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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

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Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
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Administrators and Executors Notices,			1 75
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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.

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C.

Presbyterian, Rev. A B. CLARK, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8 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 10½ 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 2 o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening.

United Brethren, Rev. D. KEMP, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Protestant Episcopal, Rev. R. W. OLIVER, Pastor.—Divine Service 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 4½ P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock A. M.

Catholic, Rev. JOHN TWOMEY, 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 CAR, 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 00 A.M.
Western " " "	8 00 A.M.
Hollidaysburg	6 10 P. M.
Eastern Through Mail	8 00 "
Western Trough, (Saturdays,)	8 00 "

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Through Mail,	8 35 A. M.
Western Way and Hollidaysburg,	11 30 P. M.
Eastern " " "	6 45 "

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 "	8,35 "		"	8,55 "
Fast " East "	6,30 P. M.		"	6,50 P. M.
" " West "	10,00 "		"	10,05 "
Mail " East "	12,06 "		"	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.

Blanchard 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. 473, 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.

Winnisquo Tribe, No. 35, 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 30th breath. A. EBERLE, *C. of R.* [June 25, '57-1y

Junior Son of America, Camp No. 31, 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. Howell.

County Commissioners—James Hutchison, David M. Conlon, 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—R. 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. Leiden, M. D., Huntingdon, "
Drs. Ross, Royer and Fey, Williamsburg, Pa.

April 22, 1858-tf.]

FLOUR.—THE SUBSCRIBER IS now prepared to furnish a superior article of Flour, made from *sound 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.

FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, CITRONS and Currants in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD,

March 25, '58-1y] 191 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM Nuts and Filberts 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.]

THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER! SO Long unsuccessfully sought,

FOUND AT LAST!

FOR IT RESTORES PERMANENTLY GRAY HAIR TO its original color; covers luxuriantly the bald head; removes all dandruff, itching and all scrofula, scald head and all eruptions; makes the hair soft, healthy and glossy; and will preserve it to any imaginable age; removes, as if by magic, all blotches, &c., from the face and cures all neuralgia and nervous headache. See circular and the following:

Dover, N. H., Feb. 2d, 1857.

PROF. O. J. WOOD & Co.—Gents: Within a few days we have received so many orders and calls for Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, that to-day we were compelled to send to Boston for a quantity, (the 6 dozen you forwarded all being sold,) while we might order a quantity from you. *Every bottle we have sold seems to have produced three or four new customers* and the application, and patronage it receives from the most substantial and worthy citizens of our vicinity, fully convince us that it is A MOST VALUABLE PREPARATION.

Send us as soon as may be one gross of $1 size; and one dozen $2 size; and believe us yours very respectfully.

(Signed) DANIEL LATHORP & Co.

Hickory Grove, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov. 19, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Restorative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.

Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The scalings his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but, to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the disease entirely, and a new and luxurient crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scalp, and as luxurient a crop of hair as any other child. We can therefore, and do hereby recommend your Restorative, as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are, yours respectfully,

GEORGE W. HIGGINBOTHAM,
SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Gardiner, Maine, June 22, 1855.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: I have used two bottles of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and can truly say it is the greatest discovery of the age for restoring and changing Hair has now attained its original color. You can recommend it to the world without the least fear, as my case was one of the worst kind.

Yours Respectfully,
DANIEL N. MURPHY.

O. J. WOOD & Co., Proprietors 312 Broadway, New York, (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

For sale by G. W. KESSLER, Altoona, and by all good Druggists. [June 3, 1858-1y.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT!—McCORMICK'S NEW GOODS HAVE ARRIVED AND ARE NOW BEING OPENED FOR INSPECTION AND SALE.

"Halloo, neighbor, I'm here on the ground again. Perhaps you recollect when I, last year, asked you to hold my horse a moment and tell me where the CHEAP STORE was. But it is different now. It reminds me a little of the campaign of 1840, when Gen. Harrison was elected President. You have only to go with the crowd and you will have no difficulty in finding McCORMICK'S STORE. From the excitement down the valley, and the quantity of goods I see carried away, they must be selling off very rapidly and very cheap."

