ALARIC:

OR, THE TYRANT'S VAULT.

A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

ALARIC.

"Not far from the city of Syracuse, when it was the metropolis of all Sicily, an object of many an ambitious conqueror, and one of the most famous cities in the world; not far from this place, upon the shore of the sea, stood a man who had just landed from a vessel that was now sailing away towards the North. He was quite young—not over five-and-twenty—tall and well-proportioned; with a muscular system finely developed; and possessing a face not only striking in its manly beauty, but remarkable, in one so young, for its stern, resolute, and self-reliant expression. His dress was light and simple, and evidently of Greek manufacture; the lower limbs being clothed in close-fitting goat-skin, above which he wore a shirt of white linen, confined at the waist by a belt of fine mail. Upon his head was a cap of woven stuff, the top drooping over the right ear; and his feet were shielded by a pair of sandals. His only weapon was a short, heavy sword, which hung, in a leathern scabbard, from his belt of mail. He stood for awhile, gazing about, as though undecided what course he should pursue; but finally he espied an old fisherman, not far off, who had just come down upon the beach, and towards him he made his way.

"A bright, pleasant morning, good sir," said the youth.

The old man cast his net from his shoulders and gazed up. He carefully scanned the features before him, and then replied:

"Aye, fair sir, it is a pleasant morning. We have many such upon this coast."

"And yet it storms sometimes, I suppose," suggested the first speaker.

"He is a wise man who little heeds the storms he cannot quell," said the fisherman, with a nod of the head which seemed to give his words more meaning than the circumstances under which they were spoken would imply.

"You are right there," responded the other. "But tell me—where can I find Artabanus, the hermit?"

The fisherman took another careful look into his interlocutor's face, and then answered:

"He lives upon yonder mountain, which is called Catalano. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

"Then follow the path that leads to yonder cot, until it brings you to a small stream. Cross that, and then upon your right hand you will see a beaten track. He lives in a cave near the top of the mountain, and his track will lead you directly thither."

The young man thanked his informant, and was upon the point of turning away, when the latter resumed.

"I mean no offence. Your face looks familiar. It has the cast of a countenance I fancied I had seen before."

"You'll at least remember of having seen such an one on this morning," said the young man; and as he thus spoke he turned away.

"Aye," muttered the old Sicilian, half to himself, but yet loud enough to reach other ears; "and I call on Neptune to witness that I have seen it before. Such faces are not multiplied—they are not plenty in Syracuse these times.—Alas! more's the pity."

The youth hesitated for a moment, as though he would turn back, but he overcame the disposition, and kept on. When he had begun to ascend the mountain, he stopped and looked behind him, and saw that the fisherman was already upon the water.

"Can it be," he said, to himself, "that my face is so little changed? I think I remember that old man, for he has spread his nets long in these waters; but how should he remember me? I pray the gods that there be not many in Syracuse that will yet be so observant."

With this the traveller kept on up the mountain until he had reached a broad table of rocky from whence he could see the bay, and the city beyond. The great metropolis was spread out before him, with its massive walls, its temples, and its palaces, and a tear started down his cheek as he gazed upon the scene. He clapsed his hands upon his bosom, and, with a few muttered words, he started on again. He crossed the stream, and took the path to which he had been directed: but he did not follow it as one who was a stranger to its windings. He pursued his way with an ease and assurance, and, at times, with an abstractedness which could have been indulged in only by one who knew well the way he was going. Up the steep, rocky height he climbed, and, when he finally stopped, it was before the entrance to a cave—a cave which Nature had fashioned in the mountain's side, and sheltered from the sun's fervid heat and the fury of the storm. At the mouth of this cavern sat an old man, over whose head some fourscore years had rolled. His hair and beard were white as the fleecy cloud that sailed above the mount, and floated in silken, wavy masses over his shoulder and breast. A mantle of gray cloth enveloped his frame, and his feet were shod with heavy sandals. He was engaged over an old manuscript, but as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps he closed the volume and raised his head.

"Good morning, my son," he said, with a look of simple welcome.

"Kind father, I greet thee," the youth returned, at the same time extending his hand.

"How!" cried the aged man, starting to his feet, as the accents fell upon his ear. He shaded his eyes with the palm of his left hand, and gazed eagerly into his visitor's face. "Do I see aright?" he added. "Is it Alaric—my old pupil?"

"Aye, good Artabanus, I am Alaric—come once more to see thee."

