Vital Force.

that any one who indulges in either with-

out a great struggle to prevent himself do-

ing so should be characterized as little less

thau—to use an American expression— "a fearful fool." How silly it seems even

to ourselves, after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache and to have be-

come generally done up, stamping around the room, and showing other signs of fool-

The Huntingdon Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL building, Fifth Street THE HUNTING DON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. A. DURBCEROW & Co., at \$2,00 per annum in ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the roin date of subscription, and got into pate within the year.

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C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist. Office in Leister building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. E. Greene, Huntingdon, Pa. [apl28, '76. GEO. B. ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street Huntingdon, Pa. [nov17,75]

G. L. BOBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building. No. 520, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12.71 H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law. Office, No. -, Peni Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap19,71] J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Hunting-don, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office, 229 Penn Street, corner of Court House Schuare.

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[feb5,71

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and all other legal business attended to with care an promptness. Office, No. 229, Penn Street. [ap19,71 School and Miscellaneous Books

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Atwood's Modern American Houses.

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Buchanas's Culture of the Crapeand Wine makings'
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- COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. -

All business letters should be addressed to J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,

Huntingdon, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

Mother Gray's Farewell.

BY W. E. WILLIAMS.

ish her tear drops with joy.

'Don't snuff out the candle of conscience, whose

Out there, in the pathway before you, I see, by

higher arise, An' somehow, I'm thinkin' that maybe, the gla-"But heaven forbid that it be so, an' oft as the

day turns to night,
I'll think of the boy who is wanderin' still further away from my sight—

An' kneelin' alone at my bedside, I'll try, in my thousand men, veteran regiments, led by poor, feeble way,
To ask God to strengthen your footsteps; an' often
an' ever I'll pray:

"Oh God, when to-night you are lookin'
A-down on the world, fast asleep—
All bathed in the silvery gloaming
Of the stars that their night vigils keep; If you should see, somewhere, my Jamie, All footsore and ready to fall, All footsore and ready to fall,
In paths that lead to perdition,
An' deaf to my piteous call—
Oh, God, send an angel to help him,
An' whisper my name in his ear,
An' trace to his deadenin' senses
The form of this old cottage dear,
Or else, God, I pray you to take him,
An' hold him till I come, an' then—
The voice of a heart broken mother,
Shall give you the glory—Amen!"

A faint sob, and last kiss at parting, and Mother Gray was alone, With only the whistling night birds, to list to her low plaintive moan,
And the last feeble fast fading sun rays which
shows for a moment again
Her Junie, now lost in the shadows, way down at
the foot of the lane.

Ninth Corps on their l
edly in their support.

AN IMPOSSIB

ide was the man of the 13th of December; for a forlorn hope to enter." than he, no more gallant soldier in all the tinued the cannonading on the selected above the elbows, sawed of limbs, adminrepublic. But he attempted there the impossible, and as repulse grew toward in the works, "no more than you or an arm in a twinkling, after brief contains a sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. It seemed to be, in case of each of the could make upon the side of a mountain sultation. impossible, and as repulse grew toward disaster lost that equal mind which is necessary in arduous affairs. Let us remember, however, and at once, that it is easy to be wise after the event. The army of the Potomac felt, at the end of this calamitous day, that hope itself was killed -hope, whose presence was never before wanting to that array of the unconquerable petuosity; they charged at a run, hurrah. sights in a field hospital after a battle are not to be minutely described. Nine thouswill, and steadfast purpose, and courage to ing. The foremost of them advanced to and was the tale of the wounded-nine persevere; the secret of its final triumph. within fifteen or twenty yards of the stone | thousand and not all told. I have undertaken to describe certain wall. Hooker afterward said: "No camnight-scenes on that field famous for blood-paign in the world ever saw a more gallant shed. The battle is terrible; but the se- advance than Humphrey's men made quel of it is horrible. The battle, the there. But they were to do a work no charging column, is grand, sublime. The man could do." In a moment they were marched out of the town and, filing in from field after the action and the reaction is hurled back with enormous loss. It was

