Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 4. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1859. NO. 7.

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

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less,	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square,	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column,	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column,	14 00	25 00	40 00
Administrators and Executors Notices,			1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change,			10 00
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 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 at 7½ o'clock. 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 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. W. B. Dick, 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 3½ P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock A. M.

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

Baptist, Rev. H. 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 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 "	6,25 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.

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.

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.

Wauneta 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. 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 Odd Fellows' Hall, Masonic Temple. R. P. Rose, P. W. P., and D. G. W.; Wm. C. McCormick, W. P.; B. F. Custer, W. A.; D. Galbraith, R. S.; William McCormick, A. R. S.; Michael Clabaugh, T.; David T. Caldwell, F. S.; Geo. W. Patton, I. S.; A. D. Cherry, O. 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 4 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, J. B. Biddle.
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 Allisch, Peter Reed, Nelson Glanding.
Clerk to Council 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.
Judges 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.

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

CREEPERS.—JUST RECEIVED A large assortment of CREEPERS, which will be sold low by A. ROUSH, Druggist.

CARPET BAGS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS, &c., can be bought cheaper at H. TUCH'S than at any other place in the country. [Dec. 9, 1858.

ON HAND AT McCORMICK'S Store a splendid assortment of Ready-Made clothing. Call and see. Nov. 25, tf.

GLASS 8x10 TO 20x24, AND CUT to order by C. W. KESSLER.

Original Poetry.

TO A GIRL KNITTING.

BY MISS LOUISE R. VICKROY.

Suggested by an Oil Painting by J. Ruseo Williams, which hung in my chamber at the house of a friend.

Always knitting, lady bright,
From the morning till the night,
Taking stitches one by one,
Will that stocking ne'er be done?
Weary weeks I've seen you sitting,
Still with tireless patience knitting,
Beautiful and patient one,
And it never will be done.
Yet you do not put it by,
Model sweet of industry.
Ope your lips, then tell to me,
What your gentle thoughts may be.
Are your musings always fair?
Build you castles in the air,
Brightened with such images,
As my soul in slumber sees?
Not a word—Oh! can it be
That such visions haunt not thee?
Spirit sweet in maiden guise,
Without hopes or memories,
Tell me then from whence you came,
Whisper low your lovely name.
Mary is't that floats along,
On a tide of deathless song?
Or sweet Imogen or Flora,
Rosamond or Theodora?

Locks of sunny, soft gold brown,
Snow eyelids drooping down,
Of the orbs to make eclipse.
Tender cheeks and rose bud lips,
Where the roguish kisses hide,
Ivory neck and brow of pride,
Blend their charms to make of thee,
Fit shrine for Idolatry.

O exquisitely fair thou art,
And though silent to my heart,
Thou a lesson sweet hast brought;
And though thee my soul has caught,
Higher hopes and holiest gleams
Of the heaven form fire that streams
From spirit beauty such as thine,
To make employment half divine,
And brighter o'er life's current dull,
Bless, O bless the beautiful.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Select Miscellany.

Short Patent Sermon.

Text—Pay the Printer.

My Dear Friends:—The debt that sits heaviest upon the conscience of a mortal, provided he is one, is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the night mare galls the soul, frets and chafes every enobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato.

A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one of you in this congregation who has not settled his account with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold up your head in society like a giraffe; be respected by the wise and the good; free from the torture of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of lawyers, which is one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forth and pay the printer.

You will not wait for to-morrow—it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises—an addled egg in the great nest of the futnre, and the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest low minded sons of Satan, I do not suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to loose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends, that if you do it, your path to the tomb will be strewed with thorns; you will have to gather your food from brambles, your children will die of dysentery, yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health.

I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker. He said he thought he had squared up. I then inquired if he had forgiven his enemies? He replied yes. I then asked him if he had paid the printer. He hesitated a moment, and then said he thought he owed him about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired would be paid before he gave good-bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living, in the enjoyment of good health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the world.

Let him be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer, take his paper and pay for it in advance, and your days will be long upon the earth; and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

☞ Other passions have objects to flatter them and seemingly to content and satisfy them for awhile; there is power in ambition, and pleasure in luxury, and self in covetousness; but envy can give nothing but vexation.

Love in a Tunnel.

Many amusing anecdotes of ventriloquists have been published, and many more told, that have not been published. But we think the are few ventriloquil incidents that will compare with one we witnessed recently on the cars of the Virginia Central Railroad. We have read anecdotes of Nichols, Kenworthy, Love, Sutton, Harrington and Blitz, but think the following actual occurrence will bear favorable mention, side by side with either.

