

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

The subscriber will sell, at Private Sale, his **Woodcock Valley Farm**, near the Cross Roads, in Potter & Walker townships, Huntingdon county, occupied by David Elyear, containing about 280 Acres, 200 of which are cleared and under cultivation, with a large new **Two Story Dwelling House**, A TENANT HOUSE, a large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Spring house, hog house, and every other necessary building. On this tract is an extensive **Bed of Fossiliferous Iron Ore**. Any information will be given by Mr. Elyear, on the premises Gen. A. P. Wilson and Mr. George Jackson of Huntingdon, or the subscriber in Harrisburg. **DAVID R. PORTER.** Dec. 4, 1849.

Real Estate at Public Sale.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on **Saturday the 23rd day of December inst.**, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following real estate, late of John Miller Esq., of the borough of Huntingdon, dec'd., remaining unsold, viz: A lot of three adjoining lots of ground on the southern side of Hill street in said borough, bounded by lots of William Ward on the East, and the Presbyterian church lots on the West, each of said lots fronting 50 feet on Hill street and extending in depth 200 feet to Allegheny street, and being lots No. 82 and 83 in the plan of the town, with a large **TWO STORY WEATHER-BOARDED HOUSE**, part frame and part log a large frame stable with a stone basement, and a tan yard and large frame tan house thereon. The title to the above property is indisputable. **TERMS OF SALE.**—One-half the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the residue in one year thereafter with interest to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser. **M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.** Attendance will be given by **JACOB MILLER, Trustee.** Huntingdon, Dec. 4, 1849.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to sale on the premises, by the undersigned Executors of the last will of Matthew Garner, late of Penn township, Huntingdon county, dec'd., on **Saturday the 23rd day of December inst.**, at 11 o'clock A. M., a **Tract of Land**, situate in Hopewell township, adjoining lands on which John Beaver now resides and others. The above valuable tract of land is well worth the attention of purchasers. Any person wishing to view the premises can call upon the subscribers. **TERMS.**—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year thereafter, and one-third in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser. By the Court. **M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.** Attendance given by **JOHN GARNER, GEORGE GARNER, Executors.** Dec. 4, 1849.

N. S. LAWRENCE.

Agent for the sale of **Southworth Manufacturing Co's Writing Papers.** **Warehouse No. 3 Minor St. PHILADELPHIA.** 100 cases of the above superior Papers now in store, and for sale to the trade at the lowest market prices, consisting in part of—**Fine thick Flat Caps, 12, 14, 15, and 16 lbs. blue and white.** **Superfine Medium and Demi Writings, blue and white.** **Extra super and superfine Folio Posts, blue and white plain and ruled.** **Superfine Commercial Posts, blue and white, plain and ruled.** **Extra super Linen Note Papers, plain and gilt.** **Superfine and fine Bill Papers, long and broad.** **Superfine and fine Counting-House Caps and Posts, blue and white.** **Extra super Congress Caps and Letters, plain and ruled, blue and white.** **Extra super Congress Caps and Letters, gilt.** **Superfine Sermon Caps and Posts.** **Superfine blue linen thin Letters.** **Extra super Bath Posts, blue and white, plain and ruled.** **Embroidered Note Papers and Envelopes.** **'Lawyer's' Brief Papers.** **Superfine and fine Caps and Posts, ruled and plain, blue and white, various qualities and prices.** Also, 1000 reams white and assorted Shoe Papers, Bonnet Boards, white and assorted Tissue, Tea, Waxing, Envelope, assorted and blue Mediums, Cap wrappers, Hardware Papers, &c. July 10, 1849.—6m.

Auditor's Notice.

The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon County, to distribute the fund in the hands of Jonas Rudy, Surviving Executor of George Rudy, dec'd., amongst those entitled to receive the same, will attend for that purpose at his residence in the Borough of Huntingdon, on Friday, the 4th day of January next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend. **JACOB MILLER, Auditor.** Dec. 11, 1849.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon County, the undersigned, appointed Trustees by said Court, will expose to sale on the premises, by public vendue or outcry, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. on **Monday the 17th day of December, 1849**, the Real Estate of John Miller, dec'd., consisting of a tract of land, situate in Union township, Huntingdon county, containing **339 ACRES**, and the usual allowance. Said land adjoins lands of Matthias Miller, Henry Dell, John Chilcoat's heirs, Michael Querry, &c., having thereon erected a cabin house and log barn, a small stable and granary. There is a good apple orchard on the premises. **TERMS.**—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and one-third in one year thereafter, and the remaining one-third in two years after confirmation—with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser. By the Court. **M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk. JOSEPH PARK, WILLIAM CROTSLEY, Trustees.** Nov. 20 1849.]

