HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. M. BOWRING.

Not to be blest with warrior strength,
To wield the sword and wear the plume,
Or to command, at length,
Even the slave—the mute—to rise and shake off his fetters.

Not to possess power to hide the scowl,
And yet smile upon the hate and strife
Of those to wealth and title born,
Requires the rarest courage of our life.

What are the swords that prop a king—
The banners in his army's van—
To the strength of soul, that dares to spring
And show the monarch is the man?

Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of realms they bide,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms
They are like leaves upon the tide.

In dim of old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of silence and decay,
While the true world-heart beateth high
And throws itself upon to day.

Give me the men whose hands have toned
The corse-red to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crown'd with toil.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

'Have you got through?' asked the man at the door, rapping impatiently.

'No, no,' said I, as directed,

He resumed his tramping up and down, and I went back to my patient. She beckoned me to come close, and whispered—

'Save my child! the living one I mean! hide her! oh, hide her from him! When he demands the babe, give him the poor little dead one—he cannot hurt that! And he will not know there was another. Oh! hide and save my child.'

'Master, I was used to queer doing, but this was a little the queerest. But if I was to conceal that second child in order to save it, it was necessary to stop its mouth, for it was squalling like a wild cat. So I took a vial of paragoric from my pocket and gave it a drop, and it went off to sleep like an angel. I wrapped it up warm and lay it along with my shawl and bonnet, in a dark corner. Just then the man wrapped again.

'Come in, master,' said I.

'No, bring me the babe,' he said.

'I took up the dead infant. Its mother kissed its brow and dropped tears upon its little cold face; and I carried it to the man outside.

'Is it asleep?' the willian asked me.

'Yes, master,' said I, as I put it, well wrapped up, in his arms, 'very sound asleep.'

'So much the better,' said the knave walking away.

'I bolted the door and went back to my patient. With her free hand she seized mine and pressed it to her lips, and then held up her left hand, pointed to the wedding ring upon her third finger.

'Draw it off and keep it,' she said; 'conceal the child under your shawl, and take her with you when you go; save her and your fortune shall be made.'

'I declare, master, I hadn't time to think, before I heard one of them wretches rap at the door.

'Come! get ready to go,' he said.

'She also beckoned me. I hastened to her. With eager whispers and imploring gestures she prayed me to take her ring and save her child.

'But you, said I—'who is to attend you?'

'I do not know nor care! Save her!'

'The rapping continued. I ran to the corner where I had left my things. I put on my bonnet, made a sort of sling around my neck, of the silk handkerchief, opened the large part of it like a hammock and laid the little sleeping babe there. Then I folded my big shawl around my breast and nobody any the wiser. The rapping was very impatient.

'I am coming,' said I.

'Remember!' whispered the poor girl.

'I will, said I, and went and opened the door. There stood t'other willian with his head covered with black crape. I dreamt of nothing but blackheaded demons for six months afterward.

'Are you ready?' says he.

'Yes, your worship,' says I.

'Come along, then.'

'And binding another silk handkerchief round my eyes, he led me along.

'Instead of my mule a carriage stood near the horse block.

'Get in,' says he, holding the pistil to my ears by way of an argument.

'I got in. He jumped up upon the driver's seat, and we drove like the wind. In another direction from which we come, in course, for there was no carriage road there. The carriage whirled along at such a rate it made me quite giddy. At last it stopped again. The man in the musk got down and opened the door

'Where are you taking me?' says I.

'Be quiet,' says he, 'or——' and with that he put the pistil to my cheek, ordered me to get out, take the bandage from my eyes, and walk before him. I did so, and saw dimly that we were in a part of the country that I was never in before. We were in a dark road through a thick forest. On the left side of the road, in a clearing stood an old house; a dim light was burning in a lower window.

'Go in there,' said the willian, putting the pistil to the back of my head. As the door stood ajar I went in to a narrow, dark passage, the man all the while at my back. He opened a door on the left side, and made me go into a dark room. Just then the unfortunate child, that had been moving restlessly began to wail! Well it might poor starved thing!

'What's that?' says the miscreant, under his breath and stopping short.

'It aint nothing, sir,' says I, and 'hush-h-h' to the baby. But the poor little wretch raised a squall.

'What is the meaning of this?' says he.—'Where did that child come from? Why the demon don't you speak?' and with that he seized me again by the scruff of the neck and shook me.

