The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1864. NO. 3.

Call and "See It!"

Corner of Harriet and Julia Sts., East Altoona.

CASH!—CASH!!—CASH!!!

NOTWITHSTANDING the rapid advance of every article of trade, the undersigned have determined to REDUCE THEIR PRICES on their entire stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS, SHOES, &C., &C.,

On and after January 11th 1864.

In order to enable them to do so successfully, they will sell exclusively for CASH. We will not pretend to say that we are adopting this system solely for your benefit but long experience in business teaches us that the benefits will be reciprocal.

We will not intrude by giving long lists of reductions that we intend to make, but respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock. Tell us you have the Cash, and you will certainly go away satisfied that you have found THE PLACE. We are determined to sell a little lower than the lowest, if we should do it on "half rations."

☞ To our prompt-paying patrons on the old system, we can say that if you will continue your patronage on the new system, our word for it, it will prove more to your advantage than our own. Those who have not been so punctual, may not be able to "see it."

☞ We keep constantly on hand a large stock of Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Flour, Feed, &c.,

All of which we have facilities for selling at prices which defy competition. *TRY US.*

D. M. BARR & CO.

Altoona, Jan. 13, 1864.

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 CHILDREN'S 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 Coffee, Syrups, Teas, &c., and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Good 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 Friew 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 giving 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.

HEMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU and Drake's Plantation Bitters, at Jan. 13, '64. REIGART'S Drug Store.

EXCELLENT HEAVY BOOTS & SHOES just received at LAUGHMAN'S.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. H. 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.

THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had!
We led him on his way, mother,
And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rills, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear, blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
When e'er we found the spots
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots.
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers—
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor, sightless boy, mother
He taught me that I'm blest:
For I can look with joy, mother
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daises red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow-sod,
And thank my God for sight.

HAST THOU A TALENT.

Hast thou a talent? improve it.
Guard it with precious care—
Never hide that precious gift,
Or droop in dark despair.
But up, arouse, prove to the world,
That by rich talent given,
Thou may'st not here reach thy reward,
But it will bloom in Heaven.

Hast thou a failing? despise it—
Pluck from thy heart the weed,
That chokes the good that there would flow,
A bloom of plant indeed.
Cast all aside that would degrade,
Ne'er let it grow with thee.
But be thou circumspect in life,
As all men ought to be.

Hast thou a virtue? foster it,
With others let it grow,
And walk the path of honesty,
As all men ought to do.
It may be hard and painful too,
But do not look behind—
Live thou on earth a goodly life,
And die in peace of mind.

Select Miscellany.

A PLEASANT STORY.

THE OLD LOVE.

A Story Interesting to Everybody.

Hildred Hayne sat alone in her quiet parlor. It was late in November, and a great wood fire blazed on the hearth, lighting up the remotest corner of the apartment with a ruddy glare. The warm light fell full over the lonely woman, and brought out with vivid distinctness every line and curve of her motionless figure.

Miss Hayne had, probably, seen thirty years of life, though the silver threads in her temple gave you the impression that she was older. She was slight and tall, with deep gray eyes, abundant brown hair, put plainly back from her forehead, well cut, clearly defined features, and a mouth which had once been sweet and womanly, but now its expression was cold and hard. The crimson lips shut tightly, and there was a steel-like determination about them at variance with the tender light in the downcast eyes, and the thoughtful curve of the fair brow. Looking in her face, you knew that all Miss Hayne's life had not passed as quietly as the days she was now living. The existence of her girlhood was a thing entirely disevered from the present; looking back upon it, she could scarcely realize that she was the same gay girl, who, six years ago, had made the Red Rock farm house vocal with the music of her laughter.

For six weary years she had been recluse. Her only companions at the farm were the sturdy hired man and his practical wife, who, under her supervision, managed the farm work. She had received no company—gone none abroad; she had buried the world and its interest; and a little removed from the turmoil of the city, she dwelt on in seclusion. Little children avoided her. Neighbors never ran in of an evening for an hour's chat with her; the very dogs trotted past her gate without halting to utter a friendly bark. Yet, Miss Hayne was unkind to no living creature. She was supremely indifferent. Positive in temper would have made her more popular than this strange, passionless apathy, through the ice of which nothing could penetrate.