MARYE'S HILL. It rises in the rear of Fredericksburg, a stone's throw beyond the canal, which runs along the most and above them; nothing could be discerned a few along the western border of the city. The ascent is not very abrupt. A brick house stands on the hillside, whence you may overlook Fredericksburg, and all the circumjacent country. The Orange plank road ascends the hill on the right hand side of the house, the telegraph road on the left. A sharp rise of ground at the foot of the heights afforded a cover for the formation of troops. Above Marye's Hill is an elevated plateau which commands it. The hill is part of a long, bold ridge on which the declivity leans, stretching from Falmouth to Massoponax creek, six miles. Its summit was shaggy and rough, with the earthworks of the Confederates, and was crowned with their artillery. The stone wall on Marye's Height was their "coigne of vantage," held by the brigades of Cobb and Kershaw, of McLaws' Divi-

sion. On the semi-circular crest above, and stretching far on either hand was Longstreet's Corps, forming the left of the Confederate line. His advance position was the stone wall and rifle trenches along the telegraph road above the house .-The guns of the enemy commanded and swept the streets which led out to the heights. Sometimes you might see a regiment marching down those streets in single file, keeping close to the houses, one file one the right-hand side, another on the left. Between the canal and the foot ground, a few hundred yards in width.-This restricted space afforded what opportunity there was to form in order of battle. A division massed on this narrow plain was a target for Lee's artillery, which cut fearful swaths in the dense and compact

Welcome to these, madmen about to die. The advancing column was the focus, the sun, as it crept through the tree tops that shaded a quaint little nest,

Paused yesterday evening to listen, before it died out in the West—
To old Mother Gray, soft repeating a tender farewell to her boy,

In hopes, it may be, that the kisses might garnish her tear drops with jay. pounded to pieces. It continued to go up, "Good bye, an' God bless you forever," she prayed as she clasped her thin hands.
"An' don't let the great world quite make you forget where the old cottage stands,
An' when Winter fades into Summer, or Summer their ranks and pushed forward. The into Autumn has grown,
emember the mother you're leavin' behind you
so tearful and lone.

there into Autumn has grown,
emember the mother you're leavin' behind you
them; the crash of musketry mingled with waverin', tremblin' rays
Shine back in the past written pages, that tell of
your glad childhood days;
Their beams never dazzle the cycsight, an' ever as onward you plod,
They'll light up a pathway whose ending is close by the right hand of God.

Small arms poured a constant bullets in their faces; they fell down by tens, by hundreds. When they had gained Till set the rude, little old cradle, whose arms a large portion of the distance, the storm have enfolded my boy,
Side by side with the tokens of childhood, an' developed into a hurricane of rain. The
each little babyish toy. Side by side with the tokens of chinanous, and each little babyish toy,

To 'mind me of wanderin' Jamie—an' oh, let them over remain

Still pure, in their quaint homely beauty, unmarred shade of a stain.

division was blown back, as it by the breath of hell's door suddenly opened, shattered, disordered, pell-mell, down the declivities, amid the shouts and yells of the declivities, amid the shouts and yells of the declivities. enemy, which made the horrid din demoniac. Until then the division seemed just shadin' my eyes,

The half hidden rocks of temptation that ever still to be contending with the wrath of brute and material forces bent on its annihilation.
This shout recalled the human agency in mour that hides the rough part,
Will beckon you on to destruction, an' harden my
poor Jamie's heart.
This shout recalled the human agency in
all the turbulence and fury of the scene.
The division of French fell back—that is The division of French fell back—that is

to say, one half of it. It suffered a loss of near half its members. Hancock immediately charged with five tried commanders. They saw what had happened; they knew what would befall them. They advanced up the hill; the bravest were found dead within twenty-five paces of the stone wall; it was slaughter, havoe, carnage. In fifteen minutes they were thrown back with a loss of two thousand-unprecedented severity of loss. Hancock and French, repulsed from the stone wall, would not quit the hill altogether. Their divisions, lying down on the earth, literally clung to the ground they had won. These valiant men, who could not go forward, would not go back. All the

