The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1864. NO. 48.

NEW FIRM!
A FRESH ARRIVAL!
NEW GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES!

WE ARE GLAD TO BE ABLE TO inform the people of Altoona and vicinity that we are just receiving a very large and fine supply of

WINTER GOODS,

just bought in Philadelphia for CASH, and at reduced prices, and are determined to dispose of them at the smallest possible advance.

Our stock of DRESS GOODS for the Winter is now complete, consisting, in part, of a full line of

Black Silks, French Merinos, Drab and Figured Alpacas, Wool Delaines, Figured And Plain Paramettos, and an entire new Style of Figured Delaines.
Woolen Shawls, Closking Cloths, Hoop Skirts, Balmoral Skirts, very cheap; a full and Complete line of Woolen and Cotton Hosiery And Gloves. We also invite special attention To our stock of Domestic Goods, of which we Have a full line, such as Prints, Ginghams, Muslins and Sheetings, Red, Grey and White Shirting, Canton Flannels, &c., at or near old Prices. Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys' Wear; Ladies, Misses and Childrens' Gaiters. Fine and heavy Morocco and Goat Shoes. We have also received a choice lot of Groceries, Such as Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Syrups, &c., and A new and handsome stock of Queensware. Selected expressly for this market.

☞ We call the especial attention of all to the fact that we are now selling all kinds of goods at the *lowest market prices, strictly for cash, regardless of what they cost us.*

☞ Sincerely thanking the public for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, we most respectfully invite everybody, and particularly our friends, the Ladies, to call at the MODEL and secure bargains while they are to be had. [Dec 9, tf.] JOHN LOWTHER & CO.

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 up 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.

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
Kip 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.

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 Frew'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.

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.

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

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.

WOUNDED.

The following splendid lyric was written by Rev. William E. Miller, of the Metbodist Protestant Church, and residing at Tompkins' Cove, New York. It has the ring both of Tennyson and Whittier. We find it in the columns of the *Western Methodist Protestant:*

Let me lie down.

Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!

Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The Tempest—its fury and thunder were there:
Oh, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead:
Oh, it was grand.

Weary and faint

Prone on the soldier's couch, oh, how can I rest
With shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!

Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through, without faltering—clear through with a yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of Doom:
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!

Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart:
It is duty.

Dying at last!

My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye:
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breath my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

I am no saint.

But boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins:
"Our Father," and then says "Forgive us our sins."
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen:
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark!—there's a shout!

Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the Flag, with its Star Spangles bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!

O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-rendered sod
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out

Select Miscellany.

RICH AND POOR.

"Come hither, Hannah, my poor, proud child!"

There was a world of music in my mothers deep, sorrowful voice, and I crossed the room in twilight, and threw myself on a low stool at her feet. The coal fire was smouldering in the grate.—The carpet, with its dark, rich colors, looked warm and comfortable in the dim light, but outside the wind hurried howling by, and unquiet feet in the cold November rain paced around the house like a patient sentinel.

I had been a long time loved by one, good and noble, and more than worthy. He was like some poet artist's conception of morning, with his calm bright brow, his clear blue eyes, and golden tresses.—There was an expression of bold and fearless truth in his handsome features, and a look of loving tenderness about his mouth. He was all sunshine, and he shone his way into my heart. I loved him, though I hardly acknowledged it to myself. He was poor, and I—I had but my proud old name, and the ruined mansion and the wasted patrimony of the proud race of Stuarts.

Another lover came, and this one was rich. The gold lay yellow and deep in his iron coffers, and the broad lands that called him master, all were green and fair. If Morgan Phillips was radiant with the beauty of morning, the other one, Hunt Henesly was the personification of a stormy night, not yet with the rain of tears; but black, darkened and terrible with heavy tempest clouds, with now and then a star sprinkling through them like the gleam of a giant's burnished armor.—I loved Morgan Phillips, but Hunt Henesly's wilder nature posed a strange charm for my adventurous imagination.—With him I could realize every dream of my youth—I could cross the Eastern desert—bivouac among the Bedouine—stand among the ruins of Jerusalem and weep over the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome. With him I could float down the castled Rhine—look out on the stormy Hebrides—and follow the truck of the old Norsemen across the Northern sea.

With Morgan Philips what should I share? "Love," answered tremblingly the low voice in my heart, and I saw a vision of a peaceful home, where my presence would make sunshine. I twined the roses over the cottage walls, and rocked the blue-eyed children bright with the golden hair of my husband: but the cozy table, with its visions of washing dishes and scouring knives; the blue-eyed little ones; of rocking, however, fast the cradle gogged, would cry, and arrant fancy turned with a sigh of relief to the other picture—the lullaby of the peaceful Mediterranean, the summer isle upon her breast. Unconsciously I said aloud:

"I shall be Hunt Henesly's," and then my mother called me to her side.

