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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D. E. 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.

April 21st, 1859-6m

W. M. LLOYD & CO., ALTOONA, PA.,
JOHNSTON, JACK & CO., HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,
BANKERS.
(Late "Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")

DRAFTS ON THE PRINCIPAL Cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Moneys received on deposite, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. Feb. 26, 1859.

LANDS! LANDS!! LANDS!!!

The undersigned is prepared to locate LAND WARRANTS in the Omaha and Nebraska City Land Offices.—Good selections can now be made near the large streams and settlements. The Lands of this Territory, now in Market, are of the best quality.

☞ Selections carefully made. Letters of inquiry requested. ALEX. F. McKINNEY,
OREAPOLIS, Cass County, N. Tor.

July 14, 1859.—tf

REFERENCES:
Rev. A. H. Clark, Altoona, Pa.
Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., Bankers, Altoona, Pa.
McCrum & Dern, Editors, "
Thos. A. Scott, Supt. P. R. R., "
D. McMurtrie, Esq., Huntingdon, Pa.

J. D. LEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW
ALTOONA, BLAIR Co. Pa.,
Will practice law in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Clearfield, Centre and adjoining counties.—Also in the District Court of the United States.

Collections of claims promptly attended to. Agent for the sale of Real Estate, Bounty Land Warrants, and all business pertaining to conveyancing and the law.

REFERENCES:
Hon. Wilson McCandles and Andrew Burke, Esq., Pittsburgh; Hon. Samuel A. Gilmore, Pres. Judge of Fayette Judicial District; Hon. Chenard Clemens, of Wheeling, Va.; Hon Henry D. Foster, Greensburg; Hon. John W. Killinger, Lebanon; Hon. Wm. A. Porter, Philadelphia; and Hon. George P. Hamelton, Pittsburg. June 16, 1859-1y.

DENTISTRY.—DR. S. KIMMELL,
OPERATIVE & MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Teeth inserted, from one to a full set, on Gold or Silver Plate.
Teeth filled with Gold, and warranted for ten years.
Teeth Extracted by the Electro Magnetic Machine without Pain.
All operations and work done cheaper than anywhere else in the county, and a deduction made, of the railroad expenses from Altoona to Hollidaysburg, from all operations amounting to five dollars and over.
☞ Office on Montgomery street, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [Doc. 16, 1859-1y

W. R. BOYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.
Will practice in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon and Indiana counties.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims, and prompt remittances made.
He speaks the German language fluently.
☞ Office, for the present, with J. M. Cherry, Esq., opposite Kessler's Drug Store.
Altoona, August 4, 1859.—tf

WM. S. BITTNER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE. Teeth extracted without pain by the Electro Magnetic Machine. [Dec. 23, '58.—tf
☞ A Student wanted.

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.

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

J. G. ADLUM,
Notary Public,
ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.
Can at all times be found at the store of J. B. Hileman, Altoona, October 1, 1857.-1y

New Book Store.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS LATELY opened a BOOK STORE next door to the corner of *Virginia and Annie streets*, where may be found
Old and Standard Authors, New Publications, Light Literature, Periodicals and Staple and Fancy Stationery in large varieties.
Also, a new and very select lot of SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. The citizens of Altoona are respectfully invited to call.
☞ All orders attended to with promptness and dispatch.
Altoona, Nov. 3, 1859—tf HASSMITH.

PLANING MILL & SASH MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber would announce that he has removed his
Planing Mill and Sash Manufactory,
from Tipton to Altoona, where he will continue to fill orders and attend to all work entrusted to him, with despatch. The Mill is on the lot adjoining Allison's Steam Flouring Mill. THOS. McAULEY.
Altoona, Nov. 17, 1859.—tf

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

SPECTACLES AND EYE PRESERVERS for sale at [1-tf] KESSLER'S

Select Poetry.

HALF WAY HOME.

BY R. A. R.

Half way home! The words are ringing
Through every chamber of my heart;
From its silent depths upspringing,
Long forgotten echoes start.

