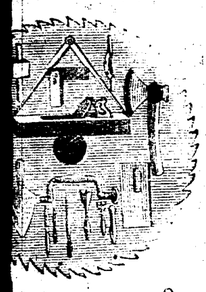
S & WILLIAMS.



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LSS GOODS of every description,
DIES' WINTER WEAR.
AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES.
MEN'S HALF HOSE
AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE
AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.
GHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.
Scarcel, Heckel Bonnets at $1.50@1.75
1.37@1.50
2.75@3.50
ETS, very low.
GROCERIES.
n Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c.
ch is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store.
cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.
NG.

Y DYE COLORS.
d October 13th, 1863.

Dark Green,
Light Green,
Wine color,
Mauve,
Maroon,
Orange,
Pink,
Purple,
Royal Purple,
Salmon,
Scarlet,
Slate,
Straw,
Violet,
Yellow.

Woolen and Silk Goods, Shawls, Scarfs,
ves, Gloves, Hosiery, Hats, Feathers,
ers, Children's Clothing, and all
nds of Woolen Apparel.
NG OF 50 PER CENT.
ween dyes as many goods as would oth-
ise cost them. Various shades can be
same dye. The process is simple and
dye with perfect success. Directions
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ompanies in Dyeing and giving a perfect
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valuable receipts, purchase Howe & Ste-
Dyeing and Coloring. Sent by mail on
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HOWE & STEVENS,
265 BROADWAY, BOSTON.
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A large supply will always be
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NG & SPOUTING
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will keep on hand an assortment of cop-
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STEPHEN WINTERS.
n and Sheet Iron Ware.
OUTING, &C.
OULD RESPECT-
the citizens of Altoona
keeps constantly on hand a
Cooking, Parlor, Office and
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hand a large stock of Tin and Sheet-
of all articles for culinary purposes—
Pipe, &c.
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needs only to be seen to be apprecia-
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able terms. [april 14, 1859-1y
ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
rrons, Seminal, Urinary and Sexual
reliable treatment—in Reports of the
IATION—sent by mail in sealed letter
charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN
ard Association, No. 2 South Ninth St.,
[Jan. 29'64-1y.
ANT GOOD COFFEE,
best of Chocolate, Syrups and Sugars
FRITCHEY'S.
RACKERS! A fresh sup-
elicious crackers just received and for
FRITCHEY'S
CREAM CHEESE AT
FRITCHEY'S.
LES CARPETING AND
n be found at LAUGHMAN'S.
'S NEW STORE, corner
d Virginia Sts.
HILES OF PANTALOONS
Boys, at LAUGHMAN'S.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864. NO. 32.

HE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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

ar annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1 50
ll papers discontinued at the expiration of the time
d for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
ar lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
e square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
o " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
ree " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

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

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
ne lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
e square	2 50	4 00	7 00
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ne 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.

INDIAN SUMMER.

With a milder, softer azure,
Beams the ether deep above,
Where all day the floating cloudlets
Like frail barges silent move;
While afar where the horizon
Blendeth with the mountains bright,
Fleets of argosies seem anchored
In a sea of golden light.

Like a dream o'er vale and woodland
Resteth low the silvery haze—
Hushed the bird-notes from the borders,
Withered dead the flowery maze;
And the purling streamlet murmurs
Tenderly its sad refrain,
As though lulling wearied nature
To her long, deep slumbering.

Musing in the rustling forest,
With the dead leaves scattered round,
From its height anon one saileth
Past me with a spirit sound;
Soft airs from the glen are wafted—
From the verdant tasselled pine
Low mysterious sighs and sobbings—
Whispered voices half divine.

Indian Summer! how like magic
Memories cluster at the name!
Memories of a race long blighted
Of a wild yet princely fame;
Fancy views the lowly wigwam—
Dark-eyed maidens of rare charms—
Sable chieftains in grave counsel—
Dusky warriors clad in arms!

Dreaming days of waning autumn,
Loveliest, saddest of the year!
Many a lesson, mystic poem,
Read we from thy leaves so sere!
Though life's June e'er soon is vanished,
As glad music's answering thrill
Yet may sound its drear November,
Light and beauty linger still.

Select Miscellany.

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie! Oh! Nellie!"