At twenty-two, Hildred Hayne was the acknowledged belle of her vicinity—the loveliest, gayest girl for miles and miles around. To her personal grace and beauty she united charms of mind and heart far above the common order. Sensitive, high spirited, confiding, affectionate, she won the love of Paul Lancaster—the only son, and with the consent of all concerned, they were betrothed.

Mr. Lancaster was handsome, well educated, engaging in his manners, and *self-willed*. Never in his life had a single wish of his been allowed to die ungratified. He knew nothing of disappointments, nothing of self-sacrifice; he was noble and generous, but impulsive and reckless.

They had been engaged a year, when there came to Portland—the city of Mr. Lancaster's birth—a fair Southern lady, a distant relative of Paul's mother. Isabel Courtland was beautiful and fascinating, and was much in the society of the Lancasters. There is no need of enlarging on the subject; it was but a repetition of the old story—the first love was valueless beside the second. Almost before he was conscious of his perfidy, Paul Lancaster avowed his passion for the fair stranger, and heard the words from her lips which made love for him an Eden.

Like a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky came the knowledge to Hildred, that her lover was *hers* no longer. She did not weep, nor rave—she heard it with a white face and nerves like steel; her own heart was so true and loyal that it was with difficulty she could understand such dishonor in the man she loved. She did not censure him for loving another better than herself, and remembering how he had kept her in ignorance of the change in his feelings, she was cold and unforgiving; and when she sent Paul free from her presence, it was with the command never to show his face to her again so long as they both should live.

From that time Hildred was an altered being. She did not pine nor mope, but her youth seemed dead. She went about slowly and methodically; became hard and calculating in her disposition, and shut out all love from her heart. When her parents died, within a few months of each other, leaving her all alone in the world, but for her little sister, Mary, she refused to break up the old establishment at Red Rock farm, as her friends advised, but lived there still, taking all the responsibility of the large farm on her slender shoulders.

Mary, beautiful, golden haired Mary, was her solace—the only thing she seemed to love; to her, she was tender, devoted and self-sacrificing. The sole tie that bound Hildred Hayne to humanity!—A malignant fever swept over the vicinity of Red Rock farm, and Mary was among the first smitten. Three dreadful days of dumb agony to Hildred passed, and, on the morning of the fourth, she held her dead sister in her arms! And when they buried the sweet girl, Hildred's human love was laid to rest in her grave.—Thenceforth, for the dark eyed, lonely woman at Red Rock, the world held not a solitary charm!

Once only since her banishment of him had she seen Paul Lancaster. The day her sister was buried, he had thrown a snowdrop into the grave; and, as he turned away, they two met face to face.—There was a wild, imploring, passionately tender look in his eyes—a stony, immovable look in hers, and not a word was spoken. He understood her.

He went away into the world shortly afterwards; the Hall passed out of the hands of his father, who removed to a distant State, and Hildred knew nothing more of the family. No one ever mentioned them to her; she made no inquiries; she said to herself that she did not care to know.

Life passed on monotonously enough. She hardly noted the change of seasons, except as agricultural interests compelled her to do so. She took little thought for the things of the morrow; she never looked forward; it was doubtful if she ever realized the present. She might have interested herself in the poor, but she did not; she gave nothing to beggars; sat in no sunctuary, and lived a life hidden from the view of all.

That November night Hildred, for the first time in many years, was looking over her past life. Somehow her heart felt softer—there were tender memories at work; the spirit of mercy pleaded with iron-handed justice; she almost felt that she could forgive Paul Lancaster all he had made her suffer. A rap at the door aroused her. She waited, expecting old Francis or his wife to answer the call, but evidently they did not hear, and taking up the lamp she went herself. The air was thick with snow, and on the door-step, his blue overcoat white with the feathery flakes, stood a man in the Federal uniform. He lifted his hat and spoke with courtesy:

"Is this the residence of Miss Hildred Hayne?"

"It is," she answered, coldly: "what is your business?"

