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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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 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Christ Episcopal, Rev S. Chrighton, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 2 o'clock. P. M. Congregational 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 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening.

United Brethren, Rev. W. B. Disk, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. R. W. Oliver, Pastor.—Divine service every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 10½ o'clock in the forenoon, and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

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

Methodist, Rev. R. 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.

Mennonite, Rev. Snyder Cam, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening, in the Union School House.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern mail at	7 25 A.M.
Western " "	7 25 A.M.
Huntingdon, "	7 25 A. M. and 6 00 P. M.
Pittsburgh, through,	6 00 "
Western through Mail,	7 30 "

MAILS OPEN.

Eastern through Mail,	7 55 A.M.
Western through,	7 35 "
Huntingdon Way,	7 00 A. M.
Pittsburgh "	6 25 P. M.
Eastern "	7 30 A. M. and 6 15 "

Office open for the transaction of business from 6.30 A M. to 7.30 P. M., during the week, and from 7.30 to 8.30 o'clock on Sundays.

JOHN SHOEMAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Mail Train East arrives 1.25 A. M., leaves 1.30 A. M.
" " West " 7.50 " " 8.15 "
Fast Line East " 9.05 P. M. " 9.20 P. M.
" " West " 8.10 P. M. " 8.25 P. M.
Pacific Express East " 7.25 A. M. " 7.50 A. M.
" " West " 6.25 P. M. " 6.40 P. M.

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

HARRISVILLE BRANCH connects with Johnstown Accommodation East and West, Express Train West and Mail East.

Nov. 29, 1858. THOS. A. SCOTT, *Sup't.*

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Union Lodge, A. Y. M., No. 281, meets on second Tuesday in each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Encampment, A. Y. M., No 19, meets on the first Friday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Mountain 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.

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

Washington Tribe, No. 35, I. O. R. M., hold stated Council every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall, in the Masonic Temple. Council Fire kindled at 7½ o'clock. 30th W. A. ADAMS, *C. of R.* [June 25, '57-1y

Sons of America, Camp No. 34, meets every Monday night in the third story of Patton's Hall, at 7½ o'clock

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

Phoenix Division, No. 311, *S. of T.*, meets every Saturday evening, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Masonic Temple. H. Rose, D. G. W.; Wm. C. McCormick, P. W. P.; B. F. Rose, W. P.; C. R. McCrea, W. A.; E. B. McCrum, R. S.; C. McCormick, A. R. S.; M. Clabaugh, T.; Jacob Renner, F. D. Galbraith, C.; J. W. Clabaugh, A. C.; Wm. Martin, I. S.; B. F. Rose, 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 Friday 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—Jacob Barnhart, J. R. McFarlane, Enos M. Jones.

Clerk to Commissioners—Hugh A. Caldwell.

Mercantile Appraiser—Joseph G. Adams.

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. 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—John Allison, Robert Green, Robert B. Taylor, Daniel Price, Henry S. Spering.

President of Council—John Allison.

Clerk to Council—Joseph G. Adams.

Borough Treasurer—Daniel Price.

School Directors—C. B. Sink, C. C. Mann, George W. Parks, 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 Bierbower.

Assistant Assessors—Michael Clabaugh, A. Alloway.

Judge of Elections—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.

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.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Trusses—Braces for sale at KESSLER'S.

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

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

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

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

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

Bilious Attacks are cured, AND, WHAT IS BETTER, PREVENTED, by the occasional use of the LIVER INVIGORATOR.

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring. Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents Nightmare.

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

One dose taken after each meal will cure Dyspepsia One teaspoonful will always relieve Sick Headache.

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease. and makes a perfect cure Only one dose immediately relieves Cholic, while Ope dose often repeated is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, and a preventive of Cholera.

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

☞ One bottle taken for Jaundice removes all sallowness of the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes the food digest well

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. T. STOCKMAN.

Coshocton, Ohio, Nov. 17, 1856.

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 5, 1857.

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

Yours &c., JAMES FRANCIS.

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

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

D. R. GOOD, M. D. J. M GEMMILL, M. D.

DRS. GOOD & GEMMILL HAVING entered into Partnership in the Practice of Medicine, respectfully tender their services to the Public in the several branches of their Profession.

Calls will be answered either day or night at their office—which is the same as heretofore occupied by Drs. Hirst & Good,—or at the Logan House.

DR. GEMMILL REFERS TO

David Gilbert, M. D., Prof. Obstetrics in Penn'a Medical College, Philadelphia.
F. Gurney Smith, M. D., Prof. Institutes of Medicine in Penn'a Medical College.
John Neill, M. D., Prof. Surgery in Pa. Med. Col., and Surgeon to the Pa. Hospital, Philadelphia
J. B. Luden, M D, Huntingdon, Pa
John McCulloch, M D, "
John Scott, Esq, "
Wm Dorris, Jr. Esq, "
Wm M Lloyd, Esq, Hollidaysburg,
John Cresswell, Jr. Esq. "
Samuel Milliken, Esq, Bell's Mills,
Gen B F Bell, "
John Bell, Esq, "

April 21st, 1859-3m

DR. WM. R. FINLEY RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the people of Altoona and the adjoining country.

