Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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

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	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
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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.

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C.

Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the afternoon at 4 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in the same room.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. S. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 2 o'clock, P. M. General Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening. Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Friday evening.

Evangelical Lutheran, (no Pastor.)—Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening.

United Brethren, Rev. D. Spece, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening.—Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock, A. M.—Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Catholic, Rev. John Twinon, Pastor:—Preaching at 10½ o'clock in the morning, and at 3½ in the afternoon.

Baptist, (no Pastor.)—Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M.

African Methodist, Rev. Snyder Cap, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening, in the old Union School House.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern Way and Hollidaysburg at	11 30 A. M.
Western "	8 00 A. M.
Hollidaysburg	6 15 P. M.
Eastern Through Mail	8 00 "

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Through Mail,	8 35 A. M.
Western Way and Hollidaysburg,	12 00 P. M.
Eastern " "	7 00 "

Office open for the transaction of business from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M., during the week, and from 8 to 9 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

June 4, '57-tf] JOHN SHOEMAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Express Train East	arrives	2,48 A. M.,	leaves	2,55 A. M.
" " West	"	8,25 "	"	8,55 "
Fast " East	"	6,30 P. M.	"	6,50 P. M.
" " West	"	10,00 "	"	10,05 "
Mail " East	"	12,00 "	"	12,20 "
" " West	"	7,00 "	"	7,25 "

The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Express Train West, Mail Train East and West and with Fast Line East.

The BLAIRSVILLE BRANCH connects with Johnstown Way Train East and West, Express Train West and Mail Train East.

Dec. 21, '56-tf] THOS. A. SCOTT, *Sup't.*

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Mountain Lodge, A. Y. M., No. 281, meets on second Tuesday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Blumenthal Encampment, A. Y. M., No 10, meets on the third Tuesday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Altoona Lodge, I. O. of O. F., No. 374, meets every Friday evening, in the second story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Veranda Lodge, I. O. of O. F., No. 532, meets every Friday evening, in the third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Winnebago Tribe, No. 65, I. O. R. M., hold stated Councils every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall, in the Masonic Temple. Council Fire kindled at 7th run 33th breath. A. HiBERLE, *Cl of R.* [June 25, '57-1y

Junior Sons of America, Camp No. 21, meets every Monday night in the third story of Patton's Hall, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. George Taylor.—Associates, J. Penn Jones, David Caldwell.

Prothonotary—Joseph Baldridge.

Register and Recorder—Hugh A. Caldwell.

Sheriff—George Port. Deputy—John McClure.

District Attorney—Benj. L. Hewit.

County Commissioners—James Hutchison, David M. Confer, J. R. McFarlane.

Treasurer—S. Hoover.

Auditors—J. W. Tippery, S. Morrow, A. C. McCartney.

Poor House Directors—C. Guyer, George Weaver, Samuel Shiver.

Coroner—James Funk.

Superintendent of Common Schools—John Dean.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—Jacob Good, J. M. Cherry.

Burgess—E. M. Jones.

Town Council—James Lowther, R. H. McCormick, John Allison, Peter Reed, Nelson Glanding.

President of Council—R. H. McCormick.

Clerk to Council—John McClelland.

Borough Treasurer—James Lowther.

School Directors—George. W. Patton, C. B. Sink, C. C. Mason, Geo. W. Sparks, Joseph Moist, Wm. C. McCormick.

Treasurer of School Board—Wm. C. McCormick.

High Constable—Joseph K. Ely.

Tax Collector—John McClelland.

Auditors—G. D. Thomas, Thos. McMinn.

Assessor—John McClelland.

Assistant Assessors—James McIntosh, David Carter.

Judge of Elections—East Ward—John B. Warfel.
" " West " Jacob Good.
" " North " Alexander Riling.

Inspectors—East Ward—E. A. Beck, Alex. Montgomery.
" West " J. H. Roberts, M. Claubaugh.
" North " Wm. Valentine, Wm. Reed.