Town Lots for Sale.

The last will of Matthew Garner, late of Penn township, Huntingdon county, dec'd., will expose to sale on the premises, by public Vendue or outcry, on **Saturday the 23rd day of December, at 3 o'clock P. M.**, eight or nine Town Lots, situate in the village of Marklesburg, in said township and county. **TERMS.**—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and the residue in six months thereafter. Attendance given by **JOHN GARNER, GEORGE GARNER, Executors.** Dec. 4, 1849.]

Orphans' Court Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to sale on the premises, by public vendue or outcry, on **Saturday the 23rd day of December 1849**, a **TRACT OF LAND**, situate in Brady township, in said county, containing 188 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of James Ross, Jesse Yeoman, James Ker, James McDonald and others. The said tract of land lies within the Kiscoquillas valley, is within a convenient distance of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Canal, and is well timbered, which renders it very valuable, and offers a profitable speculation to purchasers. **TERMS.**—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser. By the Court. **M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.** Attendance given by **WILLIAM V. MILLER, Adm'r of John Wiley, dec'd.** December 4, 1849.

Auditor's Notice.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court to distribute the moneys in the hands of M. Crownover, administrator of Daniel Glazier, late of Henderson township, dec'd., to and among the creditors of said dec'd., gives notice that he will attend for said purpose at his office in the borough of Huntingdon, on **Saturday the 23rd day of December 1849**. All persons having accounts against said dec'd. are notified to present the same or be debarred from coming in upon the funds. **THO. P. CAMPBELL, Auditor.** December 4, 1849.

Teachers Wanted.

FIVE Male Teachers wanted, to take charge of the Common Schools in Cass township Huntingdon county. Competent Teachers will be employed for the space of three or four months to commence any time previous to the 1st of December 1849. Application made to **JOHN R. GOSNELL, Pres't. Board of School Directors.** November 20, 1849.

BIRMINGHAM Female Boarding and Day School.

This School is now in successful operation. The Rev. **ISRAEL W. WARD, Pastor** of the Spruce Creek and Birmingham Presbyterian congregations, is Principal, assisted by a worthy and efficient female Teacher, **Miss A. M. REED**. This School is located in the borough of Birmingham, county of Huntingdon, Pa., one of the most healthy villages east of the Allegheny mountain. The course of instruction is full and thorough, embracing all the English branches usual in Select Schools. It will be conducted on Christian principles. The Bible to be the textbook. Parents and guardians who attach any value to the religious training of their children and wards will find this school worthy of their patronage. The Pupils may board with the Principal and will be treated as members of his family. Tuition and board will be moderate. For further particulars apply to the Principal or to any of the undersigned, who earnestly recommend this school to the patronage of the public. The second quarter of the present term will commence on the seventeenth day of July inst. **John Owens, W. Caldwell, John Griffin, Geo. Guyer, Rev. John K. McCallan, James Clarke, Thomas M. Owens, S. S. Dewey, James Bell.** Birmingham, Aug. 21, 1849.

J. & J. M. ROWE, Broom & Wooden-ware Store,

No. 63 North Third Street, ONE DOOR ABOVE ARCH, EAST SIDE, PHILADELPHIA. MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS in all kinds of Brooms, Brushes, Cedar-ware, willow and French baskets, shoe and wall Brushes, Dusters, Scrubs, Mats, Blacking Eastern-made Wooden-ware of every description, &c. at the lowest market prices. Cash paid for Broom-corn at the factory. Sept. 11th 1849.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, I will expose to sale at public outcry, on the premises, on **Saturday the 23rd day of December, inst.**, at one o'clock P. M., all that certain tract of land situate on the waters of Stone creek in Henderson township, adjoining lands of the heirs of David Newingham, dec'd., Nathan Gorsuch, dec'd., and others, containing 116 acres and 142 perches, (except 93 acres and 159 perches of said tract, now in possession of John Miller, which has been released from the lien of the mortgage,) having a house and barn thereon, and a considerable part thereof cleared. Seized and to be sold as the property of Samuel Miller, dec'd., with notice to Terre tenants. **M. CROWNOVER, Shff.** 3d Dec., 1849.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of **DAVID EBY, late of Shirley township, Huntingdon Co., dec'd.** NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to **JACOB EBY, SAMUEL McVITTY, Administrators.** Nov. 13, 1849.—6t.

