The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY. DECEMBER 23, 1863. NO. 44.

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 defy 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
Men's Pegged " " 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots " " 2.75@3.50
BALMORAL 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 4 to 25 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, and, in fact, everything kept in a first-class Store.
Altoona Oct. 7, 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.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR
CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

ETTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock.

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted

EQUAL TO THE BEST,

and superior to the largest quantity of Ready-made clothing in the market.

2nd. We buy our Cloths directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put on by middle men.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloths, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the percentage which must be added by those who buy from second hands to sell again. We retail our clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs in the city, thereby saving said Clothiers' percentage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's store, in Altoona, is "played out," let such person drop into his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Dec. 2, 1863.—tf.

CITY DRUG STORE.

DR. 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
carefully compounded, at all hours of the day or night.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

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.

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

HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS just received and for sale by J. B. HILEMAN.

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

NEW STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES for Men and Boys, Ladies and Misses, just rec'd at LAUGHMAN'

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

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Trusses and Shoulder Braces for sale at G. W. KESSLER'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 FRAGMENT.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

I listen, but I hear no sounds;
My thoughts are far away.
To me the lights are dull and dead,
I hear no music play

The soft-voiced flute and deep bassoon
Make harmony complete;
But what are mellow sounds to me?
I hear my wild heart beat.

Sweet flowers in the marble hall
Give out their honey breath:
But I am crushing in my hand
A red-rose bud to death.

I smile, and dance, or even sing.
Can it be all a dream?
And is the *woman's* nature sunk
Into the thing I seem?

The wine is blood, the jests are bold!
Men are but shadows here,
And every woman's smile to me
But glasses o'er a sneer.

I see a form, I hear a voice—
Its tones are low and sad;
Drown it, ye viols and bassoon,
Or it will drive me mad!

Poor heart! I know I sold your throbs,
Yet do not beat so fast.
One offered love, and one much gold—
O God! I choose, the last!

But I am punished. All my hopes,
So sweet, forever fled,
And doomed like ghosts to walk apart
In places for the dead.

O years! leap back, and let me stand
In my gay girlhood free;
Or, sea, roll o'er the reeking land,
And swallow it and me!

IN DECEMBER, 1863.

The dying years grows old, and wan, and sad;
December holds on high her flickering torch,
And all bright things of beauty, one by one,
Glide out the porch.

All day I hear the people talk of war—
Of movements planned—of battles won and lost.
And see the faces blanched with tears of those
Who knows the cost.

All night I dream of blood, and wounds, and death,—
Of ghastly corpses bleaching on the plain—
Of moans and agony in stifled words—
Of starving men.

And as the days and nights go sadly by,
And only scanty grains of comfort lend,
My inmost soul to thee great God *will* cry,
"Where is the end?"

"Have you not drained the chalice to its dregs?
Thou Just, and Merciful, tell us Thy will:
When shall the God who hears the raven's cry,
Bid 'Peace, be still!'"

Select Miscellany.

ALL ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY FANNY FERN.

There be many kinds of doctors—allopathic, homopathic and mongrel. Luckily, every family swears by its own, and believes in no salvation beyond his dictum. There is your exclusive doctor, who believes in a fine house; rides to 'cases,' with a servant in livery; utterly eschews all gutter localities, and never troubles himself to go out when his head aches or in bad weather. His manner of drawing off his gloves is pompous and impressive. Nurse in the corner sinks down into her slippers, utterly quenched by it. While he warms his hands silently at the fire, he is impressing all present with an idea of his immense profoundly. This done, he fixes his eyes on the ceiling and counts his patient's pulse; then comes the tongue examination; after he relapses into another profound contemplation of the ceiling, during which time every tick of the clock seems solemn as fate. Then follows the cabalistic writing, a dead letter to everybody but this Grand Mongal and the apothecary. The gloves are then drawn on, and, bowing to the thin air our elegant Doctor delivers himself again into the care of his liveried servant.

Then there is your old fashioned Doctor, whose patients 'will have him,' though he has wanted gradually to leave off practice for several years, in favor of new aspirants. The cut of his coat is a matter that don't affect his practice. He smiles blandly as the other Doctor, with the liveried servant, drives past, while he trudes independently on foot, and mentally shakes his head at 'new fashions.' He is civil without regard to externals. A baby is a baby to him, whether it comes into the world with a nice wardrobe ready for its back, or the contrary. He is perfectly willing to tell a man who places his stomach in his hands what he is going to put into it, and what he expects it to do to him. He is interested philanthropically, as well as scientifically, in the most minute symptom of the most ordinary patient, who is encouraged by the sympathetic magnetism of his voice and eye to 'tell him just how he feels.' He scribbles no unnecessary recipes for his own benefit or the apothecaries: and speaks so cheerfully when he leaves that the sick man half doubts after all, if anything is the matter with him.

