for the Unfortunate!

LONG SOUGHT FOR

DISCOVERED AT LAST

OKEE REMEDY
—AND—
KEE INJECTION!

d from Barks, Roots & Leaves.

EMEDY, the great Indian Diuretic
of the various organs, such as Incontinu
on, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation
Stone in the Bladder, Stricture, Gravel,
, and is especially recommended in those
ter Whites in females) where all the
s have failed.

highly concentrated form, the dose
to two teaspoonfuls three times per day.
Alterative in its action: purifying
blood causing it to flow in all of its or-
gs: thus removing from the system all
which have induced disease.

JECTION is intended as an ally or as
okee Remedy, and should be used in
ll medicine in all cases of Gonorrhœa,
or Whites. Its effect are healing soothi-
t: removing all scalding, heat, chordee
of the burning and almost unendurable
rienced with nearly all the cheap quack

Cherokee Remedy and Cherokee Injection
ines at the same time—all improper dis-
oved, and the weakened organs are speedi-
vigor and strength.

sulars get our pampelet from any drug
tor, or write to us and we will mail free
full treatise.

e Remedy, $2 per bottle, or three bot-

e Injection, $2 per bottle or three bottles

s to any address on receipt of price.
ld everywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

THE GREAT

AN MEDICINE
MPOUNDED FROM

AND LEAVES.

OKEE CURE!

re for Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness
ons, and all diseases caused by self-pol-
ses of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains
s o Vision, Premature Old Age, Weak
n Breathing, Trembling, Wakefulness,
pse, Pale Countenance, Insanity, Con-
, the Direful Complaints caused by de-
path of nature.

is simple vegetable extract, and one on
as it has been used in our practice for
with thousand treated, it has not failed in
Its curative powers have been sufficient
r the most stubborn case.

e trifled with their constitution until
ves beyond the reach of medical aid, we
r not, the CHEROKEE CURE will re-
and vigor, and after all quack doctors

hers, get a Circular from any Drug
ry, or write the Proprietors, who will
ve, desiring the same, a full treatise, in

ttle, or three bottles for $5, and forwar-
all parts of the world.
rtable druggists everywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors,
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

AFTER TAKING THE

Elixir.

WRIGHT'S
NATING ELIXIR!

SSENCE OF LIFE.

HIS VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, CONTAINING
NUTRIOUS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

Elixir is the result of modern discov-
le kingdom being an entirely new
hod of cure, irrespective of all the old
s.

been tested by the most eminent med-
and by them pronounced to be one of
discoveries of the age.
res General Debility,
Hysterics in Females,
palpitation of the heart,
the organs of regeneration.
bottles restores the manliness and full

the appetite.
the worst cases of Impotency.
lar low spirited.
essential power.
ide rose to the cheek.
ces to manly vigor and robust health
ers-down and despairing devotee of

ed youth, the over-tasked man of
, nervous depression, the individual
debility, or from weakness of a sin-
immediate and permanent relief by
or Essence of Life.

or three bottles for $5, and forwar-
receipt of money, to any address.
everywhere.
Dr. W. R. MERWIN & Co.,
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

KEE PILLS!
COATED

REGULATOR,

Preserver

AND SAFE.

Instructions, and the Insurance of
Recurrence of the Monthly Periods,
the numerous diseases that
by removing the irregularity
Excessive and Painful Menses
ness (Chlorosis.)
Spinal Affections, pains in the
the body, Heaviness, Fatigue or
of the Heart, Lowness of Spir-
ache, Giddiness, etc., etc. In a
regularity, they remove the cause
that spring from it.
vegetable extracts, they contain
any constitution, however delicate,
substitute strength for weakness,
d, they never fail to do.
ed at any age and at any period
ve months, during which the sys-
action would infallibly prevent.
information or advice will be promptly
warded.
ny each box.
x boxes for $5.
ge, on receipt of price.
Druggists.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
59 Liberty Street, New York.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1864. NO. 13.

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 Coffeee, 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 Fries' 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.

MORE COMPETITION!

A NEW DRY GOODS STORE
ON VIRGINIA STREET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public that she has added to her stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,
A FULL LINE OF
DRY GOODS,

Consisting of PRINTS, DELAINES, ALPACAS, REPS GINGHAMS, MUSLINS, ETC.