I thought, as I sat down at her feet, how beautiful she still was, with her sorrowful black eyes. She looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then she said, half sorrowfully:

"My child, you have promised to be Morgan Phillips' wife!

"No, mamma, I am young yet."

"Yes very young; but if you have not promised, you have let him know for these many months that you loved him—that his presence at your side was welcome. Now, Hannah, if you did not mean to wed him, was this right?"

I blushed and was silent, and she continued:

"I know Hunt Henesly loves you also, and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guide, if you will only follow it. Only, Hannah Stuart, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, or anything tempt you to marry without love. The retribution will be terrible," and my mother drew her shawl about her and shuddered, albeit the room was warm. Her voice was low and husky as she went on:

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. You need the lesson, and you shall have it."

"I was motherless. I have a picture of a beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from earth ere she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen he died and left me poor. He had been wealthy, but after my mother's death he had trusted his fortune to a faithless steward, and I was scarcely above want.

"I was beautiful—the world said, and I knew it well. The face that met my gaze as I stood before the mirror, was bright and bewildering lovely. I had been educated in conventional retirement, and my heart was fresh and pure. I loved! Hannah, you never knew such a passion. It was worship—it was idolatry—it was the light of my life.—And he I loved was poor. Allen Greame was fatherless like myself, but I was an inmate of his mother's cottage. Very tenderly they cherished the orphan committed to their charge. I knew that Allen loved me. I read it in every act; in the appealing tenderness with which his blue eyes rested on my face; in the care with which he anticipated my wishes, and in every intonation of his voice as he addressed me.

"But another suitor came. Allen Greame had never asked my love, and I never promised in so many words to be his bride, but for many months he had believed me all his own, and when your father visited the cottage, his eyes sought my face with a kind of questioning sadnesss. Time passed on, and seven weeks beheld me Percy Stuart's betrothed.—Looking back, I cannot see by what circumstance this change was brought about. I worshiped Allen Greame as madly as ever. His smile was the sunshine of my existence. Your father loved me, or at least he idolized my beauty, and he was a noble, generous man. Still his presence had no power to awaken a single heart thrill. But he was rich and noble born. I coveted the proud rank of his wealth—the stately mansion and the old name. It was a long struggle between love and ambition, but at last I laid my hand in his. Scorn me, Hannah, hate me, I deserve it. I sinned willfully, I knew I did not love him—the heart and soul were long yielded up in adoration to another—and yet I became his bride.

"Allen never reproached me, but the stony, hopeless sorrow in his blue eyes was more bitter than the most terrible words. His mother was kind as ever, but I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garment she was making. And I—Oh, Hannah, I shudder, looking back through all these years, at the bare thought of my silent agony. I believe I was more beautiful than ever. My eyes were wildly bright, and my cheeks flushed like wine an hundred years old mantling over a silver goblet. My bridegroom liked the impressive coldness of my manners. I do not think that he ever dreamed that I did not love him, and my stateliness accorded well with the lofty pride of himself and all his haughty family.

"I married him. The ceremony was over, and he turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek rang through the church—a piercing, terrible shriek.—Then there was a terrible fall. Allen was borne home senseless. My husband might have suspected when he saw my anguish, that he was more than a brother. I called him but he said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside. My beloved had broke a blood vessel in his fall, and the fourth day he died. I held his hand as he faded gently.

"Katrine," he said looking mournfully into my eyes. "Katrine, it is very sweet to die with you beside me. I am dying of your love. I shall be happy, dearest, for an angel whispers you will be mine in Heaven. You have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world, and I am going where no shadows fall. Kiss me, Katrine, and then sing me that dear old song."

"I had kissed him many times before, as a sister might—the free, innocent kisses of childhood; but then drawing his head to my bosom, I sang. It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky. And I sang it now to the soul which was soon to climb over the stars—above the sky, even to the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light swelling into his large blue eyes.—Every moment he grew more beautiful, till I was frightened with his unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—"Katrine—Heaven."

"The lids closed over those peaceful eyes, peaceful as a child lays down to dream, and the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone—with my dead!"

My mother paused and clasped me to her heart, then releasing me, she continued:

"Hannah, I knew in those early days your father loved me as he could love—not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me and tried to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife who rested on his bosom, slept in her dreams upon another's mixed with grave mould. When he clasped his arms around me, ever between their folds and my slender waist, where those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick unto death, I could not feign the love which my heart could never—never feel!"

