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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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 STECK, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and at 7½ 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.

Cadet 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.

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, Rev. B. H. FISH, 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 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 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, on West, and with Mail Train East and West.

The GALLITZIN BRANCH connects with Johnstown Way Train in 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, meet on second Tuesday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Mountain 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.

Tuscarora 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.

Wyandotte 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 moon. 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. 311, 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 7 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. Adlum.
County Surveyor—James L. Gwinn.
Treasurer—John Lingafelt.
Auditors—S. Morrow, A. C. McCartney, Jos. R. Hewitt.
Poor House Directors—George Weaver, Samuel Shiver, 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. 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—Daniel Price, David Dehl.
Judge of Elections—East Ward—Peter Reed.
" " 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.

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE THE SUBSTANCE FADES. The place to get AMBROTYPES, MELAINOTYPES, & PHOTOGRAPHS, done up in short order, is on Julian street, opposite R. Reilly's, where all persons can be accommodated with true and perfect Likenesses. Time from 1 to 3 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. Also Chrome, Green, Yellow, Paris Green, Dry Colors, at KESSLER'S.

Select Poetry.

TO WILLIE IN HEAVEN.

BY LIZZIE.

Brother Willie, God hath claimed thee,
Claimed our sweetest blooming flower,
Plucked thee from the hearts that loved thee,
Placed thee in his heavenly power;
There to bloom more sweet than ever,
Wafting perfume to our hearts,
Strewing the leaves of joy before us,
Telling death no sting imparts.

Darling Willie, Heaven seems brighter
Since a starry crown you wear,
And its golden gates seem wider
Since thy form hath entered there.
O, we'll show thee, darling Willie,
How we loved our precious one,
For we'll meet thee up in heaven,
When this troubled life is done.

Sweetest Willie, sister loved thee,
Loved that little form of thine,
Loved to hear thy merry prattle,
Loved that joyous laugh of thine;
Loved to hear thy footsteps coming,
Loved to press those lips to mine,
Loved to draw thee to my bosom,
That round my neck thy arms might twine.

Oft be with us, Angel Willie,
Let thy spirits hover near,
Breathe sweet words of consolation,
To our hearts that now are sear,
Go to mother, prest'ous Willie,
Ease her aching, bursting heart,
Tell her that sweet Jesus took thee,
Though he knew 'twas hard to part.

Yet he saw you were our idol,
Saw you were our worshipped one,
And his first command forbade it,
"Idols," he said, "ye shall have none:"
That is why he called thee from us,
Placed thee where our heart should be,
Now our treasure lives in heaven,
Now the love of God we see.

Farewell, Willie, till we meet thee,
In those realms of Heavenly bliss,
Jesus tune those golden harp-strings,
For the angel that we miss;
Now I feel the music wafting,
Now I hear his precious voice,
Singing father, mother, sister, brother,
Heaven is my willing choice.

Select Story.

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

[We copy the following story from a new work, "The Arabian Days' Entertainment," just issued, in 1 volume, price $1.25, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.—Neither the title or the commencement of the story give any intimation of the pleasant humor which prevades the whole after the secret is known, or of the excellent moral to be drawn from it. This is but one of many others which make up the book and well deserve the name of Entertainments.]

My Lord Sheik, in the southern part of Germany lies the little city of Grunwiesel, where I was born and bred. It is small, as all cities are in that country. In the centre is a little market-place with a fountain, an old guildhall on one side, and round the market the justice of peace and the more influential merchants; and a couple of narrow streets hold all the rest of the inhabitants. All know each other; every one knows what happens everywhere else; and if the priest, the burgomaster, or the doctor, has an additional dish on his table, by dinner time it is known to the entire city. In the afternoon the ladies go to each others houses, paying visits as they call it, to talk, over strong coffee and sweet biscuits, about this great event; and the general conclusion arrived at is that the priest must have invested in a lottery and won money sinfully, or the burgomaster have taken a bribe, or the doctor have received money from the apothecary on the condition of writing expensive prescriptions. You may imagine, my lord sheik, how disagreeable a circumstance it must have been for so well-regulated a place as Grunwiesel, when a man arrived there, of whom nobody knew whence he came, what he wanted, or how he lived. The burgomaster, to be sure, had seen his passport,—a paper which every one is obliged to have among us—

"Is it so unsafe in your streets," interrupted the sheik, "that you require to have a firman from your sultan to inspire robbers with respect?"