BLEACHED MUSLINS from 23 to 45 cents per yard
YELLOW " " 24 to 35 " " "
CALICO " 16 to 25 " " "
DELAINES " 30 to 55 " " "

And all other articles in proportion.

I have also a full assortment of GLOVES, HOSIERY, COLLARS, and NOTIONS generally.

My stock of Millinery Goods embraces everything in that line usually kept in the country.

I have marked my goods down to the lowest figure FOR CASH. Believing that my goods and prices will prove satisfactory, I invite a call from the public.

REBECCA McCLELLAND.

Dec. 23d, 1863-1y.

1864. SPRING 1864.

CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring advertisement, through which I would inform my friends and the public generally that I have just returned from the East where I have purchased a fresh Stock of

HATS AND CAPS

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot fail to please all classes.

I have also bought an immense stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

the majority of which are city make and will be guaranteed. My assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on wholesale prices.

The public will be greatly benefited by giving this their attention and call and examine my stock, as I feel confident I can please all.

JAMES S. MANN, Main street,
ap9-tf Altoona, Pa.

ANDREW ECKEL,
DEALER IN
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Pipes, &c., &c.,
Annie street, Altoona, Pa.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT of Goods in his line constantly on hand at the lowest cash prices. [Feb. 7, 1863

MUSIC!—INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN on the Piano-Forte and Melodeon, by Miss M. SHOEMAKER. TERMS, $10 per quarter. No charge for the use of the Instrument. Residence on Catharine Street, West Altoona. [Jan. 16, 1862.-tf.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Gent's Model Improved SHIRTS—Cassimere and Muslin Shirts—fine and coarse—white and colored—at LAUGHMAN'S.

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

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.

MARCHING ALONG.

Dedicated to Colonel Stover's 184th Regiment P. V.

BY JOHN C. HENRY.

The army is moving on land and on sea,
To crush the foul traitors—the foes of liberty.
Stover is our leader, he's gallant and true,
We're marching for the Union and the red white and blue.

CHORUS:—

We are marching along, we are marching along,
Stover is our leader, and we are marching along.
The Union forever—let this be our song
For Union and Liberty we are marching along.

Whilst the tears of a Nation in sorrow are shed
O'er the graves of its children—the loved and honored dead
Millions unborn will yet curse the hand
That struck at the flag of our bright happy land.

Our fathers have perished in conflicts long ago,
For the Union that traitors to-day would overthrow,
But with hearts true and loyal and arms brave and strong,
We'll bear it—dear flag—to glory along.

We've parted from our friends, and our wives and children dear,
Speak to them kindly, and dry away each tear,
For the land of our Washington, it ever must be
The land of the brave and the home of the free.

Our hearts will oft wander afar to our homes,
To loved ones in sorrow weeping alone,
To dear wives and sweethearts, whose kindness we know
Hath cheered our sad souls in days long ago.

When the conflict is ended, and the cruel war is o'er,
And the cannon's wild thunder is heard again no more,
Millions of hearts throughout the loyal North,
Will welcome back the brave boys of the Hundred and Eighty-Fourth.

Select Miscellany.

THE RETURNED SOLDIERS.

Their Deplorable Condition — Cruel Treatment—Terrible Suffering and Starvation.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, recently visited the U. S. Hospital, in Baltimore, where the prisoners lately released from Richmond were taken. He says: I had indeed entertained doubts that all the tales told of the horrible treatment to which our gallant Union soldiers, when taken captive, and imprisoned in Libby, Castle Thunder, on Belle Island, and elsewhere in the "chivalric South," might be exaggerations. I was anxious to see and know, and feel, by direct personal observation, that there might be some mistake in their heart-rending representations.

I had hoped there could be some mitigating circumstances discovered, of which the world was not yet informed, that would form an excuse, though a poor one, for our enemies in the South, for their disregarding, as had been repeatedly represented, the laws of civilization, of humanity, and of Christianity, in the treatment of defenceless prisoners captured by the rebel authorities.

And what I saw, I confess it pains me to admit that all these hopes were fallacious. Enough, far more than enough, came within actual range of observation, to force me to the irresistible conclusion that these poor creatures have been neglected, starved and ill-treated on purpose, and with deliberate inattention.

