City College
COMMERCIAL COL-
Pa. Chartered 1855.
gs. Now the the largest
School of the United States
al duties of the Counting
f. of Book-keeping and
er of Arithmetic and
J. JENKINS, Teachers of
Penmanship,
ITALIAN ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING,
department of business,
—Rapid Business Writing,
Counterfeit Money—
udence—Commercial Law—
other subjects necessary for the
of a practical business man.
PREMIUMS,
in Pittsburg for the past three
and Western Cities, for best Writing,
ENGRAVED WORK.
NT INFORMATION.
time—No Vacation—Time unlimited
Graduates assisted in obtaining
full Commercial Course, $35.00.—
—Board, $2.50 per week.—Ste-
$5.00 to $70.00.
cited at half price.
Specimens of Business and Orna-
two stamps, and address
J. W. JENKINS, Pittsburg, Pa.

EXCITEMENT!
W GOODS HAVE ARRIVED AND
OPENED FOR INSPECTION
AND SALE.
on the ground again. For-
t year, asked you to find my
tell me where the CHEAP STORE
now. It reminds me a little of
when Gen. Harrison was elected Pre-
to go with the crowd and you will
McCORMICK'S STORE. Situate
the valley, and the quantity of goods
must be selling off very rapidly
and I would say to you, sir, go
stations will be fully realized. He
ell selected assortment of Goods,
fifty cents, and give the trimmings
d, and all other goods in proper-
that's where I am going to buy
Could everybody that read this
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
CROCKERY, STONEWARE,
Bonnets, Misses' Flats, Boys' La-
Slippers, with Misses', Boys and
and every other article kept in a
can be had cheap for cash, at
ry produce taken in exchange for
R. H. McCORMICK.
-1y

EDUCTION IN PRICE
ASH SYSTEM, (or at least credit
rather than those who are willing
rence and assurance of prompt
ering to make it the interest of
we have made a very great re-
all descriptions of goods, and will
attention to keeping up an assort-
our customers, such as
IES, HARDWARE, QUEENS-
STONEWARE, BOOTS & SHOES,
and Caps, Dried Fruit, etc., all of
is the cheapest.
taken in exchange for goods at
we hope to share the patronage
of goods. [March 24-tf.

ROSENE OR CARBON
Simplicity Safety or Economy.
to obtain the very best and cheap-
their reach, should call at the
and examine these Lamps before
we pledge ourselves to demon-
NT can occur by explosion.
offensive odor while burning.
easily trimmed.
ly regulated to give more or less
entirely free from smoke.
at least 50 per cent. cheaper than
now in common use.
ly adapted for the use of Ste-
Churches, Factories, Halls, Churches,
recommended for family use.
on Oil Lamp can be attached to
fluid and oil lamps, at a small
every purpose of a new lamp.
satisfaction in all cases.
G. W. KESSLER.

EL.—THE UNDER-
informs the
and others
the LOGAN
Sheriff Rees,
Gaysburg, for the
and travellers.
the house has been refitted in
furniture, &c., &c.
commodious, and well calculated
comfort.
ished with the very best the mar-
no trouble will be spared to
to favor him with their pa-
happy during their stay with him.
and an obliging and careful
attendance.
stage, which makes daily trips
Williamsburg, stops at the Logan
JOHN KEIFER.

QUESTION WHICH
of every person
best article for my
matters, the sub-
to direct, but if you
SHOES
of his stock and work.
an assortment of Boots, Shoes,
offers at fair prices.
tention to custom work, all of
give satisfaction. None but the
Main street, next door to B
O'Neil's.
JOHN H. ROBERTS.

HOTEL.—THE SUB-
respectfully in-
has recently re-
is now pre-
his friends and
tronage, and he
ing it an agreeable house for all
always be luxuriously supplied
country and cities, and his Bar
brands. His charges are as
other Hotel in the place, and he
be complained of by those who
him. Expecting to receive a share
fully intending to deserve it, he
the public and invites a trial.
JOHN BOWMAN.