No, my lord,—answered the slave,—these papers are no protection against thieves, but are made necessary by the law, which requires that it must be known everywhere who is who. Now, the burgomaster had examined the passport, and had declared, at a coffee party at the doctor's that it was certainly correctly vised from Berlin to Grunwiesel; but he feared there was something behind, for the man had a very suspicious look about him. The burgomaster had great authority in the city, so it is no matter of surprise that in consequence the stranger came to be regarded as a very doubtful character. His mode of life did not tend to disabuse my countrymen of this opinion. He hired a house for his exclusive use, put into it a cart-load of strange looking furniture, such as furnaces, sandbaths, crucibles and the like, and lived henceforward entirely alone. Nay, he even did his own cooking, and his house was entered by no human being, except one old man of Grunwiesel, whose duty it was to buy his bread, meat, and vegetables. Even this person was only admitted to the lower floor, where the stranger met him to receive his purchases.

I was a boy of ten years of age when the stranger took up his residence in our city; and I can call to mind, as plainly as if it had happened but yesterday, the excitement the man occasioned in the place. He never came of an afternoon, like other people, to the bowling-green; never of an evening to the tavern, to talk of the times over his pipe and tobacco. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice, the doctor, the priest, each in his turn, invite him to dinner or tea; he invariably begged to be excused. In consequence of all this, some people regarded him as a desperado; some thought he must be a Jew; and a third party declared with great solemnity that he was a magician or sorcerer. I grew to be eighteen, twenty years old, and still the man was always called in the city "The Stranger."

It happened, one day, that some people came to the city with a collection of strange animals. The troop which showed itself on this occasion in Grunwiesel was distinguished by the possession of a monstrous orang-outang, nearly as large as a man, which went on two legs, and knew all sorts of cunning sleights of hand. It chanced that its performances took place in front of the stranger's house. When the drum and fife sounded he made his appearance, at first with visible vexation, behind the dark, dust-begrimmed window of his residence. Soon, however, he grew more amiable, and, opening his window, to everybody's astonishment, looked out and laughed heartily at the orang-outang's gambols. Nay, he paid so large a piece of silver for the entertainment that the whole city talked of it.

The next morning the collection of animals went on their way. They had scarcely made a league on their journey, when the stranger sent to the post-house, demanding to the postmaster's amazement, a post-chaise and horses, and set forth by the same gate and on the same road taken by the menagerie. The whole city was furious at not being able to learn whither he was going. It was night when the stranger again returned to the gate in the post-chaise. A person was sitting with him in the vehicle, with his hat pressed closely down over his face, and his mouth and ears bound in a silk handkerchief The gate-keeper considered it his duty to speak to the second stranger, and demand his passport, His answer was surly, and growled out in some unintelligible language.

"It is my nephew," said the stranger politely, putting several silver coins into the gate-keeper's hand; "he understands very little German. What he said just now was swearing at our being delayed here."

"Ah! if he is your nephew, sir," answered the gate-keeper, "of course he can enter without a passport. He will live in your house, no doubt?"

"Certainly," said the stranger; "and will probably remain with me a long while."

The gate-keeper made no further opposition, and the stranger and his nephew passed into the city. The burgomastor and the whole town were much displeased with the conduct of the gate-keeper. He should at least have taken notice of the nephew's language; it would then have been an easy matter to decide to what nation he and his uncle belonged. The gate-keeper asserted, in reply to these complaints, that it was neither Italian nor French, but had sounded a good deal like English; and, unless his ears had deceived him, the younger gentleman had said distinctly, "Ros-bif!" By this the gate-keeper helped himself out of his scrape, and, at the same time, assisted the young man to a name, for nothing was talked of now in the city but the young Englishman.