A tiny pair of white hands were raised deprecatingly, and a pair of large, violet eyes sought her face, bearing in their depths an expression of entreaty beautiful to behold; but the proud face of Nellie Raymond turned away, perhaps to shut out that beautiful vision, and a low, trilling laugh ran over her red lips.

"Oh! Nellie, how can you be so heartless? How can you lead a man on to believe you love him, and then, when his heart is yours, with all its great, deep fount of manly love and tenderness, laugh in his face, and bid him go from your presence—hopeless and despairing. I tell you, Nellie Raymond, you will some day have to account for the misery you have wrought."

"Do you think so?" said Nellie, lightly. "Ah! well."

"But it will not be well," said Alice May. "You will see it in a different light some day. I could not close my eyes one hour in peaceful slumber were my life so weighed down with such evil deeds as yours."

"Evil deeds! Really, Alice, you are harsh," exclaimed Nellie, a flush of momentary mortification and anger overspreading her white forehead.

"Dear Nellie," said her friend, "what is the use of calling things by other than their right names? If I seem severe, I only tell you the truth, and you know that I have ever been your best friend—candid and frank."

"Well, Allie, you might have a little more regard for one's feelings," said Nellie.

"Have you any regard for the feelings of others, Nellie?" asked Alice. "There is a good book in which a sublime teacher said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Now, how far do you carry out this rule?"

"Oh! Allie, spare me for pity's sake—don't preach to me now," said Nellie.—"I'm not in a mood for it."

But Alice May was relentless.

"You did not spare poor George Morton, whom you so cruelly deceived," she continued, "and then drove him from you with despair in his heart, and the burden of a hopeless life. The green sod of an Italian vale covers the heart of one who loved you but too wildly, and whose reward, after months of weary wandering, and a hopeless, pining life, which soon sank beneath its weight of sorrow, is an exile's grave. Then there is another—a widow's only son and pride—who frets his life away in a madhouse; yes, a madhouse, Nellie, to which your cruelty consigned him. Oh! Nellie Raymond, better a thousand times despoil your face of its dangerous beauty than bear the load of sin it brings upon you, for it is fearful."

A slight quiver in the erect frame of the beautiful girl was the sole response.

"Poor Walter Mayfield!" continued Alice, sadly; "sometimes I pass the window of the cell in which he is confined, and catch a glimpse of his haggard face, and he always smiles like a pleased child when he sees me. Then I contrast him now with what he once was, and weep in spite of myself over the wreck of a strong, noble life. He used to be so pleasant and gay always, but he was strong and self-reliant when anything occurred to call forth energy or action. Oh! he was a noble, handsome man; but now he is feeble and helpless—a hopeless maniac.—Poor fellow!"

Nellie's face wore an expression of mingled grief, defiance and mortification; but she remained silent for a few moments, watching the tears as they rolled slowly over Alice May's cheeks.

"And my own dear, only brother will be your next victim," said Alice, after a pause, looking up sadly and mournfully. "Oh! Nellie, he is all I have—I am alone in the world, with him only to love me! Spare him to me, for the love of mercy!"

Nellie rose with a hotly flushed cheek and flashing eye.

"Allie, how can you talk thus?" she exclaimed. "But I tell you, Allie May, if art or beauty can bring your proud, cold brother to the feet of a woman, he shall come to mine. He shall love me"

"And if he does, and you turn him from you, you will kill him," said Alice.—"Once unbend his proud nature, and unlock the founts of tenderness in his heart, and then cast him from you, and see the consequences. Oh! Nellie Raymond, there is sufficient on your soul already. Spare yourself, if you spare no other."

The last words were unheeded, for Nellie had swept from the room, and little Alice May bowed her head upon the sofa cushion and sobbed piteously. She had warned her brother repeatedly, but he seemed heedless, and with an aching heart the gentle little sister looked forth to a hopeless, desolate life for him who had ever been her all on earth.

Several weeks passed away, and little Alice May stood before the altar. The man she had chosen was noble, true and good, and for her feet a bright path lay before her; but there was another to whom her eyes wandered uneasily, and who hovered incessantly round the gay butterfly form of the proud syren, Nellie Raymond, whose dark eyes flashed with triumph as the proud man bent his handsome, stately head with such devotion.

Alice's sweet lips quivered when she saw her brother bend down and whisper in Nellie's ear, and heard the request that she would walk with him upon the lawn; and the two wandered off.