The cars left Charlottevile, Va., for Staunton, at 12 m., and entered the tunnel, which is very long and very dark, about half past 1 p. m. We had hardly been shut out from daylight, when a noise was heard in the rear end of the last car. The conductor and several passengers, who were standing on the platform, entered the car with aview to discover the cause of the disturbance. But owing to the extreme darkness, nothing could be seen. While patiently waiting to hear the slightest movement, which might explain the excitement, a boisterous noise, resembling the sound produced by fervent kissing, and at the same moment a female voice was heard exclaiming:

"Get out you brute! Let me alone! I'll call the conductor! Keep your hands off sir! This is shameful!"

"Where is he!" cried the conductor in an angry tone, approaching the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

"Here!" says the lady, "this end of the car, arrest him! he insulted me shamefully—here he is again! Will you let me alone? I think it a burning shame that a respectable lady should be treated in this manner?"

"Get in the ladies' car, then!" shouted a gruff voice. "You have no business here!"

"She has a right here!" replied the conductor, seizing the individual he supposed guilty of a misdemeanor.

"You needn't grabb me," said a husky voiced old man; "I didn't touch her; I haven't seen a woman in the car!"

The conductor seemed confused, and retraced his steps to the forward end of the car. Again the voice was heard, apparently in the rear.

"Here he is again, conductor! Go away! quit! let me alone! this is shameful! Keep your hands to yourself, sir! I'll leave the car! You follow if you dare?"

This language was followed by an explosion resembling the concussion of two lips. All was confusion. The sympathizing passengers were all standing up, highly excited; but owing to the darkness and the uncertainty that existed from whence the sounds proceeded, nothing was done. A noise like the rustling of silk was heard, the rear door of the car opened and then closed with a banging sound, making the extraordinary stillness which followed fearful to contemplate, which fearfulness increased to horror, when the conductor announced that the lady must have stepped off the platform, as there was no car attached.

The cars were stopped by the signal rope, and a lantern procured, when the passengers headed by the conductor, groped slowly and silently back through the tunnel, expecting momentarily to discover the mutilated remains of the unfortunate female. But after searching back to the mouth of the tunnel, nothing was found, and they sadly retraced their steps.

Upon arriving at the train, a passenger suggested that the cause of the excitement be arrested, and in the cars went the party searching every seat until they came to a person, leaning forward on the back of a seat in front of him, apparently asleep.—The conductor roughly shook the sleeper, when he raised his head, when lo! and behold, it was Wyman, the ventriloquist.

The party very reluctantly swallowed the unmitigated "sell." The cars started and sped on to their place of destination, having been detained one hour over time.

☞ I will not quarrel with you about my opinion, only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor, and walk as your master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good faith, without partiality, and without hypocracy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love.—Let my soul be with these Christians; wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of.—*John Wesley.*

An Irish Love Letter.—Och Paddy! swate Paddy! if I was yer daddy, I'd kill you with kisses entirely; if I was your brother, and likewise your mother, I'd see that you went to bed airly. To taste of your breath I would starve me to death, and lay of my hoops altogether; to just have a taste of your arm on me waist, and larf at the manest of weather. Dear Paddy be mine, me own sweet valentine—ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we'll spind to an illigent end, and care may go dance the divil.

Col. Smith in the Jones Family.

"Well, after dark I put up with a first rate, good natured fellow that I met at the billiard table. I went in and was introducedto his wife, a fine, fat woman, looking as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun. After a while, after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather, in come three or four children, laffin' and skipping as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see that they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle-bags in which I had put a lot of sugar candy as I went along.

"Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is.",

The oldest came to me and says; "My name is Peter Jones."

"And what's your name, sir?"

"Bob Jones."

The next said his name was Bill Jones, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Jones. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Jones was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Jones looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," says I, "Mrs. Jones, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em, they are so beautiful and sprightly."

"No," says she, laffin', "I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"No, no," says I, "they're well behaved chiidren, and by gracious," says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and father, and I looked at Mr. Jones, "I never did see anything equal to it," says I, "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect pictur' of hair, sir," tapping the eldest on the pate.

I thought that Mrs. Jones would have died laffin' at that; her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house.

"Do you think so, Mr. Smith?" said she, looking towards Mr. Jones, and I tho't she'd go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really."

