TER'S BITTERS.

ic period, every memis subject to disease odily functions; but. nic and the exercise hey may be able so to o secure permanent omplish this desired pursue is certainly natural state of of vital strength and Dr. Hostetter has inpreparation bearing icw medicine, but one ears, giving satisfaced it. The Bitters the stomach, bowels, n to a healthy and , by the simple proture, enable the sys-

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ed constitution and are invaluable as a nd vigor, and need aciated. And to a e Bitters are indisthe mother's nous he demands of the rength must yield, good tonic, such as is needed to impart gor to the system. ns try this remedy nd, before so doing, an, who, if he is ases of weakness. public against using counterfeits, but ask Втомаси Витика, the words "Dr. J. blown on the side

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on the metallic cap

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I A Ronsh, Altoona; G A irray, Hollidaysburg; at [Aug 25, 1859-ip



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E GAZETTE. rime and Criminals is in ily circulated throughout he Great Trials, Criminal on the some, together with s, not to be found in any

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MATSELL & CO.,

York Police Gazette,

-GENTLEMEN EPH P. TROUT annoused to discharge his dety

Altoona



Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1860.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 5.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE. McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors. m /navable invariably in advance,)

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Select Poetry.

From Clark's School Visitor. RHYMES OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MARY BYNON REESE.

They all are dead, that noble hand. Who heard the Old Bell tolling, And came with strong and fearless hearts. Responsive to its calling: To place on Freedom's hallowed shrine, Earth's mightiest ovation, And wreathe upon the scroll of Time. The advent of a nation.

They all are dead, but lived to see The pale light feebly dawning, Break in the full, and cloudless ray Of bright, aternal morning: And now their graves are Freedom's soil. Their fame a nation's story; The proudest theme we raise to-day, Their crowning meed of glory.

The fones are hushed, that dared invoke, Fierce wiath of despots scorning, The guardian spirit of the free, Still countless echoes through the world, Float on that deathless number, And freeman's prayer, is everywhere, "Oh, may they never slumber!"

From desert sands, from ruined piles, With olden memories clinging, From island homes in tropic seas, Where orioles are singing: Where'er our flag hath kiesed the breeze Where'er our sons may wander, A nobler poun swells to-day,

Than Heaven's eternal thunder. From northern lakes, from southern seas. From proud Atlantic's billow From mountain chains, whose rocky brows, In clouds their grandeur pillow-From gold embedded streams beyond The Mexican Nevada. Where calm Pacific's waters lave

From countless alters through our land. Brave hearts, in glad communior Will offer up, the patriot prayer, " God bless, and keep the Union!" We'll tell, to-day, our father's deeds, The old, but deathless story, And crown the name of Washington. With brighter wreaths of glory.

The shores of El Dorado;

Miscellany.

THE LAWYER'S OWN DESK. BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

a few months, during the spring and summer, in the uninteresting little town of B. New Jersey. I never shall forget the sleepy quiet of the place, nor the stupid solemnity of its inhabitants. The houses all alike and unshaded by tree or shrub, stood in formal rows, like a line of dominoes after a recently finished game. The sun beat down on them all day long, and seemed to have peeled the skin off the staring red roofs, so raw and glowing did they appear. ally hanging out to dry, and every parlor window was perpetually closed. Walking through general impression would be that every housekeeper in the place had just finished her washing and was laying down to take a nap. The only buildings of importance in the place were the school house and the meeting house, and the only amusements not considered sinful were scandal and donation parties and sewing socie-

The house we inhabited was large and old fashioned. Its last tenant had been, it was which was said to have been his property. One day when the town seemed sleepier than usual, and I was doomed to several hours of loneliness, article of furniture was placed, and began listiggsly to gaze from the window which overlooked the whole place, and even a distant farmhouse or two. There being no seat in the room I perched myself upon the deak which I have this position many moments, when a sharp pain ence."

my finger, and opened by its aid a little secret drawer, of the existence of which I had never before had the slightest suspicion. In this drawer were several papers and a small kid bag. of curly hair.

