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
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Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
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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 evening at 7½ 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, Rev. Jacob Speck, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and at 6½ o'clock in the evening. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 2½ o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening.

United Brethren, Rev. D. Speck, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the evening at 7½ 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 Twogg, Pastor.—Preaching at 10½ o'clock in the morning, and at 3½ in the afternoon.

Baptist, B. H. Funs, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and also in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Through Mail,	8 35 A. M.
Western Way,	11 30 A. M.
Eastern "	6 40 P. M.
Hollidaysburg	11 30 A. M. and 6 30 "

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	6,50 A. M.,	leaves	7,10 A. M.
"	West	"	8,35 "	"	8,55 "
Fast "	East	"	9,50 P. M.	"	10,10 P. M.
"	West	"	1,25 A. M.,	"	1,30 A. M.
Mail "	East	"	11,30 "	"	11,50 "
"	West	"	6,35 P. M.,	"	7,00 P. M.

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

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

November 29, 1858. 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.

Manitou Encampment, A. Y. M., No 10, meets on the fourth 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. 582, meets every Friday evening, in the third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Winnebago Tribe, No. 36, 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. W. A. ADAMS, *C. of R.* [June 25, '57-1y

Junior Sons of America, Camp No. 31, meets every Monday night in the third story of Patton's Hall, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Washington Camp, No. 54, J. S. of A., meets every Tuesday evening, in the 2d story of Patton's Hall.

Altoona Division, No. 211, S. of T., meets every Saturday evening, in the 2d story of Patton's Hall. B. F. Rose, W. P.; D. Galbraith, R. S.

Altoona Mechanics' Library and Reading Room Association meets statedly on the 1st Saturday evening in January April, July and October. Board of Directors meet on the 1st Tuesday evening in each month. Room open from 6 to 10 o'clock every evening, (Sunday excepted.)

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—James Funk.

District Attorney—Benj. L. Hewit.

County Commissioners—David M. Confer, J. R. McFarlane, Enos M. Jones.

Clerk to Commissioners—Hugh A. Caldwell.

Mercantile Appraiser—Joseph G. Adam.

County Surveyor—James L. Gwinn.

Treasurer—John Lingafelt.

Auditors—S. Morrow, A. C. McCartney, Jos. R. Hewitt.

Poor House Directors—George Weaver, Samuel Shiver, J. B. Riddle.

Coroner—William Fox.

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. Mann, 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—Daniel Price, David Dehl.

Judge of Elections—East Ward—Peter Reed.
" " West " Jacob Goss.
" " North " Alexander Riling.

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

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE THE SUBSTANCE FADES. The place to get

AMBROTYPES, MELAINOTYPES, & PHOTOGRAPHS,

done up in short order, is on Julia street, opposite R. Rebenack's where all persons can be accommodated with true and perfect Likenesses. Time from 1 to 8 seconds.

Pictures copied on reasonable terms.

Pictures set in jewelry at very low rates, the price depending upon the size of the article.

Pictures always warranted before they are taken away.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to call and examine specimens.

Pictures taken as well in cloudy as fair weather.

December 16, 1858-6m.] J. W. CLABAUGH.

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

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
PREPARED BY DR. ASHFORD,
COMPOUNDED ENTIRELY FROM GUMS,

Is one of the best Purgative and Liver Medicines now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic*, easier, milder and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The *stomach* is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence of the Liver—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with Liver Complaint, in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, furnishing the blood, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Bilious Attacks are cured, and, what is better, prevented, by the occasional use of the Liver Invigorator.

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach from rising and souring.

One dose taken before retiring, prevents Nightmare.

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels and cures Costiveness.

One dose taken after each meal will cure Dyspepsia.

One dose of two teaspoonsful will always relieve Sick Headache.

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves Cholic, while one bottle is a sure cure for Cholera or Cholera.

One bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of medicine after a long sickness.

