Altoona Tribune.

ALTOONA, PA.

SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1863.

A Talk with our Readers.

Well, friends, we know we have not supplied you with our paper as regularly as we should have done, during the past few weeks, and you have had good reason to complain thereof. But there are a few extenuating circumstances which, when stated, will relieve us of censure. All are aware of the advance in the price of everything, about a year since. Printing materials, paper, labor etc., advanced proportionately with other things. Publishers got over the difficulty by diminishing the size of their papers, by increasing the price, and by such other expedients as seemed most likely to save them from loss. Fifty cents was added to the subscription price of three-fourths of the papers that are in circulation and an advance in the prices of advertising and job work was made.

In purchasing paper, a day or two since, we found it again advancing at the rate of nearly 20 per cent. per month, with a fair prospect that it will go up still higher. Notwithstanding these facts, all of which tell with great effect on our business, so far as our paper is concerned, we still supply the *Tribune* at the old price, $150 per annum, and have not increased our rates of advertising. Our paper should sustain itself, if nothing more. We have not made a close calculation lately, but are inclined to the opinion that if we were to do so we should find that it was an expense, rather than a source of income.

We have a large jobbing patronage upon which we rely for our support. On job work we have advanced proportionately with the advance on material. This we could not avoid without sacrificing everything. This, then, being our support, it claims our first attention, consequently our paper which, as before stated, scarcely pays expenses, must be secondary; and when we have a rush of job work, such as has been thrown upon us during the past month, our paper must lay over until the work is finished.

If with the increased price of everything connected with newspaper publishing, we had but prompt payments, we might do better. While our receipts are much the same, the disbursements have swelled enormously. Notwithstanding this up-hill business, we do not intend to increase the price of subscription to the *Tribune* or the rates of advertising therein, hoping that the pressure will soon ease up, and that we shall be able to save ourselves in the end.

These are our excuses for the irregular appearance of our paper. We hope our friends will bear with us for a time, since we are laboring more for their benefit than for our own profit in giving them a paper weekly.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT—A fatal accident occurred at Gettysburg, on Friday, which should prove a warning against the handling of dangerous missiles. A gentleman by the name of Williams, of Philadelphia, attempted to remove the contents from a bomb-shell, when it exploded, blowing off both his hands, and shattering one arm to the shoulder. A portion of the shell also struck a boy who was standing near, killing him almost instantly Physicians amputated the shattered arm of Williams, but he died directly afterwards from the effects thereof. Williams had gone to Gettysburg to take home the body of his son, who had been killed in the battle at that place. Through curiosity he also lost his life, and his remains accompanied those of the son to their late home.

☞ Our cotemporary of the Juniata *Register* is informed that we do not abuse Democrats, but we are down on spurious articles, such as he. Now, Amos, you need not attempt to get out of that picture we drew of you last week, or drag loyal men down with you, by claiming that you are a Democrat. You are a poor imitation of the genuine, and galvanize yourself as you will, you cannot pass for a "Simon pure" article, the "Golden Circle" surrounding you containing too much alloy.

☞ Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county, New York, bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms, and, without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows, entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance, the apple resembles Rhode Island Greenings.

Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

The National Cemetery was dedicated on the 19th inst. An immense throng of people were in attendance from all parts of the country. The day was fine and the programme of arrangements was carried out almost entire. Hon. Edward Evertt delivered the oration. At the concluson of his remarks, the Baltimore Glee Club sang the following dedicatory hymn:—

'Tis holy ground—
This spot, where, in the graves,
We place our Country's braves,
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,
Fighting for Liberties and Laws—
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest—
And Summer's heat and Winter's cold,
Shall glow and freeze above this mold—
A thousand years shall pass away—
A Nation still shall mourn this clay
Which now is blest.

Here, where they fell,
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed,
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead,
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in Heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed—
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead,
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow—
A Country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, Oh, God! Thy gracious Power
To aid us in our darkest hour,
This be our prayer: "Oh Father! save
[illegible]eople's Freedom from its grave—
All praise to Thee!"