'Oh, Master, for the love of heaven don't,' says I, 'this is only a poor, unfortunet infant as its parients wanted to get outen the way, and hired me to take care on. And I have had it wrapped up under my shawl all the time 'cept when I was in your house, when I put it to sleep in the corner.

'Himph! and you had that child wrapped up under your shawl when I first stopped you in the woods?'

'In course, master,' says I.

'Whose is it?'

'Master,' says I, 'it's—it's a dead secret,' for I couldant another lie ready.

He broke out into a rude, scornful laugh, as if he meant not half to believe me and yet not to care about questioning me too closely. He made me sit down then in the dark, and went out and turned the key on me. I wet my finger with the paragoric and put it to the baby's lips to quiet its pangs of hunger. Then I heard a whispering in the next room. Now my eyesight never was good, but to make up for it I believe I had the sharpest ears that ever was, and I don't think anybody could have heard that whispering but me. I saw a little glimmer of light through the chinks that showed me where the door was, and so I creeped up to it and put my ear to the key-hole. Still they whispered so low that no ears could o' heard them but my sharp ones. They was talking about selling some woman and child. I should 'a been uneasy if they hain't called the woman thing. My willain offered 'em for fifty dollars, but t'other willain wouldn't give a cent. He told my willain, as he called Captain, that he'd take 'em off his hands and no more. And then they threatened each other, and went out o' my hearin'. And in the mornin', the new willain came and took me and the child off in a easy and drove down a long way to the beach, and hailed a vessel on the river and took us aboard and sold us to the captain right afore my eyes, and then went ashore, and we was carried off out to sea, though I cried, and 'plained, and speculated all the time.

'Now, sir, come a strange providence, which the very thoughts of it might convert a heathen! We had been to sea about five days when a dreadful storm riz. I tell you, master, that looked like the wrath of God! I hugged the baby to my breast—and went to praying as hard as ever I could pray.

'Presently I felt an awful shock, as if Heaven and earth had come together, and then everybody screaming, 'She's struck! She's Struck!' I felt the vessel trembling like a live creatur, and the water a pouring in everywhere. I hugged the babe and scrambled up the companion way to the deck. It was pitch dark, and I heard every man rushing toward one side of the vessel.

'A flash of lightning, that made everything as bright as day again, showed me that they were all taking to the boat. I rushed after, calling to them to save me and the baby. But no one seemed to hear me; they were all too busy trying to save themselves and keep others out of the boat, and cursing and swearing and hollering that there was no more room—that the boat would be swamped, and so on. The end was, that all who could crowd into the boat did so. And me and the baby and a poor sailor lad and the black cook were left behind to perish.

'But marster, as it turned out, we as was left to die, were the only ones saved. We watched after that boat with longing eyes, though we could only see it when the lightning flashed. And every time we saw it, it was farther off. At last, marster, a flash of lightning showed us the boat as far off as ever we could see her, capsized and beaten hither and thither by the wild waves—its crew had perished.

'Marster, as soon as the sea had swallowed up that wicked captain and crew, the wind died away, the waves fell, and the storm lulled—just as if it had done what it was sent to do and was satisfied. The wreck—where we poor forlorn ones stood—the wreck that had shivered and trembled with every wave that struck it—until we had feared it would break up every minute, became still and firm on its sandbar, as a house on dry land.

'Daylight came at last. And a little after sunrise we saw a sail bearing down upon us. We could not signal the sail, but by the mercy of Providence she saw us and lay to, and sent off a boat, and picked us up and took us on board—me and the baby, and the cook and the sailor lad.

'It was a foreign vessel, and we could not understand a word they said, nor they us. All we could do was by signs. But they were very good to us, dried our clothes and gave us breakfast, and made us lie down and rest. And then put about and continued their course. The sailor lad—Herbert Greyson—soon found out and told me they were bound for New York.—And, in fact, marster, in about ten days we made that port.

'Well, marster, I aint a gwine to bother you with telling you of how I toiled and struggled along in that great city—first living out as a servant, and afterwards renting a room and taking in washing and ironing—aye! how I toiled and struggled—for—ten—long—years, hoping for the time to come when I should be able to return to this neighborhood, where I was known, and expose the evil deeds of them willains, and for this cause I lived on toiling and struggling, and laying up money penny by penny.

'No one had ever helped me but the lad Herbert Greyson. Whenever he came from sea, he sought me out, and made a little present to me or Cap.

