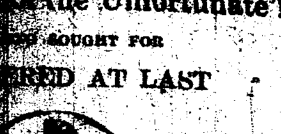
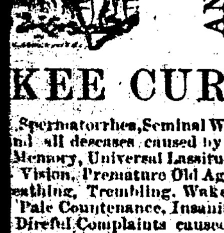
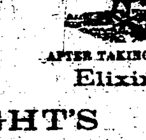
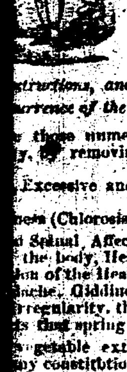
...the Unfortunate!
...SOUGHT FOR
...RED AT LAST


...EE REMEDY
—AND—
...E INJECTION
...Barks, Roots & Leaves.
...DY, the great Indian Diuretic ... various organs, such as Incontinence ... of the Bladder, Inflammation ... the Bladder, Stricture, Gravel, ... especially recommended in those ... Whites in females) where all the ... have failed.
... highly concentrated form, the dose ... teaspoonfuls three times per day. ... alterative in its action; purifying ... causing it to flow in all of its ... thus removing from the system all ... have induced disease.
...TION is intended as an ally or as... Remedy, and should be used in ... medicine in all cases of Gonorrhœa, ... Whites. Its effect are healing, soothing ... removing all scalding, heat, chordee ... burning and almost uncountable ... with nearly all the cheap quack
...ee Remedy and Cherokee Injection ... the same time—all improper dis... and the weakened organs are speedi... and strength.
...get our pamphlet from any drug ... write to us and we will mail free ... treatise.
...medy, $2 per bottle, or three bot...
...tion, $2 per bottle or three bottles
...any address on receipt of price.
...erywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO., Sole Proprietors
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.
...E GREAT
...N MEDICINE
...OUNDED FROM

AND LEAVES.
...KEE CURE!
... Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness ... all diseases caused by self-pol... Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains ... Vision, Premature Old Age, Weak ... Breathing, Trembling, Wakefulness, ... Pale Countenance, Insanity, Con... Direful Complaints caused by de... of nature.
... simple vegetable extract, and one on ... has been used in our practice for ... thousand treated, it has not failed in ... curative powers have been sufficient ... most stubborn case.
... filled with their constitution until ... beyond the reach of medical aid, we ... the CHEROKEE CURE will re... vigor, and after all quack doctors
... get a Circular from any Drug ... or write the Proprietors, who will ... desiring the same, a full treatise in
... three bottles for $5, and forward ... parts of the world.
... druggists everywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO., Sole Proprietors,
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

AFTER TAKING THE Elixir.
...WRIGHT'S
...TING ELIXIR!
...ENCE OF LIFE.
... VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, CONTAINING ... TO THE MOST DELICATE.
...xir is the result of modern discov... kingdom being an entirely new ... of cure, irrespective of all the old
... tested by the most eminent med... by them pronounced to be one of ... discoveries of the age.
... General Debility.
... Hysteria in Females.
... Palpitation of the heart.
... the organs of regeneration.
... ties restores the manliness and full ...
... appetite.
... worst cases of Impotency.
... spirited.
... vital power.
... rose to the cheek.
... to manly vigor and robust health ... run-down and despairing devotee of
... youth, the over-tasked man of ... nervous depression, the individual ... debility, or from weakness of a sin... immediate and permanent relief by ... Essence of Life.
... three bottles for $5, and forward ... 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.
... those numerous diseases that ... removing the irregularity
... Excessive and Painful Menstru...
... (Chlorosis.)
... Spinal Affections, pains in the ... the body, Heaviness, Fatigue on ... of the Heart, Lowness of Spir... Giddiness, etc., etc. In a ... irregularity, they remove the cause ... that spring from it.
... vegetable extracts, they contain ... any constitution, however delicate ... substitute strength for weakness ... they never fail to do.
... at any age and at any period ... months, during which the ... action would infallibly prevent ...
... information, or advice will be promptly answered.
... each box.
... for $5.
... on receipt of price.
... Druggists.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & Co.
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864. NO. 20.