One bottle taken for Jaundice removes all oil from the skin.

One bottle taken at any time before eating gives the food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures Chronic Diarrhœa in worst forms, while Summer and Bowel complaints yield almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks caused by Worms in children: there is no remedy in the world, as it surer, safer, or speedier *never fails*.

A few bottles cures Dropsy. We take pleasure in recommending the medicine as a preventive for Fever and Agues, Chill Fever, and Fevers of a Bilious type, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues. It operates with certainty, and is pleasant to take.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, *even the first dose giving benefit*, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of Liver Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache*, all of which are the result of a Diseased Liver.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

DR. SANFORD, Proprietor, 345 Broadway, New York.

☞ Sold by G. W. Kessler, Altoona; and retailed by all Druggists. [May 27, 1858.-1y

MORE THAN 500,000 BOTTLES
SOLD IN THE
NEW ENGLAND STATES
IN ONE YEAR.

The Restorative of Prof. O. J. Wood for Restoring hair perfectly and permanently, has never yet had a rival, volume after volume might be given from all parts of the world and from the most intelligent to prove that *it is a perfect Restorative*; but read the circular and you cannot doubt; read also the following.

☞ The Hair.—People have for centuries been afflicted with bald heads and the only remedy, heretofore known, has been those abominable wigs. By a recent discovery of Professor Wood these articles are being fast dispensed with, but a great many persons still patronize them, because they have been so often imposed upon by Hair Tonics of different kinds. To all such persons we earnestly make the request, that they will try once again, for in Wood's Restorative there is no such thing as fail. Wakinon of a lady who was bald, who used the article a short time, and her head is now covered completely with the finest and most beautiful curls imaginable. We know of numerous cases where hair was rapidly falling out, which is restored in greater perfection than it ever had been before.

It is also without doubt one of the best articles for keeping the hair in good condition, making it soft and glossy, removing dandruff, and has proved itself the greatest enemy to all the ills that hair is heir to.

It is the duty of every one to improve their personal appearance though some may differ in regard to the ways of doing it; but every one will admit that a beautiful head of hair, either in man or woman, is an object much to be desired, and there are no means that should be left untried to obtain such a consideration.—*Woman's Advocate*, Phila.

Coshocton, Ohio, Nov. 17, 1856.

O. J. WOOD & CO.—Gents: As I have been engaged in selling your Hair Restorative the last season for one of your local agents (R. M. Hutchison) and having experienced the beneficial effects of it myself, I would like to obtain an agency for the State of Ohio or some State in the West, should you wish to make such an arrangement, as I am convinced *there is nothing equal to it in the United States for restoring the hair.* I have been engaged in the Drug business for several years, and have sold various preparations for the hair, but have found nothing that restores the secretive organs or invigorates the scalp as well as yours, being fully convinced that your restorative is what you represent it to be, I would like to engage in the sale of it, for I am satisfied it must sell. Yours truly,

S. T. STOCKMAN.

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 5, 1857.

PROF. O. J. WOOD & CO.—Gents: Having realized the good effects of your Hair Restorative, I wish to state, that finding my hair growing thin, as well as gray, I was induced from what I read and heard, to try the article prepared by you, to promote its growth and change its color as it was in youth, both of which it has effected completely. In the operation I have used nearly three bottles.

Yours &c., JAMES FRANCIS.

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.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Blair county, the subscriber will sell by public outcry, on the premises, on WEDNESDAY, 23D DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1859, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following Real Estate, viz.:—A LOT OF GROUND, 50 feet front by 120 feet deep, having thereon erected a two and a half story FRAME HOUSE, and other outbuildings, situate on Emma street, in the borough of Altoona.

TERMS—Cash, on the confirmation of sale.

JAMES LOWTHER.
Adm'r of Martha Hunter, dec'd.

Altoona, Feb. 3, 1859-ts.