The young soldier's bronzed cheek flushed at her haughty tone, but he replied with feeling:

"Madam, I have in my charge a wounded officer who was given over to die by our regimental surgeon: and on his discharge from the hospital, he made one solemn request, probably his last one. He asked to be brought here, that his dying breath might be drawn in the place where the only happiness of his life had come to him. I, as his friend and subordinate, have complied with his request. Shall I bring him in?"

Miss Hayne's cool hand trembled slightly; a faint quiver of scarlet shot up to her forhead.

"What is the gentleman's name?" she asked.

"Col. Paul Lancaster."

She made a movement as if to close the door, but the soldier put himself in the way.

"Madam, you may be refusing shelter to a dying man. Reflect, before you decide. Colonel Lancaster was once your friend; will you shut the door of your house upon him when he asks, with his expiring breath, the cover of its roof?"

Miss Hayne underwent a struggle, but it was momentary. She threw open the door, and called to old Francis.

"Carry him in there," she said pointing to the warm parlor. "I will come to him directly." She went up to her chamber and locked herself in. What a fearful trial she passed through was known only to God and her own soul.

In a little while she came down, pale and quiet, and entered the room were they had taken her guest. The sofa was drawn up before the fire; and the pale, wan face that was lifted to meet her eyes, was hardly recognizable as that of the Paul Lancaster she had once known.

A slight tinge of color swept the ashen white of his cheek; he held out his hand—the other he had lost.

"Hildred," he said, feebly, "at last have I dared to return to you"

She took his hand; her face softened; there was a little tremor in her voice: "I am pleased to welcome you, Col. Lancaster."

"By the memory of the sweet past, O, Hildred, let me stay where I can sometimes look at you! I only asked God to let me live until I could come here to die! until, dying, I could plead for, and obtain your forgiveness! You will not refuse me, Hildred?"

"I have buried all enmity," she said, slowly and solemnly; "we will forget what has been and be friends. Where shall I address a letter to your relatives?"

"I have none near enough to care for my misfortunes. My father is dead; my sister sleeps in a foreign grave. I have neither friends nor relatives."

She looked at him with dumb wonder. Perhaps he understood the doubt expressed in her face, for he said, as if in explanation:

"No, Hildred: I have never married. The *first* love of my life was the *one* true love of my soul. My fancy for Isabel Courtland was a brief passion. It died a speedy death, and I buried it out of my sight. Hildred, I have never loved any woman save you."

She laid her hand on his forehead softly: the hardness and gloom went out of her face; the lines of determination around her mouth were smoothed away: she was kind, and tender, and womanly.

"Sleep!" she said gently: "henceforth nothing save death shall divide us!"

From that hour a wonderful change came over Hildred Hayne. Once more she was human: the world held interests for her; she left her solitary life of selfishness, and did good to those around her

Colonel Lancaster owed his life to her unremitting care, and when, at last, he rose up, maimed and feeble, but chastened and purified by long suffering, Hildred became his wife.

The old hard existence was forever cast aside; and to-day you can find no more *womanly* woman than Hildred Lancaster.

HOW TO KNOW A GOOSE.—"Mother! mother!" cried young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son!" asked the old rook.

"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother there they go!"

"Geese, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. Through life, child, observe that when you meet with any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose.

MR. BLIFKIN'S FIRST BABY.

BY B. H. SHILLABER.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world" as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house.—Every body was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the food, he regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants, he regulated me.

For the first six months of that precious existence, he had made me get up on an average six times a night.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring the light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear that he was.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well.

"Blifkins," said my wife, as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping off to sleep again.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that aroma to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape-goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so—you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel form the nurse lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for its mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect, my dear, that it is because I am tired."

"O, it's very well for you men to talk of being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her that she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering to the baby's requirments, I stepped into bed again with the hope of sleeping.

"Mr. Blifkins," said she, in a loud key. I said nothing.

"O, dear," said that estimable woman in great apparent anguish, "how can a man who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the poor creature will live till morning?"

It remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose.—How long I slept, I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab on the forehead from some sharp instrument. I started up and Mrs Klifkins was sitting up in bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pin-cushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms—pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such ills for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think it my duty as a parent to the immortal, required the surrender of my forehead as a pin-cushion.

This was one of the many nights, passed in this way. The truth is, that baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat—absolute and unlimited.