Then there is your young new fledged Doctor, who gives physic as a little boy touches off a fire-cracker, rather uncertain whether it will blow him or his neighbor, or both, sky-high. Then there is your Ladies' Doctor, 'the handsome creature,' who lifts his eyes with well-acted astonishment that these dear beings can endure a pain, or an ache, and still live; who says just what they want him to, in the way of prescribing 'little journeys' and savory messes; and coaxes all their little troubles over their lips till they are more astonished at themselves than the Doctor is at them.

Then there is your blunt, pop-gun Doctor, who has no time nor inclination for nonsense, and jerks out his opinion as he would a mouthful of tobacco: and if they don't like it, are welcome to move out of the way. Who feels your pulse, and pronounces you a prospective dead man, or woman, as coolly as if the intelligence concerned you no more than himself.

Then there is the eccentric Doctor, who advertises himself by some peculiarity of costume, like knee-breeches, or cocked-hat, or long, flowing hair, and is never better pleased than when everybody is saying: 'Who can that be?'

Then there is your celebrated Surgeon, who has long since bade good-bye to his own nerves, and looks at every man, woman and child with a view to their 'cutting up.' When about to commence an operation before a class of gaping students, mark the gleaming, circling flourish of his pet knife in the air, before descending upon his chloroform-bound victim! The operation properly and deftly performed, his part is done. The Almighty is responsible for the rest.

Finally, and lastly, it is all very nice to laugh at Doctors when one is sound and well; but let a good smart pain come, and none so ready as those who do so to send a telegraphic summons for their speedy appearance. With this substantial proof of their power, let them snap their fingers at criticism and be jolly.

SICK ANIMALS.

It is of vastly more importance to keep animals in health than to cure them when sick. As a general rule animals may be kept in good health by the observance of a few simple rules:

1. Animals should always be fed with regularity both in respect to time and quantity. *Overfeeding* is often the cause of disease.

2. They should always have water as often as required, and that which is *pure*. Horses will not drink of hard, lime or clayey, if they can have access to pure water,

3. Do not *overwork* horses and oxen.—Regular and moderate labor will accomplish more in the year, and keep them in better condition than overworking at one time and resting and overfeeding at another.

4. A sufficient variety should be fed to stock in winter, and not confine them to dry hay or straw and grain. A mess of carrots, turnips or potatoes cut and mixed with ground oats or shorts, is excellent to promote health, and should be given as often as twice a week.

5. Never feed musty and mouldy fodder; but if it must be used, cut it, moisten and sprinkle over with meal, and feed to horned cattle. It should never be given to horses.

6. Always shelter stock in cold storms in all seasons of the year, and never leave a horse, after being driven, to stand in the cold wind without being covered with a good thick blanket or buffalo.

7. Avoid all sudden changes of food in grain, or from hay to grass.

8. Due care should be taken that animals always have a plenty of pure, fresh air, and for this purpose stables should be well ventilated, as stock often become sick from breathing foul air. A proper amount of exercise is also essential.

9. Strict cleanliness should always be observed. All animals are found to maintain a better condition and fatten faster when curried and kept clean.

When an animal becomes sick, one of the best measures to be adopted, is good nursing. This a method beginning to be advocated by the best practitioners of the medical art, as being applicable to the human family, and is unquestionably as advantageous when applied to farm stock. There is no doubt that the life of valuable animals is often lost by doctoring, while many recover when left to themselves and the working of Nature.

NORTH DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

HOW A FIDDLER'S SPIRIT TROUBLED HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSEHOLD.

A work entitled "The North-Devon Scenery Book," recently published in England, furnishes a number of North Devonshire legends, one of which deserves a place in Howitt's History of the Supernatural. We quote:

"Not many years ago an old man was living in the village who possessed a fiddle, and was able to discourse merry music upon it. There was a large upstair-room in his house, which was called the dancing chamber, and here the boys and maidens of Combmartin used to assemble once a month, and dance, and talk, and flirt in their honest country fashion, and otherwise enjoy themselves after their day's work.

When the fiddler was dead, his daughter married, and she and her husband continued to live in the old man's house.—But as the husband could not play the fiddle the dancing chamber was of no use, and it was consequently converted to ordinary domestic purposes.

The alterations had scarcely been completed when the house became suddenly uninhabitable. Every night the most fearful noises rang from the floor to the roof—noises as though a score of horses were galloping up and down the old dancing-chamber, to the accompanyment of the loud cracking of whips and other similar unnatural sounds.