Long forgotten, for of gladness,
Little on my way hath shone;
Chords so long attuned to sadness
Scarce remember pleasure's tone.

But those words, like strange light, quiver
Through my spirit's gloomy aisles,
Kindling them, as some dark river
Kindles at the sunbeam's smiles.

Half way home! Henceforth descending
With quick step life's sunset slope,
Memory's hues with Hope's tints blending,
In my sky new glories ope.

From my Father's house outflashing,
Streams a light to cheer and guide;
What heed I the waters dashing,
To o'erwhelm on either side?

Half my weary life-march over,
Home and shelter full in view,
Soon to be no more a rover,
Who could fail to dare or do?

Half way home! Each step is telling
On the distance now! I roam
Blithely on, each sad thought quelling,
With the words, "I'm half way home."

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Tot!
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lilly white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling;
And to me,
And her little ways are witty:
When she sings her little ditty
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—you ne'er saw her
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom;
Is a treasure to her bosom,
And cheering and enduring
As my rose—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

Select Miscellany.

SAMUEL BRADY.

I left Beavertown in the mail coach, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for Poland, in Trumbull county, Ohio, distant thirty-eight miles. Directly on leaving Bridgewater and crossing a small stream, on a neat bridge, we began to ascend a long, steep hill, called Brady's Hill. It received its name from an interesting border adventure, which occurred in "early times" near its base Captain Samuel Brady was one of that band of brave men, who lived in the trying days of the American Revolution, on the Western borders, exposed to all the horrors and danger of Indian warfare, and whose names shall be perpetuated in history. He held a commission under the United States, and for a part of the time commanded a company of rangers, who traversed the forests for the protection of the frontiers. He was born in Shippensburg, Pa., in the year 1758, and removed, probably when a boy, into the valley of the Monongahela. At the period of this adventure he lived on the Chartler Creek, about twelve miles below Fort Pitt; a stream better known, however, to the pilots and keel boatmen of modern days, by the significant name of *Shirtee*. He died in 1796, soon after the close of the Indian war. A number of articles were published in the Blairsville *Recorder*, a year or two since, detailing his adventures, which would make a most interesting volume. His father and a brother were both killed by Indians.

LEGEND OF BRADY'S HILL. I received the particulars of the following story from one of the passengers in the coach, who had resided in the country several years and often heard it related. Samuel Brady, the hero of the following adventure, was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin and dark hair.—He was remarkably straight; an athletic, bold, vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attack on their war parties, and from shooting them during his hunting excursions, whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages, than any other man west of the mountains excepting Daniel Boone. He was in fact an Indian hunter, as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontiers; and doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beaver than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the Beaver river, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species that it took its name from the fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in the presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying to the stake a large circle was formed, consisting of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes with a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with an intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of the confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles around it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

BRADY'S POND. In the course of this afternoon we passed near several small lakes, from half to three-fourths of a mile long, and nearly as wide; being embosomed among low green hills, they resembled beautiful pearls, surrounded by emerals. One of these, called Brady's Pond, is seated about three miles from the cliffs or narrows of the Cuyahoga. From undoubted authority, it seems that the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Chartler's creek on the south side of the Ohio, as before noticed; and being a man of Herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. On this occasion, which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, but which was then known as the settlement of Catfish Camp, after an old Indian of that name, when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river.—This party had murdered several families, and with the plunder had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned, of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village, lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the lookout, and ready to receive him with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of land of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested.

The Indians, extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn in the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, to a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in its height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, in the opposite cliff, the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounding him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap*.

A NEW DROP GAME.