For some time the hermit gazed into the young man's face in silence, but finally he said:

"Sit down—sit down, my son. Thy presence has started a host of varied emotions to life within me, and I must recover my thoughts ere I can talk with thee in reason."

"Thank the gods, I find thee alive and in health," replied the youth, as he let go the old man's hand, and took a seat upon a wooden bench close by.

"Aye—I am well in body," returned Artabanus. "But," he added, thoughtfully, continuing to gaze earnestly into his companion's face as he spoke, "the body is but a small part of man, and the ills of the flesh are very joys when compared with some of the pains to which the soul may be subject. But tell me of thyself. Where hast thou been?"

"I have been in Greece," replied the youth. "When I fled from these shores, eight years ago, I sought refuge there, and there I have remained ever since. Oh! I wept this morning, as I gazed down upon the city of my birth. I had thought I had done weeping over those memories; but when I again gazed upon Syracuse they came crowding upon me with a power which I could not resist. I saw the very temple beneath the wall of which my father and my brother were slain; and I could see the roof beneath which my mother died. Artabanus, there were not many of the patrician families escaped that foul butchery."

"No, Alaric. Of all who were loyal to the true interests of the people, I have seen only yourself return. There were a few escaped, but not many. Were there any went with you to Greece?"

"No, father. I escaped alone. I saw my noble parent cut down—I saw my brother fall—and when I knew I had no relative left in the city, I fled. Fortune favored me. I found a small boat by the sea shore, and I put out alone upon the dark waters. I floated away to Melita, and from thence I gained a passage to Greece. The tyrant still reigns in Syracuse?"

"Aye, I yes. And his deeds are evil, and the people suffer. We have had no tidings of thy good brother, Lysander, since he died. There was but a mere child then."

"I was seven years old. I remember the good king well, for my father, you know, was one of his chief officers."

"Aye—you were older than I thought," said the hermit, musingly.

"And I remember that there was some mystery connected with the good king's death," remarked Alaric. "Am I not right?"

"There was not much mystery," answered the old man. "He was weak and weary, and he left the throne that he might die in peace; and death soon came to him. But why hast thou returned to Syracuse?"

"Can you not guess?" returned the youth.

"I might guess many things, my son."

"And yet but one of them would be right. I have said that I left no relative behind me when I made my escape from this place; but I did leave one whom I loved—one about whom my affections were entwined with a life that could not die. You know of whom I speak."

"Aye—you speak of the mason's daughter Ianthe."

"Yes, father. Is she alive?"

"She is."

"And well?"

"She is well?"

"And," pursued the youth, in a more eager tone, "is she still free?"

"Why? Have you thought that she would remember you in love through the years that have passed?"

"O! do not tell me that she has ceased to love me. True, she was a child in years, but I loved her then, and my love has grown stronger in the seperation which has followed. I know there is danger to me here, but I came with a will to meet it."

"But suppose your very life were in danger if you sought the maiden?"

"You may warn me of danger, if you will, but do not seek to place the barrier of death between me and my desire, for I know not the emotion. You, Artabanus, taught me when I was a boy, and your wise lessons have not departed from my mind. You taught me that there were many things more to be feared than death, and I have come prepared rather to die than live all alone in a distant land, with the sad memories of my unhappy country for my only heritage."

"And you would not turn from death, should it raise its threatening front between yourself and Ianthe?" The old man's gaze grew more earnest as he thus spoke, and a spark, within which seemed to glean some newly awakened hope, burned in his eye.

"My father," answered Alaric, with a flushing cheek, "I could almost feel offended did I think you doubted me but I do not think so.—Show me that Ianthe loves me, and not even Pyrrho himself, with the blood-stained crown of Sicily upon his brow, shall have power to startle me from my course, while life is mine."

Artabanus started to his feet and grasped the youth by the hand.

"Noble Alaric," he cried, with a joyful enthusiasm, "thou art worthy of the maiden's hand. She does love thee—she cherishes thy memory within her heart as the most precious thing of earth, and for long years she has lived upon the hope that thou wouldst return to her."

"O—the gods be praised!" ejaculated the young man.

"But," added the hermit in a changed voice, "there must be danger in thy path. Pyrrho holds his throne only through the fear and enslavement of the people, and he knows it. Your father was one of his bitterest enemies, and he was also one of the first whom the usurper found it necessary to put out of the way. You are not only the very image of your noble parent, but you must remember that you had arrived almost to the full stature of manhood when you fled from Syracuse. You were then seventeen, and from seventeen to five-and-twenty, especially in one so early developed as you were, there is not much change. You were a man then, and you are no more now. So you must expect that you will be known and recognized. But let us speak of that hereafter. First do you see Ianthe, and when you have found all right in that quarter, we will consider further."