BLAIR COUNTY INSURANCE AGENCY.—The undersigned, Agent of the Blair County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, is at all times ready to insure against loss or damage by fire, *Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture and Property*, of every description, in town or country, at as reasonable rates as any Company in the State. Office with Bell, Johnston, *Jack & Co.*

D. T. CALDWELL, *Agent.*

Jan. 27, '59-tf

EMPLOYMENT.—$50 A MONTH, AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—An agent is wanted in every town in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WARNER, corner of Broome and Mercer Sts., New York City, enclosing one postage stamp. [Jan. 13.

OYES! O YES!—GENTLEMEN draw nigh and hear. JOSEPH P. TROUT announces to the public, that he is ready to discharge his duty as an Auctioneer whenever called upon. [Jan. 2 '56.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Undershirts and Drawers, Cotton, Woollen and Silk, very low, at H. TUCH'S.

Dec. 9 1858.

Select Poetry.

"THE BOYS."

[The following lines by Dr. Holmes appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for February. They were written, it is said, for a recent festive gathering of his old classmates—"the boys" of Harvard College.]

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!—
"Gray temples at twenty!"—Yes, *white*, if we please:
Where the snow flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake;
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge,"—
It's a neat little fiction,—of course its all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right:
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name,—don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Academy thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy,—we pretended,—with a three-decker-brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice,"—but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,—
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
—Just read on his medal,—"My country,"—"of thee!",

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun,—
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we never be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father take care of thy children, the Boys.

The *Transcript* gives the following key to the Professor's poem, which may be made still more clear in reference to the Havard Tri-cennial:

"If we should exercise our New England privilege of guessing, we should say that "The Boys" were the class of 1829 at Havard College, which included the author of the poem. The "boy" called "Doctor" preaches in Bedford street, Boston. The "Judge" is the youngest member of the Supreme Bench in this Commonwealth; the "Speaker" is Mr. C., who occupied the chair in Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1848-49. The "Mayor" is from Worchester. The Member of Congress from Greenfield, Mass. The "Rev." is the pastor of the "Church of Disciples." in Boston. The "Mathematician," Pros. P., of Havard University; the "Squire" an ex-Judge of the United States Supreme Court, and the "nice youngster," a Baptist Professor, whose national song is always sung on the Fourth of July. The "boy laughing" would blush to have his kind deeds published, but he lives in Central Massachusetts.—Old Havard may well be proud of these her "*boys*." Our fellows certainly rejoice at the brilliant success of the one of their class who is now so delightfully entertaining hosts of readers wherever the English language is known."

Select Miscellany.

The Murderer's Soliloquy.

When sentence of death in pronounced upon a human being, however dark and horrible his crimes, however just the sentence, we cannot but sympathise with him, and, in the inmost recesses of our hearts, pity and sympathise with his friends. We may feel that it is just and right that the protection of the community demands that the law should be enforced, without pity, to the offender, that all wilful offenders should suffer the full penalty the law denounces against the violation. Yet the taking of human life by the requirements of law, has so much the appearance of "cold and deliberate taking of life," that we cannot dwell on it without doing violence to the better feelings of our natures. It is not the mere depriving a fellow being of life, that renders it so terrible to our feelings, or agonizing to the criminal; but it is the long contemplation of the horrible and infamous death he is to suffer, the pain it inflicts on the relatives of the criminal, the shame and disgrace that his wicked career has entailed on his friends, is what gives poignancy to the wretched criminal's meditation, and fills his heart with black despair, as he rolls and tosses, or walks his dreary cell.