So that, as you may supposes, the family got but scanty rest at night; and were nearly driven to their wits' end by fright and preplexity.

At last the husband betook himself to the parson of the parish, and asked for advice and assistance in so disagreeable a state of affairs.

The parson suggested that such kinds of alarming noises were frequently caused by rats, and counseled him to procure the services of an expert in the killing of such unpleasant vermin.

In about a week the man again paid a visit to the rectory, evidently wrought up to a pitch of desperation by his broken sleep and troubled dreams.

"It was no rats," he said; they had hunted in vain for such things; it was "a spirit"—whose, he couldn't tell, but there was no doubt that it was a real spirit; and the only thing to be done was to have it laid by the parson. If, he added, it should be too strong for one parson he hoped the rector would be good enough to get two other clergyman to join him, for he had been assured there was no spirit so powerful as to be able to stand out against the united powers of three parsons.

The rector, however, declined to revive the cold custom of exorcism; and consequently his parishioner went home with a troubled and angry heart.

A few days afterwards he came back once more, with a gleeful countenance, and said the spirit was laid, and that he himself had been able to effect the desired result.

Partly swayed by the absolute necessity of doing something to penetrate the mystery, partly persuaded by the sensible exhortations of the rector, he and his wife had instituted another thorough search in the haunted rooms, and, after much ripping up the roof and floor and waistcoat, they discovered an old silk waistcoat belonging to the deceased fiddler, snugly concealed in the thatch immediately above the dancing-chamber. In one of the pockets of this garment were two half crowns.

It become, therefore, immediately plain to them that the old man had been troubled at the loss which his family had sustained through the concealment of his hoard; and that the above-mentioned noises were the unnecessarily-strong means which he had taken to draw his daughter's attention to the hidden treasure.

In proof of this opinion it happened that henceforward the disturbance ceased entirely; and to this day, happily for the inhabitants of the cottage, the spirit has remained at rest.

THE SKEPTIC REFUTED.—"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

"I do believe the Bible," said the old man, "does thee believe it?"

"No, I can have no proof of its truth."

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes, for although I have not seen it I have seen others who have. Besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist.

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put an end to the discussion.

☞ A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great mis-fortune.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Last evening at the Caledonian supper General Rosecrans exhibited the photograph of a boy who he said was the youngest soldier in the Army of the Cumberland. His name is Johnny Clem, twelve years of age, a member of company C, 22d Michigan Infantry. His home is in Newark, Ohio. He first attracted Rosecrans attention during a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marking for his regiment. His extreme youth (he is quite small for his age) and intelligent appearance interested the General, and calling him out, he questioned him as to his name, age, regiment, &c. General Rosecrans spoke encouragingly to the young soldier, and told him to come and see him whenever he came where he was.

He saw no more of Clem until Saturday last, when he went to his place of residence—the Burnet House—and found Johnny Clem sitting on his sofa, waiting to see him. Johnny had experienced some of the vicissitudes of war since last they met. He had been captured by Wheeler's cavalry near Bridgeport. His captors took him to Wheeler who saluted him with—

"What are you doing here, you d—d little Yankee scoundrel?"

Said Johnny Clem, stoutly—"General Wheeler, I am no more a d—d scoundrel than you are, sir."

Johnny said the rebels stole about all that he had including his pocket-book, which contained only twenty-five cents.

"But I would not have cared for the rest," he added, "if they hadn't stolen my hat, which had three bullet holes it received at Chickamauga."

He was finally paroled and sent North. On Saturday he was on his way to Camp Chase to join his regiment, having been exchanged. Gen. Rosecrans observed that the young soldier had chevrons on his arm, and asked the meaning of it. He said he was promoted to a corporal for shooting a reble colonel at Chickamauga. The colonel was mounted, and stopped Johnny at some point on the field, crying, "Stop, you little Yankee devil." Johnny halted, bringing his Austrin rifle to an "order," thus throwing the colonel off his guard, cocked his piece, (which he could easily do, being so short,) and suddenly bringing it to his shoulder, fired, the colonel falling dead with a bullet through his breast.