With my curiosity aroused I seized my treasure, and running down to my own little room. closed the door, and seating myself in my little rocking chair, began to examine it at my leisure. The portrait was that of a young and lovely girl, whose hair corresponded to that of the curly tress which lay beside it. The papers were four in number; two were little notes of invitation, written in a lively familiar manner, beginning "Dear Mark." and ending. "Your ly was by my side. I turned with a shudder, cousin Stella;" the third was a scrap of poetry in the same hand, and the fourth was a manuscript in large business-like characters, but evidently not a legal or business document. Manuscript at least, any except my own-always fascinates me, and I composed myself for the perusal of this waif of my own finding. The paper was old and yellow and the characters faded by time, but by dint of perseverance, I at length deciphered it. It was as follows:

Love, true and perfect love, is not the wild, tempestuous, stormy feeling which some believe it to be. Love which really merits the name flows on noislessly and softly; not the loud and glittering ripple and the wavelet on the shore of life, but rather the resistless undercurrentmore like a quiet, undemonstrative giant, than a noisy, passionate, hot-brained little dwarf.— Love will sacrifice itself for the happiness of the beloved object-seperation, nay even death, cannot end its life. An ever burning lamp in the unseen innermost of the human heart, its tal soul which frims and watches it.

STELLA.

Stella! Stella! loved of my youth and age, | present and future. lost forever here, but garnered up for me among the gems of heaven, dost thou know now in that | which made my Stella another's. I had been bright sphere to which the angels bore thee long the first to salute her as a bride, and I thank

I pause and start! The moon, falling through my study window, lights up the mirror upon the wall, and reveals to me my own reflection. I see an old man, grey haired and careworn; age of sentiment and romance—the spring and aroused by Edward Waring's voice. summer time, which Byron calls "the passionate part of life." Yet I, Mark Ashford, sitting here in my lonely study, with law books piled about me, with nothing near me that does not speak of dry business and money transactions. could write a love tale from the memories of my heart which might put to shame the records in the lives of younger men on whom the world looks as heroes. Come, old goose quill, there are no more briefs or deeds upon the deskthere is no case for you to draw up to night .-Doe vs. Roe can lay over until to-morrow-let me use you for myself for once; open for me the closed tombs of the past, and record the dead feelings and actions which time has buried there. Stella, bright star of my boyhood! how sweetly your picture seems to smile upon me .-You look now as you did upon that autumn day when I first met you, and when you gave me your soft hand so frankly, and called me cousin

Mark for the first time. She was very beautiful, not only to my own eyes, but to these of every one who gazed upon her; but I did not love her for her beauty only: it was her heart and soul which won me. Heav-Several years ago it was my fate to reside for | en knows that if every charm had vanished from her face she would have been as precious to me. Before she came to dwell among us I had known that she was betrothed to another, and she was | thunder drowned her voice. too pure to make a secret of the fact. She spoke of Edward Waring, (an officer of the navy and was at the time absent ou a three years' cruise) with the simple confidence of a child. and would run joyously to tell us of the receipt of a letter from her absent lover; and yet despite this knowledge, despite the fact that she In every garden lines of wet linen were perpetu- regarded me as a brother, the love I felt for her grew, against my will, to be the master passion of my soul. I never breathed one word of its the streets, morning or afternoon, a stranger's intensity to a living mortal : and she little knew as she leant in sisterly confidence upon my arm. hide my love from her sweet truthful eyes.