Out of about three hundred whom I saw, there was not a single man or boy whose woe-begone countenance, emaciated frame, depleted limbs, sunken eyes, parched lips, shattered memory, haggard contour and filthy condition, did not show, plain as the light of heaven, wanton, intentional neglect and starvation.

But few of them had been really sick, except where that sickness had been superinduced by absolute exposure. Great stalwart men, of massive frames, who, previous to capture, were full of vigor, and free from every kind of disease, were reduced to mere skeletons, exhibiting nothing but skin and bone. In some instances, from the gnawing of vermin, festering sores had supervened, and their bones were actually protruding through the skin. Young boys, too, once possessed of ruddy cheeks, and full of life, were wasted away to perfect skeletons.

When I asked these patients if they had been sick or wounded, "No!" was the reply. "but we have been starved, exposed and neglected, until Nature gave away." This response, too, came from feeble, almost inarticulate voices, through fevered lips, void of blood, and estranged to moisture.

There was a languor, a pallor and deadness, or want of expression, save that of woe, in their glaring eyes. The very lifespring of life itself seemed to have been dried up for want of nourishment. Even memory, in nearly every instance, had either forsaken its throne, or ceased to perform the natural functions. There was a tardiness of recollection and vacancy of thought, which verged upon dementation.

One man, indeed, had fallen into absolute insanity, and died whilst I was visiting the hospital. I saw him laid out a corpse, with another weakened, starved and sickened fellow soldier by his side at the same time, who yielded up the spirit only a few moments before. He too, had just come from Belle Island to die.

It was no uncommon thing to see men of powerful athletic frames, who, when taken prisoners, weighed one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds, reduced to less than a hundred pounds, nor had they ever been sick. One tall corporal, about six feet five inches in height, looked like a walking skeleton, or a ghost upon stilts. I think it would be safe to say, admitting not of an isolated exception, that out of the three hundred recently returned Union prisoners now in this hospital, they have lost each a third of their former physical and mental status.

Looking upon them forces the idea that they were purposely brought to the very verge of starvation and misery, that they might be sent home to die, or be useless forever afterward. Had they been thus reduced by wounds, sickness or disease incident to the course of nature, or acts of Providence, the beholder would not feel surprised. But such was not the case, nor did it appear so on looking upon them.

Three-fourths or more of the whole number complained of nothing but cruel treatment, neglect and starvation. It has been said, and often repeated, which to me was certainly a mitigating circumstance, that the Confederate authorities gave our men, whom they captured and imprisoned, as good food and accommodations as they were able to give their own people.

We are, however, confronted with an overwhelming argument against this assertion. It is this: If they feed and clothe, and treat their own soldiers no better than these poor, starved, depled, weakened prisoners, sent home to us, one regiment of stalwart Union troops, such as ours are, would destroy the entire Southern army.

It is ocularly demonstrated that men, cared for only as these poor creatures have been, can scarcely rise from their beds, or when up, hardly draw one leg after the other. There is not a man among them who could carry a musket and march a mile, and if inclined to do it, their minds and memories are so impaired, that they could neither act nor fight intelligibly.

Without argument, I leave the reader to draw his own rational inference. Do the rebels treat the prisoners they take from us as humanity, civilization and Christianity require? Will the civilized nations of the earth render their verdict yea or nay?

I had numerous special interviews with many of the prisoners, all of whom gave evidence of being fairly educated. One venerable old gentleman from East Tennessee, fifty-seven years of age, had been incarcerated for alleged political offence; or in other words, because he was a Union man and loved his country.

Not content with depriving him of all his property, and driving his wife and children from a comfortable home, they almost sapped the foundation of his life by cruel incarceration. He appeared to be a truthful, honest farmer, and declared he saw a Union prisoner deliberately shot dead by a heartless guard, while quietly eating his scanty ration at the prison window.

Another one told me that in General Hospital No. 24, in Richmond, while there were five hundred and eighty prisoners brought in during a single month, five hundred and fifty-five were taken out dead in the same time. The steward of this hospital, who belongs to our army, informed me that from the 1st January to the 1st of March, out of thirty-seven hundred sick fourteen hundred died, the greater portion of whom could have been saved with proper care.