SHOES.—THE UN-
on hand and will
the Masonic Tem-
partment of BOOTS
made to order,
Gum Shoes, Cork
line of business, of
most reasonable terms. All
J. SHOEMAKER.

YSTERS! OYSTERS!
the hard times, I have concluded
OYSTERS to the lowest possi-
hereafter be served up in the
CENTS, and roasted in the shell
accompaniments, TWENTY
also be furnished, in first style
and with the times.
JOHN KEIFER,
Logan House, Hollidaysburg.

RAILING AND ALL
executed to order, also the lowest
notice, apply to
J. SHOEMAKER, Spring Street,
McLARAHAN, WATSON & Co.

E, JUST RECEIVED
mble assortment at the store of
J. B. HILEMAN.

SUGAR, TEA AND
for sale by
HENRY LEHR.

ER AND ALL KINDS
can be had at
HENRY LEHR'S

AND NEW ORLEANS
fair prices, at
HENRY LEHR'S

STANDARD PATTERN
[1-tf. G. W. KESSLER.

Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 4. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1859. NO. 8.

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,	4 00	6 00	10 00
Two "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Four "	10 00	14 00	20 00
Half a column,	14 00	25 00	40 00
One column,			1 75

Administrators and Executors Notices,
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. 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. 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.

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 Twiboy, 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 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.

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.

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

Winnebago Tribe, No. 25, 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 Odd Fellows' Hall, Masonic Temple. B. F. 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 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—Jacob Barnhart, 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. R. 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—John Allison, Robert Green, Robert B. Taylor, Daniel Price, Henry S. Spering.
President of Council—John Allison.
Clerk to Council—Joseph G. Adlum.
Borough Treasurer—Daniel Price.
School Directors—C. B. Sink, C. C. Mason, George W. Sparks, Wm. C. McCormick, B. F. Rose, Geo. B. Cramer.
Treasurer of School Board—Wm. C. McCormick.
High Constable—Joseph K. Ely.
Tax Collector—John McClelland.
Auditors—Thos. McMinn, David Galbraith.
Assessor—Jacob Bierhower.
Assistant Assessor—Michael Clabaugh, A. Alloway.
Judge of Election—East Ward—S. A. Alexander.
" " West " R. Greenwood.
" " North " Jacob Bottenberg.
Inspectors—East Ward—Henry Bell, Jacob Sink.
" West " E. B. McCrum, Jacob Hesser.
" North " G. W. Harman, John Condo.

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 cheap by A. ROUSH, Druggist.

CARPET BAGS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS, &c., can be bought cheaper at H. TUGI'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 G. W. KESSLER

Original Poetry.

THE DYING.

BY MISS LOUISE R. VICKROY.

I am willing and ready from earth to go,
But at the thought of parting, the tears will flow;
I weep; but it is not with coward fear,
At the passing from this to another sphere;
It is not the dying hour I dread,
And 'tis blessed to be of the "early dead;"
It is sweet to go from a world of strife.
And I have no fears for the Future Life:

But I grieve to think of the first dark day,
In the household band, when I pass away;
Of the desolate air in the dreary room,
Where the darkness is horror, the sunlight is gloom;
Of the whispered words; of the stealing tread
Round the rigid form, when the breath has fled;
When the kindest voice to the mourner's ear
Has lost the power to soothe or cheer.

'Tis a dreary thought, that the winter snow
Will drift o'er the spot where I slumber low;
But O, I think, when the summer hours
Shall come again, with the buds and flowers,
All the music and fragrance I loved so well,
And the soft winds sighing down the dell,
Where the beautiful river murmurs by,
Reflecting the blue of the glowing sky;

That my sisters will sit by the water's side,
And sadly talk of the one that died;
That my brothers will steal from their noisy play,
To weep by my grave, at the close of day;
And my parents will look on the vacant chair,
And miss me most at the hour of prayer;
While one who is now on a far off shore,
Will return to miss me forevermore.