"I shall find her with her father?"

"Yes—and his house is just where it was eight years ago."

"I will go and seek her, then, and ——"

"Hold, my son. You had better wait till nightfall ere you enter the city, and also exchange that Greek shirt for a garment less likely to attract attention, for I assure you that too much care cannot be taken."

Alaric was impatient to see Ianthe, but he saw the force of the hermit's reasoning, and he was willing to wait. So he sat down by his old teacher's side again—sat as he had sat years before, when receiving instructions from the same lips—and listed to the story of the wrongs that had been done in Sicily during the last eight years. Hour after hour passed away, and Artabanus had still more to tell of the tyrant's cruelty.

"Merciful heaven's!" cried the youth, fired almost to phrenzy by the recital, "how have the people borne all this?"

"They have borne it under fear of their lives. Pyrrho's soldiers are posted at every place where a murmur can arise."

"And how long shall it last?"

"Till some spirit with a heart big enough to love Sicily more than life, and a soul that fears not the tyrant, shall arise in Syracuse!" pronounced the old man solemnly.

Alaric started as he met the glance of his aged companion, for there was a meaning upon it of more than mortal import. He dared not trust himself to speak then, for the feelings that had sprung to life in his own soul were so wild and strange that they fairly startled him. He arose and walked out upon the mountain, and ever and anon, as his eye rested upon the distant city, the tumult in his soul came to startle him again. He did not seek to analyze the emotion, for it was so bold and gigantic, so genie-like in its misty proportions, that he dared not handle it with reason.

After a while Artabanus came out and touched him upon the shoulder.

"Alaric," spoke the old man, "it is waxing late, and we may be on the move. Let us eat a crust of bread, and then we will descend the mountain together. I must go with you as far as the fisherman's cot, for there we must find a more fitting garb for you. Glycon is my friend, and may be trusted to the verge of the grave."

The frugal supper was soon dispatched, and then the two descended the mountain together. At the fisherman's cot they stopped, and found that Glycon had just returned from his day's labor. Artabanus took him apart, and having explained to him as much of Alaric's story as he deemed advisable, he asked for some garments that would answer for the youth to wear.

The fisherman led the way to his scanty wardrobe, and the necessary garments were soon selected. Alaric's leggins of goat-skin were replaced by long hose of blue cloth, and his white linen shirt was exchanged for a dark brown frock, beneath which he could easily conceal his short sword. After this the hermit accompanied him to the southern shore of the bay, and there stopped.

"We had better not be seen together beyond this point," said the old man. "From here the way is plain, and you have had caution enough. At the gate you will not be stopped, unless some of the guard should take the whim to question you. Be wise, now, and cautious, and let me see you to-morrow."

"I will not forget."

"Then may the gods guide and protect you."

With this Artabanus turned back towards the mountain, and Alaric kept on. The shades of night were gathering over the city as the youth passed in at the broad gateway, and the guards had already lighted their torches. He hadgone a few steps when a rough voice commanded him to stop.

"Didn't you promise me a dab for my dinner, thou lying knave?" the voice continued.

"You have mistaken your man," said Alaric, hiding his face as much as possible without seeming to refuse to do so.

"Good Bacchus, so I have. Thou art not Mester."

"No," returned our hero; and as he spoke he kept on.

"That's a strange face," said one of the soldiers.

"And, I thought, a fair one," added another.

"How now?" asked a third. "Has a stranger passed?"

"Yes—a fisherman."

"'Tis said that a Greek vessel was upon the coast this morning, and we should know whom she landed?"

Alaric heard no more. He turned the first angle in the street that presented itself, and then hurried on. The way was familiar, and he had no difficulty in selecting the various avenues he needed to follow, but he was not wholly easy.—He had reason to believe that he was followed. He took several winding passages for the purpose of avoiding pursuers, but he could not get rid of the echoing foot fall that sounded upon the pavement behind him. It slackened when he slackened—it stopped when he stopped—and when he hurried on the echo hurried after him.

CHAPTER II.

IANTHE:—AN ALARM.