"It was two years, Hannah, before you was born. He had learned of late to seek happiness otherwise. I did not trouble myself to inquire after the nature of his pursuits; I was greatful to be left alone. When you was put into my arms, I rained tears of blessings over you, and thanking God that my heart could love. As I lay there in silence, with my eyes shut, holding you on my heart, I heard my husband say:

"Perhaps this child will win her love for me. God grant it—we may yet be happier."

"It was a vain hope, Hannah; I was colder to him than ever. We both loved you. I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving madly over the dead who should have been your father. One night as I held you thus, my husband entered—

"Katrine," said he—"I shall die to-night—die by my own hand. I lost my all at the gambling table, whither your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for your sake, and for the sake of your innocent child; but you deserve little else—who could sell yourself for staton, when your being was another's?"

"I knew his reproaches were just, and I sat still in defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes, he stood silently looking on us. Then he spoke again with a softened tone:

"Katrine, forgive me. Perhaps you did not know your heart till it was too late. Let not our parting be in anger—I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly. God will judge me, and he is merciful. Katrine, kiss me once before I die. Once let me hold you to my heart. You are my wife—your hatred cannot be so deep that you will refuse me this, my last request."

"Hannah, I know not what demon ruled me, but I sprang up from my seat and held you aloft in my arms, and cried:

"Go! do not touch me! I loathe you! I hate you But for you my darling Allen would not have died. Before your coming I was happy. Go! You cannot suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!"

"Then holding you still, I sank down upon the floor weak and helpless. I can remember nothing distinctly, but I have a faint, indistinct memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead—of seeing your baby face covered with caresses and of being aroused from the darkness of my long fainting by the report of a pistol. Your father was dead.

"Hannah, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my life-long remorse is most terrible."

I clasped her bowed form in my arms, and pressed her lips again and again to her flushed brow, shuddering the while at the thought that as terrible had been my fate but for that story and its warnings. "Oh, how much dearer my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopelessness of her fearful sorrow than she had ever been in what I had supposed the cold perfectness of character.

There was a quick ring at the door.—My mother gathered about her the heavy fold of her shawl, and then turning upon me the appealing glance of her tearful eyes, passed from the room. Hunt Henesly entered. He knelt at my feet, and whispered pleadingly of the future his care should make so bright. Involuntarily I shuddered as I drew my hand from his clasp.

"Mr. Henesly," I said in a low earnest tone. "I have heard that to-night which makes the distinction of this world seem of little moment in contrast with a calm true love that shall last for eternity. I cannot so love you. I can not be your wife."

My words left no room for hope, and he went out silently into the storm. I never looked upon his face again.

Before the evening was over, Morgan Phillips also sought my presence, and his errand was to say farewell. Sitting beside me, my hand in his, he said:

"Hannah, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I will not stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your bright destiny."

There was not much pride left in my heart then, and I said in a whisper so low that only ears of love could catch the sound—

"Morgan, stay, for my sake, stay!"

Oh! what an expression of beautiful light and eagerness, of morning sunshine, broke over his face then!

But the rest is my secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Phillips now. I hear of Hunt Henesly sometimes, standing among the proudest and noblest of the land. But his name brings with it no regrets. Dearer than the bright skies of far-off Italy, are the blue eyes that met my own so lovingly: sweeter than the whole world's homage, the tones which murmur, as I stand among my idols—"my wife! my beloved!"

FATAL EFFECTS OF LAUGHING GAS.—Mr Samuel P. Sears, says the New York *Tribune*, a merchant doing business at No. 23 Park row, on Monday evening called at the establishment of Dr. Joseph Burnett, dentist, and requested him to extract two or three decayed teeth, also requesting the dentist to administer to him nitrous oxide gas, better known as "Laughing Gas." Mr. Sears, being to all appearance in perfect health, the operator administered the gas and drew the teeth. The patient seemingly recovered from the effects of the inhalation, and went into an inner room, but soon returned and complained of shortness of breath and sank on a sofa, expiring in a few moments. The deceased was removed to the residence of his parents, where an investigation by Dr. George B. Bouton revealed the fact that the lungs of the deceased were very much diseased. Dr. Bouton is of the opinion that the quantity of gas inhaled would have had no injurious effect on a person in ordinary health. Coroner Wildey held an inquest on the body, and the following verdict was rendered by the jury: "We find that deceased came to his death by congestion of the lungs, caused by enhaling nitrous oxide gas. We exonerate the person who administered it, but recommend that hereafter an examination be made by a competent person of any one who contemplates inhaling said gas."

