

The Altoona Tribune.

McCORM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. VOL. 7. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1862. NO. 3.

HOLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN H. HARRIS, successor to A. W. Kinney
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK
at the lowest prices. All work guaranteed.
Establishment re-located to give satisfaction.

BAKERY
AND ANNOUNCER
of all varieties that he
can make. Good stock of plain
and fancy breads.
Cakes, Raisins, &c.
Wholesaler, Butter,
MEAT, &c.
Small quantities
at all prices.
JACOB WERNER
No. 100 North
Third Street, Altoona, Pa.

ENT IN COOK
GARDENING
and all kinds of
fruit trees, &c.
and all kinds of
vegetables, &c.
and all kinds of
flowers, &c.
and all kinds of
fruit trees, &c.
and all kinds of
vegetables, &c.
and all kinds of
flowers, &c.

ER'S
AGENCY,
HOUSE.
BOOKS
PHONOGRAPH
ACCOR
CAT VASHER
AND.

BAZETTE
and all kinds of
fruit trees, &c.
and all kinds of
vegetables, &c.
and all kinds of
flowers, &c.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

I. B. McCORM, H. C. DERN,
PUBLISHERS.

Per annum (payable invariably in advance) \$1.50.
All orders discounting at the expiration of the time
paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

| | | |
|--|-------|--------|
| For one line or less..... | 2 do. | 3 do. |
| One square, (8 lines)..... | 25 | 37 1/2 |
| Two " (16 ")..... | 40 | 50 |
| Three " (24 ")..... | 50 | 60 |
| Over three weeks and under three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion. | | |
| Six lines or less..... | 1 50 | 3 00 |
| One square..... | 2 50 | 4 00 |
| Two "..... | 4 00 | 5 50 |
| Three "..... | 5 00 | 6 50 |
| Four "..... | 6 00 | 7 50 |
| Half a column..... | 14 00 | 22 00 |
| One column..... | 22 00 | 35 00 |
| Advertisements by the year, three squares, with liberty to change..... | 100 | |
| Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 50 lines with paper per year..... | 5 00 | |
| Communications of a political character or individual interest will be charged according to the above rates. Advertisements not combined with the number of inser- tions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged ac- cording to the above terms. Business notices five cents per line for every insertion. Ordinary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square. | | |

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. BARKER, Pastor—Preaching
every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening
at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every
Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in same
room at 9 o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. LEE STROVING,
Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock,
and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the
Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Sabbath School in the same room at 9 o'clock A. M.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. C. L. EBERFELD,
Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock,
and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the
Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Sabbath School in the same room at 9 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST—Rev. H. STROVING, Pastor—Preaching
every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening
at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at
7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

UNITED BRETHREN—Rev. SAMUEL KEPLER, Pastor.
Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the
evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room
every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in
the same room at 9 o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—(No regular Pastor)—
Preaching on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the
evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday
evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, Pastor—Di-
vina services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock and
in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1
o'clock in the afternoon.

GERMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. Pastor—
Divina services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock
and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1
o'clock in the afternoon.

AFRICAN METHODIST—Rev. ALEXANDER JOHNSON,
Pastor—Preaching every Fourth Sabbath in each month.
Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sab-
bath School at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1862 TRAINS
will arrive at and leave Altoona as follows:

| | | |
|------|-------------|-------------|
| West | 8:20 A. M. | 8:20 A. M. |
| East | 7:40 A. M. | 7:40 A. M. |
| West | 11:00 A. M. | 11:00 A. M. |
| East | 11:50 A. M. | 11:50 A. M. |
| West | 3:15 P. M. | 3:15 P. M. |
| East | 3:45 P. M. | 3:45 P. M. |

The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with
Keokuk Train West, and Fast Line and Mail Train East
and West.

INDIANA BRANCH TRAINS connect with Mail Train
at Johnston Accommodation East and West, Express
West, and with Local Freight.