Then tell him to come to the dark blue stream.
Where together we dreamed such a beautiful dream.
To listen again to the wood-bird's lay,
While he watches the waves as they dance away;
And to linger till after the sun has set,
Till the daylight and darkness have softly met;
Then when earth seems a tinge of the heavens to wear,
To think that my love will be lingering there.

I know that ere long, in the world above,
I shall meet again with the friends I love;
But it seems like a fearful thing to go,
And leave on each bosom a weight of woe:
I grieve that a gloom for a while must fall
On the hearts of my loved ones—I grieve for all;
But these tears are for him that is loved the best,
The dearer, o'en dearer than all the rest.

Select Miscellany.

How He Won Her.

BY D. HUDSON.

It was the year 18—, in the spring of the year, and in the lovely month of May, that the circumstance occurred which I am about to relate.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments, and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors, equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she should bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her on a certain day and each state his claims in the presence of the others.

Four of them were confident of success but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he gazed on the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage, I have as yet, neither refused nor accepted any of you; state your claims to my hand, that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

Mr. A. answered as follows:

"If you marry me, you shall live in a splendid house, have carriages and servants at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of life. I am independently rich."

B. spoke next:

"My rival has said, very true, that he is rich, but I am of noble descent, my forefathers were descendants from the first noblemen of the land. I am of a family with whom an alliance would be considered an honor to the wealthiest heiress of the land."

C. stated his clams;

"I am a politician, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and have no doubt of success; by marrying me your name will be handed down to posterity.

D. twisted his moustache with the air of an exquisite, and said:

"Angelic creature, pon my word, I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. I am the most fashionable dressed person in town. I am the best judge of operas. You see what a perfect gentleman I am."

When it came E's turn to speak, all eyes were turned towards him. Poor fellow, he was dreadfully embarrased.

"Well," said the lady, "what say you Mr. E."

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen, they have the advantage over me in every respect," and he took his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statements, no matter how humble may be your claim."

"I am poor."

"Go on!"

"I am not of a noble family."

"Go on, sir,'

"I am unknown to the people of the world."

"No matter, proceed!"

"I work for a livelihood, and it is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can afford none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that sir, what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this Messrs. A. B. C. and D. burst into a loud laugh, and exclaiming in one voice, "So do we, I love you to distraction. I take four newspapers."

"Well," said the lady, "in one month you shall have an answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month, the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each one in succession, the lady answered:

"Riches are not productive of happiness, boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations, fame is fleeting, and he that has only the garb of a gentleman, is to be pitied. I have found out the names of the papers to which you all subscribe, and have ascertained that none of you who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame and fashion, have paid for them; now gentlemen that is a dishonest act, and in my humble opinion, a dishonest man is not a suitable person for woman to confide in. Now Mr. E., you take one newspaper, and I have ascertained that you have likewise paid for it. Likewise you are all you pretend to be, you are not cheating the publisher in order to make a show in the world, as well considered. Mr. E., I give you my hand and fortune."

Why should a Man Swear?

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but often reasons why he should not:

1. It is mean A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar. Altogether too mean for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly. Implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well bred—refined. Such an one will no more swear than go into the street and throw mud with a clod-hopper.

5. It is indecent. Offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. To the mind that conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless that takes his name in vain.

Brains.—An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoiter. In the course of his travels, he entered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

'Well, comrade,' says one, 'you belong to the United States, I see."

'Right,' was the answer.

'Now, what would you do to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a bumboat?' continued the Englishman.

'I would blow his brains out!' returned our lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment; but finally one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out:

'W—well, Yank, I say it!"

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:

'It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have *no brains to blow out!*'

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the mess.

A Cute Yankee.—Early one morning the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find upon the outside door, "No Scule," and the most of them made preparations to enjoy the holiday, not dreaming but that it was genuine order.