Within a comfortably furnished apartment of an humble abode, near the western wall of the city, sat two individuals. The first was a man some fifty years of age, stout and muscular in frame, and wearing the garb of an artisan, with the dust of toil still clinging to him. He possessed an open, kindly countenance, and if it lacked in comeliness, it certainly made up in honesty and frankness. Such was Bellerus, one of the most skillful masons in Syracuse, and possessing a fair knowledge of architecture in its higher and more elaborate branches. A genial, comfortable disposition had led him into society of his own choice, and in antipathy to turmoil and strife, and an unwillingness to assume much responsibility, had kept him from rising to any eminence in his profession. There may have been another cause for retaining his humble position, though every desire of his social life seemed to be answered where he was.

The other person—the mason's companion—was a female. She had seen just twenty summers, and was as beautiful as the poet's dream. In form she was light and graceful, her limbs full and round, and her whole frame full of life and vigor. Her features were of true Grecian mould, with large, dark eyes, over which drooped long lashes of silken texture, while a mass of wavy tresses clustered about her superbly rounded shoulders. Beyond the few honest friends who sometimes partook of the artisan's hospitality, she was not known. Bellerus had guarded her with a miser's care, and few there were in the great metropolis who knew of the treasure of beauty that dwelt within his walls. The humble craftsmen who shared her father's confidence loved her devotedly, but they loved with a worshipping love, as the kneeling shepherd loved his goddess; and they were all pledged not to speak of her in their intercourse with the outside world.

"Don't call me foolish, father," said the maiden, imploringly.

"I do not call thee so, Ianthe," the mason returned. "I only wish to help you over what may prove a most bitter disappointment. How can you hope that Alaric will ever return?"

"My love tells me so."

"Ah—but love is blind."

"Then its feelings are the more to be relied upon, for they come from the internal promptings of the soul. But I feel sure that he will come back to me. Only last night the bright goddess Electra appeared to me in a dream, and told me that Alaric should return. At least I will hope yet a while longer; for it is sweet to hope."

Bellerus could not find in his heart to do more towards dispelling the bright promise which the maiden cherished, and he turned the conversation upon another topic. Only a few words had been spoken, however when a loud rap was heard without, and the host lighted a torch and went to the door. When he returned, he made a motion for Ianthe to leave the room.

"It is a stranger," and it is not meet that thou shouldst be present."

But the maiden neither spoke nor moved.—She had heard the tones of the visitor's voice, and her quick ear had caught a familiar sound.

Bellerus would have reminded her again, but the stranger was close behind him, and quickly entered the apartment. Ianthe saw not the humble fisher's garb—she only saw the well-remembered features which she had carried within the sacred repository of her affections, for so long a time. They were changed a little—they had assumed more of manhood—but not changed to love.

"Sweet Electra, my dream is true!" she cried, as she started forward, and put forth her hands. "*Alaric has come!*"

"So Heaven looks down with richest blessing!" the young man responded, as he folded the maiden to his bosom.

"May the gods preserve me!" exclaimed the old mason, gazing upon the youthful pair in wonder. "I hope this is no trick of Thaumas to blind me. Alaric, is it thou?"

"In truth good Bellerus it is," returned our hero, extending his hand as he spoke. "Surely thou should know me."

"Aye, and I do know thee now," the host responded, grasping the youth warmly, and gazing eagerly into his face. "By the crown of Pluto I could not mistake that face. Thou art grown wonderously like thy noble father."

The trio were soon seated, and when they had regained somewhat of the composure, Alaric gave a brief account of his adventures during his absence from Sicily. Ianthe sat all the while with her head upon his bosom, and ever and anon lifting up her eyes to catch the warm glances of love."

At length the old craftsman went out, and the lovers were left alone. They told over the tales of affection they used to tell in other years, and for an hour the world was shut out from their thoughts.

"O!" murmured Ianthe, after Alaric had imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow in token of the renewal of his most solemn pledges, "now that thou art near me, and my fount of love is full, I begin to fear the dangers which may beset thee."

"Let us not think of danger now, my beloved," replied the youth. "This should be a season of joy and happiness unalloyed."

"Aye—but we should not forget that there is a future, and that we must be watchful of the joys to-day if we would have them with us henceforth."