L. K. LEWIS, Gen'l Supt.

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

MAILS CLOSE.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Eastern Way..... | 11 00 A. M. |
| Western Way..... | 8 00 |
| Hollidaysburg..... | 8 09 A. M. & 11 00 A. M. |
| Western Through..... | 11 00 A. M. |
| Eastern Through..... | 7 00 |

MAILS ARRIVE.

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Hollidaysburg..... | M. & 11 15 A. M. |
| Western Through..... | 3 10 A. M. |
| Eastern Through..... | 11 22 A. M. |
| Western Way..... | 11 22 A. M. |
| Eastern Way..... | 11 22 A. M. |
| Office Hours—During the week, from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M. On Sundays, from 7 A. M. till 9 P. M. | |

GEO. W. PATTON, P. M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 281, A. V. M. meets on
Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., in the third
story of the Masonic Temple.

WATERBURY LODGE, No. 159, B. A. C. meets on
the first Thursday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.,
in the same room as above.

MOUNTAIN COGNICIL, No. 9, R. & S. M. meets on the
first Monday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., in same
room as above.

MOUNTAIN COMMANDERY, No. 10, R. T. M. meets on
the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.,
in the same room as above.

ALTOONA LODGE, No. 473, I. O. O. F. meets every
Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the second story of the
Masonic Temple.

VERANDA LODGE, No. 522, I. O. O. F. meets every
Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the second story of the
Masonic Temple.

WATERBURY LODGE, No. 25, I. O. O. F. meets every
Tuesday evening in the second story of Masonic Temple.
Council held kindled at 7th run 20th breath.

ALTOONA DIVISION, No. 211, R. of T. meets every
Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the second story of the
Masonic Temple.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Andrew G. Curtin.
Secretary of State—Z. B. Miller.
Attorney General—William M. Meredith.
Auditor General—Thomas E. Cochran.
Superior General—William L. Wright.
Adjutant General—E. M. Bidde.
State Treasurer—Henry D. Moore.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Judge, Hon. George Taylor.
Int. Association, Samuel Dean, Adam Moses.
State Senator—Hon. Lewis W. Miller.
Assemblyman—Theodore Banks.
Prothonotary—Anthony J. Morrow.
Recorder and Recorder—Light A. Caldwell.
Sergeant—Samuel McCannan. Deputy—John Marks.
District Attorney—Benjamin L. Howard, John A. M.
County Commissioners—George L. Cowan, George Koon,
James M. Klakrad.
County Surveyor—James L. Gwin.
Treasurer—John McCracken.
Poor House Directors—Peter Good, William Burley, David
Aronard.
County Auditors—A. M. Lloyd, Robt. M. Messimer, J. L.
Cowan. A. J. Freeman.
Superintendent of Common Schools—John Mitchell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland,
Burgess—John Allison.
Town Council—A. A. Brough, Daniel Langman, John Mc-
Donald, E. Greenwood, G. B. Hottel, N. J. Merritt.
Clerk to Council—S. M. Woodcock.
School Directors—Daniel Langman.
School Director—Geo. B. Cramer, John Shoemaker, J. B.
Hilman, Wm. Boyden, James Lowther, E. A. Beck.
President of School Board—B. Hilman.
High Constable—Joseph E. Fly.
Collector of State, County, Borough and School Taxes—
J. E. Fly.
Assessors—John Lowther, C. J. Mann, Alex. McCormick.
Auditors—John McClelland, J. L. Reifreyder.
Justices of the Peace—Jacob H. Houser, J. L. Reifreyder.
" of Elections—Eugene Ward—William Maloney.
West Ward—J. E. Sullivan, Robt. P. Hester.
North Ward—Christian Whittier.
Superintendent of Police—John H. Houser.
West Ward—J. E. Sullivan, Robt. P. Hester.
North Ward—Robt. McCormick, John Condo.

Choice Poetry.

LAW VERSUS SAW;

Musings from the Office Window.

Sitting in the office was a lawyer,
Standing in the street was a sawyer;
On the lawyer's anxious face,
You could read a knotty case,
Needing law;
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,
On a rough and knotty limb,
Had his saw.

