the room down stairs, and nerving myself for a desperate venture, dashed across the apartment below, in the direction of the cellar stairs. The room was filled with rebel cavalrymen, but my sudden appearance so astounded them that they made no attempt to arrest my progress. By the time I had reached the cellar, however, they had recovered from their surprise, and as I sped onward I heard the report of two or three carbines behind me, followed by the whiz of bullets as they flew past my ears. The next moment I had passed through the archway into the open air, and with two or three bounds reached the skiff. Unfortunately by the ebbing of the tide, it was now high and dry upon the beach. I seized the stern with both hands and by a great effort of strength succeeded in launching it. But the time occupied in this manœuver enabled the foremost of my pursuers to gain upon me. With his piece clubbed and elevated on high to deal me a powerful blow, he came on. But while he was yet a few yards distant I stooped and quickly unfastened the rope of the skiff from the stone to which it was tied. Lifting the heavy piece of rock, I suddenly rose upright and hurled it with all my force at the head of my pursuer.

"It struck him on the temple, and he dropped to the beach like a log.

"The skiff was now drifting away from me; but I darted into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon succeeded in reaching it. I clambered into it, and then looked toward the beach. Cavalrymen were drawn up in line, with their pieces pointed towards me.

"Fire!" exclaimed a voice which I recognized as that of the lieutenant.

"But the sharp report of the carbines rang out upon the air, I dropped quickly to the bottom of the skiff, and the storm of lead passed over me and flew hissing into the water beyond.

"I now sprang to my feet, and with a shout of defiance seized the only oar the boat contained, and adopting the sculling process, sent the light vessel shooting through the water like a rocket. Assisted by the tide, the skiff flew over the waters so rapidly that before the men could reload I was out of range.

"Half an hour afterward I arrived safely in camp, and was just in time to take my place in the ranks, for, having heard the firing, and supposing that our picket was attacked, the officers had ordered the men under arms. A message from the front, however, must soon have convinced them that this was not the case; and the men were allowed to "break ranks" and disperse to their quarters.

"Well, Com," continued my friend, "this isn't the end of the matter; for I saw Bill at the battle of Big Bethel. You probably remember that during the fight, a troop of rebel cavalry attempted to make a dash upon us, but were driven back?"

I answered in the affirmative, and my friend continued:

"At the head of that rode Bill or more properly speaking, the rebel captain. I saw him as plainly as I now see you. But it was only for an instant. He tumbled from his horse the next moment, with his head torn from his shoulders by a shot from one of our brass pieces. At his side rode a rebel, who upon seeing the captain fall, drew a pistol, aimed at his own heart and fired. The horse becoming unmanageable, galloped into our lines, dragging the rebel after him, the foot of the dead soldier having become entangled in the stirrups as he fell. As the steed dashed wildly about the field the rebel's foot became disengaged from the stirrup, and he fell to the earth a few yards from the spot where I was standing. His jacket had became disarranged and torn around his breast, revealing to my astonished gaze the beautiful but blood-stained bosom of a female. I advanced and looked down upon the corpse, closely scrutinizing the features. The face was familiar. Once seen it could never be forgotten. It was the face of the captain's mistress, the lovely quadroon."

SPEAK KINDLY.—Parents should always speak kindly to their children when retiring or going to bed. Then, more than any other time, it is important that children should have their hearts softened by voices and looks of tenderness and kindness. They should go to rest with thoughts of love and affection for their parents, and gratitude and love to their Heavenly Father for his goodness to them. How can we expect children to say their prayers acceptably, and with a blessing to themselves, if they are required or permitted to retire to bed ill-humored or vexed by a frown or unkind word by their parents? And yet many parents send their children to bed, not only in bad feeling, but often hungry, as punishment for some offence. No course can possibly be more objectionable. Not long since I spent an evening at the house of a friend, with several other friends and acquaintances. This friend had two interesting and lovely boys, about ten and twelve years of age, who very much enlivened the company with their innocent prattle and child-like hilarity. About half past eight o'clock the father called these boys to him, near where I was sitting, and taking each one by the hand he said very kindly and pleasantly to them:—

"My children, it is time for you to retire.—You will feel dull and heavy at school to-morrow if you sit up any longer."

They both hung their heads for a moment; then both with a pleasant smile kissed their father, then their mother, and then took leave of the company. A lady, one of the company who sat near us, expressed great surprise that "the little boys should retire so willingly, when they appeared so happy with the company and the music!" The gentleman replied:—

I always speak kindly to my children, and they never disobey. To-morrow I shall say to them, "My children, I was much pleased that you retired so willingly last evening; and your conduct was very highly approved by Mrs. ——, who saw you retire so pleasently and quietly." "This said he," "is their reward, my approbation and the approbation of their friends."