Time passed on and the hour of Edward Warng's return drew nigh. I heard from my sister that the day for the wedding was already fixed upon. Soon visions of white satin and orange flowers were often revealed to me through an accidentally opened window, and I knew that beneath busy fingers and flying needles. Stella's said, a lawyer; a grave-stone in the church yard | bridal dress was growing to perfection. Yet near by bore his name, and up in an unused now, for the first time since I had known her, 100m on the upper floor stood an old oak desk. Stella was sad and abstracted. For hours she fear upon her face. None seemed to see the alascended to the apartment where this ancient teration save myself; but a lover's eyes are far wife's pulseless form. seeing, and I had watched her face so long and so fondly. Going to her one day, as she lingered upon the piazza. I spoke of this sadness, and

asked her as a brother might, its cause. "Mark, you will laugh at me. if I tell you." mentioned, and to prevent myself from falling she replied. "It is very foolish and I do not off, resting my hand on a little moulding which like to speak of it. I-1 have had a terrible Ornamented the back. I had not remained in dream, cousin, and I cannot shake off its influ-

he what it purported, I eagerly pressed it with tune to the dreamer."

childish, but since that dream my presentiments | decks with flowers not half so pure and sweet of evil have been almost more than I could bear. as the fair bud so early laid beneath the sod. The latter I opened immediately, and found it I fear oh! I fear, Mark, that I never see Edcontained the miniature of a female and a lock ward again." She buried her face in her hands for a moment, and then raised it again, covered with tears. "I dreamed that we were walking together in a wood," she said, speaking in a low tremulous tone-"you and your sister. Edward and I-and that at turning in the path we came suddenly to the bank of a river: a willow tree bent over the water, and close beside it a little boat was tied. We were laughing and talking merrily, when suddenly I felt the blood curdle in my veins, and I knew that something unearthand saw a huge black thing, with wings, and holding a lance in his skeleton hand. "A good place to make a grave," he whispered. "Look a good place to make a grave." He pointed to the willow tree, and there I saw a grave dug. I screamed and turned toward Edward, but he was not there. I strove to fly, but the day had suddenly grown dark, and I could not find my way, nor see anything but the gaunt figure at my side. With a feeling of despair I cannot even bear to remember, I seemed to swoon away. Oh, Mark, I fear that dream feretold my Edward's doom. Think of the perils of the ocean and the sword.

> I cannot rest nor sleep. I shall die if he does not come soon !" Again she wept, and I soothed her, telling her that death meant marriage, and laughing at her superstition, yet feeling a strange foreboding at my own heart.

The days passed slowly by, but brought no sorrow. One bright morning, a ringing step was heard upon the pathway, a clear voice sounded through the hall, and Stella wept with very existence is often unknown save to the ves- joy upon her lover's bosom. He was thereher dream was forgotten in the living vision of

A few days more and I had listened to words God that He only read the anguish of my soul. She was to leave us soon, and one pleasant afternoon we walked out towards the woods for the last time-Stella leaning upon her happy

husband's arm, and I followed with my sister.not feeble or decrepid yet, but passed the blessed I had fallen into a reverie from which I was "A boat!" he cried. "A boat! Now if we can find the owner, we may have a glorious sail.

Whose is it-do any of you know?"

"It is Mr. Brown's," said my sister, stooping to examine a name on the post to which it was chained. He is a friend of ours, and will lend us the key with pleasure. Yonder is his house among the trees; I will go and borrow it."

Away she tripped, and Edward Waring followed her. "Pil be back in a minute," said he. "don't run away with my wife while I am gone, Mark," and he looked back laughingly, as he vanished through the bushes. He had scarcely gone when a low peal of

thunder broke upon our ears. I looked up at the sky; it was fast clouding over. "We are to have a storm," I said. "Th

boat will be of no use to us. I wish they would Stella turned as I spoke, and her face grew

deadly pale. "Mark! Mark!" she gasped, "Call him back! Quickly, cousin-quickly." "Are you afraid of the storm !" I asked. She pointed to the tree and the boat near it

in answer. "My dream!" she murmured. "My dream! Do you remember it?" As she spoke a flash of lightning gleamed up-

on the horizon, and another and a heavy peal of "Edward! oh, Edward! come back-come

back t" she sobbed. But he was beyond the reach of her sweet voice, that voice which he was never to hear any more-no, never! for as she knelt beneath the willow praying for his safety, the lightning flashed again and the the thunder's awful voice was heard once more; and when silence reigned again, and recovered from the stunning effects of a deafening crash, which flung me prostrate on the ground, I knew not where, I saw her ly- nostrils. ing, pale and ghastly, with a black mark upon that I was praying all the while for strength to her bosom, beneath the riven tree, where I had finger. last seen her praying.