'Cap, marster, was Capitola, the child. The reason I gave her that name was because on that ring I had drawn from the masked mother's hand were the two names—Eugene—Capitola.

'Well, marster, the last time Herbert Greyson came home, he gave me five dollars, and that, with what I had saved, was enough to pay my passage to Norfolk.

'I left my little Cap in the care of the people of the house—she was big enough to pay for her keep in work—and I took passage for Norfolk. When I got there I fell ill, spent all my money, and was at last taken to the poor-house. Six months passed away before I was discharged, and then six more before I had earned and saved money enough to pay my way on here.

'I reached here three days ago, and found a wheat field growing where my cottage fire used to burn, and all my old cronies dead, all except old Hat, who has received and given me shelter. Sir, my story is done—make what you can of it,' said the invalid, sinking down in her bed as if utterly exhausted.

Old Hurricane, whose countenance had expressed emotions as powerful as they were various while listening to this tale, now arose, stepped cautiously to the door, drew the bolt, and coming back, bent his head and asked:

'What more of the child?'

'Cap, sir! I have not heard a word of Cap since I left her to try and hunt out her friends. But any one interested in her might inquire for her at Mrs. Simmons', laundress, No. 8 Rag alley.'

'You say the names upon that ring were—Eugene—Capitola?'

'Yes, sir, they were.'

'Have you that ring about you?'

'No master. I thought it was best, in case of accident, to leave it with the child.'

'Have you told her any part of this strange history?'

'No, master, or hinted it; she was too young for such a confidence.'

'You were right. Had she any mark about her person by which she could be identified?'

'Yes, marster, a very strange one. In the middle of her left palm was the perfect image of a crimson hand, about half an inch in length. There was also another. Herbert Greyson, to please me, marked upon her fore arm in India ink her name and birthday—'Capitola, Oct. 31st. 1832.''

'Right. Now tell me, my good soul, do you know, from what you were enabled to observe, what house that was where Capitola was born?'

'I am on my oath. No, sir, I do not know; but——'

'You suspect?'

The woman nodded.

'It was ——,' said Old Hurricane, stooping and whispering a name that was heard by no one but the sick woman.

She nodded again, with a look of intense meaning.

'Does your old hostess here, Hat, know or suspect anything of this story?' inquired Major Warfield.

'Not a word! No soul but yourself has heard it!'

'That is right! Still be discreet! If you would have the wicked punished and the innocent protected, be silent and wary. Have no anxiety about the girl. What man can do for her will he do and quickly! And now, good creature, day is actually dawning. You must seek repose. And I must call the parson in and return home. I will send Mrs. Condiment over with food, wine, medicine, clothing, and every comfort that your condition requires,' said Old Hurricane, rising, and calling in the clergyman, with whom he soon after left the the hut for home.

They reached Hurricane Hall in time for an early breakfast, which the astonished housekeeper had prepared, and for which their night's adventures had certainly given them a good appetite.

Major Warfield kept his word, and as soon as breakfast was over he dispatched Mrs. Condiment with a carriage filled with provisions for the sick woman. But they were not needed. In a couple of hours the house-keeper returned with the intelligence that the old nurse was dead. The false strength of mortal excitement that had enabled her to tell so long and dreadful a tale, had been the last flaring up of the flame of life, that almost immediately went out.

'I am not sorry, upon the whole, for now I shall have the game in my own hands!' muttered Old Hurricane to himself—'Ah! Gabrielle Le Nour! better you had cast yourself down from the highest rock of this range and been dashed to pieces below, than have thus fallen into my power.'

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friends; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The remainder of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the Ledger, dated February 12, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no bookstores or news offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address Robert Bonner, Ledger office, 44 Ann street, New York. This story grows more and more interesting as it progresses.

AN EXCITING SEA STORY OF THE REVOLUTION!

SEAWAIF;
OR, THE
TERROR OF THE COAST.

A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776.

CHAPTER IV.

When Seawaif left the presence of fair Kate Cringle, he met her father, who accompanied him down to his boat, in vain trying to find out what Kate had wanted him for.

The young captain sprung into his boat amid the murmured good wishes of hundreds of citizens who had gathered there to see the privateer go to sea, and in a few moments he was on board of his vessel.

With a clear, bugle-like voice, which needed no trumpet, the young commander shouted:

"Man the capstan bars, lads, and run the anchor up with a will. Stand by the jib and flying-jib halliards—lay the head yards aback!"