The moon shone brightly, and Edward May, drawing Nellie Raymond's arm within his own, walked slowly down the broad gravel walk, his face upturned towards the stars, and a smile of inexpressible happiness wreathing his sweet mouth.

"Nellie," said Edward, and he spoke very low and softly; "Nellie, I am very happy to-night—happier than I had ever hoped to be, and I want some one to sympathize with me in it. Allie has another now to occupy her attention. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," she whispered, softly. "None can share your happiness and sympathize with you more freely than I. Tell me all."

For a moment he was silent, stretching out his hand to draw her down upon a seat beside him. After a while he spoke, half dreamily and very gently—

"I once believed," said he, "that I could never find a woman whom I could love fully and truly—with such a love as I must cherish for the woman whom I would call my wife; but I have found her, Nellie—(why do you tremble so?) a sweet, pure-faced little thing, fresh and fragrant as a budding rose, gentle as the summer breezes, and gay and glad as the lark whose song she trills the whole day long. Tell me that you rejoice in my unhappiness, Nellie—tell me that you will love my little wife that is to be—sweet Lilly Walton"

Nellie's lips were rigid and ashen, and she rose up, quivering like an aspen.

"Oh! I am ill," she gasped. "Take me into the house."

Edward May rose hastily, and supported her with his arm, but she nearly repulsed him as she planted her foot firmly upon the gravel. She had learned to love the man with all the hidden passion and fire of her strong nature; and now he told her he had won another, and that other was only a poor but beautiful governess in a rich man's family. Oh! it was too much! He knew Nellie Raymond's weakness, and he had punished her most fearfully, though he believed in his heart that she was incapable of deep feeling.

Alice went to Nellie in answer to her brother's summons; and, when every one was gone from the room, she held out her arms to Alice, white and stricken, with an anguished moan—

"Oh! Allie, I gave him my whole heart, and he loves another!"

Then she sank down, pale and lifeless, and it was many weeks ere Nellie Raymond woke to life and consciousness—Then she was a changed, repentant woman; but it was hard to feel the soft touch of a little hand, and see the light form of Edward's wife bending so pityingly. Oh! the punishment of her evil deeds had come, and it was heavy and bitter.

Nellie Raymond is Nellie Raymond still, but she has grown into a calm, dignified but lovely woman. She can sympathize with the suffering because she has suffered, and strives, by tenderness and love to others, to atone for the misery she wrought while yet in the heyday of her pride and selfish love for admiration.

RAILWAY THOUGHTS.

"Mowing must be a grievous business. Old Jaggers, by whose meadow I stood for an hour, groans loudly every stroke of the scythe. He made 412 strokes going the length of his meadow: that's 412 groans. Quite penitential. He stopped to whet three times, wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve nine times, and swore twice at the bumblebees. These facts I took down to report to the County Statistical Association,' which preserves all things in its archives. I always notice things that way, as I go on."

"The Regulations of the —— Railway terrify me when I read them. You 'must not' do that, and passengers are 'warned,' and 'informed,' and 'notified,' 'cautioned,' until I have concluded that the only place where a man can ride peaceably is on *top* of the cars. There no prohibitions meet a fellow."

"I laughed just now. A fellow came in who was built on the principle that *length* is what nature demands more than *breadth*. The cars being full, he had to stand up, and propped himself by the check-rope. He pulled it so hard that the cars stopped. He rushed to the door to learn the cause. Started again. Like result. Such a row when the conductor found it out."

"Confound that old lady before me. I had a tussel with her to keep her from opening the window. She watched me, and the moment I went to sleep had it raised to the roof. What an earache! Could only revenge myself as I was leaving the cars, by accidentally dropping my carpet-bag out of the rack on her head.—Such a squeal!"

"Squint-eyed mother. Keeps one eye on her sleeping cherub, the other on the beauties of Nature as we pass along."

"I was expatiating just now upon the glories and abundance of the harvest, and pointed to one immense field, golden with wheat sheaves, when that rascal Briggs dampened my spirits by suggesting, 'Yes, a heap of good eating in that pile.' No romance in Briggs."

"Child on the next seat so elaborately curled, should have to see it undressed to know the sex. Confound the woman who will curl her boy's hair. What does she think he will come to?"