"You are right, my friend; I would say to you, sir, go ahead and your anticipations will be fully realized. He. He'll sell you a dress for *fifty cents* and give the trimmings into the bargain, I'm told, and all other goods in proportion."

"Good bye, neighbor, that's where I am going to buy my goods."

"That's right, and so should everybody else. Good bye."

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE,
CEDARWARE,

Hats and Caps, very cheap Bonnets, Missed Hats, &c.; Ladies' Gaiters, Shoes and Slippers, with Misses, Boys and Men's Boots and Shoes, and every other article kept in a first class country store, can be had *cheap for cash*, at McCormick's.

All articles of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Altoona, May 13, 1858.-1y H. H. McCORMICK.

LOGAN HOTEL.—THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs the citizens of Blair county and others, that he has opened up the LOGAN HOUSE, formerly kept by Sheriff Rees, at the west end of Hollidaysburg, for the reception of strangers and travellers.—Everything connected with the house has been refitted in the new with the choicest furniture, &c., &c.

The house is large and commodious, and well calculated for convenience and comfort.

His TABLE will be furnished with the very best the market can afford, and no pains or trouble will be spared to render those who may choose to favor him with their patronage comfortable and happy during their stay with him.

His STABLING is ample, and an obliging and careful hostler will always be in attendance.

☞ The Williamsburg stage, which makes daily trips between this place and Williamsburg, stops at the Logan Hotel.

Dec. 17, 1857,—tf.] JOHN KEIFFER.

RESTAURANT AND LAGER BEER SALOON.—The subscriber would respectfully announce that he will keep constantly on hand, at his saloon

Under the Masonic Temple,

a supply of refreshments, such as Cakes, Cheese, Sardines, Pretzels, and an excellent article of LAGER BEER, manufactured at the Altoona Brewery, which is pronounced the best in the country. His saloon is fitted up in good style for the comfort and accommodation of his patrons, and he hopes by strict attention to their wants to merit and receive a fair share of patronage.

May 13, 1858.-1y] FERDINAND NOTHWANG.

BLAIR COUNTY DAGUERREAN ROOMS.—Mr. G. W. FISHER, the Hollidaysburg Artist, begs leave to inform our readers that he is prepared to take

Photographs of deceased persons,

from Daguerreotypes, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. He has just received a large stock of durable and neat cases, of all sizes and styles, including a new pattern of Family Case for four persons, and is prepared to fill them with perfect likenesses.

AMBROTYPE, DAGUERREOTYPE OR PHOTOGRAPH. Give him a call. Rooms on the corner of Montgomery and Allegheny streets, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [June 17-tf.

LIME! LIME! LIME!—Duncansville Lime Kilns, near Hollidaysburg, Pa.

The subscriber has now in operation, four large Lime Kilns, producing daily large quantities of the

BEST QUALITY OF WHITE LIME.

He is prepared to fill all orders, from 1 bushel to ten thousand bushels, at the lowest rates.

☞ Lime delivered at any point on the Pennsylvania Rail Road; also, at Altoona, or any point in the surrounding country, by wagon, or at the Kiln. Address

JAMES FUNK,

June 17-6m] *Duncansville, Blair Co. Pa.*

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONARY. WM. S. HAVEN,

JOB PRINTER, STATIONER AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

Corner Market & Second Sts. Pittsburg, Pa.

respectfully invites attention to his large and well selected stock of

Blank Book, Paper and Stationary, Rail Road, Mercantile and Book Printing,

of every description, promptly executed.

Agent for L. Johnson & Co., Type Founders, Philadelphia. [June 17-1y.

BRICK! BRICK!! BRICK!!!—The undersigned subscriber has on hand now and for sale a

FIRST RATE QUALITY OF RED BRICK,

at the well-known Brick Yard at McCahan's "Bluff," where he is prepared to furnish any quantity of BRICK on short notice. Orders from a distance will be attended to, and Brick delivered in the cars. Address

WILLIAM VAUGHN,

April 1, 1858-3m. Duncansville, Blair county, Pa.