SENSIBLE.—Dying for love is a great mistake; whatever may be your misfortune in an *affair de cœur*, "never say die." If you must do something in the dying line, dye your whiskers or your moustaches. That may help the case, and is not so expensive. The following "pome" tells a very sensible story of an unfortunate "lover:"

Distracted with care, for Phillis the fair,
Young Damon, her lover, resolves in dispair.
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love, to a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above would soon finish his woes;
But when he came there, beholding how steep
The sides did appear, and the botton how deep,
He sadly reflected,
That a lover dejected,
A new love may get;
But a neck that's once broken can never be set,
And that he could live but as long as he could,
And that he could die whenever he would;
And how cruel soever his torments might grow,
He scorned to endeavor to finish them so;
And then he very wisely conclu-
Ded that he would not do
What he was going for to go to do.

"TOO SMART.—We know of a man in a certain western city who was very fond of ducks, but, on account of the number he bought at market, was not unfrequently troubled with tough ones. One day, wishing for a goodly number, he went to the poultry dealer and said he was an afflicted boarding house keeper—that his boarders were ravenous, especially when things were young and tender.

"Now," said our character with a wink, "I want you to pick out all the tough ones—all the tough ones—you've got."

The delighted dealer finds no difficulty in picking out a number of tough ones.

"Are these all the really tough ones you've got?"

"All!" was the reply.

"Then," said our epicure, "I'll take all of the other lot, if you please."

☞ Artemas Ward thinks it is a hard thing not to have a wife—no gentle heart to get up in the morning and make the fire.

THE RIDE OF THE WOUNDED BRIGADE.

B. F. Taylor, the army correspondent of the Chicago *Journal*, writes from the Army of the Cumberland of a night's ride of the wounded Brigade, after the battle of Chickamauga:

They were loaded upon the train; two platform cars were paved with them, forty on a car. Seven boxes were so packed you could not set your foot down among them as they lay. The roofs of the cars were tiled with them, and away we pounded, all day, all night, into the next morning, and then Nashville. Half of the boys had not a shred of a blanket, and it rained steadily, pitilessly. What do you think of platform cars for a triumphal procession whereon to bear wounded heroes to the tune of "the soldier's return from the war?" Well, what I would come at is this: the stores of the Sanitary Commission and the gifts of such ladies as are now, I believe, making your city a Bethel—a place of angels—kept the boys' hearts up through all those weary, drizzling hours. It is midnight, and the attendants are going through the train with coffee, graced with milk and sugar—think of that!—two fresh, white, crisp crackers apiece, and a little taste of fruit. Did *your* hands prepare it, dear lady? I hope so, for the little balance in your favor is set down in the ledger of God.

But here they come with a canteen; will you go with them? climb through that window into a car black as the Hole of Calcutta. But mind where you step—the floor is one layer deep of wounded soldiers. As you swing the [illegible] round, bandages show white and ghastly [illegible] where; bandages, bandages; and now and then a rusty spot of blood. What worn out, faded faces look up at you! They rouse like wounded creatures hunted down to their lairs (as you come.) The tin cups are filled! On we go, out at one window, in at another, stepping gingerly among mangled limbs. We reach the platform cars, creaking with their drenched, chilled, bruised burdens, and I must tell you—it's a shame, though—that one poor fellow among them lay with a tattered blanket pinned around him; he was literally *sans culotte!* How is this? I said, "Haven't got my descriptive list—that's what's the matter," was the reply.

Double allowance all around to the occupants of the platform, and we retrace our steps to the rear of the train. You should have heard the ghost of a cheer that rose and fluttered like a feeble bird, as we went back. It was the most touching vote of thanks ever offered; there was a little flash up of talk for a minute, and all subsided into silence and darkness again. Wearily wore the hours and heavily hammered the train. At intervals the guard traversed the roofs of the cars, and pulled in the wormout boys that had jarred down to the edges, pulled them in towards the middle of the cars without waking them! Occasionally one slips over the eaves, I am told, and is miserably crushed. What a homeward march is all this to set a tune to.

By some error in apportionment, there was not quite coffee enough for all on deck, and two slips of boys on the roof of the car where I occupied a corner, were left without a drop. Whenever we stopped—and that was two hours there and three hours here, waiting for this and for that—there was no hurry you know—and the side-door was slided back in its groove, I saw two hungry faces stretched down over the car's edge, and heard two feeble voices crying, "We have had nothing up here since yesterday noon, we two—there are only us two boys—please give us something. Havn't you got any hard tack?" I heard that pitifull appeal to the officers in charge, and saw these faces till they haunted me, and to-day I remember those plaintive tones as if I were hearing a dirge.

I felt in my pockets and haversack for a cracker, but found nothing. I really hated myself for having eaten my dinner, and not saved it for them. A futher search was rewarded with six crackers from the Chicago Mechanical Bakery, and watching my chance when Pete's back was turned—the cook and a smutty autocrat was Pete in his way—I took a sly dip with a basin into the coffee boiler. As the car gave a lurch in the right direction, I called from the window, "boys!" I heard them crawling to the edge, and handed up the midnight supper. "Bully for you!" they said, and I saw them no more. When the train reached Nashville, and I clambered down to solid ground again, I looked up at the roof: it was bare. God grant the boys are with their mothers to-night. And how do you like the ride of the Wounded Brigade?