Below we give an extract from a letter of the Baltimore correspondent of the *Police Gazette*. We commend it to the attention of young men, especially those who are just entering upon a career of vice. The young man whose soliloquy is given, has respectable parents, and was tenderly raised. He disobeyed his parents, abrogated the laws of God and man, frequented drinking houses, and other places of wickedness, got drunk, and while under the influence of strong drink, committed a murder for which he is sentenced to be hung. Read it, young man, ponder over it, abandon wicked associates, obey your parents, never enter drinking hells, stop in your mad career of vice, or this young man's doom, my also be your doom:

"In this section of the city is the jail, and I will close by giving you the soliloquy of one of its inmates, after hearing the dreadful warrant of death read to him, which fixed the fatal day of his execution. After having in a most feeling manner announced the sad intelligence, the Sheriff retired and the condemned man was left with but a solitary companion in his gloomy dungeon. For a short time he remained in his seat and was silent. When suddenly he arose, and exclaiming in all the impassioned agony of his feelings:—Oh, God, my mother! Oh, God! Oh, God! my father! my aged father! Oh! Oh! am I, must I thus die? Oh, dear, broken-hearted mother. My God? my good old father. Are these dear, dear parents to live to witness this dreadful spectacle? Oh! those venerable dear grey hairs. Oh! my heart is bursting. God have mercy! Oh, my God, (involuntarily falling on his knees,) Oh! God of mercy. Oh! my God, spare, in some way, only possible to thee, my aged, my tender, my already heart-broken parents, this last, this terrible blow. Oh, God! for myself, their disobedient, their undutiful, their erring and unworthy son. Oh, God, let my life be but spared, and let it be one of continued and never ending torture. Save me, oh! save me from this last terrible blow to nature.—(Here his voice became choked, and he was for a moment silent, but slowly rising and again in calm and subdued tones, he continued,) Oh, fatal and deluded man that I have been. Oh, could I but retrace these steps. Oh, God, could time but be allowed me to once more enter the world, and by a life of rectitude remove the stain which has been cast upon those dearest to my on earth. Cannot, oh, no, vain thought no, no, I am doomed to suffer. Oh! dearest mother. Oh! my dear father, and you my brothers, and oh, my tender, my sweet, affectionate sisters. Oh, God! (impassionately,) To what have I brought myself, to what have I not brought those dearest ones on earth? Oh, could I but save these dear ones the horror of feelings which this degrading spectacle must bring, (a thoughtful pause.) Oh, no. Oh, my God, it must not be. Oh, my sainted mother! I will not add the crime of self-destruction on my soul. Oh, my God, to thee I will look. Oh, God, assist me to devote what yet remains to me of life on earth to repentance for my many errors. Oh, God, sustain my aged and beloved parents and friends under this dreadful trial. God have mercy on me; help me, oh God, to meet this my terrible fate, and forgive for the pangs I have inflicted upon the hearts of those who so tenderly loved me.' Overcome by emotions which gave rise to these expressions, and in an agony of tears and sobs he sank down into his chair. Alas! how many are there, who like him have had cause to reproach themselves under like circumstances for the agony and trouble they have brought on their aged parents. May prayers be answered, and his example be a warning to others.

PEARLY."

A Touching Letter.

"One more unfortunate
Gone to her death."

A short time since, a house of ill-fame in Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire. All the inmates but one barely escaped with their lives, having lost all their effects.—After the flames had been subdued, a young woman named Josephine Ellison could not be found, and immediate search was instituted, when the body of the unfortunate girl was discovered in the rear building blackened and scorched by the heat, and perfectly lifeless. Her death was caused by the inhalation of smoke and fire—her position and appearance evincing that she had struggled hard, but vainly, to obtain an egress from the building, and elude her dreadful death. The following affecting fragment was picked up, as we learn from the *Commercial*, in one of the rooms, and is supposed to have been written by the poor girl who perished in the flames:

"Thursday Morning.—O, home! magical, all powerful word, Home! Oft have I wished for a home, one that I could return to after a long absence, when as now, wearied and perplexed with many cares of this cold world, I could find retirement there and be welcomed by kind friends—be greeted by those I have known in innocent childhood. But, alas! those joys are not for me. I have heard others talk of their pretty homes and aristocratic palaces, but I wish not for those, nor could wish for a proud palace for my home, only for an humble one, yet I have not this. I have never known a kind father's or mother's care, a sister's or a brother's love. These have *all* been lost to me. My infant steps were not guarded by a mother's hand, or my infant lips taught by a mother's gentle voice to lisp a prayer to God. I am all alone, without a friend in the world; for I have placed an insurmountable barrier between me and all that is good and pure. I can never associate with those who are respected and esteemed. My home is in the vile haunts of the abandoned—my companions are the depraved ones whose voices are ever mingled with oaths.