CONFECTIONARY.—PLAIN AND fine Confectionary manufactured and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD,

March 25, '58-1y] 191 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

HAIR OILS, COLOGNES, POMades, Shaving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c. for sale by C. W. KESSLER.

[1-tf.]

Original Poetry.

For the Altoona Tribune.

An Irish Tale, with a Moral.

Young Teddy O'Drew was an Irishman true
As ever sunk spade in the ground;
But Bridget, his wife, was the plague of his life,
And tormented him all the year round.

So Teddy, poor soul, he flew to the bowl,
In hopes that hot whisky could give
A temp'ral relief from his troubles and grief,
Such as *no* man could bear and yet live.

Now it happened, one day, from his house he did stay,
Till the bar-room was closed for the night,
For 'twas wash-day at home, and he felt loth to come,
Though since breakfast he ate not a bite.

Arrived at his door—as was usual before
He hasted an entrance to gain;
He twisted and knocked—but the door was fast locked,
And he twisted and knocked all in vain.

"Och! Bridget, be jabers, nice thratement the nabers
'Ill think I'm receiving from you."
"Where ye've spent all the *day*, shure there too ye may
Spend all the *night*, Teddy O'Drew."

"Arrah! thin, is *that* it! be the howly St. Patrick
I'll bate in the door, in a jiffy."
"Ye may bate there all night, and a dale of a sight
Of good, from the bating be with ye."

"Och! Misthress O'Drew—bad luck to a shrew!
Sure the divil's own darter ye be."
"An' bad luck to the fate, that tied me as mate
To sich a *poor* Divil as ye!"

"Wall yg-owpen the door?"—"I towld ye before
Ye may bate there as long as ye've mind"—
"An' faith if I *do*; be my sowl ye will *rue*
Ere I'm done with my bating ye'll find."

"A *poor taste* ye be,"—"sure his *wife* then are ye"—
"To be guzzling of whisky with *thieves*"—
"Better company than *you*, Misthress Bridget O'Drew!"—
"Sure a *knave's* after liking but *knaves!*"

Teddy ran with full force on the door, and of course
The hinges gave away, with a crash.
And a crock of hog's lard, by Bridget thrown hard,
Met the poor fellow's head with a smash!

A *soft word* oft hath repressed rising wrath,
As *oil* calms the rough water's face;
But how, though *greasy* and *soft* too, you easy
May think, wholly failed in this case.

A series of blows on Bridget's head, face and nose
Made life's crimson current to flow.
Nor is it easy to say, how far his rage may
With his "bating" have urged him to go.

But her loud screams of "murther" prevented all further
Of tragedy—so goes the tale;
The policemen came thick, and hurried him quick
Away from his house to the jail.

Now *both* were served *right*. He was *fined* for the fight
And the beating he gave to his *wife*;
She suffered from *blows* and a *swelled head* and *nose*
For embittering her *husband's* whole life.

TOM PERRY.

Select Miscellany.

Vegetable Conversation.

We copy the following article from the July number of the *Knickerbocker:*

'My eyes!' said the Potato to the Lemon, 'how bilious you look to day! Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?'

LEMON. Acidity of stomach—a family complaint of ours.

POTATO. Why don't you take advice?

LEMON. Advice! You know my poor dear brother dropped off the other day; and without being allowed to rest on his mother earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him—absolutely cut him up. 'All for the public good,' said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor LEM's last gastric juices. Take advice, quotha! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors' Commons?

POTATO. That's true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in liquor at the time, had strength enough to give him a punch under the ribs: he was a rum customer to the last, no doubt—but I must say I wish his skin had been fuller. Do you attend the meeting to-night?