HOW DICK TOOK THE TURKEYS.—A story told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who is a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his—Jones'—turkeys.—Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the disputed theft. "You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master. "No I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you massa, I didn't steel dem turkeys, but last night I went across Mr Jones' pasture, and I seed one of your rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I came to look, dar was nine turkeys on de rail."

☞ Pass not judgment on thy fellow till thou hast been in the same predicament; say not of matters that are incomprehensible, that thou canst comprehend them; neither say when I shall have leisure I will study, lest thou may never have it.

REBEL OFFICERS TO DESERT.

Within the past ten days, writes a Memphis correspondent, General Hurlbut sent out a flag of truce on some business to Gen. Forrest. On going out the party met a flag of truce from General Forrest After an exchange of greeting, and the particular business transacted, the rebels, who had come out from Forrest, proposed to return with the Unionists to their camp, and and join the Union army. Being a flag of truce, the Unionists declined the proposal, not wishing to abuse the sacred rules of a flag of truce to any such purpose. They, however, reported the fact to headquarters on their return. Desertions from the rebel ranks, and entry into the Union lines, are so common, occurring every day and night, that they cease to be talked about, though they are promptly reported daily.

The losses to the rebels by desertion are enormous. They may enforce their conscript law. They take all between the ages of sixteen and sixty. They may perfidiously take those who, in good faith, paid large sums of money for substitutes, as the rebel government now threatens to do; but with all such efforts, whether fair or foul, there is good reason for saying that they cannot materially increase their army, because they cannot retain their conscripts beyond the first hour offering an oportunity to escape.

These desertions are not matters of occurrence in Arkansas merely, where there are now whole Union regiments made up of former rebel soldiers. They occur in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Georgia. Within the present week, a squad of rebel soldiers from Bragg's army, deserters, after wandering through the country, hiding by day and travelling by night, reached the Union lines, gave themselvs up, weary, with tattered garments and feet almost bare, and are now enlisted in the Union army at a post fifty miles east of here.

WILLING TO GO IN.—The following letter from Wm. Davis, of Richmond, Kentucky, dated December 17th, 1862, directed to the Provost Marshal, has been published: "I have no broken limbs. I have no chronic diseases, such as 'inflammatory rheumatism,' 'phthisic,' 'white swelling,' &c. I am not blind in either eye. I am not knock-kneed, I am not bandyshanked. I am not bow-legged. I have no bad teeth, and can bite off a cartridge, I stand straight on my pastern joints. I have never been drilled in the Southern army and never been so fortunate as to be a member of the sympathizing party in Madison. I have no impediments in my speech. I am neither near-sighted or far sighted. I can hear well. I can hear the ring of a musket as well as the ring of a silver dollar. I am short, I am sound in wind and limb. I am about twenty-eight years old. I am a housekeeper, and have a wife (a good Union woman), and no children living. I am a citizen of Madison county Kentucky, from which you want two hundred and thirty-nine soldiers. I am as brave as any man who is no braver than I am. One of my legs is as long as the other, and both are long enough to run well. I am for the 'last man and last dollar,' 'nigger or no nigger,' especially 'the last man.' If you have a good musket marked 'U. S.,' send it down and I am ready to bear it in defense of the Union. I am no foreigner, and claim all the papers that entitle me to 'go in.'"

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—A shoemaker on the Grand Trunk Railroad attended a party given by the railroad company at Island Pond on Christmas night, and enjoyed himself heartily. On getting home with his wife, he mixed a cup of poison with the greatest deliberation, drank it, said he was about to die, and spent the short time he lived in calmly arranging business matters. No cause for the act is definitely known.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beaux to extort her home. But now, the gals undergo all sorts of delcipities; the task of extorting them home devolves on their dear selves. The old lady threw down her specks, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when the masculines knew how to appreciate this valer of wimmen folks.

☞ An old settler of Wisconsin, a Mr. Grignow, known to all the pioneers of the State, was a victim of the great storm of the 1st inst. He perished within a quarter of a mile of his home. He acted a conspicuous part in the Blackhawk war, and has had the credit of being the captor of Blackhawk near Fort Crawford. There is a rumor that fourteen men were frozen to death at a lumber camp on Wolf river.

☞ Who is wise? he that is teachable. Who is mighty? he that conquers himself. Who is rich? he that is contented. Who is honored? he that honoreth others.

☞ Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.—*Byron.*