There was no camp-fire, and there was no political maything that attacks it. He made his been stored in a warehouse preparatory to moustrance, a pitiful prayer, a peremptory demand. The German was more patient, becamend. The German was more patient, was the dedicate, which should ensure the moustrance, a pitiful prayer, a peremptory demand. The German was more patient, which should not were the moustrance, a pitiful prayer, a peremptory demand. The German was more patient, becamen the moustrance, a pitiful prayer, a peremptory d the spectacle which harrows up the soul. | now just dark; the attack was suspended. Three times from noon to dark the cannon Marye's Hill was the focus of the strife. on the crest, the musketry at the stone

set; twilight had stolen out of the west and spread her veil of dusk; the town, the flat, the hill, the ridge, lay under the "circling canopy of night's extended shade." the flat, the hill, the ridge, lay under the Darkness and gloom had settled down upon the Phillips House, over on the

after a while hold his council of war. AMONG THE WOUNDED. The shattered regiments of Tyler's Bri-

vision thundered against it. To the right, their assistance; moreover there was no brace, in the mist and the December night. posture. Him he somewhat rudely touchto the left, cannons were answering to each time for selection. The next minute all Why not accept them as bed-fellows? The ed, and thus accosted: "Get up and join A DARK NIGHT.

There was the darkness which belongs o night. The regiments had re-formed It around their respective standards. They presented a short front compared with the ag lines that had gone up the steep, harrahing. The Southerners were quiet and close behind their works. It seemed that they would not sally forth. Then nevertheless, towards the stone wall, to-ward the crest above. With lips more small party went up the ascent, and sought They sought to acquire a better knowledge ward the crest above. With lips more firmly pressed together, the men closed up their ranks and pushed forward. The storm of battle increased its fury upon them; the crash of musketry mingled with the roar of ordinance from the peaks. The stone wall and the rifle pits added their terrible treble to the deep base of the belowing ridge. The rapid discharge of the company, the numbers denoted the roads and melancholy surroundings. Meditation the company, the numbers denoted the and melancholy surroundings. Meditation regiment. Whatsoever man of their regi- sat upon his brow, but to fall into com- we see him in retrospect, as when he walkment they discovered, him they bore off if wounded; if dead, they took the valuables found on his person, for his friends, and left him to lie on the earth where he the dead would not remain unnoticed.

He con- their coats off and their sleeves rolled up Philips House, Burnside, overruling his mated

army, no more patriotic citizen in all the republic. But he attempted there the sion upon the works, "no more than you or an arm in a twinkling, after brief con-

the road, took up a position a short dis-tance below the brick house. It was the

low, one could not persuade one's self it purpose, seeing nothing else, hearing noth. America at the close of its first century. was not a sheet of water, unruffled in the stafford Heights, where Burnside would dim landscape. Few lights, doubtless, where a while hold his council of war. None could be seen. You would not have supposed there was a town there. A profound stillness prevailed, broken by no gade of Humphrey's Division were assem- other sound than by the cries of the wounded. On all the eminence above, where bled under cover of the bank where they ed. On all the eminence above, where had formed for the charge. A colonel Longstreet's forces lay, there was the sirode about through the crowd with the lence of death. With night, which had colors of his regiment in his hand, waving brought conviction of failure, the brazen them, inciting the soldiers by his words throats of Burnside's guns had ceased to to re-form for repelling a sortie. But roar. It was as if furious lions had gone there was really little need for that. Long-street was content to lie behind his earth-then an ambulance crept along below, works and stone walls, and with a few men and the covering fire of numerous guns stretcher bearers walked silently toward was able to fling back with derision and whatever spot a cry or groan of pain indi-

scorn all the columns of assault that mad- cated an object of their search. It may ness might throw against his impregnable not have been so quiet as it seemed. Perposition. The brick house on the hill was haps it was contrast with the thunder of the night like an evil bird that had flown refers, it is said, to the melting-pot for the

about him in rows, the wounded, the dying, there appeared to be a thin line of soldiers and a few of the dead, of his own and other sleeping on the ground to be occupied. commands. The fatal stone wall was in They seemed to make a sort of row or of the ridge was a level plat of flat, even easy musket range; in a moment with one rank. It was as if a line of skirmishers had rush, the enemy might surround the build- halted and lain down; they were perfectly ing. Beyond the house, and around it, and on the slope below it, the ground was covered with corpses. A little distance below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house, and around it, and the slope below the house, and around it, and the slope below the house, and around it, and the slope below the house, and around it, and the slope below the house, and around it, and the slope below the house, a general officer sat on the slope below the house and general officer sat on the slope below the house and general officer sat on the slope below the house and general officer sat on the slope below the house and general o nouse were sences which impeded the advance of the charging lines. Whatever division was assigned the task of carrying Marye's Hill, debouched from the town. division was assigned the task of carrying Marye's Hill, debouched from the town, crossed the canal, traversed the narrow level, formed under cover of the rise of ground below the house. At the word over it." He did not reflect that that covered the careful of the word over it." He did not reflect that that the safety of the whole army depended, pent up between the ridge and over it." He did not reflect that that the river? The enemy might come within the river? The enemy might come within the river gone. The advance over it." He did not reflect that that suddenly ascending this bank, they pressed forward up the hill for the stone wall and the crest beyond.