Now his saw-horse seemed to me
Like a double-X in fee;
And the saw,
Whichever way 't was thrust,
Must be followed by the dust,
Like the law!

And the log upon the track,
Like a client on the rack,
Played its part,
As the tempered teeth of steel
Made a wound that would not heal,
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,
In its falling seemed to tell,
All too plain,
Of the many severed ties
That in law-suits will arise,
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy saw
That was using axe and saw
On the wood,
Held a yielding mine of wealth,
With its honest toil and health,
Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,
By some stricken widow found,
In her need,
Should by light and warmth impart
Blessings on her aged heart,
Happy deed!

This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of law,
Twisting *India-rubber* law,
Is so good,
As the exercise of saw,
On the handle of a saw,
Sawing wood.

Select Miscellany.

OBEDIENT ORDERS.

A Story of the Battle-Field.

A French veteran with one arm, was seated before the door of his neat cottage, on a pleasant evening in July.

He was surrounded by several village lads, who with one voice entreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:

In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no; when we fought, it was for the honor of France and against her enemies. Well my story begins with the 9th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazina.

We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept a respectable distance from our entrenchments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Americans, and Havarrians all put together.

For the last few days, our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we would be certain of finding food, fire and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

We had marched about six hours without pausing to take breath, for we knew repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes in our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the corpses of our frozen comrades. "No singing or talking! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign.

I walked behind my captain; he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive, for when he once said a thing, so it was—no appeal; he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazina and his usual red face was now quite pale, while the pieces of an old white handkerchief, which he had wrapped around his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a solid block.

"Parbleu! Captain," said I, bending over him, "you can't lie there."

"You see that I can because I do," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus, and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me and tried to walk, but in vain; he fell once more, dragging me with him.

"John," said he, "tis all over. Just leave me here and join your columns as quickly as you can. One word before you go; at Verrepe, near Grenoble, lies a good woman, eighty-four years old, my mother. Go to her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—tell her what you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all."

"Is that all Captain?"

"I said so. Good by; and haste."

"Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

"No, Captain," cried I, "I won't

THE CHIPPEWA'S TRIAL.

Adventure in Northern Michigan.

Near the head waters of the Mainstee river is one of the most beautiful lakes in the West.

It is known to the few hunters who are acquainted with its locality as Clear Lake. It is about twenty miles long and eight miles wide. The numerous streams which empty their waters into this lake abound with mink and otter, and the country round about abounds with deer, bears, wolves and other animals.

The winter of '46 found myself and Ben Waters encamped on the shores of the outlet with the intention of hunting and trapping until spring. We had a good supply of traps, ammunition, food and salt, which we had drawn on hand-sleds; and we calculated on making a big haul before spring.

We were strong and healthy, and our rifles furnished us with plenty of meat. We had first-rate luck; and it was already the last week in January. I had gone out to the traps, expecting to find a warm breakfast prepared on my return. On nearing the log cabin however, I was surprised at not seeing any smoke ascending from the stick chimney. I quickened my steps, thinking that something must be wrong. When about twenty rods from the cabin, an Indian rushed out of the open door, followed by Ben's dog, who followed him a few steps, and then went back into the cabin. I was loaded with the game that I had taken out of the traps, and before I could unslung my rifle, the Indian dodged behind the cabin and fled into the wood. I entered the cabin, and a scene met my gaze that made me sick at heart. On the hearth lay Ben, weltering in his blood, his faithful dog standing guard over his dying master. In the farthest corner lay an Indian shot through the brain.

"Are you hurt bad, Ben?" said I, as I stooped over to examine his wound.

"Yes, Sam, I'm going fast," said he, "but I shot one of the red devils, and the other shot me, and would have scalped me, but Wolf drove him off. He has stolen my rifle and everything else he could find. Now Sam do you follow him and put a bullet through his dirty carcass."