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' per centage.

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 Coffee, 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.

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.

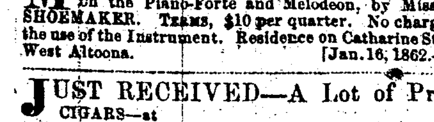
ap9-tf JAMES S. MANN, Main street, Altoona, Pa.

HARDWARE!
HARDWARE
CHARLES J. MANN,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC HARDWARE.
WOODEN WARE, BROOMS,
WINDOW SHADES,
DOOR MATS,
UPHOLSTERING GOODS.
SHOE FINDINGS,
COFFIN TRIMMINGS,
MOULDERS' TOOLS,
BIRD CAGES AND WIRE GOODS,
WINDOW GLASS,
PUTTY, WHITE LEAD, &C., &C.

Every description of Goods in his line will be furnished at short notice, and at low rates for cash.

His remaining stock of DRY GOODS on hand will be closed out at remarkably low prices, in order to relinquish that branch of the business.

Agent for Willson's "Telegraph Fodder Cutter."
Altoona, May 29th, 1862.



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.

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime CIGARS—at
Jan. 13, '64.] REIGART'S Drug Store.

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

MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every style and color, of good quality, at LAUGHMAN'S.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags, at LAUGHMAN'S.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC Paint, also Chrome, Green, Yellow, Paris Green, dry and ground oil at [1-tf.] KESSLER'S.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, ... H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,) $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices ... 1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change ... 10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year ... 5 00

Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

MY BEAU THAT'S IN THE ARMY.

AIR—"*The Girl I left Behind Me.*"

I'm lonesome since he left my side
To brave disease and danger;
To cross o'er hill and rolling tide,
And quarter with the stranger.
'Tis just one year ago this night
He took his leave in sadness
But in a week his missive read
We'll meet again in gladness.

I long upon those ruby lips
To print the welcome token,
Assuring him my sacred vow,
No, never can be broken;
For I will ever constant be,
Though life is dark and stormy,
To him who is so gallant, brave,
My beau that's in the army.

When the hours so sweetly here,
Till Rebeldom revolted;
So kind and winning in his way,
That he could not be faulted.
But at the 'larm of the drum
He did both grieve and charm me,
By flying to the nation, said,
My beau that's in the army.

The gent who sits at home in case,
And dreams of fame and glory,
While soldier's groans float on the breeze,
Must hear a different story.
Yes, I despise the coward drone,
There's naught in him can charm me;
But give me he who'd die for home.
My beau that's in the army.

Now if there's one within our land
Whose sympathy is callous,
I do not think it would be just
To stretch him on the gallows;
But let me warn you if you doubt,
Perhaps 'tis better for me,
To tell you plain you can't cut out
My beau that's in the army.

Select Miscellany.

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN ACTOR.

LIFE IN CASTLE THUNDER.

The writer of the following narrative, as appears by rebel papers and passports which he has, left Richmond and the rebel army about the 8th of May. He informs us that he is a printer by trade, and was actor in the South when the war broke out. He tells his story in his own way:

I was born in Mobile and raised in the South, and of course was imbued with Southern principles. When this war broke out I was led to believe that the North intended to confiscate all lands and free the negroes, ravish our wives and sisters, burn our houses and make serfs of us all. With those outrages staring me in the face, I at once volunteered in the regular army, and was appointed first lieutenant of the Baltimore battery, where I remained until the seven days' fight before Richmond, suffering all the necessary privations, not having even a tent to lie under, and day after day nothing to eat. On Wednesday's fight we were at Crew's farm. I was then acting as Major, having command of both the Baltimore battery and the Purcell battery. We captured some fourteen prisoners. The first sergant of the Purcell battery, and some nine or ten of the men, wished to shoot the prisoners, and I placed them under arrest to prevent them from so doing. The rest of the men of the Purcell battery became incensed at having their comrades under arrest, and swore they would kill the prisoners at the first opportunity. I took the prisoners, and determined to protect them even with my life. For, though they were my enemies, they were then helpless and prisoners of war, and I was resolved they should be treated as such. I placed them under a tree and slept in their midst myself. About midnight I was waked by one of the prisoners, who told me that he heard the corporal of the guard tell the sentinel that he was coming back with four of the battery to cut the damn Yankee's throats, and would cut that damn lieutenant's throat too if he attempted to prevent them. I looked at my pistols and found they were all right. In a few moments the corporal with four men all armed with short swords, came up. I arose and asked what was wanted. He replied that one of the prisoners had an overcoat he wanted, and that he intended to have it. I ordered him to go to his post; he refused, and made a cut at one of the prisoners, while one of the men tried to get between me and the corporal. I took him by the shoulder and threw him one side, and again ordered them to their post. Finding words useless, I drew my pistols and fired, killing the corporal and wounding one of the mutineers; the remaining three returned to their post. The next day I received a summons to attend a court martial, charged with unlawfully shooting two of my men. I proved that they had disobeyed my commands, and was discharged with the reprimand and instructions that I would not be held justifiable again in shooting my men to protect Yankee prisoners. Shortly after, from what occurred at a council of war, I found I was mistaken. That I was not fighting for the defense of our homes and friends, but that the war was prosecuted for the sake of a few broken down politicians. The truth was like a thunderbolt, and I determined then and there to fight no longer in the rebel army. I at once sat down and wrote my resignation, stating that I had been deceived, and would fight no longer for a party who was fighting only for power. My resignation was at last accepted and I returned to my profession. Shortly after my resignation I wrote a play which I called the "Chieftan's Doom," in which I introduced the America flag. The part of the piece which they took offence at was the first scene, which is the deck of a vessel called the Lightfoot. At her masthead floated the star spangled banner. A portion of the crew are seated on the rails, when one of them proposes to raise the pirate's flag and pull down the stars and stripes. "Why should we," said he, "toil day after day for a mere pittance while we could be kings of the seas; let us pull down the stars and stripes and raise the skull and cross bones"—and at this their captain enters—"What would ye do? Know ye not he who would stain or soil that flag is a traitor, and deserves the death of a dog?" This piece was produced in the Richmond theatre, and was received with much enthusiasm. The next day I was standing in the door of the theatre, when a detective came up to me and said, "Is your name J. W. Atwater?" I replied that it was. He said that Gen. Winder wished to see me. I went with him to Gen. Winder's office, and there I found he had by some means, unknown to me, obtained my manuscript. He asked me in a very abrupt manner, if I was the author of that piece. I told him I was. He said that was enough, and told the detective to take me to Castle Thunder. I asked him what for. He said for treason. I protested against my arrest and demanded a trial, but he refused to grant me one. I was conveyed to Castle Thunder handcuffed. When I reached the prison, they put me in irons, with an iron collar around my neck, bracelets on my hands, and shackles on my ankles, and placed in a dungeon eight feet square, where I could not see my hand before me. In this place I was kept for six months, with nothing to eat but a small piece of bread daily, and a pail of water, with nothing to lie on but the bare stones, as they would not allow me a blanket to cover me with, and, what is worse, during my whole imprisonment they would not let me see any of my friends or send a note to them The commandant of the post would sometimes come to my cell and try and make me humble myself to him, but, thank God, I had the spirit to spurn him. He would call me a traitor and heap every insult upon me that he could. He sometimes threatened to shoot or hang me, but I always defied him. At the end of six months I was taken out of irons and placed with other prisoners away up in the top of the building, room No. 10. Here I fared better. They would give us two cups of cow peas and a piece of corn bread to last us us all day. Sometimes they would change it, and give us what they called turnip soup. They would get frozen turnips and boil them up without washing or pealing them, and when we would get through drinking our soup we would find in the bottom of the cup a couple of table spoonsful of dirt. There is an old adage, that we all have to eat a peck of dirt before we die, but I think the prisoners in Castle Thunder drank a bushel. If we ventured to look out of the windows the sentinels would yell, "take your head in, dog," and fire at us. They killed several of the prisoners in this way. They seemed to take a great delight in firing at unarmed and helpless prisoners. The chaplain of the post used to come up in our room and pray for the confederate arms in repelling the Northern vandals and Hessians, as he used to term them. At last I grew tired of this, as it was an insult to us all, and I ventured to tell him that his time could be better employed down stairs with the rebel prisoners. For this act alone I laid in iron for three weeks. They used to smoke us for eight hours during the day until we would almost bacome stifled. If we would complain of it they would tell us that it was too good for us. The small pox broke out among us and men died on the floor all around me without being carried to a hospital. This disease raged among us for eight or ten weeks when it abated, leaving only a few of us to relate the tale.