my arms. Upon those lifeless lips I pressed passionate kisses; into those closed ears I poured wild protestations of love: close, close I pressed that seared bosom to my own, and wildly moan-

They found me afterwards, wandering in the woods, carrying her in my arms, and raving would sit alone, watching the sky, or looking weeks; but I have lost no remembrance of that and respiration.) into the the far distance with something like day, nor of the horrible despair of the young bridegroom's face, as he looked upon his sweet | back and ribs, and then remove it (to induce He wept: he mourned-aye, mourned sincere-

ly-but not as I did. Friends sympathized with him, and knew nothing of my sorrow; but as years passed on I could see that his old buoy- teen times a minute only. Continuing these with their windows shut? An open window stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house ancy returned, and he was young and glad again. had been dead five summers. I sat beside her energetically. Replace the wet clothes by such purest air to be found in the twenty-four hours. grave, weeping, and watching the lights gleam- other covering, &c., as can be produced. ing from the windows of a stately mansion near thused me to start suddenly, and, looking down "A dream! Tell it to me Stella, that I may at hand—lights which showe upon the fair face. Do you love me John?" "Do I love for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke,

Stella shook her head. "I wish that I could star-lit summer night and wept upon her grave, think so," she said. "I know that I am very | the grave which my hand, and mine only, still In heaven she will be mine! Yes, sweet an gel, in dreams I have the promise. I have been constant to her each moment of my sad life; and when, this fitful fever past. I join the dead ones gone before to the spirit world. I know she will be the first of all to meet me, and together we shall know the bliss of perfect love, unmarred

by death or parting. The tale was done; softly and reverently folded up the papers, and replaced all in the secret drawer once more. Then, starting out towards the grave-yard. I sought the lawyer's grave, and found it. Close beside, with a creeping rose still ring about its stained marble was another stone, "STELLA WARING!"

LEGAL WITTICISMS.

A celebrated Lawyer in Missouri, being once pposed to Mr S ----, late member of Conress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a disagreement between them: "Here, my brother S-and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light: and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and holdly assert that my brother S---'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the lurge chuckle-head of his opponent) is a squash! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference-undoubtedly an honest difference-of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing on subjects as trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the at once, that I had reason on my side; for it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of old lady. one, and stood where a head ought to be " All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresista-

And this reminds us of a similar "hit" once made upon the eloquent Elisha Williams, of Columbia county, on the Hudson. He wa powerful" before a jury; and one day, in the ircuit Court of that ilk, he had made a mos profound impression, alike upon the jury and ipon the "Court." His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but "smart:" and he said Gentlemen of the jury, and your honors, should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke, than what I like that piece. He spoke it good I've heard him give it three times afore; once at Schodack, in a burglary case; once at Kiak on a suspicion o' stealin; once to Poughkeepsie. on a murder case : and the next time at Kink, about a woman who was catched a counterfeiting. Well, he always spoke it good; but this time, he's re-ally beat himself. But what does it all amount to, gentlemen of the jury? That's the question; and you can answer it as well a kin, and better tew!" And so they did, and quickly, by a verdict in favor of pettifogger's

Treatment of Drowned Persons.

1. Send with all speed for medical aid, for an ticles of clothing, blankets, &c.

2. Treat the putient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the

breeze, except in too cold weather. 3. Place the patient gently on the face (to

allow any fluids to flow from the mouth.) 4. Then raise the patient into a sitting pos ture, and endeavor to excite respiration.