"He shall die, Ben, if I have to follow him to Port Adams."

Ben breathed his last almost as soon as I ceased speaking; and, filling my pockets with bread and meat, I shouldered my rifle and started. Hour after hour I followed on the track of the murderous savage. It was nearly dark, and I was walking swiftly through a narrow ravine, when suddenly I espied an Indian drinking at a hole which he had cut through the ice at the edge of a small lake. Thinking it to be the one I was pursuing, I raised my rifle and fired. He sprang into the air, with a yell, and fell back dead. An answering yell sounded at my right, and the same Chippewa that I had seen rush from my cabin door stepped from behind a rock and fired at me. I felt the ball strike me in the stomach; I saw the Indian bounding toward me with an uplifted tomahawk. I drew my revolver and endeavored to steady myself, but failed, and fell senseless to the ground. When I awoke the sun had set, and Ben's dog lay by my side. I thrust my hand into my right vest-pocket and drew forth my watch; it was ruined, but it had saved my life. The Indian who had fired at me lay at my feet, his throat torn out. The dog had done it! He had arrived just in time, for he would not follow me when I first left the cabin. I took the Indian's buffalo robe and gave it to the dog to sleep on; and wrapping myself in my own robe, I lay down and went to sleep. I awoke at daylight, and taking nothing that I had brought but Ben's rifle, for my stomach pained me so that I was unable to carry more, I started for Clear Lake.

I reached the log cabin before night, and found that a party of deer hunters had taken possession of it. They had buried Ben and the Indian, and intended to hunt for deer and bear a couple of weeks, and then return to their homes, about fifty miles south of Clear Lake. Before I went to bed that night, I arranged with them to carry my furs and traps back with them.

The next morning, when I visited my traps, I found them well filled with game, and it was the last that I caught at Clear Lake; for the pain that the Indian's bullet gave me in the stomach did not leave me until another winter had passed away.

When the deer hunters returned to their homes, I went with them; but I rode more of the distance on their sledges than I walked. And never since the time when Ben lost his life, and I came so near losing a mine have I visited Clear Lake, though I often visited it before, in Summer as well as in Winter.

A GOOD JUDGE.

"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a first class beauty, when pacing up and down Westminster Hall, with his friend the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of their respective courts. "What an excellent judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

SEEING NOT BELIEVING.

A young man, meeting an acquaintance, said: "I heard you were dead."

"But," says the other, "you see me alive."

"I do not know how that may be," replied he, "you are a notorious liar, and my informant was a person of credit."

A PRACTICAL CAMP-JOKE.

Gen. Nelson and the Mule-Driver.

An army correspondent of one of the Cincinnati papers says:

Our boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a new teamster, who had just taken charge of six large, shaggy mules. John was also proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busy currying his mules, he accosted him with—"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by the General, who carries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

The mule-driver "bit," at once, and wanted to know where the "hair-dresser" kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "hung out."

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to 'go to the devil' but don't mind that; he has been drinking today. Make him come out, sure!"

John posted right off, and entering the tent where our Napoleon of the Fourth Division sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with force sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General accosted his uninvited guest with—"Well, sir, who are you? and what the devil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted by the flashing eye of the indignant General.

"Do you know whom you are addressing?" asked Nelson.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of bushhead!"

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious, "I am General Nelson, the commander of this Division!"

John placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and John from the tent just in time to save his head!

Our boys drank "the big mule-driver's" health in the Bourbon. The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The following conversation took place in a store in this city, a day or two since, between a customer from the country, and the proprietor:

Customer.—"Got any Whisky?"

Merchant.—"Yes, sir; how high priced will you have?"

C.—"O, about two bits, (25 cents); I reckon." The whisky was drawn, and a tumblerfull of the cheap damnation swallowed by way of a start. The customer then shook himself, made several dry faces, and proceeded with—"How do you sell coffee?"

M.—"Four pounds for a dollar."

C.—"Too much; can't afford it; How much is molasses?"

M.—"Sixty cents per gallon."