"Good expression—'His heart's as big a boulder.' Much better than the obsolete form, 'big's a piece of chalk.'"

"How indelicate to hang ladies' undergarments on clothes-lines in public. I always turn my eyes away, but not till I have critically examined them. They are highly objectionable, and I wonder it is allowed."

"Singular!" says Briggs. 'There's a man who weighs two hundred, and his wife not much less; yet their baby will hardly pull down five pounds.' Briggs wants me to explain it, but I tell him I can't."

"Did you ever observe there's no animal will notice a railroad train passing by except a horse? The cow, hog and goose pay you no more attention than a boy in a lawyer's office."

"You can tell when an experienced traveller enters the car. He chooses the side opposite the sun. Greenhorns don't."

"Why does that young woman deem it necessary, when she smiles, to show off the condition of her gums? I could study dentistry in one hour's conversation with her. Should only have to tell her 26 good jokes and I could then model every tooth in her head."

"I sold Briggs yesterday, good. He asked me if I had anything new. I told him yes—a new pair of drawers. Took him down beautiful. He is always making merchandise of me when he can, but I disposed of him cheap that time."

TWO RULES,

AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is: Never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules as applicate to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles. "How would it work if we adopt them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about things that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree with anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making preparations for school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe string, and it is vexatious. I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed, for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No we shan't, said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting into practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them to morrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written a half dozen lines, his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am verry sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation.

"I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up.

"No great harm is done after all," he said. "Two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rule works well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence.

"That's too bad" he said.

"It can be helped," said Giles. "They can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt the measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if asked to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery, and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a good while at getting to what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about. I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles, triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it, said Giles.

They did tell her all about it, and the result was, that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.—*Merry's Museum.*

The Curiosity of French Restaurants.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star* writes as follows: Restaurants for the working classes in Paris have, now-a-days, recourse to every species of invention to attract attention. Last week, one just opened in the Faubourg Montmatre promisses a dinner of two courses and a desert to whoever writes, in a legible hand, the answer to a rebus offered every morning for solution by the *dame de comptoir*. Another, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, hit on a still more strange expedient. He chose for his ensign a gigantic golden sausage, which he swung enticingly over the door of his restaurant, the words, "A la soucisse d'or," in huge gold letters, blazing beneath. His *salon* is large, its white walls decorated by festoons of the tempting edibles so highly appreciated on the other side of the Rhine, and in every fiftieth sausage a five-franc piece in gold. His principle was that as his customers called for sausages, they should be cut off in a regular rotation from the string so artistically arranged round the dining hall. The result may be better imagined than described. The eager anxiety depicted on the countenance of every *ouvrier*, as he nervously examined and finally ate his sausage, would have supplied a phrenologist with many good subjects for study. The expedient proved most remunerative to the proprietor, but the quarrels that ensued were of so serious a nature that the police have interfered, and the master of the establishment has received orders either to shut up his shop or to proceed on a less exciting system.

You must constantly have remarked in the windows of restaurants of this class ttiumphal arches, columns, and every species of architectural device, constructed with marvellous ingenuity of hundreds of snails piled up in moss. I have often been puzzled to know what was the ultimate destiny of these myriads of snails, whose shining shells evince an amount of care bestowed on their outer aspect which proves that they must be there for a purpose. In France, you must remember, that snails did occupy public attention, an electric sympathy having been discovered to exist between the mail and female snail, which suggested to some enthusiastic *savant* the idea that the expense of electric wires might thereby be saved. At this period of their history their name in French, which from the days of the Pharamonds had been *tamacon*, was changed to *escargot*, which patronymic they retain. The race, however, sank into oblivion, and one was only reminded of its merits by apothecaries, advertisements announcing the most delicious syrups, lozengers, &c., made of snails, and warranted to cure every cold and cough that ever was caught. Yesterday, however, *messieurs les escargots* occupied the attention of the Police Court. Snails, it appears, are eaten at taverns and public houses, not in hundreds or in thousands, but in myriads, and snail *gourmets* assert—I shall not dispute with them—that they possess a delicacy of flavor which exceeds that of oysters. *Soit.*