STRAYS.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, living in Potter township, Heart's Log Valley, sometime in the month of October, 2 STEERS one between 4 and 5 years old, red and white spotted; the other is black, between 2 and 3 years old, and having a slit in the right ear and a hole in the left. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law. **JOHN BLACK,** November 27, 1849.

VERY IMPORTANT.

THE BRIDGE TOLL REDUCED, And another and the Latest Arrival of **NEW GOODS AT DORSEY & MAGUIRE'S CHEAP STORE,** DORSEY & MAGUIRE, thankful for past favors, most respectfully inform their old customers and the public in general, that they have just received another large assortment of **FALL and WINTER GOODS**, consisting of every variety of **Ladies & Gentlemen's Dress Goods**, and goods of all kinds usually kept in the most extensive stores. **Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c.** **BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS.** **READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.** Call and examine our Goods. Huntingdon Dec. 4, 1849.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS HAVE COME AGAIN!

GRAND EXHIBITION!

THE Public are respectfully informed that **J. & W. Saxton** have just received the largest and best assortment of **Fall and Winter Goods** ever brought to this place, comprising all the various articles generally kept at other stores, with the addition of a great many articles never offered for sale in this place. Their stock consists of **CLOTHS, C-ASS MERES,** Sattinets, Vestings, Tweed cloth, Kentucky Jeans, Canton Flannel, Flannels of all colors, Table Dipper, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Mouslin de laines, Cashmeres, Merinoes, Alpaccas, Silks, Mull Jaconet and Cambric Muslins, Linen Cambric, Silk and cotton handkerchiefs, Furniture check & calicoes, gloves, Shawls and Trimmings. **LADIES' SHOES, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes,** Cloth and Glazed caps, Cravats and Suspenders, Looking Glasses, bed Blankets Carpets, &c.—They have also an extensive assortment of **Groceries, Hardware, and Queensware.** They have a lot of Bonnets of the very latest style. They have also a great variety of Cedar Ware, such as Tubs, Buckets, Baskets of all kinds. **SALT, FISH, and PLASTER.** All of these articles will be sold as low as they can be bought at any other establishment east of the Alleghenies. They are determined to sell off their old stock of Goods at and under cost. Look out for bargains! Huntingdon, October 30, 1849.

Groceries.

A GENERAL assortment of groceries just opened and for sale at **CUNNINGHAM'S Grocery and Confectionary Establishment,** directly opposite the Post Office, Huntingdon. November 27, 1849.

LEMON EXTRACT.

PURE Concentrated Extract of Lemon, a genuine article for sale at **CUNNINGHAM'S,** opposite the Post Office. November 27, 1849.

FRESH TEAS.

PRIME article of Black Tea, Young Hyson, Imperial and other Teas, just opened at **CUNNINGHAM'S.** November 27, 1849.

CHEESE.

SUPERIOR article of Cheese just received at **CUNNINGHAM'S.** November 27, 1849.

THE DEAD CHILD.

Let in the light of the fair sun, And leave me here alone; This hour with thee must be the last, My dear unsponsored one. Thy bier waits in the silent street, And voiceless men are there; While in sad, solemn intervals, The bell strikes on the air. Through the bare trees the Autumn wind With rustling song complains To the deep vales and echoing hills, In sad funeral strains. And this is death—these heavy eyes, This eloquent, sweet face, Where beauty thrived in infancy, Sat with celestial grace. The limbs whose chiseled marble lines But shame the sculptor's skill, In more than mortal slumber wrapt, Unconscious, cold and still. Seal up the fountains of mine eyes, This is no place for tears; These are but painted images, That mock my hopes and fears. Backward, this little hand in mine, Feeling thou still art here, I trace the blissful joys and cares That filled thy short career. The bright intelligence that gleamed From out these infant eyes— Seems still to point with blessed beams The pathway to the skies. But this is death! beneath whose touch, Cold unrelenting power, Beauty's unwithered garlands fall, To perish in an hour. Take up the bier, and bear it hence— It were in vain to weep; But gently, and with noiseless step, As to the couch of sleep. The measured journey to the grave, Is dark to him who fears To scan the blotted memories Of unrepented years. To us who bear this child to day, No pang like this is given; The door we shut upon its tomb, Encloses it in heaven.

THE GRAY OVERCOAT.

A Truthful Sketch.