BURNSIDE'S DESPERATE EFFORT.

From noon to dark Burnside continued to hurl one division after another against tavolcano like eminence, belching forth fire and smoke and iron hail. French's Division was the first to rush to the assault. When it emerged from cover and words. At the word, suddenly ascending this bank, they pressed forward up the beginning of the world have been but the

to the left, cannons were answering to each other in a tremendous deafening battle chorus, the burden of which was—

Welcome to these, madmen about to die.

Why not accept them as bed-fellows? The bullet that laid low this one, if it had started diverging by ever so small an angle, would have found that "the would have found that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of. It has been well said that "the would have found the heart's bed of the many ways your company. We have moved to the in which we waste the stuff that "the would have found the heart's bed of the many ways your company. We have moved to the in which we waste the stuff that "the would have found the would have found the well as the would have found the well as the would have found the well as the would have found the would have found the well as the well as the would have found the well as the well

asleep by the monotony of the cries of the wounded scattered everywhere. , A WATCH WITH THE DYING. At this time three officers rode out from

one momentarily expected to be broken by the rattle of fire arms. All at once he looked down. He saw something white, not far off, that moved and seemed to be a man. It was, in fact, a thing in human onets around his head. That's Grant. form. In the obscurity one could not Then one tall, gray old fellow, with specdiscern what the man was doing The officer observed him attentively. After midnight, perhaps it was 2 o'clock n the morning, the brigade was again the morning, the brigade was again the morning that the observed him attentively. He stoped and rose again; then stooped and handled an object on the ground. He much, though it was always in you. moved away, and again bent down. Presently he returned, and began once more his manipulations of the former object.

The chills ground even one of the former object.

The chills ground even one of the former object. had been made. The fog, however, obscured everything; not a startwinkled above them; nothing could be discerned a few feet away. The brick house could not be seen, though they were close to it. Looking back toward the town lying on the river, over the narrow plain which lay below, one could not persuade one's self it. The chills crept over one. The darkness Now you may put all of the learned and ing, seemingly fearing nothing, loving the and Lincoln and their volunteer solnothing, the hill all overstrewn with dead diers represent the West as it arose at the and the debris of artillery and mutilated close of that century, the imperial power horses-it was a ghostly, weird, wicked to preserve the republic from the indifferscene, sending a shudder through the ence and skepticism of the East, the folly

frame. "Who goes there?" at length the officer said, and rode forward. "A private," the man replied, and gave

of the South.

Slang.

comparison of a homely sort drawn from

Slang is little else than metaphor, and

his regiment and company. "What are you doing here at this hour?" and so questioning he saw that the man the farm, the shop the mine, the forecastle, was engaged in putting on the clothes of a dead soldier at his feet.

the farm, the shop the mine, the forecastle, the camp, the street, or from any matter of common observation. A few random dead soldier at his feet.

of common observation. A few random "I need clothes and shoes," he said, instances will be enough to make this plain:

"and am taking them from this dead man; "To blow a cloud," "to flare up," "to play second fiddle," "a chip of the old block," he won't need them any more." "You there! you are rifling the dead; are expressions that need no explanation. robbing them of their watches and money. Others, while similes, clearly, are not exact-Begone !" And the man disappeared into ly understood, like "go to pot," which

The batteries in front of the devoted di- whatsoever one they first saw that needed sharing their couch, almost in their em- ed or meditated, so natural and restful his would have found the heart's blood of that made no response. The officer bent over babit of looking on the bright side of things other who gazed upon them. It was him and looked closely-he was a corpse. is worth far more than a thousand pounds chance or Providence, which to morrow might be less kind. So they lay down with the dead, all in line, and were lulled asleep by the monotony of the cries of the command was again taken into the town.—Philadelphia Weekly Times.