Such was the story of Blifkins as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exagerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

A MONSTROUS LONG BEARD.—The longest beard that is mentioned in history was that of the celebrated John Mayo, painter, to the Emperor Charles V. It is said of him that, though he was very tall, his beard was so long that he could tread upon it. He was very proud of it, and had it generally tied up with great care, and fastened with ribbons to a button hole. He used sometimes to untie it, by direction of the Emperor, who making him sit down to a table with him, with all the windows open, took great delight in seeing the wind blow his long beard in the face of his courtiers. The reign of Henry the IV, of France, was the golden age of beards; then it was that the modes of cutting them were so various. Beards were clipped round square or ending in a point, and sometimes shaped like a fan, or artichoke leaf.

ATTENTION GENTLEMEN.—Fanny Fern thus speaks of etiquette at the table.—We commend it to the careful consideration of the entire eating community.—Every word of it is true:

"When I see a man at the table use his knife in taking butter from the dish, I always set him down as a 'lumpkin.' I have frequently been at watering places where a few unsophisticated young men have been stopping, and when I have seen them take their own table knives to procure butter, in preference to the one supplied for the entire table, I always feel like saying right out loud, 'Young man where's your manners?' Just imagine a person eating blackberry jam or beets with his knife, putting them into his mouth with it, and then before the faces of the entire company using the same knife in the butter from which others must take their supply. Ugh! horrors; it makes me sick to think of it! Then, after he has taken his knife away, just see him leave a great red or black streak on the butter. It makes me shudder to think of it. Always use the butter knife—remember that cleanliness in eating is as good a criterion to judge of one's character as neatness in dress."

THE RAILROAD SWITCH.—Passing along the railways of city and country, it is a common thing to see the turnouts from the main track called "*switches.*" How regularly and gradually the massive car moves off in a different direction when the lever turns the path. It is thus with human destiny. All along the moral pathways of men lie the diverging lines from the straight one of duty. Every day we see the richly freighted car of existence yielding to the pressure of temptation gently laid upon the will. With scarcely perceptible deviation from the lines of right and purity, the young and lovely go from it on every hand to return no more.

Young man and maiden, beware of that "little sin," that shining folly, that simple delay to repent and believe; for you will soon see and feel that the hand of the arch fiend was on that lever which turned your course away from God and heaven and unless you hasten back you are lost forever.—*American Messenger.*

NEGLECTED DUTY.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases where a man really cannot help entanglements, or where, from inexperience or lack of judgment, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interest of others depend upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position. Honor and honesty demand that he should so conduct his buisiness that his death should cause no one to be wronged. And as to dying although all men every where believe that all other men will surely die, yet they unite in thinking that they themselves are exceptions to this rule; or at least they act as if they thought so; this is radically wrong. It is every man's duty in every transaction in life, to be influenced by the fact that at any day, or at any hour he may die.

GOSSIP.—Gossip is the bane of social life, always indicating a little mind, having affinity with petty concerns; often a malicious maid, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, risking the violation of it for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; a great lack of honor, sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face presumptive want of power to talk on nobler subject—at least, lack of interest in them. Male gossips are worse than female. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriages flirtations, entertainments—and a world of mischief they do these—of heart yearnings, and heart wringings, and heart breakings,—of broken ties and alienated affections. But men too. Oh! what keen, biting, withering gosipings they have—half untrue, wholly needless, full of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness.

KILLED BY A SHARK.—A letter from Aspinwall gives the following account of the death of a seaman belonging to the West India R. M. steamship Solent, at that port. A sailor going ashore on a hawser from the bow of the R. M. steam packet Solent was seized by a shark, which took off one of the sailor's legs at the first bite. The next attack the man lost his left arm near the shoulder; then the right arm at the shoulder; and last his head was taken clean off. The trunk, with one leg attached, floated, was recovered and buried by the ship's company.

A STRONG HINT.—Quilp is a great admirer of children, and says he likes the crying ones best! A matron, with a baby in her arms, smiled at his odd fancy, and asked him the reason of it.

'Why, you see, madam,' said Quilp, 'I have observed that in well-ordered families, as soon as a child cries they carry him out of the room.'