"Thou art right, Ianthe. And I will be watchful. I know there is danger in the way, but I fear it not."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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NOT ENGRAVED WORK!
IMPORTANT INFORMATION.
Students enter at any time—No Vacation—Time unlimited—Review at pleasure—Graduates assisted in obtaining situations—Tuition for full Commercial Course, $35.00—Average time 8 to 12 weeks—Board, $2.50 per week—Stationery, $6.00—Entire cost, $60.00 to $70.00.
☞ Ministers' Sons received at half price.
For card—Circular—Specimens of Business and Ornamental Writing—inclose two stamps, and address
E. W. JENKINS, Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 30, 1858.—1y

INTENSE EXCITEMENT!—
McCORMICK'S NEW GOODS HAVE ARRIVED AND ARE NOW BEING OPENED FOR INSPECTION AND SALE.
"Halloo, neighbor, I'm here on the ground again. Perhaps you recollect when I, last year, asked you to hold my horse a moment and tell me where the CHEAP STORE was. But it is different now. It reminds me a little of the campaign of 1840, when Gen. Harrison was elected President. You have only to go with the crowd and you will have no difficulty in finding McCORMICK'S STORE. From the excitement down the valley, and the quantity of goods I see carried away, they must be selling off very rapidly and very cheap."
"You are right, my friend; I would say to you, sir, go ahead and your anticipations will be fully realized. He has a very large and well selected assortment of Goods. He'll sell you a dress for *fifty cents* and give the trimmings into the bargain, I'm told, and all other goods in proportion."
"Good bye, neighbor, that's where I am going to buy my goods."
"That's right, and so should everybody else. Good bye."
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE,
CEDARWARE,
Hats and Caps, very cheap Bonnets, Misses' Flats, &c.; Ladies' Gaiters, Shoes and Slippers, with Misses, Boys and Men's Boots and Shoes, and every other article kept in a first class country store, can be had *cheap for cash*, at McCormick's.
All articles of country produce taken in exchange for goods.
Altoona, May 13, 1858.—1y R. H. McCORMICK.

ANOTHER REDUCTION IN PRICE at McCormick's Store.
Having adopted the CASH SYSTEM, (or at least credit will not be given to any other than those who are *willing and can* give satisfactory reference and assurance of prompt monthly payment,) and desiring to make it the interest of all to patronize our store, we have made a very great reduction in the prices of all descriptions of goods, and will give our entire time and attention to keeping up an assortment to suit the wants of our customers, such as
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
CEDARWARE,
STONEWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Gaiters, Slippers, Hats and Caps, Dried Fruit, etc., all of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
All articles of produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.
Thankful for past favors, we hope to share the patronage of those who are in want of goods. [March 25-tf.

PATENT KEROSENE OR CARBON OIL LAMPS!
Unrivaled in Beauty, Simplicity Safety or Economy.
Every person desiring to obtain the very best and cheapest portable light within their reach, should call at the store of the undersigned and examine these lamps before purchasing elsewhere, and we pledge ourselves to demonstrate
1st. That NO ACCIDENT can occur by explosion.
2d. That they emit no offensive odor while burning.
3d. That they are very easily trimmed.
4th. That they are easily regulated to give more or less light.
5th. That they burn entirely free from smoke.
6th. That the light is at least 50 per cent. cheaper than any other light now in common use.
These lamps are admirably adapted for the use of Students, Mechanics, Seamstresses, Factories, Halls, Churches, Stores, Hotels, and are highly recommended for family use.
The burner of the Carbon Oil Lamp can be attached to old side, hanging and table fluid and oil lamps, at a small expense, and will answer every purpose of a new lamp.
We guarantee perfect satisfaction in all cases.
Aug. 19, 1858-tf.] G. W. KESSLER.

LOGAN HOTEL.—THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully informs the citizens of Blair county and others, that he has opened up the LOGAN HOUSE, formerly kept by Sheriff Rees, at the west end of Hollidaysburg, for the reception of strangers and travellers.—Everything connected with the house has been refitted in the neatest and the choicest furniture, &c., &c.
The house is large and commodious, and well calculated for convenience and comfort.
His TABLE will be furnished with the very best the market can afford, and no pains or trouble will be spared to render those who may choose to favor him with their patronage comfortable and happy during their stay with him.
His STABLING is ample, and an obliging and careful hostler will always be in attendance.
☞ The Williamsburg stage, which makes daily trips between this place and Williamsburg, stops at the Logan Hotel.
Dec. 17, 1857,—tf.] JOHN KEIFFER.