The dedicatory remarks were then delivered by the President as follows:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [Applause.] Now we are engaged in a great cival war, testing whether that Nation or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have gave their lives that their nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.—[Applause.] It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the refinished work that they have thus so nobly carried on. [Applause.] It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain [applause]; that the nation shall, under God, have a birth of freedom; and that Governments of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

From Chattanooga.

CHATANOOGA, Nov. 25.—We are completely victorious. The enemy is totally routed and driven from every position. Our loss is small, while that of the enemy is heavy in prisoners.

Finding Hooker so successful in his movement against Lookout Mountain, the enemy evacuated that point during the night. Hooker took possession this morning. The enemy moved south, and got on Missionary Ridge.

General Hooker is said to have captured not less than two thousand prisoners in his magninficent assault of Lookout Mountain.

General Sherman, being all prepared, began an assault at eight A. M., to-day, upon the strong position of the enemy at the north end of Missionary Ridge. He had the day before taken a hill near the enemy, but commanded by their artillery, he had to descend into a valley, and then make another ascent to the possition held by the enemy. Two unsuccessful assaults were made by Sherman, but with the co-operation of the centre, he ultimately gained the position, and completed the victory.

The brigade of General Cary, with a portion of General Lighthew's brigade, composed the storming party in the first assault. They were repulsed with quite a heavy loss, after an attack persisted in for an hour, but being reinforced, were enabled to hold a part of the hill.

In this attack General Cary was wounded quite severely in the thigh. The Twenty-seventh Ohio, Sixth Iowa and One-hundred-and-third Illinois were in the attack.

A second assault was made at half-past one, in which Matthias', Loomis' and Paul's brigades were engaged. The force reached within 20 yards of the summit of the hill and the works of the enemy, when they were flanked and broken, retiring to the reserves. In the assault General Mathias was wounded, and Colonel Putman, of the Twenty-third Ohio, killed.

Their presistent efforts compelled the enemy to mass heavily on his right, in order to hold the position of so much importance to him.

About three o'clock General Grant started two columns against the weakened centre, and, in an hour's desperate fighting, succeeded in breaking the centre, and gaining possession of the ridge in which the enemy was posted.

The main force was driven northward toward Sherman, who opened on them; and they were forced to break and seek safety in a disordered flight down the western slope of the ridge and across the western slope of the Chickamauga.

We have taken not less than five thousand prisoners, and perhaps ten thousand.

General Hooker will probably intercept the flying enemy in the vicinity of Rossville, and the reigon of it.

There are reports that we have taken a whole corps.

Among the casualties are Lieutenant-Colonel Espy, of the Sixty-eight Indiana; Major McCawley of the Tenth Iowa; Colonel Omar, Ninetieth Illinois; Major Walker, Tenth Missouri; Major Welsh, Fifth Illinois; Major Innis, Sixt Iowa, wounded.

Full reports of the killed and wounded cannot be obtained, as most of the killed were in Sherman's corps, and remained at dark in the hands of the enemy. The list will be telegraphed tomorrow.

The prisoners say that Bragg was on the ridge just before they were taken.

The successful storming parties consisted of Wood's and Baird's Divisions on the left centre and Johnson's and Sheridan's on the right centre.

Some of our wounded were left in the hands of the enemy after General Sherman's unsuccessful assault, but were ultimately recovered.

Telegrams since received confirm the above and state that Burnside is entirely secure. Sufficient re-inforcements are on the way to him to enable him to follow the example of the Army of the Cumberland, while Meade compels Lee to keep all his present force about him if he would save Richmond.

Letter from "Augustus Sontag."

Early Rising on the Mountains—Sunrise from the Catskills—The Ride to Ranterskill Falls—The Falls: with a dissertation of Excelsior's "How and and what we do"—A Tramp to the Clove—The Diamond of the Forest—The Ranterskill Clove in a glance—Sol and Sirius playing our Mentor as little Sunshine—Conclusion.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