His orders were obeyed readily; and in a few moments, the second officer, who stood on the forecastle looking over the bows, cried:

"She's broken ground, sir!"

"Very well, sir—run up the jib and flying-jib, and haul the sheets to starboard—man the top-gallant and top-sail sheets and halliards! Round with the capstan, men, and run the anchor up to the bows!"

A moment later, and the head-sails up, the veering bow of the schooner proved her to be all aweigh, and then came the order:

"Sheet home, and hoist away top-sail and top-gallant sails!"

This was done; and as the fore-and-aft sails, already up, filled, the schooner began to gather headway. Then, as she fell off before the wind, which was fair out of the harbour, her square sails filled, and she shot ahead with increased velocity. The crowd on shore looking with delight upon the splendid vessel, and gladdened, too, at the thought of her errand, rent the air with cheers; while Mr. Cringle, taking upon himself the part of gunner, fired an impromptu salute from a single gun, which was kept upon the wharf to be used as a warning-signal if the British approached.

The "Tyrannicide" replied to this by a salute of seventeen guns—her whole compliment.

"That's what I call a darned waste o' powder!" said a pinch-faced, dried-up anatomy of a man, whose thread-bare clothes, little eyes, and long, greedy talons of fingers, spoke the *miser* out and out.

"It isn't *your* powder, Moses Gelson," said Mr. Cringle, rather sharply. "If it was, it wouldn't be likely to be in a vessel destined to fight for liberty!"

"Tush—tush! What is this 'liberty' to us?—the war is ruining trade, and soon we'll all be as poor as rats!" said the miser, pettishly.

"It is a pity that such mean curses as you *weren't poor*; you're too stingy to live! If you only had your due, you'd get a good ducking in a horse-pond!" cried out Mr. Cringle, so angrily and so loudly, that his words were heard by the crowd, and probably found echo in their hearts; for they instantly shouted:

"Let's duck the old miser—to the goose-pond with the old tory!"

And seizing the terrified wretch, they dragged him roughly toward a pond of muddy water near the residence of the merchant, and soon would have put their intention into execution, had not Kate Cringle, who saw their actions, stepped out upon the balcony, and cried out, in a clear, musical voice, which reached every ear:

"Shame men—*shame!* to treat an old man so. He is weak and helpless; let him go, and save your strength for a nobler purpose!"

Her timely appeal and her beauty—for in her excitement she really looked handsome—had the desired effect; and the old miser was released, much to his own gratification, and rather to the disgust and anger of her father, who would have been really glad to have seen old Gelson get a lesson—for he hated him heartily, not only for his lack of patriotism, but for his miserly meanness,

"I'll remember her—I'll remember that girl, bless her!" muttered the old miser, as he hobbled away from the crowd as fast as he could—not stopping until he reached his own residence, which was also a kind of a store-house, in which a vast variety of all kinds of truck and trash were stowed—old junk, second hand anchors, sails, cordage, fishing tackle, nets, harpoons, and a thousand other things.

CHAPTER V.

Never was a craft in better battle trim on deck, below, or aloft, than the Privateer, after Seawaif had got her rigging stretch. Conscious that he was ready to meet any foe of his tonnage and weight of metal, he boldly headed off from the coast for the track of inward-bound vessels from England.

One morning, soon after, he was at breakfast in his cabin, with the first officer and the doctor—young Morley being in charge on deck.

But each of them bounded from the table as they heard the shout "*sail ho!*" from the look-out, at the top-gallant cross-trees.

"Where away, and what does she look like?" cried young Morley, in reply.

Seawaif and his companions held their breath, and listened for the answer.

"I see three sail, sir, dead ahead; they seem square-rigged, and coming down right before the wind!" was the reply.

"Englishmen, and making for the coast, I'll wager my first prize-money!" said the captain, as he hurried on deck.

"John-Bull-Men's be gar—I shall get my instruments ready for amputat!" cried the delighted Frenchman.

"So will I!" said Mr. Doolittle, as he buckled on his sharp, but short cutlas, and followed his commander on deck.

The breeze was fresh, and the schooner, with only her lower sails and top-sails set, was going off to the eastward on a taut bow-line, her top-gallant and royal yards pointed to the wind, and her larboard tacks aboard. There was quite a heavy sea rolling; and as she pitched into and through it, she threw the snowy foam over her prow almost as high as her fore-top.