The young man, however, was no greater frequenter of the bowling-green or the tavern than his uncle was; but he furnished the people much food for conversation in another way. It happened now, not unfrequently, that in the hitherto silent house would be heard a frightful uproar and shrieking; so that the passers-by would stop before the house in crowds, and gaze up at the windows. The young Englishman would be seen dressed in a red frock and green trousers, his hair erect, and his appearance indicating terror, running with great speed through the rooms, from window to window, the old stranger pursuing him with a hunting-whip in his hand, and often failing to overtake him.—But it sometimes seemed to the crowd below that he had succeeded in catching the young man; for they could hear, issuing from the rooms above, cries of anguish and sounds of blows. The ladies of the city took such deep concern of this cruel treatment of the youthful stranger, that they induced the burgomaster at last to take some notice of the affair. He wrote a letter to the strange gentleman, in which he alluded in vigorous terms to his harsh treatment of his nephew, and threatened him in case similar scenes continued to transpire, with taking the unfortunate young man under his especial protection.

Imagine the surprise of the burgomaster when he saw the stranger entering his doors for the only time in ten years. The old gentleman excused his conduct towards his newhew on the plea of the peculiar directions of the parents of the young man who had entrusted him with his education. He stated that the youth was in most respects clever and intelligent, but that he learned languages with great difficulty; that he wished so earnestly to make his nephew an accomplished German scholar, that he might afterwards take the liberty to introduce him to the society of Grunwiesel, and the progress made by him was so discouraging, that on many occasions there was no better course to pursue than to beat it into him by a suitable constigation. The burgomaster expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this explanation, recommended a little more moderation in the infliction of chastisement, and reported in the evening at the beer-saloon, that he had rarely met, in his whole life, a better-informed and more agreeable gentleman than the stranger. "The only pity is," he added, "that he goes so little into society; but I think, as soon as his nephew can speak a little German he will visit our circle oftener."

By this single incident the opinion of the city was completely changed. They regarded the stranger as a well-bred man, felt a desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and considered it to be perfectly in order, when now and then a frightful shriek was heard to issue from the desolate house. "He is giving his nephew a lesson in German," the Grunwieselonians said, and went on without paying further attention to the matter. Three months passed by, and the tuition in German seemed to have come to a close; but the old man went a step further. There lived in the city an old, infirm Frenchman, who gave lessons in dancing to the young people.—This man the stranger summoned to his house, and told him that he desired him to teach his nephew to dance.

There was nothing, the Frenchman secretly declared, so wonderful in all the world as these dancing-lessons. The nephew, a tall, slim, young man, with rather short legs, made his appearance, he said, in a red frock, his hair nicely curled, wide trousers, and white gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, and seemed, in the begining, rather intelligent and docile; but he frequently broke out into the most ridiculous leaps, dancing the wildest *tours*, in which he made *entrechats* which surpassed all the dancing masters he had ever seen or heard of. When it was attempted to check his extravagances, he would pull off the delicate dancing-shoes from his feet, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and run round the chamber on all fours. At the noise, the old gentleman would rush out of his room, in a large, red bedgown, and a cap of gold paper on his head, and lay his whip heavily over his nephew's shoulders. The nephew would at once begin to howl in the most frightful manner, spring on the table and high book-cases, and even on the upper sashes of the windows, and talk all the time a strange, foreign language. The old gentleman would give him no respite, but, seizing him by the leg, would pull him down, beat him soundly, and draw his neck-cloth tighter round his neck by the buckle; after which the nephew would become mannerly and sober again, and the dancing-lesson go on quietly to its close.

These dancing-lessons very nearly killed the old Frenchman; but the dollar which he regularly received and the good wine which the old gentleman brought, always took him back to his pupil, often as he resolved never to set foot in the hateful house again.

The people of Grunwiesel looked on these things very differently from the Frenchman.—They settled in their own minds that the young gentleman possessed great talents for society; and the ladies in the place all congratulated themselves—suffering as they did from a great lack of gentlemen—on the acquisition of so vigorous a dancer for the coming winter.