THE GREAT QUESTION WHICH now agitates the mind of every person is, where can I get the best article for my money? In regard to other matters, the subscriber would not attempt to direct, but if you want anything in the line of
BOOTS OR SHOES
he invites an examination of his stock and work.
He keeps constantly on hand an assortment of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., which he offers at fair prices.
He will give special attention to custom work, all of which will be warranted to give satisfaction. None but the best workmen are employed.
Remember my shop is on Main street, next door to B. Kerr's old stand, now W. O'Neil's.
September 3, '57-tf] JOHN H. ROBERTS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.—THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the public that he has recently refitted the above Hotel, and is now prepared to accommodate his friends and patrons in a comfortable manner, and he will spare no pains in making it an agreeable home for all sojourners. His Table will always be luxuriously supplied from the markets of the country and cities, and his Bar filled with liquors of choice brands. His charges are as reasonable as those of any other Hotel in the place, and he feels satisfied they can not be complained of by those who favor him with their custom. Expecting to receive a share of public patronage, and fully intending to deserve it, he throws open his house to the public and invites a trial.
Altoona, May 27, 1858.—1y] JOHN BOWMAN.

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.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
In consequence of the hard times, I have concluded to put down the price of my OYSTERS to the lowest possible standard. They will hereafter be served up on the Chafing Dish at TWENTY CENTS, and roasted in the shell and served up with all other accompaniments, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. They will also be furnished, in every other way, at prices to correspond with the times.
JOHN KEIFFER,
Dec. 17, tf.] Logan House, Hollidaysburg.

CAST IRON RAILING AND ALL kinds of Castings executed to order, also Tin Spouting put up to order, at shortest notice, apply to
J. SHOEMAKER, *Agent for*
Jan. 3, 1856-tf. McLANAHAN, WATSON & Co.

QUEENSWARE, JUST RECEIVED. A large and fashionable assortment at the store of
J. B HILEMAN.

RIO COFFEE, SUGAR, TEA AND all kind of Groceries for sale by
June 18, 1857-1y] HENRY LEHR.

EGGS, BUTTER AND ALL KINDS of country produce can be had at
June 18, '57-1y. HENRY LEHR'S.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.
A Special Institution for the relief of persons afflicted with Secret Diseases, such as Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Venereal Eruptions, Nervous Debility, Mental Depression, Premature Decay in Youth, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, &c. &c.
This Institution is connected with the Medical Department, and has been established for the relief of the afflicted, and for the suppression of the vice of Quackery, which has been practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases. The Howard Association, in view of the great destruction of life caused by Secret Diseases, and the Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give medical advice *gratuitously*, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, *to furnish medicine free of charge*. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the poor, and they have received to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised care.
Just published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail (in a sealed envelope), *free of charge*, on the receipt of two postage stamps for postage.
Address, for Report or Treatment, Dr. GEORGE R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Byrender of the Directors,
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres't.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec'y.* [Dec. 3-1y.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES.—The undersigned has just received from Philadelphia, North, Chase & North's celebrated Cooking Stoves for 1857,
THE ROYAL COOK
for Wood or Coal. This beautiful Cooking Stove challenges all competition for the exquisite style of ornament, and perfect operation in all respects. The oven extends under the fire-box and the flues are so arranged that the whole oven surface will bake perfectly and uniformly. The slightest examination of this Stove must satisfy every one that it will become a universal favorite.
THE SEA SHELL,
for wood or coal. The fire-box is of good capacity—the ash-box is deep—the oven is capacious and is a thorough baker. This stove is one that may readily be recommended for family use, in every particular.
All kinds of heating and parlor stoves constantly on hand.
JOSEPH H. BUSH.
April 16, '57-tf] *Opposite the American House, Altoona.*

COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE.—Fully convinced of the truth of this saying, the subscriber would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that he has entered the field, by opening a
MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
in the room heretofore occupied by Michael Gallagher, immediately opposite the Superintendent's Office, where he will carry on the business as usual. He has just received an excellent assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,
suitable for working and dress suits, which he will make to order, on short notice and at prices which can not fail to satisfy. He has also received the LATEST STYLES of
FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS,
and feels confident that he can satisfy the most fastidious in this particular, and his clothing will be made as well as clothing can be made. In fine, he is determined that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.
Altoona, Nov. 5-tf.] JOHN TALBOT.

DUVALL'S GALVANIC OIL,
Prepared originally by Prof. H. DU VALL, formerly of the College of Surgeons, at Paris, is now offered to the public, for the cure of sore and painful diseases.
For instance—Pain or soreness in any part of the system, R