LEMON. I feel rather soured at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a squeeze, in which case I should decline, as they might press me to furnish drink for the company—in fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their aid. But now, to be serious, my sweet, sweet Potato, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into hot water: you'll be dished to a certainty if you do. Onion, the strongest friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of your attending it. In case of a row, you'll both have to strip—peel off. Now, under such circumstances, he'll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your russet coat might attract more admiration than pity: 'Lovely in death, would they say—'*Pallida mors*,' etc. Indeed, for my own part, I think you do look better in white. Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse Radish's company; he will be sure to get into a scrape, a greater one than he imagines, perhaps—and as for Onion, (don't let this leak out,) I fear the rope will end him. I should not like to get into a stew with him—so, mum! Ah! here come Plum and Pear. How savage they look!

PEAR. How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to Johnson, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It's too absurd: there must be some mistake.

PLUM. None at all. Please to recollect, Sir, that I weigh a stone more than you.

PEAR. From that I must beg leave to secede.

LEMON. Stop this fruitless wrangling or I shall be tempted to skin you both, to get at the truth. I'm not in spirits. As for you, Mr. Plum, no more of your tart remarks; and Mr. Pear, if you wish to be preserved, the less jarring the better. Here comes our good friend Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

RASPBERRY. In the most infernal jam you ever saw: 'pon honor, 't was insupportable. What's the news?

LEMON. There is a report which Bush has raised, quite current here, that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea-table, before a party of ladies; and the cream of the joke is, that you were considerably down in the mouth.

RASPBERRY. Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Geranium, (a sweet creature, by the by, and has grown very much lately;) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a jelly, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near Fulton Market.

LEMON. (*Puts his hands on his hips, and guffaws.*) Bravo! What a funny limb of Satan you are. But Ras., have you seen old Gardener lately? He'll give you a deuced trimming when he meets you. He says you ought to have done sowing your wild oats, and that, although it goes against his grain to complain of your treading on his corns, he can't stand it any longer, and must peach.

RASPBERRY. Peach, will he? And are these to be the fruits of my bearing with him so long? He has been picking at me for some time; and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful old rake, that I got him out of a scrape with Mr. Horse Radish, who, after seizing him by the nose threw a musk melon at his head, exclaiming with an equestrian laugh: 'That ought to make at least one mango.' And go he did, that's certain, all to squash.

LEMON. A challenge will ensue, doubtless.

RASPBERRY. By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse-Radish shoots like the devil in the spring, and one fall he has already received from him. It would be unreasonable to—But drop the subject, for here comes Mrs. Tree, who seems to wear a very cypressy look.

MRS. TREE. Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young limbs of mine. Well perhaps it's for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and, to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of my trunk. Fine growing weather, this. Adieu!

PEAR. Pine *more!* I should say she is one of the pine-*knots*. There is very little of the weeping willow about her.

LEMON. No, the stingy old creature! No doubt she'd have been cut down by the loss of her trunk—she'd have been chop fallen then. Instead of pining, she talks sprucer than ever. I don't believe she even went to the expense of having the poor little things inoculated; a very little matter would have given them succor. She said the other day she was trying bark on them. But I vow, here comes Aspen. Aspen, why so agitated? Is there any thing strange in the wind?

ASPEN-TREE. I'm in such a flutter, that I can scarce tell you of our common danger. But in a word, whether it was on account of our extreme admiration for the Woods and the Forest, or that the Chestnuts and Oaks began to rail at him, and give offence, it has entered the head of Hickory—which is very high just now to root me out, and remove my trembling deposits from the bank on which I was reared by the side of the Schuylkill. Supplication is useless. Old Hickory will not *bend*, though we tell him of our *breaking*—and I advise all of you, who, like me, have branches, to cut and run.

LEMON. My skin stands a double chance to be saved—for if I cut, I shall surely run. But are you serious?

ASPEN TREE. Serious! I tell you the sooner you all cut stick, the better. Hickory runs wonderfully. I'm off.

LEMON. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor of taking our leaves, will please bow.

[*They bow unanimously, and exeunt as fast as their limbs can carry them.*]

☞ 'God has written on the flowers that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written—'No one liveth for himself.'