C.—"That's too high; can't stand that. How much is tea?"

M.—"Good article from eighty cents to a dollar."

C.—"Can't afford to use that in my family. Got any tobacco?"

M.—"Yes, very good."

C.—"How much is it?"

M.—"Forty cents per pound."

C.—"Give us a pound."

No comment necessary.—*Dar. Dep.*

SHARP PHYSICIAN.

Somewhere out West a lad swallowed a small lead bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post-haste to a surgeon of skill directing his messenger to tell him the circumstances, and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common head-ache, wrote the following laconic note:

"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, send the boy a charge of powder. Yours, &c."

P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at any time. This is much akin to the laconic description of the celebrated Dr. J. An Irishman called in on the doctor, and stated that his boy Tim had swallowed a bullet.

"Then, he jakes," said the doctor.

Your boy Tim to swallow a bullet is not a feat, but to swallow a bullet is a feat.

SHOWING HER COLORS.

A gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following: A squad of Indiana volunteers, out scouting, came across an old woman in a log cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her—

"Well, old lady, are you secess?"

"Are you Union?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A Baptist, and alse have been?"

The Hoosier let down.

An Indian out West was heard to make the following remark, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies:

"Ugh! much wigwag."

A DOWRY EAST JURYMEN.

["Ethan Spike" contributes to the Portland Transcript a sketch of his experience as a jurymen. The first cases he was called upon to try were criminal ones—the criminals being a German and a negro respectively.]

"Hav you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said the judge.

"Not particular agin the Jarmin," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle, and I shall go for hanging this old white-wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not," says I.

"Do you know the natur of an oath?" the clerk axed me.

"I orter," says I, "I've used enough of 'em. I begun to swear when I was 'bout—"

"That'll do," says the clerk. "You kin go hum," says he; "you won't be wanted in this ere case," says the clerk; says he.

"What?" says I, "aint I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," says the clerk.

"But I'm a jerryman," says I, "and you can't hang the nigger unless I've got on him," says I.

"Pass on," says the clerk, speakin' rather cross.

"But," says I, "you mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a reglar jerryman, you know; drawed aout of the box by the seckel man," says I. "I've oillers had a hankering to hang a nigger, and now, when a merciful dispensatory seems to have provided one for me, you say I ahaunt sit on him! At this your free institutions, is this the nineteenth centry? And is this our boasted—"

Here somebody hollered "Silence in the Court!"

"The Court be——!" I didn't English the remark, for a couple of constables had holt of me, and in the twinkling of a bed-post I was hustled down stairs into the street.

"Naow, Mr. Editor, let me ask what are we comin' on, when jerryman—legal, lawful jerryman, kin be tossed about in this way? Talk about Cancers, Mormions, Spiritualism, free love, and panics—what are they in comparison? Here's a principle upst. As an individual, perhaps I'm of no great account; I can't fur my jaw to say; but when as an enlightened jerryman I was tuk and carried down stairs by profane hands, just for asserting my right to sit on a nigger—wy it seems to me that the pillows of society were shook; that in my sacred person the hull State itself was aggeratively spekin'—kicked down stairs! If thar's law in the land, I'll have this case brought under a writ of habeas Corpus or icksey Dickat."

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

The question on the tapis at a business meeting of some of the official members of the church, was to find a suitable man to fill a vacancy in the Board of Trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named by a member present as a very suitable man for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of his business he sold liquor. And appealing to Brother A——, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look, was called the "Bishop," he said, "what do you say Brother A——?"

"A!" said Brother A——, looking very grave; drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say; "that is not the worst of it [solemn shake of the head.] "that is not the worst of it!"

"Why, Brother A——," said the others, crowding round and looking for some astounding developments, "what else is there?"

"Why," said Brother A——, bringing down his cane with a rap, "he don't keep a good article—I've tried it!"

AN INDIAN OUT WEST WAS HEARD TO

make the following remark, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies:

"Ugh! much wigwag."