It is said that the best and most upright men will sometimes err, a sage saying, which we are not at all disposed to controvert. Of one thing, however, we are certain—that Mr. Clementinus Pollard is a good and conscientious man; and yet scarcely a day is ever added to his span of years in which he does not fall into some shameful error. This is owing no doubt, to the very exuberance of his good nature. He is a fond and doting husband, and would not have his spouse acquainted with the odd capers he cuts when from under her guardian wing, for all the gold of California's mines. Yet he does sometimes play most singular freaks, particularly when under the influence of the celebrated 'anti-cholera mixture.' But what has this to do with the gray overcoat? Hold a little, most gentle reader, and we will explain. Did you ever know a clever man who did not, at some period of his life, drink a 'little too much'? If you ever did, you have the advantage of your humble chronicler. There is something about a warm-hearted, generous soul, which seems to lead him into all sorts of irregularities, whilst the cold, calculating, wintry spirit retired within its own precincts, refuses all social communion, and finally passes from the sphere of his earthly career without having conferred a blessing upon one of God's creatures. But what has this to do with the 'Gray Overcoat'? We will detain you no longer, but proceed at once to our brief story.

It was a cold and gloomy night in December! The wind whistled, the window shutters cracked, and the leafless boughs of the trees beckoned to and fro like unhappy spirits returned from the 'land of dreams.' In short, it was just the night for a glass of hot punch; and so thought our friend, Mr. Clementinus Pollard. Accordingly, the night had far advanced before he attempted to wend his way homewards. This was by no means an easy task, in his then condition, with about sixteen punches on board, and an unusual 'caving in' of the lower limbs. As he stepped into the street the lights seemed to dazzle his sight, and cause him to halt a moment for reflection. But a moment sufficed; and guided more by an instinct than by reason, he took the correct direction of his lodgings, which, after divers halting, meditations, soliloquies, and curvings, he managed to reach in safety. And now the decisive moment had arrived—a moment of fearful import, as it embodied his future peace or misery. At least so thought Mr. Clementinus Pollard. 'Oh! my father,' he muttered, as he stood, or rather tottered, on the doorstep, 'what a fool I have been. Drunk—hic—drunk, by hokey. How am I to keep it from my wife. I would't have her to know it for a cool, (hic) a cool

hundred. Never mind, (hic) never mind! I'm equal to the emer—hic—gency. Steady, steady, old fellow; and do your best licks now at walking.' With this worthy determination our friend buttoned his gray overcoat closely to his bosom, and gently unlocking the door, slowly and cautiously ascended the stairs: With a prudence and a foresight very unusual in one in his condition, he clung tightly to the railing, and thus managed to reach the chamber where his better half was sweetly reposing, in perfect security. 'Ah!' thought he to himself, 'I am always right—never let down in my life—never caved in.' And thus self congratulated he proceeded to disrobe himself, preparatory to a pleasant slumber 'in the bosom of his family.' He first took off his gray overcoat, carefully hanging it on the back of a chair, and then taking off his hat, laid it on the overcoat. Thus far all went well. But now came the 'tug of war,' in the conflict with a wet and tight fitting boot. Of all troubles, this thing of pulling off boots is the most difficult and distressing to him who has 'imbibed' too freely of the joy giving cup. Tight men and tight boots were never well yoked together, and to get rid of the boot when the 'clock tells the hour for retiring,' is the height of ingenuity—the grand triumph of its possessor. And what renders the matter worse, is the miserable, body-paining practice of wearing 'straps,' which compels a man to take off pantaloons and boots together. Mr. Clementinus, unfortunately, on the occasion of which we speak, wore straps, and this proved fatal to him; for had the boot been taken off, he would not have fallen into the error which proved his ruin. He forgot however to unbutton his suspender, and so all his efforts to clear himself of his pedestrian incumbrance proved abortive. He struggled and worked for near an hour, and yet the boot would not yield a 'peg.' At length becoming wearied and provoked by his long and arduous exertions, he raised himself from the chair, when to his alarm and amazement he saw a man dressed in a gray overcoat and wearing a black hat, quietly sitting in his spouse's arm chair. A sudden clap of thunder on a clear and cloudless day could not have more astounded him. He gazed in silent wonder upon the intruder for a moment—but a moment only—and then forgetting in his fury, his inebriated condition, and all the care and caution he had used to conceal it from his wife, he rushed forward and demanded of the 'man with the gray overcoat' what he meant by thus invading his domicile. But the stranger sat, unmoved by the infuriated demand of Clementinus. This so much enraged our friend that he could stand it no longer, and so seizing a chair and raising it aloft, he rushed upon the silent occupant of the arm chair, and with a single blow, broke the chair into a hundred fragments, and knocked the man, who was nothing more or less, than his own inoffensive gray overcoat, into a cocked hat. The 'noise and confusion' occasioned by this terrible onslaught, awoke the hitherto sleeping spouse, who, in her turn, by wild and hysterical screams, awoke the neighbors and finally aroused a policeman, who, thinking that some awful murder had been committed, forced open the front door, and followed by a half a dozen other persons, bounded into the room. Poor Mr. Pollard. What was he to do in his dreadful dilemma?