Select Miscellann.

Gath" in the Cincinuati Enquirer. Grant and his Career.

SOME CURIOUS REFLECTIONS BY GEORGE A. TOWNSEND-THE PATHWAY FROM GALENA TO FAME.

ish anger, because the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high stan-Grant's life is the very nobility of demdard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should ocratic society. He never was so great, as save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be secved exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston and left him to lie on the earth where he had fallen, composing his limbs, turning his face to the sky. They found such all the way up; some not far from the stone wall, a great number near the corners of the house, where the rain of bullets had been thickest.

At 9 o'clock at night the command was withdrawn from the front, and rested on their arms in the streets of the town. Some their arms in the streets of the town. Some sat on the curbstones, meditating, looking the murmur of voices and the streets of seventy vears of age.

The dead would not remain unnoticed. The darkness, and hon the darkness, and demanded succor of the world. Was there nothing in the universe to save? Tens of thousand within ear-shot, and no footstep of friend or foe drew near during all the hours. Sometimes they drew near and passed by, which was an aggravation of the agony. The subdued sound of wheels rolling slowly along and ever and anon stopping, the murmur of voices and on the curbstones, meditating, looking the murmur of voices and the streets of the town. Some the cause this lost man, this bankrupt life, this unknown and unsuccessful husband and father walk forth from the ruins of himself and rebuild his character, and never despise his poor associations, nor turn away a poor supplicant because a kinsman, nor affect acquirements he did not possess, touches the universal heart of mankind. We say: "Here is greatness that books can not make, but of which many a book can be made!" The borders of seventy years of age. their arms in the streets of the town. Some sat on the curbstones, meditating, looking gloomily at the ground; others lay on the pavement, trying to forget the events of the day in sleep. There was little said; deep dejection burdened the spirits of all. The incidents of the battle were not reheard, except now and then. Always when any one spoke, it was of a slain commander of rade—of his virtues or of the manner of his death: or of one missing, with many doubtless were faint that were not distant, and maintain the even satisfied and not make, but of which many a book can be made!" The attention received by General Grant is ridiculously set down by our disgruntled publications to the credit of the General. Smalley, of London, befitting his name, particularly hints at this, while advertising himself and his breakfast through Grant's condescention. It is the Chief Magistrate which is honored. They hold the constitution. Reach which many a book can be made!" The attention received by General Grant is ridiculously set down by our disgruntled publications to the credit of the General. Smalley, of London, befitting his name, particularly hints at this, while advertising himself and his breakfast through Grant's condescention. It is the Chief Magistrate which is honored, now the constitution. Reach which many a book can be made!" The attention received by General Grant is ridiculously set down by our disgruntled publications to the credit of the General. Smalley, of London, befitting his name, particularly hints at this, while advertising himself and his breakfast through Grant's condescention. It is the Chief Magistrate which is honored, now the constitution. Reach which is determined to the very discussion of the deep cleental Grant is ridiculously set down by our disgruntled publications to the credit of the General Grant is ridiculously set down by our disgruntled publications to the credit of the General of the very as good as say to themselves: "We must now take eare what we are about." Of course, they make sacr his death; or of one missing, with many conjectures respecting him. Some of them the departing breath of one about to expect the departing breath of the depar conjectures respecting him. Some of them it was said, had premenitions, and went into battle not expecting to survive the day. Thus they lay or sat. The conversation was with bowed heads, and in a low manner, ended in a sigh. The thoughts manner, ended in a sigh. The thoughts of all were in the homes of the killed, seeing there the scenes and sorrow which a day or two afterward occurred. Then they reverted to the comrade of the morning. go forward, would not go back. All the time the batteries on the heights raged and stormed at them. Howard's division came to their aid. Two divisions of the Ninth Corps on their left attacked repeatedly in their support.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK.