When Kilpatrick made the raid upon Richmond, he could have taken it very easily, as there were no troops in Richmond at the time, and we were all buoyant in spirits hoping that he would come and release us. The authorities were frightened and the commandant of Castle Thunder told us he had all the prisons undermined with powder, and that if Kilpatrick did capture the city he intended to blow us all to the devil. But we were doomed to disappointment. Kilpatrick retreated from a place which he could easily have captured and released every prisoner in the city. Then we would have wrecked vengeance upon those who had wantonly treated us so brutally. Shortly after the retreat of Kilpatrick they carried the body of young Dahlgren through the streets of Richmond in a dirt cart, with his head and arms dragging the ground, his cork leg thrown across his breast, with the rabble shouting "hang the Hessian," "burn the vandal and horse thief," with many other such exclamations. They refused the body even a Christian burial, and buried it in a place called horse heaven, where they used to throw all the dead dogs, cows and other animals. There his body remains now, though they told a falsehood to the father of the young man, Admiral Dahlgreen, saying that it could not be found. After this they treated us worse than before, giving us no food sometimes for a whole day. The post warden's assistant is a contemptible scoundrel, who had his head shaved for cowardice and was drummed out of the rebel service, and who was entirely destitute of honor, would come up of mornings and call the roll and would order the men in lines as if they were dogs.

He spoke one morning rather insulting to me, and I could not brook an insult from one whom I considered so far beneath the human race, and I knocked him down as I would a cur. For this act I was tied up by the thumbs for three hours. For the slightest offence they would punish us severely. One of the prisoners threw a cup of water out of one of the windows, for this he was bucked and gagged for half a day. In this prison there were old men whose hair was white as snow, who had been dragged from their homes and incarcerated in this foul place, merely because they were suspected of being loyal to the star spangled banner, all appeals for a trial refused them. Then there were children, some not exceeding thirteen years of age, charged with guiding the enemy through the country, all lay there victims to the tyrant's fury. They would threaten these young lads with the scaffold if they would not divulge all they knew, or consent to go into their army. All shared alike. If a Union soldier is seen by a rebel who says that he knew him to be in the rebel army, it is enough; they will take him out into the yard and shoot him without even a trial. Many a man has been shot as a deserter who never saw the rebel army until they marched forth under the stars and stripes to meet them.

They would often propose to release me if I would consent to join their army again. I refused them. On the first day last March they again made the proposition, vowing that if I refused they would keep me until the war was over. I defied them. With this they threw me into irons and placed me once more in the cell where I was first incarcerated. Seeing that they were bent to kill me if possible, and thinking if I could get into a cavalry company there might be some chance for me to make my escape, I at once sent for the commandant of the post and told him I would join their army, providing they would allow me to join the 1st Maryland cavalry. He refused and said he would put me in infantry. I told him that I would stay and rot first, knowing that it would be impossible for me to get away, and returned to my dungeon. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a guard came to my cell and took me to the office where a portion of my irons were taken off. I asked the sergant who was in charge of me what they were going to do. He told me that they were going to put me in a cavalry company. I was satisfied. As I passed out of the door I met the commandant and he said "Oh, I have brought you down to it at last have I?" I replied, "Not so well as you think." When I reached the street and the fresh air struck me it chilled me, although it was a warm day, and I had a very severe ague. I was carried to Hanover Junction and assigned to Co. F, 1st Maryland cavalry, where I remained until the 4th of last May