The day seems somewhat longer here on the Mountains, Oh, lazy lounger of the valleys below! than in the city or elsewhere on the level, except to those connected with the business of bellowing out "milk, ho!" under early windows, for there have been certain cabalistic marks made on the slate at the office, opposite certain other marks that stand for K and L, indicating that these rooms are to be waked for the sunrise. Accordingly, just as Sontag has fallen into the sweet morning slumber, which is believed to be sweeter because it is rather a sin than otherwise to indulge it, and about the time that Blossom may be supposed to be in dreamland, buried in the rosy clouds drifting along towards her morning—there comes a "rap! bang!" at the door, and the voice of an unmistakable contraband halloes out: "Four o'clock! sunrise!" Not that he means to indicate that the sun has really risen because it is four o'clock, for the Almanac would contradict his statement in that particular, but there are other words, not expressed but understood, which would make the whole sentence, if completed, "Four o'clock! Get up boys and girls and look alive, or the sun will be up and dressed before you!" "Early to bed and early to rise make people get up soon in the morning." Little Blossom, whose shut eyelids have the unwillingness of the flower to be opened too soon, struggles herself awake at last, and the twain succeed in making their matutinal debut on the piazza in a few minutes, Sontag in a sad state of a shockhead, not the ghost of a collar, and slippers very much down in the heel. We are here on the piazza, however, and this is enough, and we are here before the sun has made his appearance, and this is the other point of consequence. A cool gray mist lies over the whole landscape, thickening into clouds in the north where the view touches the shoulder of the range, and seeming to form a bank far away to the East like that which sometimes comes in at nightfall on the seashore and slowly lifts before the sun next morning. It is yet half dusk on the Hudson valley, making the features of the landscape very dim and indistinct, and even the river seems to be somewhat sullen and glint through the mist with an expression of wanting the sun to warm it up cozily. It is not so cool on the piazza as people tell of its being when they ascend the Faulhorn or stand on the Phigi Culmi for the same premature observation of the God of day; but it is cool enough to induce a slight shiver running electrically over the hall dozen who have joined us in our early devotions, and to make the close drawing of shawls and wrappers a thing desirable.

There are only two points of view in the world from which it is worth an hours broken rest to see the sun rise; to all the rest he comes very unromantically and matter-of-fact. The one is over the sea, from the deck of a ship or the bluff at Long Branch or Newport, and the other is from the plateau of such a Mountain as that of the Catskill. Mount Washington might be equal to either, but from the bad habit the old monarch has of not withdrawing his nightcap at the proper hour, and leaving the visitor to gaze through a blank mass of fog, with only the imagination made aware that there is such a thing as a sun in the universe. When the sullen veil is removed and we can see the sunrise from the summit of Washington—ah, then! But that is now no matter of consequence. Catskill is a far better educated mountain, and it seldom plays tricks upon travellers. As the morning dawns the few absolute clouds are all driven over the peaks from the southwest, and the only heavy mist is climbing up the brows of the range to the north. Eastward we have it clear and glorious. While we have been ruminating the sunrise has drawn very near, and every eye is now bent upon the changing phenomena of the eastern sky. What a marvelous gradation of warm lights is this! from the circle immediately above the sun, where liquid gold seems to have been poured through the atmosphere in such profuseness as to beggar all the auriferous lands—to that one remove more distant, where the orange tints are so prevalent that they vie further back to that belt of faint purple, and the sea green and shimmering gold, all blent and mingled so that the eye can scarcely decide which is the predominant color. There the sun comes nearer, and penciled rays go blending up through the mass of soft color, growing more and more decided every instant, until the eye feels that the great glory is about to burst forth and grows absolutely weary with the moment of expectation. Then quick, sharp flashes dart up and scatter themselves like arrows above and on every side, and then—then when the eye is after all least expecting it, there trembles on the very verge of what appears to be a fog bank, but is really the horizon, one flattened drop of molten gold, so unendurably bright that it seems to sear the sight, and the next instant it has broadened and deepened, and the sun heaves a quarter of its circle into view, then pauses and flickers a moment and presents half, and after a pause of still another moment shows the whole disc, a shade paler now, yet brighter and glorious—the giver of the day—the light of the earth. It is folly to say, as many do who see this great spectacle and yet speak of it from imagination instead of observation, that the whole landscaps smiles at once in the sunlight. Many minutes must always elapse before even the tops of the trees in the valley below will be touched with the first glints of the morning ray, and little Blossom will have coaxer her curls into shape and be ready for a ramble up the cliffs that stud the South Mountain, and kissed her fairy companion, Sunshine, a good morning, before the people in the valley below will realize that the sun has risen.