New York sharpers are famous for their adroitness in "raising the wind;" but the following specimen of Western knavery is rather ahead of New York in that line of business. The Seymour *Times* says:—

A man of genteel appearance, with carpet sack in hand, taking it afoot, came along the public square in Lexington, Scott county, Indiana, and when crossing the square, dropped dead, to all appearance. Everybody ran, medical aid was called, rubbing commenced, the stranger still slept, and was very stiff; to all appearance his limbs were paralyzed so that he could not be raised without the limbs giving way. "Bleed him!" several hallooed; the man comes to all at once; looks wild. Voice in crowd—"Who are you?"—"Where did you come from?" He pulls out a slate and pencil, and writes:—"I have been out to Michigan to see a brother, but when I got there he was dead; I am making my way home; am out of money; I live in Cleveland, Ohio." Sympathy runs high; the crowd make him a pony purse, $8,50; gives him. He travels to Bent, nine miles; drops again; everybody is alarmed; comes to; tells he is out of money; they make him up a pony-purse; the Doctor takes him home and gives him something to eat; off he goes again to Richie's Mills; drops again; no men about and women frightened and run for men folks; find one; man lies dead until man comes; women with camphor bottles running in every direction; excitement high; Mr. Richie takes him into the house, and keeps him all night, gives him breakfast, lodging and $10. He leaves for North Madison; drops again; he writes he is out of money, and wants to get home; hat goes round; he makes $9,50 off the good people of North Madison. He goes on, and still dropping and travelling.

The drop game was successfully practiced upon our Waterford friends some months ago, probably by the same individual—a purse made up, and the philanthropic "sucked in," as they afterwards learned. Men when put to their wits usually devise something new and interesting, among which the above device may be classed.—*Erie Dispatch.*

☞ Bulwer calls a newspaper "the common reservoir in which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink."

The Schoolmaster's in that Bed.

A correspondent of the New York Weekly gives the following as one of the many incidents that befell a "boarding round schoolmaster:"

I had been teaching in Mason county, in this Sucker State, and this term was boarding round. One evening after school, one of my little scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me."

"Very well," I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was distant some two miles. Now, be it known, James M'Harry—for such was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I had heard so much about them that I was naturally anxious to see them. It seemed however that I was to be disappointed. When we arrived, I learned the "gals" had gone to a party the other side of the creek; so I went to bed cursing the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night. The night had well advanced, when I heard one of the girls come home, and passing into the adjoining room, was warming before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems that the old lady and gentleman slept in the same room, but I was not aware of it until then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke:

"Girls," said he, "the schoolmaster's in your bed."

"Very well," said Sarah, and passing through the room I slept in, went up stairs. About an hour elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with her "feller," then entered softly. Disrobing her feet, she entered the room where I lay, in her stocking feet, carefully undressed herself, and coming to the side of the bed prepared to get in. Now it happened that I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake and said, in a suppressed whisper:

"Lay over Sarah"

I rolled over, and whipped the corner of the pillow into my mouth to keep me from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would speak. The old man heard it; and cried out:

"Judy!"

"Sir!" was responded in a faint tone from the bed beside me.

"*The schoolmaster is in that bed!*"

With one loud yell and "oh, heavens," she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer up stairs. She never heard the last of it, I can tell you; but probably she "learned something" about "stayin' out late sparkin'," and trying to slip in unbeknown to the old folks.

The Wife's Commandments

A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version for the use of all doubting husbands:

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow to her, for I am jealous, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt find no fault with thy wife.
8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his wife, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumseller.
11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor in the heaps of money that lie scattered on the table.

And the twelfth commandment is that thou stay not out later than nine o'clock at night.

☞ A clergyman in a New Hampshire pulpit, having with great eloquence urged his congregation to abstain, on Thanksgiving day, from all labor and all business pursuits, and to attend church in the forenoon, concluded with this touching appeal:

"If any of the brethren are at leisure in the afternoon, I should be pleased to see them at my house, as I intend to take that opportunity, should friends enough assemble, to move my barn!"

FINE GINGERBREADS.—Rub one pound of butter well into three pounds of flour; then add one pound of powdered sugar, one pound of molasses, two ounces of ground ginger, and one nutmeg grated.—Warm a quarter of a pint of cream, and mix all together. Make it into a stiff paste, and bake it in a slow oven.