C. J. HIRST, M. D. D. R. GOOD, M. D.

DRS. HIRST & GOOD TENDER their professional services to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity in the several branches of

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Country calls regularly attended to.
Office, the same as heretofore occupied by Dr. Hirst.
By consent, D. R. Good refers to
J. M. Gemmill, M. D., Alexandria, Pa.
J. B. Luden, M. D., Huntingdon, "
Drs. Rose, Boyer and Foy, Williamsburg, Pa.
April 22, 1858-tf.]

FLOUR.—THE SUBSCRIBER IS is now prepared to furnish a superior article of Flour, made from *round wheat*, at the Crystal Mill. Orders left with Mr. C. Jaggard will be promptly filled.
June 12, '56-tf] S. C. BAKER.

PEA NUTS.—5,000 BUSHELS WILmington Pea Nuts in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD,
March 25, '58-1y] 191 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

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

HAIR OILS, COLOGNES, POMmades, Shaving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c. for sale by G. W. KESSLER.
1-tf.]

HENRY LEHR'S STORE IS IN John Lehr's old stand, nearly opposite McCormick's store, in North Ward. [June 18, '57-1y.

GROCERIES.—A LARGE AND complete assortment of Groceries have just been received at the store of J. B. HILEMAN.

500 DOZEN FRESH EGGS JUST received and for sale by J. L. ICKES.

BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

Select Poetry.

DER DEUTSCHMAN'S PHILOSIPHY.

SHUST NEAR MACKAY.

BY JOHANNES FRANK VON P. KROUPLES.

I've a tollar vot I spend,
But I've nothing for to lend,
For I nefer borrows noting, don't you see, Yohn Schmidt;
I've a pretty liddle frow,
Un I've vriends in plenty now,
Un a lot of preddy shildren at mine knee, Yon Schmidt;
I haf noting to desire,
Ven I sit peside mine vire,
Un I schmoke mincself into a sleeping state, Yohn Schmidt,
I love der lager bier,
Ven it's good, un isn't dear,
I can trink 'pout sixty glasses in a day, Yohn Schmidt;
But hate der liquor law,
(Sooch a ding I nefer saw,)
Vot would dake our schnapps un lager all avay, Yohn Schmidt;
I love a Deutschen song,
'Pout a hundred verses long,
Mit a chorus for a tousand voices, too, Yohn Schmidt;
But I hate der snuffle psalm,
Vot isn't vorth a —— kreutzer,
For to sing it makes your vace grow long un plue, Yohn Schmidt;
I love some Deutschen food,
Yaw! I likes it butty good,
Der spech un saurkrout, un salat slangh, Yohn Schmidt;
But I hate der milk of schwill,
[illegible] meat dey nefer kill,
For it [illegible] ve time to hit a knock, Yohn Schmidt;
I love der bretty flowers,
Vot grows in garten bowers,
Der cabbage, un der radeesh, un der beet, Yohn Schmidt;
Un I hates der toads un frogs,
Un der sausage made of dogs,
Un eferyding vot isn't good to eat, Yohn Schmidt;
Now I've got a little shtore,
Un I sit pefore der door,
Un I sells der prandy schnapps un pretzel cake, Yohn Schmidt;
Un I dinks I'll butty soon
Haf a lager bier saloon,
Un den vot plenty money I will make, Yohn Schmidt;
Un ven enough I've got,
I will buy "a house un lot,"
Un a "corner grocery" I'll have peside, Yohn Schmidt;
Den so happy I vill be,
Mit mine children by mine knee,
Mit mine money, und mine frow, but mit no pride, Yohn Schmidt.

Select Miscellany.

ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL ENGLISHMAN.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I labor under a species of distress which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you the history of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning but what he acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made me happy, viz: a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying me for holy orders.—Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

You must know that I am tall and thin in my person, with a fair complexion and light, flaxen hair, but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy feeling made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz: my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess what I believe has often been experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorant and vulgar language has often made me blush to think I was his son, and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of one whom I was not unfrequently ashamed to own.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than 30 years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune, which he used to brag would make a nabob happy. In short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never ending happiness.