1. By snuff, hartshorn, &c., applied to the 2. By irritating the throat by a feather or the

3. By dashing hot and cold water alternatev on the face and chest. If there be no suc-

5. Replace the patient on his face, his arms under his head, that the tongue may fall forward, and leave the entrance into the windpipe ed as I felt that soft hand growing cold and hard free, and that any fluids may flow out of the mouth: then

1. Turn the body gradually but completely on the side, and a little more, and then again like a maniae. They say that I was mad for on the face, alternately, (to induce inspiration

2. When replaced, apply pressure along the further respiration and inspiration,) and proceed as before.

8. Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly six-One night—ah! many years ago—when Stella | wards, with warm hands, making firm pressure

I. whose love she never guessed, sat there, that his head in with a cistern pole!"

SOMNAMBULIC ECCENTRICITY

A short time since, a wealthy lady, who has S. opened the following conversation:

"I wish to consult you, doctor, concerning Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified my son-George, you know."

"O, yes, madam," said the Professor, "but run away. he is surely not sick?".

"Why, sir, there are no acute symptoms, but somnambulism, and we fear that unless the tendency is corrected the most dangerous consequences will ensue."

"You say he has walked in his sleep for month past?"

"Yes, sir."

"And never did, previous to that?"

"No, sir." The doctor mused

"Of what does your family consist, madam " Myself and my son, the two kitchen maids, and Celeste, the chambermaid, who came here which he protruded himself about half way, and only last month."

Just at this moment the last named person en tered. She was a plump, rosy-lipped, French girl, who waited upon Mrs. Smith.

When she had left the room, Mrs. Smith remarked. "That's my new chambermaid, doctor; nteresting girl, is she not?"

"Yes, madam, particularly so. I think you said she had been with you about a month, did you not?" "Yes, sir."

"Then, madam," said the doctor, rising and aking his hat, "allow me to say that any aporchensions for your son's health would be su erfluous. As long as that young woman's room s accessible to George, I fancy his somnambulistic habits will centinue. And, madam, under those circumstances, I really do not wonder

THE EMPIRE OF GOD.

Professor Mitchell, in closing his series of lectures on Astronomy said :- "Now, my friends, must close this long course of lectures. We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to bracelet, dazzling with diamonds and rubies, sun, from system to system. We have reached but wealth cannot buy a graceful and well-turnbeyond the limits of this mighty solor cluster | ed arm on which to display its splendor. God with which we are allied. We have found other only can give that, and to many of the poor he island universes sweeping through space. The has given it. "I wish I had the health of that great unfinished problem still remains—whence rosy-cheeked pensant girl," sighs the aristogracame this universe? Have all these stars tic invalid, propped up with pillows in her costwhich glitter in the heavens been shining from ly carriage. "Ah, me," says the girl, "if I all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around | could only ride in such style as that." Wealth the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence came this cannot purchase health, nor can it give a connaguificent architecture, whose architraves rise | tented mind. All that is most valuable can be n splendor before us in every direction? Is it had for nothing. They come as presents from the work of chance? I answer no. Is it not the hand of a kind and indulgent Father, and the work of chance. Who shall reveal to us neither the air, nor sky, nor beauty, health, the true cosmography of the universe by which strength, and genius can be bought and sold .we are surrounded? It is the work of an Om- Reader, whatever may be your condition in life, ipotent Architect.

"Around us and above us rice sun and sysem, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun, and from system to system—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity, and through eternity!"

TOADS LIVING IN PLASTER FOR YEARS.-M Seguin, says the Medical Times and Gazette, wish ng to ascertain what amount of truth there is in the marvelous tales told of batrachians being found living within the substance of stones. has undertaken some experiments upon the matter. He inclosed some toads very firmly in plaster and left them for years in the middle of these blocks of factitious stone. At various intervals he has broken some of these blocks, and has found a certain number of the toads alive. One of the animals had remained thus deprived of air during ten years, another twelve, and a third fifteen years. Two still continue enclosed and as Mr. Seguin is very old, and fears that heart, and ax fourteen cents a pound for beef: these two blocks may be lost to the purposes of I'm sorry you sold it, 'cause I'd like to have science, he offers them to the Academy of Sciences, in order that it may hereafter test the truth of the phenomenon. Mr. Flourens announces on the part of the Academy its willingness to accept them, intending, after a verification of the dates of sequestration, to have the plaster broken in the presence of a commission ad hoc