It was then that Burnside rode down from the Phillips House, on the northern side of the Rappahannock, and standing to the charge, and there was no camp-fire, and there was no camp-fire was no camp-fire, and there was no camp-fire was not of the close of the second term was magnificent, and the fact that he sat the close of the second term was magnificent, and the fact that he sat the close of the second term was magnificent, and the fact that he sat in the celtic brown as magnificent, and the fact that he sat the close of the second term was magnificent, and the

rent of lower temperature, these vapors discharge rain showers even in midsummer,

and of a great distance from the sea. By moistening the air woodlands also moderate the extremes of heat and cold. It is seen on the sea shore how beneficiently humidity operates in allaying the severity of Winter, and in Summer the evaporation of dew and rain gives us cool breezes when they are most needed. By the extirpation of forests the climate of the entire Orbis Romanus has been changed from the Summer temperature of West

Virginia to the furnace heat of New Mex

ico and Arizona. Besides this, the forest by soade in Sammer and fuel in Winter protects us directly against the vicissitudes of temperature. and at the foot of high mountains interposes a mechanical barrier between the valleys and avalanches in the North, an I slopes, that protect the valleys from avalanches, and to propose that in wars, even a l'outnance, the trees of the country should be spared by international agree-

ment. Our woods are also the home and shelter of those best friends of man, the insectiv orous birds. A country destitute of trees is avoided by birds, and left to the ravages of locusts and other insects, which, as we say on our own continent, always attack, the barren and naked districts. Our locustswarms devasted the "Great West," i. e., the treeless expanse between the Missis sippi and the Rocky Mountains, but spared the woodlands of the Alleghenies and the

The Luxury of Cold Water.

timber regions of the Pacific slope.

The plague of winter is cold, and the plague of summer is heat, but we can do a position. The brick house on the hill was full of wounded men. In front of it lay the commander of a regiment, with shattered leg, white, still, with closed eyes.—
His riderless horse had already been mounted by the general of the division; about him in rows, the wounded, the dying, ness waited for in some far-off Northern home.

THE WITHDRAWAL.

The three officers returned to their posts.
Toward morning the general commanding the brigade came out, and withdrawing gambler's lingo is used when a dead man ter, stationed about a bed room will posiis said to have "passed in his checks," and the gold seeker's when a speculation is said heat, but the heat itself. Should any one "fleecy," and the sunset "golden," home is "sweet," to part with a friend is "bit-ought to be six degrees, at least, and will ter," and so on through a list which the be eight if he is not stingy with his ice,

Division was the first to rush to the assault. When it emerged from cover and burst out on the open, in full view of the enemy, it was greeted with a frightful fiery reception from all his batteries on the circling summit. The ridge concentrated upon it the convergent fire of all its enginery of war. You might see for a mile the lanes made by the cannon halls. All the while stretcher bearers were passing up and down. Descending the hill and joined their regiments. All the while stretcher closed, the mouth open, the hair was losed, the mouth open, the hair was losed, the mouth open, the him. Falling down he crept on hands disheveled; besides the attitude was often and thenes, descending the hill again until well on in years.—The Galaxy.

A PAIR of devoted lovers out in the closed, the mouth open, the him with the seed of their regiments. All the while stretcher closed, the mouth open, the hair was losed, the mouth open, the hair was losed. There were plood-marks, also. These men were all dead. Nevertheless, when the withdrawal was ordered that no one should remain behind for want of no pital, followed by another and another.—

The pall of night concealed the road. An officer, anxious when the withdrawal was ordered that no one should remain behind for want of no pital, followed by another and another.—

The colonel was conveyed by four men to his heart. Last Sunday night be pulled out his heart. Last Sunday night be pulled out his heart and dimness, it was pallid, the eyes him. Falling down he crept on hands there exerced the road. An officer, anxious when the withdrawal was ordered that no one should remain behind for want of no pital, followed by another and another.—

The colonel was conveyed by four men to his heart as Sunday night be pulled out in the down and of the closed, the mouth open, the hill again until well on in years.—The Galaxy.

There were blood-marks, also.

These men were all dead. Nevertheless, when the stitude was often the reached the road. An officer, anxious when the each disheveled; bes

mile the lanes made by the cannon balls the town, in agony, on a portion of a panel in the ranks. You might see a bursting of fence torn down in the progress of the ved from the peril of the charge, but he side, reposing on his elbow, his head supshell throw up into the air a cloud of earth charge. The stretcher-bearers, not disand dust, mingled with the limbs of men. It is the control of the highest trees.

The stretcher-bearers, not disand not his hand, and his left leg drawn the hill and nail cleats up along the trunks the hill a