Oftimes I have heard others say this is a gay life, with all its hellish excitement and all its would-be luxuriousness, but God has said, 'the wages of sin is death.' They do not think, that when they come to die, poor, forsaken outcasts, without a friend—for when their beauty has faded and their health is gone, even their wild companions will forsake them, and leave them to die in the hospital and be buried in the Potter's Field. It makes me wretched to think that this may soon be my fate. A few more short years, and I will be forgotten by those who now call themselves my friends, but I would give naught for their friendship. Too oft have I seen the look of pity mingled with scorn cast upon me by those who think me far beneath them. They, too, have often laid their heads upon my breast and swore, by the God that gave them life, that they loved me; but, little do they know how I regarded their oaths. I have met kind and generous men who I have liked very much; yet when I think under what circumstances I have met them, I cannot think of them with a pleasant thought, but remember them with a bitter feeling, which makes me miserable. I shall soon leave this place, and I hope to find a home where I shall be more happy, and will try to forget many, many thing, and look upward to put my trust in 'my Father which is in Heaven,' and he will not desert me, although earthly friends may vanish like the dew before the morning sun.

Rules for the Behaviour of Young People in Company.

Always wipe your mouth with the table cloth; for that must be soiled at all events, and will save your host's napkins, or your own pocket handkerchief.

Always observe the Abyssinian custom,—never to speak nor drink, unless your mouth be quite full.

Champ whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible, which will show that you relish and are pleased with what you are eating.

Should any thing at dinner stick in your teeth, do not allow yourself to suffer from it for a moment, but use a pin, and if you have not such a thing about you, a *fork* will answer the purpose.

Always begin to speak before another has finished what he or she has to say, as it will serve to show the quickness of your perception, being able to understand a thing before it is uttered, and give the company a great opinion of your good breeding.

Be sure, on leaving a room, to turn your back on the company; and if the door be shut when you are going out be sure to leave it open, particularly if the weather be very cold.

Should you have occasion to use your handkerchief in company, do not mince the matter, as some are wont to do, by slightly compressing the nose; but boldly and decidedly blow it, (particularly if at meal time,) until relieved from the inconvenience; and the louder and more violent the different propulsions of souud are, the more genteel, easy, and agreeable you will be considered.

When in company, should you ever be at a loss what to do with your hands and feet, as is often the case with young people, you can occasionally put one foot over the other; sit cross-legged: pick your ears with the head of a pin; run your fingers through your hair; pare your nails with a penknife; blow your nose, and look at your handkerchief: beat a tattoo on the table; bite your nails; gape and yawn now and then; stretch yourself out to open your chest; loll back and tilt your chair; cut a notch or two in the arm of it with your penknife; (which should always be open in your hand, ready for use;) scratch your head or any other part that may happen to itch. And in so doing, you will convince the company that you have been well brought up, and are perfectly free from vulgar habits.

Sleep.