He may be found at the office heretofore occupied by Dr. G. D. Thomas.

Altoona, Sept. 30, 1858.-tf

B. F. ROYER, M. D., Offers his professional services to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity.

The best of references can be given if required.

Office at residence on Branch street, East Altoona, three doors above Conrad's Store. [April 28 '59-1y.

CAN BE BOUGHT AT H. TUCH'S, Winchester & Co's Patent Shoulder Seam Fine Shirts Dec. 9, 1858.

Select Poetry.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint spark expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her *love—last year a bride!*

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I *believed* 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
My heart must break! And thou! The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! *his child!* for what!
The wanton's smile—the villian—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him but for *you*,
My child!—*his child!* On, fiend!" the clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we *will* not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reign'd. The clock struck four!

Select Miscellany.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable 'shanty,' the centre of a small clearing in what had originally been a 'black-jack thicket,' whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as 'The Arkansas or Rackensack Traveler.' Our traveler rides up within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart body, now covered with bear-skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently 'wrathy' at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of the 'Arkansas Traveler;' which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not 'seeking knowledge under difficulties,' we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered.

Traveler—Friend, can I find accommodations for the night with you?

Arkansas Artist.—No sir, nary commodation.

Traveler.—My dear sir, I have already traveled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat; *why* can't you accommodate me for to-night?

Ark. Artist.—Just 'cause it *can't be did*. We're plum out of everything to eat in the house. Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of tomorrow evening afore he comes home, unless somethin uncommon happens.

Traveler.—You surely have *something* that I can feed to my horse; even a few potatoes would be better than *no* food.

Ark. Artist.—Stranger, our eatin roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim *thar*.

Traveler.—But, my friend, I *must* remain with you, any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?

Ark. Artist.—It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman occupies that; so *what's* your chance?

Traveler.—Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner.

Ark. Artist.—Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree—in a horn! Why, you must be a nateral fool, strang r! Don't you see that's me and the old woman's only chance for 'simmon beer in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach afore mornin. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect not. No, no, stranger, you don't come nary such a dodge as that!

Our traveler, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics and draw his determined not-to-be host out a little, before informing him of the fact that he, too, could play the 'Arkansas Traveler,' which once being known, he rightly conjectured would be a passport to his better graces.

Traveler.—Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?

Ark. Artist.—Ten miles, and you'll think them mighty long ones, too, afore you get there. I came nigh onto forgettin to tell you the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up the stream, to old Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the biggest bamboo swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet; 'twas yesterday mornin, though one end had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a manner.

Traveler.—Friend, you seem communicative, and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living.

Ark. Artist.—No offence on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery.

Traveler.—A grocery! Where, in the name of all that's mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant.

Ark. Artist.—The fact is, me and the old woman is the best customers *yet*; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and, in course, business will improve too. How'ever, we do suthing *now*, even. Me and the old woman took the cart t'other day, and went to town; we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we come home and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar warnt but one solitary picayune left; and as the old woman allus carries the *puss*, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter, the old woman sez: 'Supposin you tap your end of the bar'l,' and I did; and she bought a drink and paid me a picayune. Pretty soon, I begun to get dry, and says I: 'Old woman, spozen you tap your end of the bar'l!' and she did; and then she sells me a drink; and the way that picayune has traveled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l, is a caution to them as love 'red eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the old woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell you how 'twas. The boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin, and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail business; so one night he crawls under the house and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the old woman ither; the good for nothin vagabond, to come the 'gaiff' over his nateral born parents; it's enuff to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy will be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery as nateral as a hungry possum to a hen roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the old woman entirely.

Traveler.—It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it is ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just down; still my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveler' ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I go, why you don't play the tune *through*.

Ark. Artist.—For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the *turn* of that tchune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall.

Traveler.—Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can play the *turn* for you.

Ark. Artist.—Look here, *my* friend, do you play the *turn* of that tchune?

Traveler.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—'Lite, 'lite, old hoss! we will find a place for you in the cabin, sure.

Old woman! (a 'halloo!' within the shantee was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises;) the stranger plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simmon tree, or anywhere else you please. Bill 'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Old woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the spring-house and cut off a good large piece of bear-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour-doin's and chicken fixen's for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler;' go to the corn-crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have somethin to sit on, and skin a tater 'long with me and the old woman, while the gals is gettin supper; and Bill, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon, he'll play the turn of 'Rackensack Traveler' for us.