On "Belle Island" the suffering was unparalleled. I saw many—a dozen or more—who had their feet, fingers, hands and toes frozen off, whilst exposed to the severe weather in this desolate abode. To keep from freezing entire they were often compelled to bundle together by dozens, and change positions as those in the inside got warm, while the outside ones began to freeze.

Death, the dead and the dying, grew familiar to all, and many prayed for a hastening of the hour of disolution. It was no uncommon thing to see twenty, thirty, forty and fifty dead bodies carried out in a day, or to see them strewn around like carcasses of dumb animals.

Dogs and rats were caught when opportunity afforded, and eaten by prisoners on this island as choice morsels, and an old bone discovered here was gnawed as a delicacy. What became of the many gifts of provisions sent from home, prisoners confined here, with extreme exceptions, could not tell, save where they saw them at times eagerly devoured by the rebels.

I heard many, very many tales of horror, in which there was a universal concurrence of sentiment from these prisoners, all of which, together with their haggard looks and forlorn condition, could not fail in bringing conviction that they have been inhumanly treated. I speak from seeing and knowing what I assert.

Let public sentiment throughout the civilized world frown indignantly on such barbarity, until the burning blush of shame melts the obdurate heart that thus coldly countenances such cruelty.

There are some of this same lot of prisoners at the West Hospital and Newton University whose condition is still worse than those already noticed. It is lamentable to hear them recite tales of woe and horror, such as eating dogs, rats and other loathsome things.

Since they have become rid of vermin, and thoroughly cleansed, received new clothing, obtained rest and suitable nourishment, breathed pure air, and enabled to realize once more that they are human beings in a civilized country, a most hopeful change appears in them. Not a few begin to threaten retaliation, should an opportunity be afforded.

They are particularly struck with the contrast between rebel prisoners returned from Union prisons,—fat, hearty and in good spirits,—with that of our brave boys who are sent back from "Libby," "Belle Island," and other treasonable pest-houses ragged, lousey, sick, starved, half demented, wholly unmanned and ready to die.

KITTY BRAGG'S HUSBAND.

"Mercy on us! What has happened to your father? Run out quick, Charlie, and open the gate. What is the matter, John? You are as white as a sheet."

"Kitty I'm drafted!"

In place of falling to crying and moaning, as is the fashion of some of our women, Kitty Bragg laid her hand heavily on her husband's shoulder.

"John I'm ashamed of you! If you were a child! I would give you a good shaking. Compose yourself before Charlie comes in—I would not have him think his father was a coward!"

"That is a hard word, Kitty."

"I know it, John, but the case demands it. I would not have you lowered in your boy's sight. Now, John Bragg let you and me talk sense; let us reason the matter together. You are a good man, John—a good husband and a good father. You are a brave man, too, despite your trembling nerves. Who plunged into the river, just above the rapids, after poor Crane's only son? Who flung himself before old Mr. Morris' mad horses, and saved the old man's life? Why just John Bragg. I know what ails you, John. You are physically nervous at the report of firearms or the sight of blood. You have spent your life poring over books, and never tried to overcome the weakness. But you can overcome it and you must."

This "must" was said smilingly.

"I must indeed, for the die is cast, and there is no escape. I do not think it want of courage; and I am sure my heart glows with love for my country. You know Kitty, I have given freely of my poor means, but whenever I think of going to battle this strange tremor assails me, and I am reduced to the weakness of a child. I shall be disgraced, I know.—Don't you wish you had a brave husband, Kitty? I wouldn't blame you."

But Kitty did not hear. She sat by the kitchen hearth, leaning her brown head on the jamb of the huge old-fashioned chimney. Her thoughts at last formed themselves into words—

"I verily believe, John, it is a thing you can't help—it is your misfortune, not your fault. Let us sell the place. Joe. Martin will give five hundred dollars for it, and then you can get a substitute.—We can rent the little red house on the Murry farm, and then—"

"Never, Kitty! Talk no more; I would indeed, be a coward then. What! deprive my loved ones of a home to save myself from hardships? Never, never! It is not my life I am afraid of; it is just the din of battle and the dreadful carnage. I will go, my dear wife, and you must help me to be brave and do my duty."

The morning came at last that the drafted men were to join their regiment. There was many a tear shed by wives, mothers and sisters, but Kitty Bragg shed none—she had other work to do. She stood talking with John at the end of the platform.

