Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 5. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1860. NO. 38.

BUY YOUR BOOTS & SHOES

At the People's Shoe Store.

STEWART & THOMPSON

Take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that they have just received, at their store on Annie street, two doors below the Post Office, a large and handsome assortment of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children's wear, of all sizes and kinds. Their stock is of neat finish and excellent manufacture, which they will sell for CASH only, at least 25 PER CENT. CHEAPER than the same can be purchased elsewhere—as will be seen by referring to the following price list:—

Men's fine calf Boots,	$3 25 to	$3 50
Men's fine kip Boots,	2 75 to	3 25
Boy's kip Boots,	1 75 to	2 00
Youths',		1 75
Men's Calf Gaiters,		2 00
Men's Oxford Ties,	1 62 to	2 00
Men's Brogan's,	1 12 to	1 65
Boys' Brogans,	75 to	1 20
Youths' Shoes,	62 to	87
Children's Shoes,	25 to	65
Ladies' Congress Gaiters,	1 50 to	1 55
Ladies' Lasting Gaiters with heels,	1 37 to	1 50
Ladies' Superior Lasting Gaiters,		1 85
Ladies' Morocco Boots with heels,	1 30 to	1 55
Ladies' Morocco Boots without heels,	1 25 to	1 37
Ladies' Goat Boots with heels,		1 25
Ladies' Calf Boots with heels,	1 20 to	1 25
Misses' Calf Boots with heels,	75 to	1 00
Misses' French Morrocco Boots, with heels,		1 25

Having bought our goods for cash, they were put at the lowest figure, and by doing an exclusively cash business customers are not made to pay for bad debts hence our low prices.

And if you want a good and fashionable Boot or Shoe made, leave your measure and they will have it made at short notice. Repairing done in the neatest manner, and on reasonable terms.

We respectfully solicit a liberal share of public favor.

Sept. 13, 1860.-tf.

Literary Emporium and News Depot

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JEWELRY & VARIETY

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THE SUBSCRIBER CONTINUES to keep constantly on hand all the best literary papers and periodicals, daily papers from Philadelphia, New York and Pittsburgh, together with a good assortment of Books. All the School Books used in this place and vicinity always on hand.

Also, a choice lot of Confectionaries, and knick knacks of all kinds for children. Also the best Tobacco & Segars to be had in town, together with a fine assortment of Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Rings and other articles of Jewelry. Call and examine. H. FETTINGER.

Altoona, July 26, '60-1y. No. 1 *Altoona House.*

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. Ter.

July 14, 1859.-tf

REFERENCES:

Rev. A. B. 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.

W. M. LLOYD & CO., *ALTOONA, PA.,*

JOHNSTON, JACK & CO., *HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,*

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Feb. 3d, 1859.

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.

S. M. WOODKOK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL Courts of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties.

Having had several years' experience in the practice of the Law, he expects to merit public patronage.

Office on Virginia Street, in the room lately occupied by Maj. Leet, Esq. [Sept. 6, 1860.-tf.

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.

April 21st, 1859 3m

BOOTS AND SHOES.—THE UNDERSIGNED has now on hand and will sell cheap at his store in the Masonic Temple, a large and complete assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES, ready made, or made to order, Overshoes, Ladies' Sandals, Gum Shoes, Cork Soles, and everything in his line of business, of the best quality and on the most reasonable terms. All custom work warranted.

Jan. 2, '58-tf.] J. SHOEMAKER.

The Root and Herb Doctor,

OF PHILADELPHIA, HAS LEFT for the Rocky Mountains, for a new supply of Roots. He will return again and can be consulted at John Wood's Hotel, Altoona, on the 21st day of November and on the 10th day of December. Also, one day in each month for several months thereafter, notice of which will be given in this paper. DR. W. LEVINGSTON.

Sept. 20, 1860.

BLAIR COUNTY INSURANCE AGENCY.—The undersigned, Agent of the Blair County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, is at all times ready to insure against loss or damage by fire, *Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture and Property*, of every description, in town or country, at as reasonable rates as any Company in the State. Office with Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co. D. T. CALDWELL, *Agent.*

Jan. 27, '59-tf

DRS. CONRAD & CAMERON RESPECTFULLY offer their professional services to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity. Office on Railroad street, two doors east of the Red Lion Hotel, where they may be consulted at all hours, except when professionally engaged.

Sept. 6, 1860.-tf.

J. G. ADLUM,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.

Can at all times be found at the store of J. B. Hileman.

October 1, 1857.

FOR SALE.—A HOUSE AND LOT, desirably located in the Borough of Altoona. Apply to JOHN SHOEMAKER.

Altoona, Feb. 9, 1860.-tf.

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE Company. Agency, Anna Street, Altoona. March 17, 1859 JOHN SHOEMAKER, Agent.

BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

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Sept 6, 1860.-3m.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM,.....H. C. 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.

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Select Poetry.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned!*
When day has departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

CONSTANCY.

'Tis sweet to know we have a friend,
Unwavering as the sea-girt rock;
Where storms in vain their fury spend,
And naught but waves roll from the shock.

Unmoved, unflinching, there it stands,
(Though ocean's waves around it roar,)
Unlike the gay coquettish sands,
That sparkle on the distant shore.

And such a friend methinks is mine,
As pure as is the morning due;
Unchanging with the change of time,
As constant as the rock is true.

SLEEP.

O, magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, stranger minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who unfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?

Select Miscellany.

A HEROINE OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of these hammers. The dull song of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity. They are making tracks for a railroad in this old town. I am not pleased with the "improvements," as some call it, for a pleasant farmhouse and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills have vanished before its nod. The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poverty and romance, till, I fear, by and by, they will only have power to flap along the ground, their etherial faculties chained down to stock taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there are some recollections connected with its history for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old farm-house surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the autumn time, overhung by branches of various trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley, especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the background, or a deep shade of forest trees stretches away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that one before us (I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot) the widow of the noble Captain Piermont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of old time women; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheeks, artificially moulded forehead, and a deep earnest expression in her bright eyes. She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers, a woman who in youth had known no stint of wealth, whose mind was stored with classic lore, who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farm house, and a small gray stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day during the hardest campaign of our soldiers, Madame Piermont was alone at the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on an errand which would detain him until nightfall, and Alek the hired man, had wounded his hand with an axe, so that he was quite disabled and obliged to return to his home, about a mile distant, which, by the way, was the nearest homestead to the old farm house. The widow's four brave sons of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous for their country's field of battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability, some, perhaps all, would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanched and holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then, she turned to open the Bible before her and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an endearing home in many such a gentle breast.

Suddenly from a distance came a sound like the trampling of horses feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travellers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen drove up before the door. They wore military costume and were all fine looking men. The foremost gentleman by far exceeded the others by his imposing figure, and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that character which always characterised him, he bowed gracefully to Madame Piermont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied; we have ridden since this morning and would fain recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smilingly, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his smoking horse "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or servant about your house, Madame, who could rub them down and feed them?" I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead them around they will be cared for."

"Make yourself perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow; "and excuse me while I prepare your refreshments. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another minute the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which, nevertheless she could do in time, being a woman of strong muscular frame and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself or not at all. As for men and horses they were completely jaded out. She with straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into stalls and prepared and give them food. After changing her dress the widow again returned to the parlor, where the officers having unbuckled their swords and doffed their caps, sat conversing together evidently enjoying a delightful rest. As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was remarking to his companions—

"He was one of the best men; and as fine looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Piermont?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday pierced by three balls, poor fellow; it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the widow was blanched, the heart of the mother shocked, but she spoke almost calmly as she asked:

"Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Piermont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

"Was he known to her? Oh, the torment that followed that question! Henry! Her noble first born! He who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and with a gravity beyond his years carried out the plans his father had left unfinished. And now his blue eyes were closed forever! his bright locks rolled in the dust! Oh! the thought was anguish! A deathly paleness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her whitened cheeks away:

"He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face as she walked quickly and firmly from the room.

"Now, God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart"

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. This is no common woman—her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me, when you next see her, she will be tearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers, our wives—I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this, he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness; whenever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find woman capable of any emergency. I repeat it it, when we meet again she will be calm and tearless although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was, Madame Piermont had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission, and the officers were called into another room to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in her manner, and serene in countenance. The officer from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated women more for her sake.

Towards night the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for the courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled and were forced to conjecture that Madame Piermont had herself performed the duty of hostler.

General Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of the officers while they listened, but though an increasing pallor overspread the widow's face, she murmured:

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that He has deemed me worthy of demanding my first born in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir, for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceedingly bitter tears. Draw we the curtain before her sacred anguish.

Farewell, old Piermont house, with your carpet of mallows, and old-fashioned flowers in old fashioned pots standing upon the stoop. I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see its doors wreathed in vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuriating grapes; nor its windows on the lower floor, all opened with the white curtains of snowy white muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

READ ALOUD.

Reading aloud is one of those exercises which combines mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. It is an accomplishment which may be cultivated alone—perhaps better than under a teacher—for then a naturalness of intonation will be required from instinct rather than art; the most that is required being that the person practicing should make an effort to command the mind of the author, the sense of the subject.