"Haw, haw, haw," says Mr. Jones, kind o' laffin', "you are too hard on me, now, with your jokes."

"I ain't a joken' at all," says I; "they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em, and their heads curly all over. Mr. and Mrs. Jones never had any children, and they petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood.

To Delay Blossoms.—Any fruit trees may be made to bloom sufficiently late in the season to prevent the fruit from being injured by the frost, and consequently present a fine, heavy crop, by the following judicious treatment:—In the middle of winter, when the ground is most severely frozen, put a large pile of wheat straw or oak leaves around the roots, letting it extend some distance in every direction, so as to cover the extended roots that approach the surface of the earth. Cover this pile with planks or boards, so that no rain can fall upon the pile. Let this cover remain until all danger from frost has passed. Then remove the cover and straw and look for a splendid crop to follow soon. The rationale of this is: the frozen earth will not thaw until late in the spring, if the pile remain; and while the earth is frozen the trees cannot bloom; but when the danger is past, remove the covering, and the tree will bloom speedily. Try it, farmer-friends.—*New Yorker.*

Men's Eyes will Wander.—Show but a strip of white stocking above your boot, or a bit of an embroidered skirt, or a Balmoral, and you may lead a New Yorker by the nose all over Manhattan, though all Wall street stand waiting for him.—I have positively seen gentlemen stand at the ferry gate when their arms were half broken with bundles, eargerly bobbing their heads this way and that to catch a sight of the gaiter boots as they alighted from the various omnibuses. And not all young men either, but gray-headed old codgers, who had grandpa written all over them. "Why should a woman care about it if her ankels be pretty?" "Care?" It may be just possible that if an exhibition is fore-ordained and inevitable, she may prefer to choose her audience.

Working up Sawdust.—The ingenuity of Parisian cabinet makers in the Faubourg St. Antoine, has found a use for common sawdust which raises the value of that commodity far above the worth of solid timber. By a new process, combining the hydraulic press and the application of intense heat, these wooden particles are made to re-form themselves into a solid mass, capable of being moulded into any shape, and presenting a brilliant surface, a durability and beauty of appearance not found in ebony, rosewood, or mahogany.

☞ It is said that a roasted onion bound upon the wrist, on the pulse, will stop the most inverate toothache in a few minutes. Simple, but worth trying.

Man's Superiority.

There is an intolerant spirit in the breast of man, which ought to be rebuked. He is continually attacking, and,—I almost would say—attempting to degrade her whom he pretends to elevate. She is made the subject of ridicule and jest in every place. Pick up the public Journals, and their columns are filled with burlesque accounts of some accidents befalling some unfortunate lady in hoops. Editors and writers have been doating over this subject for the last year or two. Suppose ladies do wear hoops if it be their good pleasure, in what way does it concern man? It must truly be a morbid taste that can enjoy such silly nonsense, and yet we are told that man is strong-minded. If it is not hoops it is gossip, and if not gossip it is woman's rights or something else—and continually he amuses himself, quite forgetting his own faults.

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before High Heaven,
as make the angels weep."

Did not the dignity of our sex demand a rebuke, I should lay down my pen and keep silent; but when the manifest and gross injustice of the haughty Lord of Creation becomes so apparent, I think I should be untrue to my sex did I not resent his insolence.

Has man any superiority to boast of? If so, what is it? Is it when he struts along the street with a horse blanket thrown over his shoulders, thinking that he looks very effeminate? Or is it when he is indulging in the use of tobacco, making himself an object of disgust to all decent persons? He is unfit for the parlor, and even profanes the house of God with this filthy habit. Perhaps it is when drinking spiritous liquors, and reeling to and fro, or lying in the gutter in a state of beastly intoxication. Perhaps it is in the tyranny which he displays towards our sex, forcing us to labor for half the renumeration that he would give to his own. If these are not his excellencies, then where is his boasted supremacy?—Echo answers where? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. I am not in favor ot woman's rights as advocated by fanatics, but as good sense and modesty demand. A Lady of Dignity.

A New Invention.—Mr. Norman Wiard, of Wisconsin, proposes to construct a watertight iron boat for the conveyance of passengers and freight on the *ice*, with greater safety, economy and speed than can be done by any other known means of transit.

These boats will entirely supersede the necessity of railroads in winter, where built parallel to rivers in cold climates.—The track costs nothing, and is kept in repair without expense; a depth of snow which would stop a train of cars would make no visible impression on the speed or progress of this ice-boat.