"My little Bible is in your knapsack, John. Read it often. Whenever you feel that trembling coming over you, John, pray to God, and he will strengthing you, I know he will."

"O! Kitty, how can I ever leave without you?"

This almost upset the brave little woman; but she stilled the quivering lip, and smiled through her tears. When the order to fall in was given, John laid his hand on her head, and said, tenderly—

"God bless you, Kitty; you are the best wife ever a poor man had."

She lifted up her mouth for a kiss; but the white lips were mute—for the life of her she could not have spoken.

The train moved off, and Kitty went home. She shuddered as she crossed the doorstep. The clock ticked more lonely than she had ever heard it, and all seemed like desolation. Kitty sat down in her little sewing chair and wept like a child. Charlie came in, his face all aglow and his eyes flashing.

"What! mother crying? Why, I think it is a glorious thing to raise one's arm for one's country—a thing to die for," he said dreamily.

"Yes, my dear son, it is glorious; but it is sad too. I would not call him back; but I will be very lonely."

After that one burst of tears, Kitty was her own calm self again. Time passed on, and save that Kitty prayed oftener, and was more grave than her wont, one could see little change in her.

Charlie went off to school in the morning, and she was left alone all day. Broken ejaculations often escaped her lips—prayers for the safety and "strengthing" of her husband, until at last it became a habit.

On Saturday, as she was baking and churning, as usual, her heart full of prayer for her husband.

"O, God! strengthen poor John, and let him not flinch in the day of battle.—Charlie bring me some more chips: for this fire won't burn."

A neighbor, who was standing on the doorstep, smiled at the mingling of prayer and business.

"Have you heard the news, Kitty?"

The fear that John had deserted or done something cowardly took all her strength away, and she sank down faintly on a chair.

"What is it Mary?"

"Why they had a riot in camp. Some of the men deserted and some mutinied, and John—bless me, Kitty, your milk is all boiling over."

"What about John, Mary?"

"Why, John was the only one in his company that stood firm all through. He was as brave as a lion, though some of the half-crazy fellows threatened to shoot him if he did not join them. He influenced our boys to be quiet and do their duty. He told them it would only be for a little while; that after while they would have a better camp and better rations. My Joseph said he shouldn't wonder if John came home with gold straps on his shoulders. His being so brave, and having so much influence over his men, pleased the colonel very much. Ain't you glad, Kitty?"

Kitty was crying for joy—that the first news of John should be good.

"Jacob said in his letter that he said to John, after the fuss—

"'John, how could you be so brave and firm when there was so much confusion, and these fellows had their bayonets pointed at you?'

"Your John replied—

"'Jacob, I came here to do my duty, and I am determined to do it; and, besides, how could a man go back from the right path with such a woman as my Kitty at home praying for me?'"

This made Kitty's tears flow the faster; but they were joyful tears.

All young men who fear the draft, go find a wife like Kitty Bragg.

RELATIVE TO THE PIG.—Our old friend Josh Billings, in his practice philosophical, treats us to a treatise in the Harding way, relative to the pig.

Az the white rose wakens into buty, so duz the white pig cum to gladden uz. His ears are like the lilac leaf, played upon by the young zephurs at eventide, his silkiness is the woof ov buty, and hiz figger iz the outlines ov loveliness. His food iz white nectar, drawn from the full fountain ov affeeshun. He waxes fatter and more slick evera day, and hangs from the buzzum ov hiz muther like an image of alabaster. He iaffeth at forms and curleth hiz tail still cluser, as his feast goeth on, when he riseth with gladness, and wandreth with his kindred beside the still waters. Hiz brothers and sisters are az much like him as flakes of snow, and oll day long among the red klover and beneath the white thorn, he maketh hiz joy, and leadeth a life arcorian. Hiz words are low music; and hiz language the untutored freshness ov natur. Hiz pasttime iz the history ov innersense, and hiz lazzure is elegance. He walketh where gras leadeth, and grumbles tew the dalliance of dewy fragrance. He gathereth straws in his month, and hasteth awa on errants ov gladness. He listeneth tew the reproof of his parent; hiz ackshuns are the laws ov politeness, and his logic iz the power ov instinkt. Hiz datime is pease, and his even iz gentle forgitfulness.