A shop in St. Denis was let a few months ago to a milkman, who underlet it to a certain LANCRAY. Extraordinary sounds, as of rattling chains, were heard at dead of the night emanating from the back premises, and—faugh!—a vapor, fetid and sickening, arose in black fumes, penetrating the closed and curtained windows of sleeping neighbors. What could it be? Evidently the smoke came from LANCRAY's yard. What dark trade he did ply? The police were applied to, and the milkman proceeded against as having underlet his shop to so mysterious and awful a personage as his tenant proved. LANCRAY stated that he was a wholesale snail merchant; that he employed agents who bought up snails in different parts of France, but the most esteemed came from Burgundy, and to prepare the snails for the Paris market the process of cleaning must first take place. This he was in the habit of doing over night, by putting several thousands into huge tubs of water, and then stirring them with iron forks, which caused the rattling sound so terrifying to Mr. LANCRAY's nervous neighbors; and that the next process was that of boiling, which unfortunately, resulted in the rancid smoke so offensive to their olfactory organs.

Major White's Experience in Richmond.

Major White, formerly State Senator of Pennsylvania, who was recently released from Richmond after an imprisonment of fourteen months, spoke at a Union meeting in Philadelphia the other night. He said:

"When the Christian and Sanitary Commisions (God bless them) sent us boxes our condition was improved. But after a time they looked upon the contents of our boxes with anxious eyes, and whether they gobbled them or not future history will determine. The speaker on Christmas day felt almost happy in the thought of hearing from and sending home. He had been urged to speak for his brethern in misfortune, and ask for the priviledge. The well known tyrant, Turner, commander of the prison, informed the speaker that he was to go direct to Salisbury, by order of Gen. Winder, who, at Andersonville, last July, caused one thousand dead soldiers to be carried out of the stockade. By his order the speaker was taken to Salisbury, where the Baltimore Plugs took charge of him. He had given his blankets and other things to his fellow prisoners. This was Christmas day, and as he went up the streets of Richmond the Plug Uglies cheered him with the assurance that he would never be exchanged. That did'nt help him along very much.

"There are no happy scenes in Richmond. There are no smiles of children. There are no prosperous business houses. Everything seemed to pressage the doom that awaits it. God grant that that doom may soon come. [Cheers] He arrived at Salisbury. He was put in a cold room stripped and searched. He still had a few borrowed greenbacks, and had put them in his boots. He managed to save them. They had scrutinized all his family letters and laid them on the table. He managed to slip the greenbacks under the letters, and afterwards restored all to his pockets. In the room above him lay Gen. Corcoran. He was said to be well treated, but not so the speaker. They put him in an eight feet dungeon. The guard was forbidden to speak to him or allow anybody else to do so. There was no light in the cell. A piece of iron-clad corn bread and a bone of meat were placed upon the floor, without plate, for his first day's food.

"There was no charge against him, except that he was a Union Senator of Pennsylvania. Though entitled to the treatment of a prisoner of war, he was selected from all his companions, and thus treated. He was kept there for three weeks, and afterwards in an old smoke-house, used as a dead house, for the balance of the winter. It is the policy of the rebel officers to wear out the lives of those Union prisoners to whom they take a prejudice. However it had taken twelve men to guard him, and during the winter he had found that among them there was Union sentiment. They were North Carolinians, and often when their officers were sleeping he would discuss with them Union sentiment. And he was sure that a large portion of the North Carolina troops, instead of fighting for Jefferson Davis, would be thrice glad to fight for the stars and stripes."

USEFUL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.—A new and beautiful method of lighting gas without the use of a match has been introduced by Cornelius & Baker in an improvement called an electric bracket. It is a purely scientific invention, and useful as it is scientific. It is a neat and elegant fixture, consisting of a brass cup, lined with silk, a loosely-fitting India-rubber stopper, and an insulated copper wire coil, with a platinum point, directly over the burner. Within the stopper is placed a small piece of tin foil, to hold or store for use the electricity generated by the friction of the India rubber stopper upon the silk lining of the cup. While the cup is closed there is a complete electric current maintained, but when the gas is to be lighted the cup is lifted, the electric current is broken, and the electricity passes down the coil of wire to the burner. At the same moment the gas is turned on, and is instantly lighted. It is so beautiful and simple a mode of lighting, and so sure—for the damp weather does not affect it—besides being so entirely safe that it will undoubtedly supersede the more dangerous methods of lighting gas by means of tapers and matches.

Don'talinelookqueerwithoutbeingspaced?