If the ice should fail, the boat would rest upon the water, and by the power of the engines could be launched upon the ice with greater ease than a locomotive could be replaced upon the track when off. The boat which I first propose to build, will be twelve feet in width by seventy feet in length, and when resting upon the water would displace about one foot in depth. It will be propelled by a pair of locomotive engines, acting on a single driving-wheel, to which adhesion is given by various devices.

He now wishes to obtain sufficient capital to enable him to construct one of these boats, for immediate use on the Upper Mississippi.

A Fatalist.—A western paper publishes the following: "I knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be would be.' He lived in a region infested by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time he found that some of his family had taken it out. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him, by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came anyhow. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time was come, it wouldn't do not to have *my* gun.'"

☞ An ingenious downeaster has constructed a miniature factory village, with engines, wheels, windmills, carriages, waterfalls, persons walking, playing, swinging, &c., and the whole so delicately arranged, and so nicely adjusted, as to be put in complete operation by a single mouse, which travels in a small circular cage, as squirrels are often seen doing.

☞ Fanny Fern says, "if one-half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased," and the Boston *Post* adds that if the men could only look into the future life of the women they marry the number of old maids would be greatly advanced.

"Sally," said a witty young man, to a girl with red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

Sam Lover and the Ladies.

At the celebration of the Burns' Centennary in Glasgow, Mr. Samuel Lover, in proposing the toast of "The Lassies," said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it seems a sort of practical pun that the lassies should be proposed by a Lover, (laughter.) But I hope the ladies that are here, will believe that an Irish lover is never deficient in paying his homage to what has been called the most beautiful half of the human race, (cheers.) Ladies, in your smile exists the poet's reward. There never was a poet yet that didn't worship women—(hear, hear,)—and pre-eminently the bard whose name we have met this day to honor worshipped "the lasses, O!" (Loud applause.) But the greatest poet in the world, whatever might be his power—and the power of making love was very great in Robert Burns—cannot make love by himself. He must have a lady to help him—(laughter)—and I must say that, from all my experience, very good helps they are. (Renewed laughter.) Shakspeare has comprised under one head, the lunatic, the lover, and the poet; and when I first became a lover, I felt convinced that Shakspeare was right in saying that a lover was a lunatic, (laughter.) And Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen—for I wish to call as many witness as I can to this fact—I found madness so delightful that I think I never have been right in my senses since (great laughter;) but if ever I have had a lucid interval, it has only been to sigh for bedlam again, and call upon Cupid for my keeper.

☞ Some one takes off the peculiar adjective system now in use, and deservedly too: "At the breakfast table," says he, "coffee, excruciatingly hot, is poured out of a lovely pot, and accompanied by bread and butter of infinite excellence. In our walks—when the vile weather does not prevent our walking—we have the sweetest vessels that ever sailed the waters, the most exquisite cows that ever ate grass; and returning agonized with cold, we not seldom find a heavenly fire, by which we sit down enraptured, comfortably bewailing the cruel shortness of the days, and the eternal length of the nights; particularly when we have an immeasurable quantity of nuts to crack, of which the ladies declare themselves to be devotedly fond. The indulgence in such expletives is a sure sign of an imperfect education.

Death.—We thought nothing new could be said about death, but Taylor, of the Chicago *Journal*, has the following ideas:—

"There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying; that wrapping the mantle of mortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand, the azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home the first time in our lives, for we are not dead; there is nothing dead to speak of, and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any maps we know about. There must be lovely lands starward, for none ever return that go hither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

☞ A servant girl, in the town of A——in England, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By Heaven she's painted!"—Turning round, she very quietly replied, "Yes, sir; and by Heaven only!" The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologized.

☞ Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

The Love of Change.—A sovereign once broken into, soon goes, and it is the same with a resolution. A resolution, unbroken, is as hard as gold; once change it, and it is thrown, as it were, into so many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

☞ Hopes and cares, anxieties, and fears, divide our life. Would you be free from these anxieties? think every day will be your your last, and then succeeding hours will be the more welcome, because unexpected.

☞ Never seek to be entrusted with your friend's secrets, for, no matter how faithful you may keep it, you will be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

☞ One man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white?—"Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

Joy.—'Tis the well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace, a precious thing, hallowed dream.

Death.—A sleep, a rest from earth's toils and cares, a separation of the soul from the frail tenement of clay.