There *are* effects from the newly risen light, but they are only to be seen among the morning mists that begin to creep up from the low lands, between cloud and mist, that form, so to speak, the floor over which the light travels to us. But these are only pendants to the great event which we have already seen and recorded. It is probable that some talismanic influence is ever at work, making ill nature and Kauterskill Fall antagonistic, for it has been our fortune to be whirled down the road past the lakes and westward to the sharp depression between the mountains, which supplies the rival to Terni, and never with a company that did not combine all the elements of good feeling and enjoyment, no matter whether the humanizing influence is to be found in the brisk and bracing mountain air which soothes the lungs while it freshens the limbs—in the cookery which recognizes common sense and defies indigestion—or in the pleasant face of the young clerk which smiles upon us from the office, and who always has the best seat left, kept or reserved for *every one*—no matter, we say, which may be the peculiar influence which keeps the old rule good in the present instance, but certain it is that, taking the average height of male and female humanity at five feet four, the long coach to the Falls this morning carries down eighty-five feet and four inches of pleasure seeking, distributed all the way along between pleasant dignity and schoolboy merriment. A sprinkle of people of both sexes who may or may not be named some time in the future, make up the company, and any nearer approach to actual personalities would be an infringement upon special privilege which we have no thought whatever of doing. Not ten minutes, instead of half an hour, seem to have passed, with the glimpses of the High Peak, the Round Top, and many other points of range lying westward and northward, when we break sharply down a keener descent than any that we have ever before made in the mountain road, and come out on a little level before the Laurel House and overlooking the Falls. At one time, as before recorded, "there was not water enough here to *drown a rat*"—*mem*—no allusion whatever to the *urats* abstracted from the rag-bag—but that was in late summer and in time of drouth, when all the mountains were like tinder and thirsty passengers literally drank *mud* at the Mountain Toll-gate. At any time when the summer drouth has not fully set in, Kanterskill may be depended upon for a cascade which makes up in depth what it lacks in width; and to-day, as we stream out of the lumbering coach and into the little building overhanging the Falls, the thunder of a very young Niagara is coming up, indicating that the water spirit has not been exorcised by the sun. We go out, with the others, on a platform literally, as well as figuratively, overhanging the Fall, and look down over the balcony. We realize then more clearly than ever before, that Kanterskill Falls, in some regards, has no equal. The stream may be capricious as that which supplies the tear-drop to the eyes, but the basin into which it falls is ever grand and impressive.

We have noticed that all mountain cascades have the horse-shoe form with the water falling down the toe and the space below the hollow, or (to change the figure,) the water coming down from the centre of the boxes of a Theatre, in front, opposite the stage, and the bottom of the Fall the pit or auditorium. This is the shape of Niagara, and the prominent feature of Rebecca's Well in Kittatinny Mountains, and of a dozen others that might be named. Nearly perpendicular, all around three sides of the circle, rise the walls of dark rock, chill with the eternal mist and damp in the absence of sunshine, showing the usual mountain cataract feature. Under us, as we shall see when by-and-by we stand on the opposite side, the wall hollows in so as to make a ventable dry walk under the Falls. To the left, and immediately beside the little platform where we are standing, the mountain stream, four or five feet wide, comes rapidly down, rich with the amber green like the St. Lawrence, and placid as if it had no premonition of its fate—then it gives a start, a shudder, and springs out into the air, a wreath of white, feathery spray, dashes into foam as it reaches the depth below. It is a dizzy depth to one standing immediately over it, even the one hundred and eighty feet of the first fall, and the nerves must be firm and steady if the eye looks down without a shudder. But the persecutions of the water do not end here. But a moment has elapsed after the fall which dashed it into fragments, and by some power of cohesion which does not apply to human bodies in similar cases, it has found its way together, when—lo! there is a second fall of ninety feet, and over the second precipice it dashes, and blends a second low growl with the thunder of disapprobation at its first plunge. From each of the Falls comes up a little wreath of mist, a very taunt and mockery of Niagara; and here flashes a short circle of a rainbow, bright as any that ever spanned the great cataract, and only needing space to rise to the dignity of a full circle. All the while down the open bottom of the horse-shoe we have been gazing at intervals, and voice has called to voice in admiration of the sunshine and cloud-shadow playing among the peaks that rise down the long vista and lose themselves in the distance. We have accompanied the crowd to the brink of the descent, and even descended the first flight far enough to catch a full view of the white cascade in its arrowy flight, relieved against the dark of the basin—we go no further but connect ourselves with that pleasant "home guard" on the upper platform, who keep guard over the temporarily abandoned hoop skirts, for be it known to you, oh, gentle reader, who have never been up on these Mountains, that a lady in hoops, descending to the bottom of Kanterskill, would as certainly break her dear neck or remain hanging from some gnarled root, half way down, like fruit on a garden espalier, as she would wish that she had consulted convenience instead of fashion.