One morning, the maids, returning from market, described to their masters and mistresses a singular incident. They had seen an elegant carriage standing before the stranger's house, and a servant in rich livery holding the step.—Two gentlemen had entered the carriage, the servant sprung into the boot behind, and the carriage—only imagine it!—drove straight off to the house of the burgomaster.

Everywhere people were in raptures with the two strangers, and regretted only that they had not made their acquaintance earlier. The old gentleman showed himself to be a well bred, sensible man, who laughed a little, to be sure, in everything he said, rendering it difficult to know whether he was in jest or earnest; but who talked of the weather, the scenery, and the picnics to the cave in the mountain, so politely and shrewdly that every one was delighted.—But the nephew! He bewitched everybody; he won all hearts. As for his exterior, it was impossible to call him exactly handsome. The lower part of his face, especially his jaw, projected too far, and his complexion was extremely dark; while occasionally he made the most remarkable grimaces, shutting his eyes, and snapping his teeth together queerly; but people found the shape of his features exceedingly interesting. "He is an Englishman," people said: "they are all so. We must not be too particular with an Englishman."

Towards his old uncle he was very submissive; for whenever he began to jump too vivaciously about the room, or as he seemed particularly inclined to do, draw his feet up under him on his chair, a single stern glance from the old man served to bring him to order at once. And how could one be angry with the young man, when his uncle, in every house, said to the lady, "My nephew is still a little raw and ill-bred, madam; but I anticipate much from the mollifying effect produced by your society, and I implore your forgiveness for any gaucheries he may happen to be guilty of."

Thus was the nephew at length introduced to the gay world, and all Grunwiesel spoke of nothing else for the two following days but this great event. The old gentleman renounced his habits of retirement, and seemed to have wholly altered his modes of thought and life. In the afternoon he went, with his nephew, to the cave in the mountain, where the more important citizens of Grunwiesel drank beer and rolled ninepins. Here the nephew showed himself a skillful master of the game; for he never threw less than five or six balls. Occasionally a strange humor seized him. It happened, more than once, that he rushed like an arrow down among the ninepins with one of the balls, making a dreadful racket, and when he made a spare or a ten-strike, the fancy sometimes came over him to stand erect on his nicely-curled head, and extend his legs high into the air; or, in a carriage happened to pass, before one knew what he was about he would be seen sitting on the top of the vehicle, making the most ludicrous grimaces, and, after riding on a short distance, return, with prodigious leaps and bounds, to the party he had quitted.

The old gentleman, at such incidents as these, was wont to beg ten thousand pardons of the burgomaster and the other gentlemen for his nephew's eccentricities. They, in reply, would laugh, ascribe such conduct to his youthful spirits, declare they had been just the same in their youth, and admire the young springal, as they called him, immensly.

In this way the nephew of the stranger came, before long, to be held in high favor in the city and environs. No one could recall ever having seen a young man like him in Grunwiesel before: and he was, indeed, the strangest apparition which had ever visited their borders. No one could accuse him of cultivation, of any possible kind, except, perhaps, a little dancing.—Latin and Greek were both Greek to him. At a round game at the burgomaster's house, it once fell to his lot to be obliged to write something, and it was found that he could not even sign his name. In geography he made the most stupendous blunders; for he made no hesitation in locating a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing; he had studied nothing; and the priest often shook his head significantly over the dreadful ignorance of the young gentleman. Still, in spite of this, everything he said and did was held to be excellent; for he was impudent enough to insist always on being right, and the last words of every remark he made were: "I understand this much better than you."