☞ There is a tame rat on board the City of Memphis, says the Appeal, which stands up on his hind feet when ordered, licks his master's hand, and kisses him, climbs up over him, holds a little stick in his fore paw and stands up like a soldier; comes when called, goes away when told to do so, and enters his box or cage as an obedient child would at the request of its parent.

Written for the "Altoona Tribune."

Reminiscences of College Life.

CHAPTER I.

Autumn, with its charms, its beauty and its solemnity, was it hand. The day fixed for my departure for —— College was approaching, and anxious thoughts filled my mind.—'How will I like college life? 'How will I get along with my studies? 'What kind of professors are there? 'Who will be my associates?'—These and kindred questions were suggested as the day dawned upon which I had to leave home for new scenes, new associations and new duties. After bidding a hasty adieu to parents and sister, with carpet-bag in hand, I started for the railroad station. The station was soon reached, and I entered the crowded car *en route* for the town of ——. On we sped at a rapid rate. Rivers were crossed, valleys were traversed and towns and villages were passed in quick succession.

As the sun was at its meridian on the second day of my journey, I beheld for the first time the town in which I was to live for at least four years which were yet to come. The scenery that presented itself to my view was extremely beautiful, and I thought that I could live my lifetime there in that delightful valley. Immediately on my arrival, I set out in search of the institution which I designed to enter. I found it situated a short distance from town on a slight eminence and surrounded by a large campus filled with beautiful shade trees of various kinds. I followed the path that wound through the grove, and I ascended the steps of the edifice and entered. As the sound of my foot-steps re-echoed among those 'classic halls,' I felt a strangeness come over me which I had never felt before. I stood and thus I mused: 'Within these walls men have been educated whose names are inscribed high on the temple of Fame; men of giant intellects have traversed these halls; from this building men have gone forth whose voices have been heard in the Senate chamber and from Zion's walls; here men have received their education who have gone into heathen lands, there labored, suffered and died.' These contemplations were only of a few moments duration, for my mental soliloquy was interrupted by a student who accosted me. Seeing that I was perhaps a 'new student,' young and unacquainted, he very politely offered to accompany me whither I desired to go. I thanked him and said that I wanted to see the President of College first and then I would be glad to be accompanied to the rooms of some of the students whose acquaintance I desired to make.—He inquired my name and residence, and then we started to see the President from whom I was to receive instructions. I was received by the venerable President in a very cordial manner and the interview was pleasant and profitable to me.

He afterwards visited the hall of one of the literary societies, the libraries, some of the students rooms and then we parted—my new-made acquaintance going to his room and I, to my hotel.

The next morning I returned to College and commenced fitting up my room. It was eighteen feet long by ten wide, and in which I had to put a bed, a ward-robe, a book-case, a wash-stand, table, stove and many other necessary articles.

Some may think that was rather a small place in which to put so many things, and so it was; but I got all the things in, with scarcely room enough left in which one could sit down. That room was a small one and it was well filled, but I got a better one afterwards. I soon had every thing arranged as well as I could, and on the next day I was ready to commence my studies and to participate in the pleasures and amusements incident to College life.

At every institution of learning with which I am acquainted, different literary societies exist for the mutual improvement of the members in composition, declamation, debating etc. At this College there were two, pretty equally ballanced in regard to number and both containing men of considerable mental caliber, as I thought then.

The members of each society were very zealous in support of the one to which they belonged.

Each society endeavored to receive the greater number of members, and therefore, no inducements were withheld, no means untried and often stratagem of the meanest kind was resorted to for that purpose. 'New Students,' who were undecided which one they would join, were held in the highest esteem and had hosts of friends. Friends (so, at least for a time) would flock around the new comers and be loud in praise of their favorite society. Cigars, oysters and many other things regarded by some as luxuries, were lavished upon the wavering without stint; and Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores deigned to notice Freshmen and 'Preps.' The nicest civilities were paid them and they were 'the admired of all admirers.' Such *was* the state of affairs when I had been there about one week, when the war of electioneering goes on. But after the students had been matriculated and had joined their respective society, a great change was apparent. Those little attentions were forgotten by the attentive; all luxuries had to be purchased by the consumers then; cold replies and indifferent recognitions often took the place of smiles and words of praise. There were, however some who were honorable men and would not stoop to perform such acts of meanness.