From this guard and elevation we recognize the figures of our party as they creep tremblingly around on the wet and slippery shelf behind the Fall, and see them as they clamber down the rocks below, and hear their merry whoops sent up through the trees when they are hidden away among the damp rocks at the very bottom of the second Fall. We purchase marvelous minerals and stones which come from *Russia* or the Rocky Mountains, with the assurance that they were "picked up at the Fall." Little Blossom discovers an almond shell among the bushes, and thenceforth can never be persuaded that almonds do not grow luxuriantly all over the Catskills. The party are rung together by the use of a cracked bell at the Laurel House, whose boarders, if they depend upon being called to their meals by it, no doubt starve in the woods.

We had a merry ride back to the Mountain House and to dinner. After dinner little Blossom and Sontag, accompanied by Thompson—with a *p*—contraband, barber and *guide*, set out to visit Kahterskill Clove. Thompson—the guide—is a man who knows opera, and inquires after the voice af Brignolia and the success of Ione. The guide leads on, with a domestic alpenstock in hand, and one for each of us which will be found useful by-and-by, ascending and descending, if there is *not* even the warning of a rattle snake in the path.—So to sticks, and away, in Indian file, the guide leading down the steep descent northeast from the House; over a few fences, through an almost trackless and altogether rugged path to the wood half a mile below the House, all the while descending rapidly, then sharp around from the road to the right, still downward and into the almost impenatrable wood, and by that marvelous Moses Rock which all the year long, through rain and drought, gushes water, confounds the philosophers and recalls the miracle of Israel in the desert.—Almost trackless did we say?—leave out the adverbial adjective altogether; for in a moment, except to the sharp eyes of the guide, the track is lost altogether. Even the guide's eyes become doubtful a ftter a while, and anon he pauses to trace remembered landmarks. On, still bearing west and evidently skirting the Mountain at some fifteen hundred feet below the level of the Mountain House. On and on—was there ever so laborious and yet so pleasant a walk, little Blossom?—Through the dense woods, so dense that only rarely little sunshine came peeping down through the branches to light up our pathway. On, past huge piled masses of square stone lying on either side of the path and seeming like pulpits to the long departed Druids of the West; over fallen trees, huddled together like our dead upon the Gettysburg battle-field, their bark slippery with years of damp, and their branches making an almost impenetrable abattis; through thickets where branches fly in the face and the brambles play fantastic tricks with Sontag's patent-leathers; over marshy morasses where the moisture oozes coolly through the moss, and the only crossing is by springing from one to the other of the slippery stones, looking out here for a snake, and there hearing the crash of the guide's stick in reply to the *whirr* of a flushed partridge or the drumming of a pheasant, stopping to pick the red berries of the wintergreen, fatigued but delighted. We have just crossed a little marshy place, and the guide says: "Here's a spring; do you want a drink?"—We should be willing to drink, at this moment, from any pool less green than any one in the Florida woods; but what shall we say of this marvelous liquid that reveals itself as our guide takes out a glass from his basket, allows it to trickle full from the spring, and holds it up to the light.—Never before did we fully understand the meaning of the name "Diamond of the Desert," applied by Scott to that spring around which Richard and Saladan performed their warlike evolutions, A Diamond indeed—every drop that drips from the tumblerfull is as pure, as colorless, and as flashing as any gem that sparkles upon the brow of an Empress. Not even one tinge of color is perceptible when the whole tumblerfull is looked through, but the whole mass appears to be liquified splendor. And then the taste—cold as if had just poured over a cube of ice, and free from one smack of impurity, one fleck of dust, or one suspicion of mineral origin. Suddenly the thought comes to us that all the wells out of which we have drank since childhood, with their dripping buckets and their water that seemed to touch the parched lips and the waiting palate with the very thought of perfection, are petect and unequaled no longer. This is the "Diamond of the Forest!" and long and deep and repeated are the draughts that kiss lip and tongue before prudence becomes the master and we tear ourselves away and go onward.