The scenes of his greatest triumphs, however, were the Grunwiesel balls. No one danced so perseveringly, none so vigorously as he; no one made such bold, such graceful jumps. His uncle dressed him for such occasions in the newest and handsomest fashions; and, although it was impossible to make his clothes fit, yet everybody considered his dress charming. The gentlemen, to be sure, took offence, at these balls, at the new style which he introduced. Hitherto the burgomaster had always opened the ball in person, and the most highly-born young men exercised the right of regulating the rest of the dances; but since the young Englishman's arrival, a total change had been brought about.—He would seize the prettiest girl by the hand without leave or license, take his place with her in the figure, manage everything precisely as he pleased, and constitute himself, without ceremony, lord, master, and king of the ball. But as the ladies found these manners extremely elegant, the young men dared not venture on resistance, and the eccentric nephew retained unopposed his self-assumed dignity and rank.

Such was the behavior adopted by the nephew at balls and parties in Grunweisel. As is too often the case in other matters, bad habits come into vogue much easier than good ones, and a new and striking fashion, especially if it be ridiculous, has ever something in it highly attractive for the young, who have not yet formed an accurate or sensible judgment of themselves and the world. So it was in Grunwiesel with the nephew and his extraordinary manners.—For, when the younger world perceived that the young stranger won more admiration than he incurred rebuke for his awkward habits, his loud laughter, and his insolent answers to his seniors, and that these passed merely as evidences of his spiritual nature, they thought to themselves: "Nothing is easier than to make myself exactly such another spiritual brute."—They had formerly been industrious, clever youths; but now they thought: "Of what use is learning, when ignorance carries a man so much further?" So, abandoning their books, they spent their time in dissipation on the streets.

Till now, the Grunwiesel young men had entertained a proper dislike to a rough and vulgar demeanor; now they sang all sorts of vile songs, smoked huge pipes of tobacco, and spent much time in low pot-houses, for with them they resembled the young Englishman. At home, or on a visit, they lay down in boots and spurs on the ottomans; at assemblies they tilted their chairs, or put both elbows on the table. In vain their older friends represented to them how foolish, how disgraceful this behavior was; they referred to the shining example of the nephew.—It was said to them, in vain, that a certain degree of rudeness must be forgiven in the nephew, in consideration of his English birth; the young Grunwieselonians declared that they had as good a right as the best Englishman in the world to be vulgar in a spiritual way. In short, it was a general complaint that gentlemanly breeding and behavior had been entirely eradicated from Grunwiesel by the evil example of the young stranger.

But the pleasure of the young men, in their rude and reckless life, was of short duration, for the following incident changed the whole aspect of affairs. A great concert was resolved upon, to close the winter amusements, to be given partly by the regular city musicians, partly by skillful amateurs of Grunwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello, the doctor the bassoon, with great skill, the apothecary, though he had no ear, blew the flute, several young ladies of the city had studied arias, and every preliminary had been carefully arranged. The old stranger expressed the opinion, that, though doubtless the concert would be admirable as it was, he noticed that no duet was included in the programme, and that a duet was, as every one knew, a necessary element of every concert. This opinion occasioned a good deal of embarrassment. The burgomaster's daughter, to be sure, sang like a nightingale; but where was the gentleman who could sing a duet with her? They thought, at last, of falling back on the old organist, who had sung an excellent bass in former days; but the stranger announced that all this anxiety was needless, for his nephew had a voice of surprising cultivation and power. The duet, therefore, was studied with all haste, and the evening at length arrived, on which the ears of the people of Grunwiesel were to be enraptured by the concert.

The old stranger was unable to be present at his nephew's triumph, in consequence of illness, but he gave to the burgomaster, who visited him during the day, some rules for the guidance of his eccentric relative: "He is a good soul," said he, "but now and then he is seized with some strange notions, and breaks out into the wildest freaks. I regret, extremely, my inability to be present at the concert this evening, for his demeanor is perfectly decorus while I am by. He well knows why, the scamp! Let me assure your excellency that this vivacity of his is not a mental vice, but merely a bodily infirmity.—Whenever, therefore, any such humor seizes him, so that he seats himself on a music-stand, or attempts to knock down the contra-bass, or the like, if your excellency would take the trouble to loosen his cravat a little, or, if nothing better can be done, take it off altogether, you will see how quiet and well-bred he will at once become.

The burgomaster thanked the sick man for his confidence, and promised, in case the necessity arose, to follow his directions to the letter.