It appeared, however, that a roguish youth, a lover of mischief more than his books, had written in large letters the joyful news. "No Scule" was the notice posted up—the idea we understand, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together, and in the stern visage of the master enough was seen to convince us that all was not right, and now came the tug of war.

He soon ordered the boys to appear before his presence, and oneby one, criticised our spelling, as far as the word school was concerned. They stood the test until the hero, with comic phiz, made his appearance, who, with coonfidence, distinctly said—"S-c-u-l-e."

The master took him by the colar, and with a joyful expression at the success of the ruse, laid on the birch right merrily.

Spicy Correspondence.

A TRUE WIFE.

We are assured by a friend who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman whose business calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters that come in her husband's absence: answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord, at such places as he may have designated at his departure.—During a recent abscence of her husband the lady received a letter, of which the following, (omitting names, dates and places,) is a true copy:—

My Dear Sir:—I saw a fine picture of you yesterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W—— last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus addressing you, but I trust you are as noble and unsuspecting as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know something about me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married—(though you are, I am told.) My friends tell me I have *not* a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather *petite*, have black eyes, black hair, and a dark complexion—that is I am what is called a "brunette." I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet me there before I return to W——. At any rate do not fail to write me at least a few words to tell me whether I shall ever see you again, and know you more intimately. Forgive my boldness and believe me

Your friend——

To this letter the wife, who, by the bye, has not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing, made the following answer:

Madmoiselle—Your letter of the—— inst., addressed to Mr.——, was duly received. Mr.——, who is my husband, directed me, when he left home a few days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer any of them that I conveniently could. As you seem to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr.——. I happon to know that he likes black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of women as he does of horses; but I do not think your inventory of your "points" is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your hight, weight, wind, speed, and (here the word is illegible.) Taking your charms at your own estimate, I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him so far as B.—— merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule.

You say you trust my husband is "unsuspecting." I think that is his nature, but yet he is used to drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicious. You say you are unmarried. My advice to you is to marry somebody, as soon as possible. In most cases, I would not recommend haste; but in yours, I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay.—Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband (which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is that you will consider any woman, who should write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and perhaps, immodest.

I will deliver your note to M.—— when he returns, and also a copy of my reply which I am sure he will approve. I am, with as much respect as you permit.

MRS——.

This was the end of the correspondence. *Moral*—Young ladies who write affectionate letters to married men should be careful that the precious missives do not fall into the hands of their spouses, as the amorous writers may chance to get "more miffs than kisses.—*Post.*

☞ The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp, and the noblest mountains a piercing blast and the prettiest face some ugly features. The fairest complexion is subject to freckles; the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork; and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt button; and the best husband forgets to kiss his wife every time he strays outside of the gate; and the best dispositioned children in the world get angry and squall; and the smartest scholar miss a lesson; and the wittiest wit says something stupid; and the wisest essayest write some nonsense, and Woodworth snores and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth Heaven.

Manners Contagious.—It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakespeare*

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I have no mother!—for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory still around my heart,
Like morning mist has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms extend—
I wonder if she thinks of me,
In that bright, happy land:

For I know she is in heaven now—
That holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow
And the tear that fell upon my cheek
I think I feel it now

And I have still some little books
She learned me how to spell;
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,
I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say

O mother! mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be
And I will hope in heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

The Great Strasburg Clock.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Boston *Liberator*, thus describes the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral:—I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide, and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. The clock is struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or a little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left and a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the hand of Time, and turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time.—Then comes out an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part, as the time comes around again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another, comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, and stretches forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be be mistakened for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair.

☞ Some crusty old fellew, who got "awfully cheated," must have written the following. Such "ladies" are scarce here, "The model lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed until noon; wears paper soled shoes; pinches her waist; gives the piano fits; forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations; goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his friends; never saw a thimble; don't know a darning needle from a crow-bar; wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron; adores any man who grins behind a moustache; and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, "Don't know indeed; ask Betty!"