After I had been there about ten days, I became acquainted with a student who was unquestionably the greatest fop there. The extent of his knowledge consisted in the proper arrangement of his dress and did not range higher than the top of his silk hat. He professed great attachment for me and seemed greatly concerned about my future welfare. I told him in reply to his numerous interrogations, that I had not decided to which society I would connect myself; that I was going to exercise my judgement in the matter; and that my mind was uninfluenced and unbiased. I told him all that out of mere curiosity, for I wanted to see what the 'critter' *would* do, as I knew it would inspire him with new hopes of getting me. Sure enough, he began to exhibit to my mind the attractions of his society; he told me of the intelligence of its members and their polished manners and good looks. A day or two after that he began again with a zeal worthy a better cause. 'You just look like a member of our society,' blandly said he. 'Indeed,' he continued, 'for a week past I have been in a feverish state of excitement and concern on your account, and in consequence, I have lost about ten pounds of flesh!' Tis passing strange that he did not dwindle into a mere skeleton, for notwithstanding all his eloquence, all his entreaties, and the rapid dissolution of his body corporal, I did not join his society! Perhaps it was cruel in me for doing so, and I should have complied with his appeals out of sheer pity, but he was too repulsive to my feelings to be allowed near me in the same society. His kindness towards me ceased, and ever after he carried a head so high (?) that he could'nt see me, as well as many who had joined his society. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Man Killed by a Woman.

At Weston, Mo., a man named Hugh Branan was attacked by a person named Wilson. Branan's wife came to the rescue and killed Wilson. The following is her statement:

Myself and husband had retired to bed, when some one broke into the house, and came to the bed before we could got up. The man seized my husband and dragged him out, striking at and beating him. He called to me for help—said that the man was trying to wring off his neck. I could not get hold of anything except a piece of board, the same now in court. With this I ran up to my husband, and found him down with a strong man resting one knee on his breast, and striking him very severe blows.

As I got in striking distance the man was making an attempt to wring off the neck of my husband, who seemed to be almost helpless. I immediately struck him with the stick, and did not cease until his hold upon my husband's head and neck was relaxed. I struck him with nothing but the stick. My husband had been sick in bed for a week previous, and was almost helpless as a child. I struck to save my husband's life, and believe he would have been killed in a few minutes if I had not struck.

DECISION OF THE JUSTICES.—'We, the undersigned, Justices, agree unanimously that the homicide committed by Mary Branan, on Hugh Wilson, was justifiable, and she is discharged from custody.'

A SLEEPLESS MAN.—The Orleans Republican has seen a man named Jackson Paine—a farmer living some miles from Albion—who declares that he has not slept for over fourteen months, his last nap having been taken in April, 1857. His general appearance is indicative of feeble health; his eye is restless and rolling, and his demeanor nervous in the extreme.—We know nothing personally of the truth of his statement, but one of his neighbors, who was assured by us that it could be relied upon, and that Mrs. Paine would make affidavit to the extraordinary wakefulness of her husband.

This is the reverse of the man in this county who slept for seven years; whose case became the wonder of the world a short time since.

RAFTING.—A river Yankee from away up north, among the Pine trees, was employed by the owner of a raft of lumber to pilot it safe down the river for him. The pilot however through unskillfulness or carelessness, ran it against one of the piers of a bridge, staving it upon the ice-breaker. The owners of the lumber took him to task for bad management, when he replied 'there's fifty two of them 'ar piers *and I missed 'em all but one*—I call that midlid' good runin, don't you.'

☞ Will you lend father your newspaper? He only wants to read it.'

'Certainly, my lad; but first go and ask your father to lend me his dinner. I only want to eat it.'