While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the "wealthy, learned clown."

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner you will darely think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their proffered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I have at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago I accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year, estate joining to what I have purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas', at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance," and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by practice!

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw.

At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude and made my newly-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of his lordship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.—To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which, as I had never before heard of such a thing, greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me the more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgewood inkstand on the table under it.

In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of my confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident, rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having upset my plate in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waist-coat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches, were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling cauldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce boat and knocking down a salt cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a nice piece of rich pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony. My eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and confusion, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torture on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassioned my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil—another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of cherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, O, how shall I tell the sequel!

Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do?

I could not swallow, and, clapped my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet with the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

There, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin" cursed. The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth blistered, and I bear the mark of Cain, upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—The Brownsville *Clipper* gives an instance of the miraculous escape of a boy of that place from instant death, which is without a parallel. A number of boys were playing ball in Brownsville when the ball falling into a well, a little boy, about ten years old, son of Mrs. Samuel Campbell, went to look for it, and loosing his balance, fell to the bottom, a distance of forty-five feet, there being about fifteen feet of water in the well. As he rose to the surface, he caught hold of the rope which happened to be lowered, with one hand, and with the other picked up the ball and put it into his pocket; he then seized the rope with both hands and was drawn up by his companions. He was not injured except by a slight bruise on the head, caused by striking on the bottom, and in half an hour he was again playing ball, quite forgetful of his remarkable escape from instant death.

☞ At a negro celebration lately an Irishman stood listening to the colored speaker expatiating upon government and freedom, and as the orator came to a 'period' from one of the highest, most poetical flights, the Irishman said:

'Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur, didn't he now?'

Somebody said, 'he isn't a negro—he is only a half negro.'

'Only a half nagur is it! Well, if a half nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah?'

A TURKEY HOP.

'Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Come in, and see the turkeys dance! You won't wish you had'nt if you do see it!'

'Turkies dancing! Fact, and no mistake?'

'Come in and see, if you don't believe it. If 'taint so you can have back your tew shillin'. Perhaps them other gentlemen that's with you would like to come in tew. It's only tew shillin' any heow.'

This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a showman in one of the midland counties.

I was one of 'them other gentlemen' referred to, and I disbursed the 'tews hillin' referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the show.

'Wal, gentlemen,' said the exhibitor, 'you see that 'ere long coop of turkeys.—Wal, I shall feed 'em fust, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel their oats (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn,) you'll see 'em begin to dance.'

The coop, which ran along the end of the exhibition farthest from the door, was about fifteen feet long, and must have contained some twenty or thirty turkeys; heavy fellows they were too, most of them; perfect treasures of a Christmas table.—Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck of corn.

This was soon gathered up, not without much squabbling and fighting on the part of the feather recipients, who wanted to see fair play—that kind of "fair play" meaning which would give to the complainants the largest half of the 'provant.'

Presently it was all devoured; and the audience called for the performance as promised.

'Yes, yes,' said the exhibitor, 'don't be in tew big a stew. Give us time, if you please. Strike up, music—give 'em a lively teewn!'

At this, a cracked flute and an old black, greasy fiddle started off at very quick time, and sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing chasseeing—doing everything, in short, knowing to the saltatory art, except 'joining hands, and 'turning partners.'

'Well, that is curious!' exclaimed the auditors, simultaneously. 'Never saw anything like it before.'

'No,' says the exhibitor, 'expect you did'nt. It's all in edication, as the poet says. I edicated them turkeys; and there ain't one on 'em that hasn't a good ear for music.'

Hercupon he turned to the audience and added:

"Wal, you've seen it, and seen how natural they do it; now we want you to vacate the room, and give them a chance that's on the outside. There's new customers outside a waitin', and if you only tell 'em outside what you've seen with your own eyes, you'll be doin' a service to me, and give to them an equal pleasure with what you have enjoyed.'