But to return to the treatment of prisoners. There are five prisons in Richmond, Castle Thunder, Libby, Isle, Crews, and Main street prisons, in which all fare alike. During last winter on Belle Isle, they allowed only one stick of wood to a tent of twenty men a day to keep them warm. Many a poor wounded soldier has died in those prisons from starvation and the want of fire or clothing to keep them from freezing. The women seem worse than the men. Those who should imitate the angels, I have seen refuse to give the poor prisoners even a glass of water, and when they would ask for anything, repel them with insult.

From the 1st of March I performed my duty as a soldier and won the confidence of my officers. May 5th my furlough was given to me to go to Hardee county for twenty days to procure a horse, or in plain words, to steal one. I left the city of Richmond on the 8th of May, taking the Central Railroad for Staunton, Virginia, at which place I arrived at six in the evening, I at once proceeded to the Provost Marshal's office and obtained a passport for New Market, and walked from Staunton to Woodstock, Gen. Imboden's headquarters. I immediately went to see Gen. Imboden and asked him for a pass to go over into Hardee county. He refused, saying that "there were too many damn Yankees, and I would be captured." I was resolved not to return to the rebel army. I found that there was a chain picket reaching from mountain to mountain and came within twenty feet of the picket. I at once got on my hands and knees and crawled under the brush until I succeeded in getting past him. Even then I did not venture to take the road as there were a number of scouts on all the roads I still kept the mountains till I reached Cedar Creek. Being pretty well exhausted I went into an old lady's house and asked if I could not stop there for the night; she said "yes," but asked if I was not a Southern soldier. I told her I was as I had on my rebel uniform. Knowing there was some Union citizens living in the valley, I at once resolved to try and find out if this old lady was not one of them, and in conversation I told her that there was a good many deserting the rebel cause; she replied "I wish they would all desert." I then thought I might trust her, and told her of my long imprisonment and that it was my intention to go to Martinsburg; she seemed to sympathize with me and told me to make myself comforable. After supper, I noticed she sent a little girl off somewhere, and it aroused my supicions. In a few moments a rebel officer and four men entered the room with arms. I at once saw the trap, and discovering a window I made one bound and cleared, conveying sash and glass with me. On reaching the outside of the house I at once laid down in the grass. There was a large barn up in the yard, and the officer said "damn him, he has gone to that barn, but I will have him." He at once surrounded the barn, and I made my escape and went up two miles further and slept in a haystack the rest of the night. The next morning I proceeded on my journey, and the next afternoon I reached Winchester, expecting to find the Union forces, but they had all moved in the direction of Strasburg. On going up the Main street a woman called out to two young men who were standing on the opposite corner, "there goes a rebel deserter, why don't you stop him?" On hearing this, I halted and and gave the young men a defiant look. If they had moved one step I certainly would have killed them. Seeing they were not very anxious for an encounter I proceeded on my way until I reached Bunker Hill, after walking over one hundred miles. I found the Union army and gave myself up to them, and had the best dinner I had for three years.

Richmond is very strongly fortified, having sixty miles of breastworks five miles outside the city, and quite a number of smaller batteries inside of the other breastworks, all mounted with heavy seige guns. The people seem determined to defend Richmond to the last. The soldiers' rations are only one pint of meal and a quarter of a pound of bacon a day. The poor people are starving. I know many families who were before the war in good circumstances, who now live on corn meal and wheat coffee, seeing no meat for weeks at a time. Flour is worth from $300 to $350 per barrel. Corn meal $75 a bushel, sugar $16 per pound, bacon $12 per pound, beef $10 and scarce at that, and all other things in proportion. A laboring man only gets for his labor $5 to $8 per day—two days' labor to buy a pound of meat. Very Respectfully,

L. W. ATWATER.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE FEET.—We are very glad to see that the ladies have adopted a mode of gathering their garments in festoons, by an elastic cord, which relieves them not only from dragging their skirts over the dirty pavements, but restores to mankind the civilizing influences of their feet. The American ladies have the handsomest feet of any ladies in the world; and having deprived us of them, through an absurb fashion, at least five years, we naturally welcome the return with joy. We therefore declare permanently for festoons instead of trails.