Az he taketh on years he loveth cool plases, and delveth in liquids, and stirreth up the arth to a fatness, and painteth himself in dark cullers, a refuge from flies and the torments of life. He forgetteth his parent and becometh his own master, and larneth the mystery of food, and groweth hugely. Men gaze at his porkyness, and kounteth hiz value in pounds, and layeth in wate for him, and sacrifice him, and give hiz flesh salt for its safety——*——*——*——This iz pig life.

SPEECH OF "PARSON BROWNLOW."

In the East Tennessee Convention at Knoxville, on the 14th ultimo, Parson Brownlow delivered one of his characteristic speeches, of which the following were the principal points:

"I say that for more than eighty years slavery has ruled this Government and that for more than three years, because it could no longer rule, it has sought with fire and sword, and the assassin's knife and the dungeon, and the rack and the stake, and every device that hell could suggest to ruin this Government. Since the foundation of this government there have been nineteen Presidents. Of these the south have had thirteen. The North had, in all, but six, and of these six we kidnapped three and with them ploughed our cotton fields, as we plough with bulls and heifers. We have had most of the foreign appointments, and the hind teats of the federal kine at home: and these things we had when we were not able to pay our postal expense to the general goverment. And why? We did not solicit these things—we demanded them. In the name of our superior manhood, or peculiar institution, our hightened chivalry, we demanded them.

"Whence this arrogance? We got it from the negro. * * * And now I am asked to let him alone as property. I fought Andrew Jackson all his life; but if my prayers could bring him from his grave I would have had him at the White House when the negro sent the Southren chivalry to hold a club over the head of that mean, musty, miserable mockery of a man, Old Public Functionary. Jackson would have raised ten feet in his boots, and kicked the wretched Pennsylvanian through South Carolina into the Atlantic Ocean. And it he were here to-day, he would kick these copperhead resolutions into the ground and grind them to powder under his feet.

"Yes, gentlemen, we of the South are responsible for this war. Before God, I tell you that we made it necessary, whether or no; that we forced it upon the country, and this without the shadow of an excuse. I have been a pro-slavery man, the best pro-slavery man in the house. But I am a Union man. So I told the Alabama Legislature in a speech five years ago.—They were then preparing for war, and had made an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for arming the State. And further back than that, when Henry A. Wise was Governor of Virginia, he wrote letters to the Governors of the Southern States, declaring that in the event of the election of Fremont to the Presidency of the United States, he would head an army, march into Washington, and in the name of the South, seize and possess the Government.

"We of the South have intended this rebellion for more than thirty years. South Carolina and two or more cotton States have never been republican, and never had a republican government. South Carolina would have seceded in Jackson's time, but the old hero took Calhoun by the throat and choked him down. And this choking is a remedy that ought to have been resorted to in the Congress of the United States when traitors like that walking liquor-shop Wigfall, who had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, were in secret caucus every night plotting this rebellion. * * And still you cling to slavery. Well so be it. You will have a good time clinging to the negro; joy be with you. As for me, I shall cling to the Union and let the nigger go. He used to be a local institution among us, but now he is what we Methodists call an intinerant. * * * You used to cry out separation, and you got it; and you have it to-day to your heart's content. You are seperated from your sons, some of you, and from your farms and houses, your fence-rails, your mules and horses. You used to cry out representation, and you got it. You are represented in every rebel army in the South—in every prison and bastile in the North, and you have more representatives in hell than any other set of men between heaven and hell.

LIQUOR IN THE ARMY.—General Howard made the following sensible remarks as to liquors in the army, in a late speech:

I did not drink at college, I did not drink at West Point; but when I got into the army I found it was all the fashion. If you went into an officer's quarters the first thing was to offer you something to drink. It was thought you did not treat him with proper respect if you did not. I fell into the habit. I drank whiskey and offered it to others. When I was stationed at Florida, I once offered whiskey to an officer and he declined. I urged him to drink and he drank. A short time after I attended him in the horrors of delirium tremens, and I made up my mind that it was wicked, and that I never would do it again, and have not. I do not keep it in my quarters or my tent. I know it is a hard stand to take especially for a young officer; but I can say from my own experience that it will pay.

☞ True religion is a holy life, unfolded within, not something forced on us from abroad.