This was done; the audience had retired, and another took its place, including, however, one who had been an auditor at the last exhibition. The same scene was gone thro' with; the same feeding, 'music and dancing;' only it was observed that the motion of the turkeys was even more lively than before.

It struck the twice-observer that just before the music began, a man was seen to leave the room on both occasions; and, unnoticed, he stepped out himself the last time and saw the man busying himself with putting some light kindling wood under an opening beneath the show.

The mystery was now out. The turkey cage rested over a slow fire, with a thin tin floor, and when the music struck up, the fire had become so hot that the turkeys hopped about—first on one leg, then on the other—and changed positions, 'seeking rest and finding none,' till the fire had gone down, and they were ready for another feed!

It is proper to add that the showman got a sound thrashing from the enraged audience.

What I have Never Known.

I have never known a poor man to obtain a premium at a fair, where there was a rich man to compete with him.

I have never known a minister of the Gospel to be called from a higher to a lower salary.

I have never known a poor man to be respected because he was poor.

I have never known a merchant to continue his conversation with a poor man when a rich man enters his store.

I have never known a white-headed office hunter to be very conversant with a poor man after the election. I have never known any man to admit anybody to be better than himself.

I have never known a rich man but what was respected for his riches.

I have never known a man to be better than he should be.

I have never known a fashion too ridiculous to be followed.

I have never known a system of religion too absurd to find followers.

I have never known the order of nature reversed to please any man.

WEBSTER'S REPORTS.—One evening, not many years ago, while the Supreme Court was holding its session in Somerset county, some of the legal brethren were warming their legs before a blazing fire in a rural tavern, and conversing upon various matters pertaining to the profession. B. J. Bacon, whose long silence indicated that his mind was in travail with some great thought, broke out by asking if any of his brethren could relieve him from his trouble.

'I wish,' said he, 'to commence an action against a boy who was caught stealing apples. I find no case of the kind in any of the Reports, and I am at a loss for a precedent.'

The landlord overheard the question, and informed the verdan that he knew a case just in point.

'Ah!' said Bacon, 'in whose Reports shall I find it?'

'In Webster's,' said the landlord very gravely.'

'Webster's Reports? Well, now you speak of it, I think I do remember something like it there. Do you know the volume?'

'Yes, I do; I have a copy in the house if you would like to see it.'

'I would be greatly obliged to you for it, as I have left mine at home.'

The landlord stepped out, and soon returned with Webster's Spelling Book, and turning to the story—'An old man found a rude boy on one of his trees stealing apples'—passed the book to his legal friend, who threw it into the fire, in the midst of roars and laughter, and speedily made his disappearance.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted only to fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annals and poems on the centre table be kept a part of the time covered with good weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family—men, women and children—read newspapers.

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with friends who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their family with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the proud and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. Who has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of the heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection.

INDUSTRIOUS PRISONER.—An English paper publishes the sketch of the life of a prisoner composed by himself in Winchester jail. The original is in the shape of a printed book; the letters and words all having been cut of waste paper by the man, with his finger nails, as no knife or scissors were allowed him. After cutting out the words suitable to his purpose, he carefully pasted them in proper order to form a small book, comprising 22 pages. A piece of poetry addressed to his wife, is included in this singular production.

☞ A lady wishing the service of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called, and asked, 'Are you the dying man?'

No, ma'am, I'm a living man—but I'll dye for you! promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

☞ Vonce, ven I vas court mit Caterine, I vas go on my field potatos and corn. Vel, den I sees Caterine comin' der road, so I dinks to give her a boo, so I climbs a tree, and shist ash I vas going to boo him, I falls off on der fence and strikes a big knot hole in my pantaloons. Caterine vas laff, and makes me shame as a sheep mit a tief on his back—true as a book.

☞ Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night or they cannot shine. Without suffering, there can be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but gives great zest to other things.