☞ "Father, how many days are there in 1860?" said a young hopeful to his paternal ancestor. "Why 366, of course," was the reply. "No there ain't; forty of 'em are *Lent*."

[Original.]

THE DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF A TEACHER.

Essay of D. R. Williams, read before the Logan Teachers' Institute, Dec. 24th, 1859.

It is a fact universally admitted that upon the proper mental and moral training of the youth depends the prosperity and perpetuity of this great Republic. If this be true, which I presume scarcely any one would doubt, how vastly important is it that those who assume the positions of mental disciplinarians should consider well the importance of the duty and the weight of the responsibility, which devolve upon them in that capacity. It seems to me, that the duty of an individual who is about to enter upon the profession of teaching, should be first, to enquire what the nature and responsibility of its duties are, and, secondly, to ascertain whether he or she possesses the requisite qualifications for the faithful discharge of those duties.—The importance of a duty can only be properly estimated by the significance of the consequence which results from the performance or non-performance of that duty. That the spiritual, as well as the temporal, destiny of an individual greatly, if not entirely, depends upon the early mental and moral culture he receives, is a *postulatum* so obvious as to preclude the necessity of further argument to prove it. Admitting this principle, then how important the duty and how weighty the responsibility of a teacher.

But, it may be asked, what has a school-teacher to do with the spiritual destiny of a child? Does not the duty of moral training wholly devolve upon the parents and the minister? I answer, no. The teacher has a great deal to do in the matter. The principal intellectual training of the youth of our country is confided to the teachers of our schools. It is fair, therefore, to presume that they can and do exert a powerful influence for good or evil upon the minds of the youth. It is a fact, well established by experience, that the first impressions made upon the mind of a child, whether they be right or wrong, true or false, are far more enduring than those made in manhood. One wrong idea, inculcated in the mind of a child, by an injudicious teacher, may not only inflict upon the child a mental wound, but may produce a moral cancer which shall prey upon that mind not only in time, but also through eternity. No man, in my opinion, has any moral right to assume the position of a teacher who has not himself undergone a tolerably thorough course of mental and moral training. Allow me to prove the correctness of this assumption by a simple and practical illustration.—Would you not denounce as a flagrant impostor the man who would assume the appellation and the duty of a theologian, when, perhaps, he had given but little attention to the sacred teachings of the Bible? Or, would you not brand as an infamous mountebank, the man who would assay to palm himself upon a community as a physician, before he had studied the a b c of *Materia Medica*? I think no one can fail to perceive the correctness and applicability of these illustrations.—Is it not then our imperative duty as teachers to candidly and conscientiously consider the importance and dignity of the profession in which we are engaged. That it may be said of us, by our pupils, as it was said of the immortal Socrates by Plato. It is said that when Plato was on the point of death, he thanked God for three things:—That he had endowed him with a rational soul; that he was born a Greek and not a barbarian; and that he had placed his birth in the life-time of Socrates. I would ask no greater honor in this world than to have it said of me by one of my pupils, that he was benefitted by his having lived cotemporary with me. In view then of the honor and dignity of the profession, let us aim to adorn it by a thorough qualification of ourselves for its duties, and by an earnest and indefatigable effort for the dissemination of knowledge.

☞ At a friend's house one evening, the Sabbath school children met to practice singing, preparatory to an exhibition. The next day an elder sister asked little Johnny why he didn't go home with one of the little girls.

"I should have gone home with that girl that had on the white apron, if I'd had anybody to come back with me," answered he, artlessly.

☞ "Mr. Conductor, does the railroad stop here?"

"No marm, the cars stop here, but the railroad goes right on to Albany."

Scene closed with a green parasol patting a blue covered book on the back.

☞ We clip the following, from one of our exchanges, which by the way is more truth than poetry:

"The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap for all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare
But men of sense avoid the snare."

☞ Some slanderer asserts that paper-makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transfer beggars' rags into sheets for editors to lie on.