It may be a mile from the spring when we break out of the forest upon a plateau a little elevated, and catch a dark mountain outline to the westward, running sharply down towards us, and apparently cut off altogether from that on which we are standing. "There is the Clove," says our guide with a tone which sounds like a pardonable pride of proprietorship. Two or three hundred yards further, no longer among the trees but through thick bushes and underbrush, and we come upon a rocky platform full upon the edge of the Clove, and with a sight before that makes the timid and nervous hold their breath. Wide to the left lies the valley of the Hudson, as we saw it from the Mountain House, but in view a little further down the river. Not even the Rocky Mountains can show so awful a view of sheer descent, and it is but a moment before the shudder of the situation comes over us and we draw back, and the guide smiles. Never mind!—we have stood on the verge of the Clove—something that need *not* be gazed upon long to be remembered. Is it *not* remembered little Bloossom? even after we have retraced our weary way to the Mountain House, pausing to take another draught from the "Diamond of the Forest" as we return. Yes, our minds will revert back and think of it with a pleasant sensation of fear, as we catch our last glimpse of these valleys and mountains in the coach, in the morning, to catch the Armenia at Catskill Landing. And shall we not store up the memory for the coming days, be they few or many, among those things which could not be lost without abating the charm of existence?

And now dear reader Sontag and little Blossom bids you adieu from these mountains, hoping that *you* may pass as pleasantly through the many vicissitudes of life, and may you always have as bright a ray of sunshine to loom up your pathway as we have hail from the Celestial orb while upon our trip over the Lake, at Niagara, and upon the Catskills. Ever yours,

AUGUSTUS SONTAG.

NAILS GROWING INTO THE FLESH.—An eminent French physician has published an account of the efficiency of the sesquichloride of iron for curing the growth of toe nails into the flesh, and as it is of importance to both the soldier and the citizen, we give the result of an experiment by an army surgeon. He says: "I may here remark that ulcers about the nails are occasionally observed among our soldiers, having escaped the attention of the medical boards, or being caused by the pressure of the boot during forced marches. Under these circumstances a prompt and painless cure may be affected by inserting the dry sesquichloride between the nail and the protruding flesh, and powdering the latter with the same substance. A large bandage should be applied over all, not impregnated with the liquid sesquichloride of iron; a precaution which may, however, be useful, as the folds of the band dry rapidly, and preserve their situation in a more exact manner. On the following day the exuberent flesh is found to have acquired the hardness of wood: suppuration speedily ceases, and a cure follows after two or three applications. The simple and mild treatment is obviously far preferable to the numerous surgical proceedures hitherto recommended. In the course of four or five days, or in a week at the farthest, the original pain ceases, the swelling subsides and the patient is able to walk. Naught remains but the hardened protruding flesh, which falls away about a month after the application of the sesquichloride of lime.

"PHYSICAL DISABILITY."—A good deal of surprise has been felt, and pretty freely expressed, too, of course, at the unexpected number of rejections of drafted men, for the manifoldly-maimed causes comprehended under the general head of "physical disability." The interesting fact has, however, been established at the Surgical Bureau in Washington, that the proportion of our people who are exempted from the draft on account of disability from physibility causes is scarcely greater than in England or France. In the latter countries the average per centage is a shade less than twenty-five per cent., while with us it does not in practice exceed thirty. Here the majority of our surgeons are volunteers, and they release persons for disability that experienced surgeons in the regular army would not. The latter are supposed to be better able to judge what forms of weakness in constitution or health would be bettered by camp-life. Again it is held, that as the volunteering of a million of men took the flower of our population, it might reasonably be expected that a large proportion of the conscripts would be exempted for disability.