He first turned with humble imploring looks to his wife but no relief, no hope could he find there. The gray overcoat had done the work—and, poor man, he never expected and alas we fear he never will hear the last of that night's adventure. He dismissed the watchman and his followers, with a hic-cough and something that sounded more like a curse than a blessing, and with as much philosophy as he could command retired to bed, not to sleep, but to expiate his crime by a patient endurance for the remainder of the night, of the unceasing clatter of woman's tongue.

What a busy, stirring scene is life—and yet how little there is of reality in all the millions are striving after. Here is one madly rushing after a phantom—he says he is pursuing pleasure. Poor fool; does he think to find pleasure among courtizans and debauchees?—Pleasure is like a timid maiden, who flies when she is pursued, and bestows her company upon those only who are content to abide with her plainer sister, Duty.

A writer over the signature of 'Heroic Age,' in the Washington Union, says he would as soon steal a sheep as hold office under General Taylor. Not doubted. The one will suit his inclination—the other is above his capacity.—Savanna Rep.

Anecdote of John Jacob Astor.

Do you ever trust, Mr. Astor? Inquired Mr. K. 'I do not trust strangers, sir,' was the reply, unless they furnish satisfactory city references.' 'Then,' quoth Mr. K., 'the skins I have selected must suffice for this time,' and paying for the same he departed. In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the whole pack on his back, he left the store, but had not proceeded a dozen yards from the store, when Mr. A. called his name, bidding him come back. 'Sir,' said Mr. A., 'you may have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store.' 'But,' stammered Mr. K. but my dear sir, I can give you no city references—I am a stranger here.' 'I ask no other recommendation,' responded the rich merchant, than that already furnished for yourself. The man who is not above his business need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor 'or credit.' Thus commenced a trade between two merchants, which was continued to the mutual satisfaction and advantage of both for a long term of years. Mr. K. is now one of the most eminent capitalists in New Bedford.

A Hint to the Idle.

THE AXE.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand as firm in its outward texture as leather, and his sunburnt face as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those people who complain that they can find nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle loafers. Said I, Jeff, what do you work at?—You look hearty and happy; what are you at? 'Why,' said he, 'I bought me an axe three years ago, that cost me two dollars; that was all the money I had; I went to chopping wood by the cord; I have done nothing else, and I have earned more than six hundred dollars. I have drank no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought me a farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl that has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen.—My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with.'

A Brave Irishman.

An Irishman who was a soldier of the revolution, and of Warren's brigade, was suddenly stopped near Boston by a party, during a dark night; a horseman's pistol was presented at his breast, and he was asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be a British party rendered his situation extremely critical. He replied, 'I think it would be more in the way of civility, just to drop a hint which side you are pleased to favor.' 'No,' testily said the first speaker; 'declare your sentiments, or die!' 'Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American to extremity! Do your worst, you scoundrel!' The officer replied, 'We are your friends; and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country.'

READY WIT.

A countryman the other day, for information, asked an Hibernian, who was busily engaged in the street, driving down stones, 'Pat, when will you get this street done?' 'How do you know my name was Pat?' inquired the Irishman. 'Why, I guessed as much.' 'Then,' replied Pat, 'since you are good at guessing, you may guess when the street will be finished.'

BE FIRM.

The wind and the waves may beat against a rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware—stand firmly at your post. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the light house is to the mariner upon the sea shore. It will guide hundreds to the port of virtue and safety.

THE DYING CHARGE OF THE LATE ALFRED BISHOP.

The dying charge of the late Alfred Bishop, of Bridgeport, to his son, was—'Serve God and your country, and be benevolent.' The substance of many essays is embraced in this short sentence.

Judge Hart of Cincinnati.

lately caused the 'criminal box' to be taken out of court, on the ground that no man need be disgraced before he is found guilty of crime. A Judge with a heart.

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