THE COMMITTEE MEETING.—A philosophical old gentleman was one day passing a new school-house erected somewhere toward the setting-sun borders of our glorious Union, when his attention was suddenly aroused by a crowd of persons gathered around the door. He inquired of a boy, whom he met, what was going on.

"Well, nothin' 'cept the skule committee, and they're going' in."

"Oh, committee meets to-day, eh? What for?"

"Well," continued the boy, "you see Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all over and gathered dead cats. Nothin' but cats and cats. Oh, it was orful, them cats."

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with the school-committee?"

"Now, well, you see, Bill kept a bringin' cats and cats; always pilin' 'em up yonder (pointing to a large pile, as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic) and he piled them and piled them. Nothin' but cats, cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did. What has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick handlin' 'em, and everybody got sick nosin' 'em; but Bill got madder and didn't give up, but kept a pilin' up the cats, and—"

"Tell me what the committee are holding a meeting for?"

"Why, the skule committee are going to meet to hold a meting to say whether they'll move the skule-house or them cats."

The old gent evaporated immediately.

COMING OF AGE.—Why a youth is said to be "of age" when twenty-one years old, very few can tell, except "so saith the law." In the early periods of English history, a child was considered to be of age and a man when he was able to bear arms and protect himself. But this period varied at different times, depending very much on the character of the arms in use. At first these were light and easily handled, and then the time for the coming of age was fixed at twelve years. After the Teutons were brought into collision with the well armed Romans, a child of this age was of little use in battle, and the period of coming of age was fixed at fifteen years. And when heavier armor was introduced, it was extended to twenty-one years. An Anglo-Saxon child became entitled to the possession of his property at ten years of age, but he could not deal with it until he was fifteen, and this was at the age at which the Anglo-Saxon at least at the latter period of their history, were declared to have attained their majority.

☞ Why is an attorney like a minister?—Because he studies the law and profits.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—We have always thought Adam, in his courting, a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appeared to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Mdlle Eve, and she without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first event in this world we have, however, our thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood have wished that we were the man that did it. But the deed is done. The chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is a good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no craving old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the wedding brings queer thoughts to us, spite of scriptured truth. Adam and his wife were very young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger, but no older, without a horse, without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden. Speaking of love and lovers, here is an instance of *sweet simplicity*.

A good-looking, honest-faced country girl came to town with her "beau," one day, to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the shop, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of busy shopmen, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her "beau" obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door. The shopmen being all busy at the time, the young woman was obliged to remain standing, a few moments. At length a dapper fellow with a gold watch chain and flourishing whiskers, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer, with:

"Any body waiting on you, madam?"

The color deepened on her cheeks as she hesitated, and drew a long breath, till finally, with a nod of her head towards the door, she faltered out:

"Yes, sir; he is."

THE LAWYER AND THE DUCKS—There is not a more common offence against the laws of common courtesy (we might say, oftentimes, common decency) than is practiced by a certain class of lawyers now-a-days in the examination of witnesses upon the stand. Now and then, however, an impertinent lawyer "gets it back" in such a way that he is fain to "call the next witness." Of such was the following, not as yet "put down in the *books*," but well worthy of being transferred from the *papers*."

At a late term of the Court of Sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks.

"How do you know that they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"Oh, I should know them *anywhere*, replied the farmer: and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "these ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have some very much like them in my own yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer; "they are not the *only* ducks I have had stolen lately!"

"Call the *next* witness."

☞ "Why don't you go into business?" said a prosperous merchant to an old schoolmate, who was down in the world and couldn't get a situation as a book-keeper.

"I suppose you know what I commenced on," resumed the merchant, with something of sternness in his tone and air.

"Yes—next to nothing."

"Well, why can't you do the same?"

"I don't know why, but I can't?"

"Did you ever try?"

"No—I thought it was no use."

"That's it. Just one half of the unfortunate people in this world think "it is no use" to try.—The whole of one's success centers in the act of trying to succeed.

"Never give up the ship!"

☞ Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a "funny man" to be a bad one? Or, on the contrary, is not he, nine times out of ten generous, human, sociable and good? To be sure he is. Fun—is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life, makes the disposition—fresh and rosy, scatters sunshine and flowers wherever we go—gives the world a round jolly countenance, makes all the girls as June roses, and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep away from us.

☞ We like fine writing when it is properly applied, so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in one of our exchanges:

"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear, as the winged lightning leaps from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed, so does a lizard run when a big dog is after him."

☞ A gentleman riding through Sydenham, saw a board with "This Cottage for Sail," painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house he stopped and asked her very politely, "when the cottage was to sail