RAILROAD BALL.—A brilliant ball was given last Thursday night, at Fort Wayne, by the employees of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad Company, in their newly erected car building, which was attended by 1500 persons. The immense hall, which measures two hundred by eighty feet, was so much crowded, that it was difficult for the dancers to get throught with the figures. In the quadrilles there were seventy-five setts upon the floor at one time—six hundred persons.

The hall was brilliantly lighted with gas, and by locomotive head lights, and colored train lamps, and was appropriately decorated. The train lamps, red and blue, were hung at the windows, giving the building a beautiful and novel illumination.

There were in the room six large locomotive head lights, one hundred and sixty gas lights and one hundred and fifty-four train lamps.

DUE IN THIRTY DAYS.—The Richmond *Sentinel* of the 13th says; It is encouraging to those who look to God for deliverance from our present troubles to know that in about thirty days after each day which has been set apart by the President of the Confederate States for prayer and fasting, we have had a battle and a victory.

The *Sentinel* may seek to impress this belief on its readers, but if its master Davis thought such an answer would follow the supplication of his followers they would never be suffered to rise from their devotions. Fasting has been a "permanent institution" among the rebels for some time.

NEW DEPOT.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is building an immense depot at Philadelphia. It will have a front on Market street of two hundred and fourteen feet, and a depth on Sixteenth street of three hundred and six feet, extending to Filbert street. The Market street front will be ornamented with iron columns, and the structure will be of the most substantial character. Six tracks will enter the depot from Market street, two single and two double ones. The cellars will be used for the storage of goods. The work is now progressing, and will be finished, if the weather will permit of it, in a few months.

☞ The St. Paul *Press* says: "Eighteen boxes containing species of animals, collected by some naturalist in the Red River country, passed through the city yesterday directed to the Smithsonian Institute. In the same lot was a moose-head and horns, weighing 56 pounds, a most elegant specimen; also a buffalo-head, weight 35 pounds; two elk (or red deer) heads and antlers, weight 38 pounds. They were directed to the 'King of Italy,' and sent to him through the American Express Company."

☞ In families well ordered, there is always one firm and sweet temper, which controls, without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

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A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness, whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind; no deadly botanical element; no fiery excitant; but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is well to be forearmed against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infected with *Fever and Ague*, it has been found infallible as a preventive and irresistible as remedy, and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being plied with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less continued forms of INDIGESTION. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTIPATION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretive organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to *Nervous Attacks, Lowness of Spirits* and *Fits of Languor*, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agony of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed to be duly appreciated. In cases of *Constitutional Weakness, Premature Decay* and Debility and Decrepitude arising from OLD AGE, it exercises the electric influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-enforce and re-establish it.

Last, but not least, it is *The only Safe Stimulant*, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from the acid elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

No family medicine has been so universally, and, it may be truly added, *deservedly* popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

HELMBOLD'S
Genuine Preparations.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Speed Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel and Dropsical Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcereous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion of Abuse, attended with the following symptoms:—

Indisposition to Exertion,	Loss of Power.
Loss of Memory,	Difficulty of Breathing,
Weak Nerves,	Trembling,
Horror of Disease,	Wakefulness,
Dimness of Vision,	Pain in the Back,
Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System,	
Hot Hands,	Flushing of the Body,
Dryness of the Skin,	Eruptions on the Face.
Pallid Countenance,	

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably removes, soon follows

Impotency, Futuity, Epileptic Fits;

In one of which the Patient may expire.

Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those "Direful Diseases,"

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."

Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, BUT NONE WILL CONFESS THE RECORDS OF THE INSANE ASYLUMS.

And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the Truth of the assertion.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System, *which* HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU *invariably does.*

A Trial will convince the most skeptical.

FEMALES—FEMALES—FEMALES.

In many Affections peculiar to Females the EXTRACT BUCHU is unequaled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Scirrhous state of the Uterus Leuchorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the

DECLINE OR CHANGE OF LIFE.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or unpleasant Medicines for unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH CURES

SECRET DISEASES

In all their Stages,	At little Expense
Little or no change in Diet.	No inconvenience.