Part first of the concert was over, and everybody was on the tenter hooks of expectation for the second, in which the young Englishman was to perform a duet with the burgomaster's daughter. The nephew had made his appearance in gorgeous costume, and had long ago drawn upon himself the attention of all present. He had thrown himself down, without the slightest ceremony, in the elegant arm-chair provided for a countess of the vicinity, and, stretching his legs to their full length, had stared the audiance out of countenance through a huge opera-glass which he had provided in addition to his ordinary spectacles; playing incessantly, meanwhile, with a large mastiff which he had persisted in introducing in spite of the regulations prohibiting all such animals. The countess for whom the arm-chair had been provided, soon appeared; but the young Englishman made no movement to resign his seat. On the contrary, he only assumed a more comfortable attitude, and no one present ventured to rebuke his insolence. The distinguished lady was consequently obliged to take her seat in an ordinary cane chair among the other ladies of the city, in a state of intense and natural indignation.

No wonder, that everybody was curious to see how he would succeed with his duet. The second part began: the city musicians played the introductory bars, and now the burgomaster led up his daughter to the young Englishman, and, handing him a sheet of music, said to him, "My dear sir, are you disposed to begin the duet?" The stranger laughed, showed his teeth, and, springing up, preceded the two others to the music-stand, while the audience was filled with excitement and anticipation. The organist beat the time, and nodded to the Englishman to begin. The latter looked at the music through his spectacles a moment, and gave utterance to some hideous and melancholy howls; whereupon, the organist shouted to him: "Two notes lower, your, honor; C;—you must sing C."

Instead of singing C, the stranger pulled off one of his shoes and flung it at the organist's head, making the powder fly in clouds. Seeing this, the burgomaster thought to himself: "Ha! his bodily infirmity has got hold of him again;" and, seizing him by the neck, he loosened the buckle of his cravat. But, at this, the young man's conduct became only the more outrageous. He dropped the use of German, and confined himself to an extraordinary and unintelligible language, taking all the while the most tremendous leaps. The burgomaster was in despair at this unpleasant interruption to the entertainment, and instantly resolved to take off entirely the cravat of the young Englishman, whom some unusually violent paroxysm must have suddenly seized. But no sooner had he done this, than he started back aghast. Instead of a human skin and complexion, a dark brown fur enveloped the neck of the youthful stranger, who instantly proceeded upon still higher and more marvellous leaps; and, twisting his white gloves into his hair, he pulled it entirely off, and, wonder of wonders! this beautiful hair was only a wig, which he threw into the burgomaster's face, and his head made its appearance clothed in the same brown fur as his neck.

He overturned tables and benches, threw down music-stands, smashed the fiddles and clarinets, and in short behaved like a lunatic. "Seize him! seize him!" shouted the burgomaster, beside himself; "he is raving;—seize him!" This, however, was a difficult matter, for he had pulled off his gloves, and showed his brown hands, armed with frightful nails, with which he assaulted the faces of the company. A courageous huntsman at length succeeded in taking him prisoner. He pressed his long arms down to his sides, so that he could do nothing except struggle fiercely with his feet, and laugh and shriek in a piercing voice. The audience gathered round to look at the eccentric young gentleman, who by this time had lost every semblance of a human being. Among them, a learned gentleman of the environs, who possessed a large collection of stuffed animals, approached him and, after a close examination, suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! ladies and gentlemen, why do you admit this beast into good society? This is an ape, the *homo troglodites Linnæi*, and I will give you six dollars for him, if you like, and stuff him for my cabinet."

Fancy the astonishment of the citizens of Grunweisel, when they heard this. "What! an ape, an orang-outang in our best society!—The young Englishman nothing but a filthy ape!" They stared at each other in dumb bewilderment. They could not believe it; they would not trust their eyes, and they examined the animal more narrowly; but, gaze as they pleased, a vulgar ape he was, and a vulgar ape he remained.