NIGHT AIR .- Many people are afraid of night I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt ir. Here is what Florence Nightingale says: 'An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night | added, "No, that is not the reason; it was beair. What air can we breathe at night but night | cause I slept too near where I got out." air? The choice is between pure night air from without, and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter-an unaccountable preference. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we lyold man, neither smoking nor chewing, from suffer from are occasioned by persons sleeping the fact that the fish retained him so long in his measures, rub all the limbs and the trunk up- most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and have vomited himself to death." I could better understand shutting the windows to examine the cause, I observed a little spring, interpret it." I said laughingly. "Dreams al- of another bride whom Edward Waring woold you—ask the sun if it likes flowers—ask a cold the quiet, all tend to make night the best time half hidden by the carving which surrounded it. ways go by contraries, you know; a terrible and won. Yes, he whom she had loved so well, kitten if it loves a hot brick-bat. Love you? for airing the patient. A high medical authohad seen a spring like this before, and, know- dream will certainly bring the best of good for- and trusted in so fondly, had wed another; and show me the man who says I don't, and I'll cave rity has fold me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night." - drawn, the hotter it grown.

A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

NO. 29.

A fellow named Donks, was lately tried at an only son, called on Professor Pancoast. The Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent and seiglatter, it should be remembered, rarely visits pa- ing a bag of gold dust valued at eighty-four deltients, but receives them in his office. On this lars. The testimony showed that he had once occasion, however, Prof. P. complied with her been employed there, and knew exactly where equest, and was ushered into the presence of the owner kept his dust; that on the night of Mrs. Smith. After the asual compliments, Mrs. October 18th, he out a slit in the tent, reaching in, took the bag and then ran off.

that he saw the man reach in, and heard him

"I put for him at once," continued the witness, "but when I cotched him, I didn't find for about a month past he has been affected with Bill's bag; but it was found afterwards, where he had throwed it."

Counsel for the Prisoner.—How far did he git in when he took the dust?

Buller.-Well, he was stoopin' over-about half in, I should say.

Counsel.-May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on the direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through strutching out his arms, committed the theft.-But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor. can a man enter the house, when only one-half

of his hody is in, and the other half out? Judge.—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to one- half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The Judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the "not guilty" half cut off, or take it along with him. A judgement, we think, worthy of a Solomon.

REMEMBER. - Rothscoild, with all his wealth We rather imagine that that rather took the over the poor man. He cannot order a private sunset, that he may enjoy it with a select circle of friends, nor can he add one single ray to the clear, bright beams of the queen of night, as she sails magnificently through the heavens. The richest banker cannot have more than his share of the air to breathe, and the poorest of all men can have the same. Wealth may buy a brilliant remember these things, and be content.

STEAMBOATS AND FISH. -Landlady, (deferentially.)-" Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was launched?"

Smith, (curtly.)-I can't say, madam, whether it did or not." Landlady .- "Oh! I thought from the way

you eyed the fish before, that you might acquire some information on that roint." Smith, (the malicious villain.) - "Very likely -but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left

"Master, how do you sell beef this morning?"

its native element before steamboats were in-

"Why fourteen cents a pound; how much will you have ?!

"Fourteen cents, eh? Have you's beart?" "No, just sold it." "Well, I just knowed you couldn't have a

some meat." A moment after the boy was seen running out of the market house, with a shinbone after him.

Mother," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen from his bed - "Mother, I think I know why I fell, out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where whether he had given the right explanation, he

A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, among other things said: "I am of the opinion that Jonah was a cleanwherein we are worshipping, he would doubtless

John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you What did you weigh last?" "Well. Simon, I really don't know, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

Bar The longer the saw of contention is