The little fellow told his story simply and modestly, and the General determined to honor his bravery. He gave him the badge of the "Roll of Honor," which Mrs. Sanuders, wife of the host of the Burnet House, sewed upon Johnny's coat. His eyes glistened with pride as he looked upon the badge, and little Johnny seemed to have grown an inch or two taller, he stood so erect. He left his photograph with Gen. Rosecrans, who exhibits it with pride. We may again hear from Johnny Clem, the youngest soldier in the Army of the Cumberland.—*Cin. Times.*

A GHOST ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

The European *Times* has the following story:—On the 11th, Capt. Paton, while addressing the Mercantile Marine Association in reference to the plan for repairing the big ship, mentioned a singular ocourrence which took place at New York. An impression got abroad that the ship was haunted, the alleged ghost being no other than the impersonation of an unfortunate riveter, who was heard plying his occupation in one of the wells or compartments. Capt. Paton stated that before the vessel left this country he believed that one of the men employed in her constuction was missing. The man was a riveter, he was missed from the ship, and never came for his wages, the supposition being that he had been riveted up in some part of the vessel. So firmly impressed were some of the men with this idea, that they left the ship in consequence. They affirmed that they had heard their departed friend busily engaged riveting in the middle of the night. The story was believed by many persons in New York, and, on one occasion, while the ship was under repair, a diver signaled to be drawn up. He appeared pale with fright, and declared that the ghost of the riveter was busy in the bottom part of the ship; in fact, that he had been riviting immediately over his head. Such was the consternation among the diverse, that they called in the aid of one of the spirit mediums, who are somewhat numerous in the city of New York. The medium came on board the ship, and, after an examination, declared that the missing man was there, both "in body and in spirit." Fortunately Capt. Paton), by pure accident was enabled to dispel the illusion. Being in a boat near the bows of the ship, he discovered that a swivel connected with the moornings worked to and fro, the movement causing a chink or vibration, which, at times, more especially at night, was heard throughout the vessel. It was this sound which he had conjured up, in connection with the supposed fate of the unfortunate riveter. The phantom whose mysterious doings spread consternation on board the big ship.

☞ Never desert a friend.

PRIVATE HOTEL.

We observe the following going the rounds of the rebel press:

Mike has made several importance discoveries in his recent raid through the Southwest. He says he has just found out what a "private hotel" is. He has found several of them in his travels, and they are certainly very peculiar institutions. He says their bells and gongs make as much clatter as if there was really something on the table to call the public to, but when one gets there he sees nothing but empty plates.

Presently the waiters will be seen dispersing different articles of provender—pretty generally to the military gentlemen with the stars and bars on their collars—and when you ask them to give you "some of that what that fellr's got," the waiter will look at you just as a faro dealer does when he "rakes down your pile," looks as if he had "chawed" you, and innocently says:

That's private, sir!

"Then you look around to see what else might you taste, and you see another chap with eggs. You think "well, eggs are common enough, dear knows."

"Well, give me some eggs, then."

"Dem's private' too, sir. De gemmen fotch' em hear and we cook 'em for him."

"Give me some potatoes, then; I suppose they're not private," I said loud enough to attract all the eyes around the table.

"Yes, massa, dem's private, too; but I can give you some corn bread, an' here's some salt, an' here's some corn bread."

"Give me some of that butter, you black rascal," I said, aggrivated, as indeed it should make anybody feel who was paying eight dollars a day for board.

"Well, massa, clare, massa, dat's private, too! Here's some salt!"

Spying another nigger, I motioned him to me, thinking I would slip a bride into his fingers, and possibly get some of the private dishes. He came reluctantly, and as I extended my hand with a promise in it, he stopped and said in a low tone:

"I'se a private servant, massa."

This capped the climax, and I determined to finish my meal on corn dodger and salt, and take the next train for a change.—*Bugle Horn.*

GEN. GRANT IN A HORSE TRADE.—A few Congressmen on the train the other day entered into a conversation about the merits of different generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about Gen. Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made.—When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars, if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic major general started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him?" was the very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that."

"Of course, sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and, on the payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

GEN. HARDEE AND THE STRAGGLER.—We recently heard a camp anecdote which we think, is worthy of being preserved in print. While on a forced march in some army movements in Mississippi last summer, Gen. Hardee came up with a straggler who had fallen some distance in the rear of his command. The General ordered him forward, when the soldier replied that he was weak and broken down, not having had even half rations for several days.

"That's hard," replied the General, "but you must push forward, my good fellow, and join your comrades, or the Provost guard will take you in hand." The soldier halted, and, looking up at the General, asked—

"Ain't you Gen. Hardee?

"Yes," replied the General.

"Did't you write Hardee's Tactics?

"Yes?"

"Well, General, I've studied them tactics, and know 'em by heart. You've got a order that to double column at half distance, ain't You?" "Well," asked the General, "what has that order to do with your case?"

"I'm a good soldier, General, and obey all that is possible to be obeyed; but if you can show me an order in your tactics, or anybody else's tactics, to double distance on half rations, then I'll give in"

The General, with a hearty laugh, admitted that there were no tactics to meet the case, and putting spurs to his horse, rode forward.