☞ There is now a case in the United States Supreme Court involving the title to the site of the city of Keokuk, Iowa.—It has been in Court twenty years, and involves land valued at $15,000,000. The parties are Charles Mason vs. Messenger & May.

ANECDOTE OF A SHEEP.—Anecdotes of animals are always amusing; and moreover, if observed accurately and told without embellishment, may some day serve to solve a great problem in philosophy—the distinction namely, between the spirit of the man that goeth upwards and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth—a problem that the great Bishop Butler could not solve, and left a blemish in his argument, but a monument to his candor. The subject of the one I am going to tell happened many years ago, when I was an urchin of eight or ten; but I remember it well.

One fine summer morning it was my province to aid in driving a flock of sheep to the brook to be washed, preparatory to shearing. The man who had charge of them led the procession with the salt dish in his hand, in which he ostentatiously rattled some lumps of salt, and from time to time made pretence of throwing handful on the ground, to draw the flock onward from place, while I followed to drive up the literers.

The old patriarch of the troop, a fine old buck led the van of the quadrupeds, and carefully examined every spot where the false motion of throwing salt was made, till he was fully satisfied in his own mind that no salt was deposited. He then paused, shook his simple horns, and waiting till the shepherd was about a rod in advance, charged upon him from the rear with his whole momentum fairly raising him off his feet. I saw, and from the first comprehended the manoeuvre, but there was so much fun in it, it was impossible to give the alarm; and when the man turned to "blow me up," for my tacit complacency, I was rolling on the green sward in a convulsion of laughter so contageous he was forced to join in it, and let me off without rebuke.

Will it do to attribute to so simple an animal as a sheep, so high a moral sentiment as indignation at deceit? Perhaps not, but we may at least make the "practical inference," that those having charge of flocks cannot securely lead them long with mere occasional handfuls of—wind.
—*Church Journal.*

A ROUGH BEDFELLOW.—There is a story going the rounds of the papers, told of a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till a late hour at night, and then started home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises, he was too far gone to discover any door to the domicil he was about to inhabit, and therefore laid himself down in a shed which was a favorite rendezevous for the hogs. They happened to be out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. The water being rather cold, they, in their utmost kindness, and with the trust hospitality, gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of a quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed enjoying the accommodation of a tavern in company with another gentleman. He reached out his hand catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed:

"Hallo, my good friend, you've got a —of a beard! *When did you shave last?*"

KEEPING THE PLEDGE.—An Irishman made a sudden dash into a druggist's shop in Glasgow. Drawing from his pocket a soda-water bottle filled to the brim with some pure liquid, he handed it across the counter and exclaimed, "There, docther snuff that would yez?"

The doctor did as he was directed and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whisky. "Thank ye, docther," said the Irishman, "hand me it back again."

The doctor again did as directed, and asked him what he meant?

"Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the praste told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the hands of the docther. So here's your health, and the praste's health, and the health of Moses."

☞ A colored preacher within our lines, recently felt constrained to preach against the extortion of the cutlers, from which his flock had suffered. After much deliberation, he announced his text as follows:—"Now de serpent was more *sutler* dan any beast ob de field, which de Lord God has made."

☞ A Dead mule, belonging to a Memphis citizen, was being hauled out of the lines the other day, when a bayonet thrust revealed the fact that the carcass contained 60,000 percussion caps, a quantity of ammunition, and other contraband articles which some rebel sympathiser had taken this means of smuggling.

☞ One train of deep emotion cannot fill up the heart, it radiates like a star God-ward and earth-ward.

☞ We erect lifeless temples to God, but are ourselves the living temples He has erected to Himself.