And no Exposure.

It causes a frequent decise and gives strength to Urinate, thereby Removing Obstructions, Preventing and Curing Strictures of the Urethra, allaying Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in the class of diseases, and expelling *all Poisonous, Diseased and wornout Matter.*

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS, WHO HAVE BEEN THE VICTIMS OF QUACKS, and who have paid *heavy fees* to be cured in a short time, have found they were deceived, and that the "POISON" has, by the use of "POWERFUL ASTRINGENTS," been dried up in the system, to break out in an aggravated form, and *perhaps after Marriage.*

Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU for all affections and diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these Organs requires the aid of a DIURETIC. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to have the desired effect in all *Diseases for which it is Recommended.*

Evidence of the most reliable and responsible character will accompany the medicine.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE, OR SIX FOR $5.

Delivered to any Address, securely packed from observation.

Describe Symptoms in all Communications.

CURES GUARANTEED! ADVICE GRATIS!!

Address letters for information to,

H. B. HELMBOLD, Chemist.
104 South Tenth-st., bel. Chestnut, Phila.
HELMBOLD'S *Medical Depot,*
HELMBOLD'S *Drug and Chemical Warehouse,*
594 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS who endeavor to dispose "*of their own*" and "*other*" *articles on the reputation attained by* Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

" " " Extract Buchu.
" " " " Sarsaparilla.
" " " Improved Rose Wash.

SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
ASK FOR HELMBOLD'S. TAKE NO OTHER.
Cut out the Advertisement and send for it.
AND AVOID IMPOSITION AND EXPOSURE.

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addition to our establishment in t
type, Screw Press, Paper Cutter, C
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to execute anything in the line o
a style equal to any establishment
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MANIFESTS, AND BLANKS
All we ask is a trial, feeling confi
satisfaction if we have the opportu
Office in Lowther's building, corn
the streets, opposite Superintendent

LOCAL IT

TRAVELING BY NIGHT AN sometimes heard it remarked b they would not travel by night impression being that there is accidents in the dark than durin first thought this would seem writer in the *Railroad Advocat* view of the matter, and certa good case. He says:

"There are many circumst night running comparatively sa the track is stopped. Compa trains are on the road, No ever be likely to remain ope Switches are more likely to be times, as they are not in use for are locked. The signal for made by light, would scarcely and obeyed, and, what is imp seen at a greater distance than daylight. The engineer has attention than in the daytime. a rock or tree falling across a broad daylight is as much a if encountered in the night. would appear that one can take railroad car with comparative

☞ So long as Old Joe printers will not want for savory tant occasions. We had settle riction (not to say necessity) th ing dinner was to consist of a but, just at the niche of time, with two nine-month goblers. specially for the printers, and w litest bows begged us to accep We relieved him of his load, of our convictions relative to o Long live our old friend. H out his three-score years, but kindness and humor he bids fai score.

THANKSGIVING.—The day served, in this place, by the chanical labor, and the closing and leaving the doors open. whole figure and opened both Divine services was held in the Lutheran Churches: Turkeydo depopulated and foul stomach were prevalent on Friday mor with loss of appetite and cold fast.

FAIR.—The fair on the hill fair weather favors it, but the prices at S. C. Postlewaits Prov Notion Store sometimes brings ladies to that place, and no wo more than fair that they give to make a fair living, when everybody whether fair or oth Brant's Row, between the Pos road.

THE GERMAN CONCERT.—T came off according to previous Hall, on Thursday evening, and say, was a complete success. filled with spectators, all of wh with the exhibition. The pe Ch: Hauschel, and of Mr. B volunteered his services for th especially interesting.

IMPROVEMENT.—We are plea brick pavement is about being Masonic Temple. Hope that zens will become afflicted with style of sidewalks, and that dated concerns will find their w to be made into kindling wood.

SHOOTING MATCH.—Bills an for a grand shooting match to place on December 25th (Christ moth Berkshire Pig only 16 mon ing 500 pounds. Inquire of L particulars.

CLOSED.—We learn that the the benefit of St. John's Thanksgiving evening, with a having netted the sum of $2. affair