"It must be sorcery, devilish sorcery!" said the burgomaster, bringing the ape's cravat.—"Look! here in this cravat lies the witchcraft which has blinded our eyes. Here is a broad strip of parchment, inscribed with strange characters. It is Latin, I believe; can anybody read it?"

The pastor, a man of extensive learning; who had often lost a game of chess to the young Englishman, stepped up, and, looking at the parchment said, "Certainly, this is Latin, and means:

This ape is a very ridiculous creature,
And to see through and shun false pretensions will teach you."

"Ay, ay; it is an infernal swindle; in itself a species of witchcraft," he continued, "and should meet with exemplary punishment."

The burgomaster was of the same opinion, and started forthwith to arrest the stranger, who could be nothing but a magician. Six soldiers carried the ape, for they were determined to bring the old scoundrel to instant trial.

They reached the desolate house, followed by a crowd of people, for every one wanted to see how the affair would end. They knocked at the door, they pulled the bell; but all in vain—no one showed himself in answer to their appeals. The burgomaster finally caused the door to be beaten in, and mounted to the sick man's chamber. Nothing was to be seen but old, worthless household rubbish. The stranger had vanished. On his writing table, however, lay a large sealed letter, addressed to the burgomaster, which the latter opened. He read:

"MY DEAR GRUNWIESELONIANS: When you read this I shall be no longer in your village, and you will have discovered the rank and nation of my darling nephew. Take the joke which I have ventured to play upon you as a good lesson not to insist on inflicting your society upon a stranger, when he wishes to live in retirement. I felt myself too well-bred to be involved in your eternal tattle, your bad manners, and your ridiculous customs. I procured, therefore, the young orang-outang, whom you have caressed so affectionately, to act as my substitude. Farewell, my friends, and lay this lesson to heart."

The citizens of Grunwiesel were the laughing-stock of the whole country, and felt intensely mortified. Their consolation was, that all this must have been brought about by supernatural means. But the greatest confusion was felt by the young men of the city, for they had made the bad manners of a beastly ape the object of their approval and imitation. Henceforth they ceased to lean their elbows on the table; they balanced themselves no longer on their chairs; they were silent till addressed, and became modest and civil as of old; and it became a byword with the Grunwieselonians, when any one showed signs of relapsing into such vulgar and ridiculous practices, to call him "the old gentleman's ape."

The orang-outang, who had played so long the part of a gentleman of fashion, was handed over to the proprietor of the cabinet of natural history. This gentleman feeds him, gives him the run of his yard, and shows him to every stranger as a great rarity; and there he is to be seen to the present day.

A FOX'S CUNNING.—An incident occurred to a friend of ours on Wylie street a few days ago, which serves to illustrate the extraordinary cunning of the fox. The person to whom we allude purchased a fox, with the view of making a pet of the "varmint," and chained him securely in his celler, where he was supplied with much better grub and more of it than generally falls to the portion of such animals when in the wild state. He prized the little joker a good deal, though for what we have never been able to discover, and accordingly when a day after he came into his possession, he found "Reynard" defunct in the cellar, his grief may be easier imagined than described. Unloosing the collar from his neck, and, after a soliloquy something after the manner of Sterne over the carcass of his defunct donkey, he placed the remains of his "pet" on a shovel, and with solemn steps carried them to the street and there deposited them. This done he returned to the house, but had not proceeded many steps when "Reynard" slowly raised his head, and seeing the coast clear got up and scampered down High street, to the infinite astonishment of our friend, and the no little amusement of a large crowd of spectators. The cunning thief had feigned death so well that he deceived his owner completely, and thus regained his long-lost liberty.—*Pitts. Chronicle*

☞ A story is told of a lady wit who dined at the President's the other day, and was seated at the table between a certain Representative from Tennessee and the Hon. Mr. Ruffin of North Carolina. "How are you getting on my dear madam?" asked the jolly bachelor of the White House. "Wall as could be expected, with a Savage on one side and a Ruffin on the other," was the instant response.

☞ A Lady had a delinquent boarder named Tree. She proposed to take his *trunk* for *board*, no unusual use to put trees to.