The first sensation of drowsiness is nature's call for sleep. Waking shows the body is rested. After the degree of strength, of which the state of the system is capable, is restored by sleep, longer stay in bed only relaxes. He perverts reason, who by a habit of artificial excitement, keeps awake so late that he is not ready to rise by day brake—nature's undoubted signal for quitting repose, obedience to which secures a desire to rest at the fit hour. Some people close their shutters against it. George III, consulted his household physicians, separately, as to the modes of life conducive to health and longevity; as to the importance of early rising, there was a full coincidence. Old people, examined as to the cause of their longevity, all agree that they have been in the habit of going to bed early, and rising early. In debilitated people, a degree of fever, or something resembling it, comes on towards evening; going to bed early is of great consequence to them.—Rising an hour or two earlier than usual often gives a vigor which nothing else can produce. Many people, at waking feel a disposition to rise, they lose it by indulging a lethargic state, or by lolling awhile. We lose vigor by lying in bed in health, longer than for sleep; the mind is tranquil, the body is less disposed for refreshing sleep; appetite and digestion are lessened. After long or late mental exertion, sleep is a watch; the thoughts continue themselves, effecting useless fatigue. Some people can not go to sleep, others wake too early.—Without spirit they rise, they hope to find refreshment in an additional nap; another and another, leaves them more languid; they fancy themselves unfit for exertion until they have taken a breakfast, which they make no effort to merit. Nothing breaks up the strength sooner than the want of sleep at the hour nature obviously designed for repose, marked, as well by the regular return of day and night, as by our own feeling, if not prevented by artificial habits. Labor, which is light in the day, is burthensome in the night.—The accumulated *stimuli* of the day are sufficient for the temporary exhaustion of the system; the rest of the night is requisite to recruit us for each successive day.

Marrying at Large.

One of our Justices of the Peace was called yesterday afternoon, to go to a German house in the city and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and putting a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arrived at the house under the direction of a blue legged little boy, who pointed out the place, he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as large as butter pats. 'What's the matter?' said the sympathetic Justice. 'Matter,' said the girl, 'Dat Gotleib wend off, and wouldn't marry me, aint it?' The Justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old lady to bring on the lambs to the sacrifice. Old lady said, 'dare vos no lambs; Gotleib ish run off and vill not marry my Katarina.' 'Well,' said the Justice, 'Gotleib isn't the only man there is; send for some other man to marry her.' At this Katarina's face brightened up, and she ejaculated, 'yah, dat ish good; send mit Hans.' Hans was sent for, but couldn't come. When her messenger returned, Katarina, determined not to give it up so, said, 'send mit Shoseph.' Shoseph was sent for, but he couldn't be found.

Katarina's heart fell at this news, and the Justice was growing impatient. Just then Katarina looked out of the window and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hallowed, 'Fritz—Fritz!' Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katarina's mother said: 'Fritz, you lofs mine Katarina?' Fritz allowed he did, more as saur-krout. 'Then stand up here,' thundered the Justice; and before Fritz could realize his position, he was man and wife, and Katarina's arms were around his neck and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics, 'mein husband—mein Fritz.' Our duty as a correct historian compels us to say that Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how. The Justice, with head erect, stepped smilingly out leaving the lovers to themselves, and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportions, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and rectitude in his footstep.—*Buffalo Republican.*

A Cunnig Device.

The Chattanooga (Alabama) *Advertiser* relates the following: "A nice, respected lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her worser half, was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not *hurry* back, she would not be lonely; she wanted her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a venerable 'mice' under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About eigh o'clock, an 'individual' about his size might have been seen cautiously creeping along to the door, and noiselessly. Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stooped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With 'resolution flashing from his eye,' he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was, kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow. Miserable villian—his time had came. 'Say your prayers, villian! your time is short'—and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission. 'Help! murder! watch!—oh, is that you?' and madam popped her little head up from the foot of the bed. Benedict seized the body, and it was—a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs and the like, made up for the occasion. 'I say, dear, what does this mean?' said the husbusband, with a blank, sheepish look. 'Well, dear,' replied the wife, 'I did get lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure I didn't think you'd suspect——' There, there, said the chagrined husband, 'say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you.' Bendict repeated 'Now I lay me,' etc. and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present."

☞ "Ah, me," said a pious lady, "our minister was a very 'powerful' preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the whole living out of five Bibles."