Not Bad.—A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B——, not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and kept watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared and carefully culling out all dry wook, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood, and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful the doctor did the same, exclaiming:

"There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have too," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

Lessons for those who like them.

Be not always speaking of yourself; do not awkward in manner; be not forward; boast not; angle not for praise; do not equivocate; tell no lies, not even those called innocent; listen when spoken to; be polite at table; attend to the ladies; dread the character of an ill-bred man; be remarkable for cleanliness of person; attend to cleanliness of dress; study elegance or expression; avoid odd sayings and vulgarisms; use polished language; be choice in your compliments; acquire a knowledge of the world; praise delicacy; study the foibles of mankind; command your temper and countenance; never acknowledge an enemy, or see affront if you can help it; avoid wrangling, medling and tittle-tattle; judge not of mankind harshly; trust not implicitly to any; beware of proffered friendship; doubt him who swears to the truth of the thing; be choice in your company; adopt no man's vices; avoid noisy laughter; refuse invitations politely; dare to be singular in the right cause, and be not ashamed to refuse; strive to write well and grammatically; affect not to rake; be choice in your amusements; never appear to be in a hurry; neglect not an old acquaintance; avoid all kinds of vanity; make no one in company feel his inferiority; be not witty at the expense of another; be sparing of railery; never whisper in company; look not over one when writing or reading; hum no tunes in company, nor be in any way noisy; eat not too fast nor too slow; spit not on the floor or carpet; hold no indelicate discourse; avoid odd habits; lose no time in transacting business; indulge not in lazincss; be not frivolous; study dignity and pleasing manners; be not envious; show no nastiness in temper; talk not long at a time; tell no stories; avoid hackneyed expressions; make no digressions; hold no one by the button when talking; forestall not a slow speaker; say not all you think; adapt your conversation to the company; give not your advice unasked; renew no disagreeable matters; praise not another at the expense of the present company; avoid rude expressions; avoid mystery and long apologoes; look people in the face when speaking; swear not; talk not scandal; talk not of private concerns; a few jokes will bear repeating; take the peace-maker's part in debating; be not clamorous in dispute, but exercise good humor; learn the character of the company before you say much; suppose not yourself laughed at; interrupt no man's story; ask not abrupt questions; reflect on no order of people; display not your learning on all occasions; avoid debt.

No Trust to Governors.—We clip the following from the legislative correspondence of the Leavenworth *Times*:

But here I must tell you an anecdote which the Governor relishes as much as you will: "His Excellency" went into a barber's shop at Lecompton to get shaved. The barber is a black man, and belongs to Judge Ellmore, for ours, as Buchanan says, is a slave soil.

As soon as seated, the following dialogue occurred:

Gov. M. "I'll shave by the month."

Barber. "Don't know, massa, about dat."

Gov. "Why not, Tom?"

Barber. "Case, massa, you Gubunurs stay mighty short time in Kansas. Can't trust you to four weeks. Too long a time for people of your color."

Of course Gov. Medary paid up. There was no help for it. Mr. Darkey had the argument with him.

☞ A very simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of brown paper, illustrating, in a remarkable manner, how the most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and after holding it before the fire until it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip of about two inches wide. The magnet is now complete. To exhibit its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches long, and about as wide as one of these lines; place them upon the table, three or four together. Now, take the magnet, and draw it briskly under the arm two or three times, its electromagnetism is instantly developed, and becomes apparent when held over the small stripes of writing paper, for they fly up towards the paper magnet, veritably "by the wings of lightning."

☞ "Job Printing—well now, who would have thought it," said Mrs. Partington, taking off her spectacles, wiping them and again placing them in proper position. "I always thought *Job* had other things to attend to besides printing. If the Bible tells the truth it must have been hard work for him to learn the trade. Strange things, however, happen now a days, but I never should have thought that *Job* was still living and printing a newspaper." The old lady who had been looking at the sign of our Job Office, and had spoken rather loud, was at this moment spoken to by Ike. After a few words with him she moved quietly away, remarking—"How a body can be mistaken these days."