The punkin was brought; the taters were skinned and eaten; the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler' was repeatedly played, to abundant edification; and the gals finally announced that supper was ready; and although instead of store-tea they had only 'saxifax-tea-doins,' without milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveler remained all night, and was piloted safely over 'big creek' early the next morning. Of a truth, 'music *has* charms to soothe the savage breast.'—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

An Indian Romance.

The Philadelphia *Press* has a long romance about the Wyoming Valley, and a young girl, Frances Slocum, who was stolen away when very young by the Indians. A letter was received by the Slocum family, residing in Lancaster, from a Mr. Ewing of Logansport, Indiana, in which he desired to know if any of the Slocum family lived in that neighborhood. He detailed in this letter his visit to an Indian cabin, and his discovery of the long lost Frances Slocum, who had been stolen from her father's family (Mr. Jonathan Slocum) some fifty-eight years before by the Indians, and by them carried into captivity. Rev. Samuel Bowman, now assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, interested himself very much in the matter. By his advice and assistance, the Slocum sought the little Frances sixty years after captivity, and find her at the home of the Miami Indians. They go into the cabin, where they see an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five years of age, painted, jewelled, and dressed like an Indian queen; nothing but her hair and colored skin indicate her origin.

By the aid of an interpreter they converse, and are satisfied that this is their long lost sister. She has forgotten her christian name and the very language of her race, though she responded to Frances, and admitted in her Indian dialect that was her name. While her brothers and sisters sat sobbing and weeping at this strange revelation, the poor Indian woman was motionless and passionless.—She had become one of another people; she had been married, and reared two daughters, both married, and living in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deerskin clothing, and cowhide head dresses.—For Indians she belonged to a rich community, owned houses, could use the rifle, bridle her own horses, mount *a la Turk*, whenever she desired to do so. She could sleep on the floor or on the bare earth, wrapt in her blanket, as soundly as her wealthy relatives slept in their beautiful residence in the Valley of the Wyoming. They tried to persuade her to return, but she refused to do so. She had always lived with the Indians since her capture; they had always been kind to her, and she promised to her late husband on his deathbed that she would never leave the Indian country.

When we are Gone.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the attractions for our offsprings yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she now has for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness for the worm. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names. Then shall we have become, in the language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean out of mind.'"

Re-union in Heaven.—"I am fully persuaded," says Baxter, "that I shall love my friends in Heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally binds me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, or love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things."

☞ "You can't even tell me who made the monkey for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity. "Yes I can," said the clegyman. "Well then who did make the monkey?" "He who *made you*."

☞ A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief, for the one runs away with a fellows body, and the other away with his heart.

Mourning Customs.

All the world are acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks burnt the corpses of the distinguished men with funeral feasts and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief and better regulated piety. The Persians burried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them for preservation's sake in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festal days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in in many European countries. Among others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the graves, and some times their horses are paraded, which, having been made to fast, seem to partake of the afflictions of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further—they made their horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular kind of powder up their nostrils.

In Italy the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men.—In China it is white; in Ethiopia, gray.—Each of these colors had orriginally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after earth; yellow, or the the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of autumn, gray represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe and America, is an allusion to the night.

In England the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII. white was the funeral garb in France.—The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1704, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager-empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black until their death. The Chancellor of France is the only person who ever wears mourning. The brothers, nephews and cousins of popes, never wear it; the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be affected even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.

How the Hoonuman Monkeys Kill Snakes.—The banyan tree is a favored habitation of these monkeys, and among its many branches they play strange antics, undisturbed by any foes excepting snakes. These reptiles are greatly dreaded by the monkeys, and with good reason. However, it is said that the monkeys kill more snakes in proportion to their own loss, and do so with a peculiarly refined cruelty. A snake may be coiled among the branches of the banyan fast asleep, when it is spied by an Hoonuman. After satisfying himself that the reptile really is sleeping, the monkey steals upon it noiselessly, grasps it by the neck, tears it from the branch, and hurries to the ground. He then runs to a flat stone, and begins to grind down the reptiles head upon it, grinning and chattering with delight at the writhings and useless struggles of the tortured snake, and occasionally inspecting his work to see how it is progressing. When he has rubbed away the poor animal's jaws, so as to deprive it of its poison fangs, he holds great rejoicings over his helpless foe, and tossing it to the young monkeys, looks complacently at its destruction.

New Discovery in Photography.—Galignani's *Messenger* (a Paris paper,) announces a discovery in photography. It consists in the discovery of an artificial light, so wonderfully luminous and so steady as to completely supply the effect of the most brilliant noontide sun in the photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residences, even in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere; and those parts of cathedrals or other picturesque architectural monuments where the light of the sun never penetrates, and which, in consequence, have been until now wholly shut out from the photographer, will be as accessible to the artist as any part of the exterior.

☞ Power is always the more immoderate and jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind, should in no instance be its abettors.