To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is indistinctly heard by the farthest auditor in the room; if he is not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develope the lungs just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than of reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations, is curative to the extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud developes a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also, in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and hem, and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that all muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice a day, for a minute or two, or three, at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of health, of averting consumption, of being universal and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, but reading aloud should be considered an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French, lisping Italian, or growling Dutch, or dancing cotilions, gallopades, polkas, and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE MAN WHO DON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to walk over plains of gunpowder.

May every day of his life be more despotic than than the Dey of Algiers.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May his sheets be sprinkled with cowage and with bed-bugs, and fleas be the sharers of his couch.

May 240 night-mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his wife be always cross, and his baby ever on the squall.

May his demijohn always be full of blue devil rot gut.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders.

May a troop of printer's "devils," lean, lank, gaunt and grim, and a regiment of cats, catterwaul under his chamber window each night.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to———the Legislature.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.—"Morgan, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry—at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks upon hands and face. You will surely let him live! Oh, do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative and prays for life—not lead. Go get the muzzle now, and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow, bow, bow! and tendency to drought. He is your children's pet, companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No, Morgan, spare that pup, and go away from there?"

THE HAPPY LAND.—Some "feller," (we think it was a morning newspaper typo) with a hankering after an elysium, thus "sighs his soul away:"

"O, is there not a happy land—
A land beyond the seas—
Where pot-pie smokes in boundless lakes,
And dumplings grow on trees?
Where gingerbread is found in stacks,
And 'shmearcase' by the tun,
And when you do a job of work
You get the 'ready John'?
Where Nature's lessons may be read,
In every babbling brook?
Where humble bees don't sting a chap,
And muley cows don't hook?"

ABSTEMIOUS DIET.—Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner in Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you do for yourself when you have a turn of the headache, or other slight attacks?" "Go without my dinner," was the reply. "And if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my supper." "But if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that abstinence is better, but we cannot make our patients believe it."

☞ A young lady, lately, asked a gentleman the meaning of the word surrogate; and the gentleman explained it to her, as a gate through which parties have to pass to get married. "Then, I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *sorrow-gate.*" "You are right, Miss," replied her informant, "as woman is an abbreviation of *woe-to-man.*"

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly letters.—It is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words, lie folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod.

Above all, never burn love-letters. To read them in after years is like a a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has just journied before her to the far off land, from which there comes no messages, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographer can so vividly recall to the memory of a mother, the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left her at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their filial love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother, is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul.

Keep all loving letters, burn only the harsh and cruel ones, and in burning, forget and forgive them.

OUR TURN MUST COME.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt, as we feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while Nature wore the same of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled, and we shall be at rest.—Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worms. 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, and will not remember to lisp our names."

A THRILLING ROMANCE.—*Chapter* 1.—She stood beside the alter, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds—her lover stood beside her with white kids and dickey clean—the last was twenty-one years old, the first was seventeen.—The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced and laughed and cried. The last kiss had been given, and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had simmered down and the last guest had fled. *Chapter* 11.—She stood beside the washtub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slip shod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds—her husband stood beside—the crossest man alive—the last was twenty-nine years old and the first was twenty-five. The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung up to dry—and Tom had stuck his fingers in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked and the supper made upon a crust of bread, and the bride and bridegroom went grumbling off to bed.

NEW METHOD OF DEPRIVING ANIMALS OF LIFE.—The means proposed for instantly depriving animals of life consists in the introduction of air into the venous system. The effect of this upon vital action was accidentally discovered by Doctor Auber during a surgical operation. It is asserted that this method is not only painless, but that it offers no difficulty in regard to the subsequent preparation of the animal for food. In this case we may hope that the kindly purpose for which the uninviting investigation of the practices of slaughter-houses was undertaken, may not fail of effect in diminishing the sufferings which now end the career of our slaughtered animals.

IRISH WIT.—A lawyer built himself an office, in the form of an hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing; they made a full stop and viewed it critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there gazing at my office for—do you think it's a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

POWER IN A WOMAN'S EYE.—A lady, when the conversation turned on dynamics, asked the late George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, "What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?" "I will soon answer that question," said he; "it is the eye of a woman, (to the man that loves her;) for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back."

☞ "Ma, I am going to make some soft soap for the fair this fall," said a beautiful miss of seventeen to her mother the other day.

"What put that notion into your head Sally?"

"Why, ma, the premium is just what I have been wanting."

"Pray, what is it?"

"A 'New Jersey Farmer,' and I hope he will be a good-looking one."

☞ A cheerful heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness pallid with thick vapors, and dark as the "Shadow of Death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquility.

☞ The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face, and said: "Now kiss the book madam." He didn't discover his mistake, until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

☞ Woman is like ivy, the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile bachelor adds: "Ivy is like a woman—the more it clings to you the more you are ruined." Poor rule that won't work both ways.

☞ Don't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse, unless you want to be dislocated.