"See all clear for action, fore and aft—reeve preventor stays and braces—have the spare spars cleared away! Gunners, look to your children; they may have play soon. Boarders and pikemen, see that your tools are in their places!" cried the captain cheerfully, as he came on deck; and then he seized a spy-glass, and scanned the vessels in sight.

"What do you make out, sir, if you please?" asked Mr. Doolittle, whose hopes for work and prize-money were now on the rise.

"I see six vessels; but they are yet too far off to make out whether they are armed or not!" was the reply.

"Shall the gunner open the magazine, sir?"

"Yes, after all the galley-fires are put out!"

The men went to their work, and their respective stations quietly, but with a cheerful look, which betokened a perfect confidence in their vessel, and especially in their officers.

An hour past, and the vessels were now hull-up ahead, yet Captain Seawaif gave no orders either to alter the course or shorten sail.

"What about our colors, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"You can run 'em up in rolls to their places, ready to pull out when I order it, Mr. Doolittle," said the captain, still keeping his glass directed toward the approaching ships.

The enemy were now rising fast, not more than four or five miles off; but the merchantmen, obeying signals from the sloop-of-war, which had evidently discovered the nationality and character of the schooner, by her rig, hauled on a wind and shortened sail, while the man-of-war held her course under a cloud of canvas.

"Take your stations for working ship!" cried Seawaif. The men bounded to the sheets and braces. "Hard up the helm—ease off the sheets, and round in the weather-braces!" cried the captain.

"Tarnal thunder! you're not goin' to run from *one* sloop-o'-war, are you, sir?" asked the lieutenant, in agonized wonder.

"Get out and rig two spars, with iron enough on them to sink them, for drags; drop one over each quarter, and ask no impertinent questions, Mr. Doolittle," said the captain, quietly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, a hundred times—I thought you was a goin' to run!" said the now delighted officer, as he hastened to obey the order.

"Double-shot with grape and canister—gunners to your stations!" cried the captain, now, determinedly. "Men, make no noise when I announce it, but within an hour that sloop-of-war shall strike her flag, or we'll go down with ours flying! When she is taken, the merchantmen will be easy prizes."

Had they not been cautioned, the men would have cheered so loudly as to have been heard on board of the sloop-of-war.

After the drags were rigged and lowered over the side, held by stout hawsers, and not seen because sunk beneath the water, the schooner did not go more than three knots, although—under a full spread of canvas—she seemed to be running away from her antagonist, which now could be seen coming up hand over hand, her decks crowded with men, and her ports showing a battery of twenty-four guns.

On she came, the red cross of St. George flaunting from her peak, until she was within nearly a mile of the schooner, when she fired a shot from one of her bow guns.

"Show them our colors and name!" cried the young captain, while his pale face flushed with a smile of terrible joy.

It was done in an instant; but the vessel's head was not changed, nor a sail touched.

Rapidly the Englishman closed up, heading a little leeward, so as to range under her larboard beam.

"Crouch well behind the bulwarks, men; stand by your larboard guns, but do not touch a match until the order comes from my lips; depress your guns, so as to take her between wind and water! Sail-trimmers, stand to your sheets and braces; and be ready for orders."

These orders given, Captain Seawaif took his position on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, and with ill-concealed delight saw the Englishman range along until he was almost abeam.

"Haul down your colors, or I'll sink you! Strike, you Yankee rebel, *strike!*" shouted the English captain, who stood on the poop of his vessel in full uniform, steadying himself by holding on to the mizzen rigging.

"I'm just going to *strike*—not my colors, but you!" cried Seawaif, sarcastically, and instantly giving the order to pour in his whole broadside.

It was done with terrible effect, for the British had not anticipated resistance from a rebel whom they supposed to be using his best efforts to escape, and were huddled along the deck on the side next the schooner, and were cut down in fearful swaths. And as the sails were little injured, the sloop-of-war shot ahead, so that she was past the schooner before she could return the broadside.

"Cut away the drags, spring to your starboard battery—throw in chain-shot as well as grape—and out her sticks away!" cried Seawaif.

Then ordering the helm up, as the schooner's headway increased, he veered off athwart the stern of the sloop; and as the guns came in range, delivered a raking fire, which not only swept her decks, but cutting away her masts, crippled her completely.

He then hauled on a wind, determined to pepper her until *she* should "strike," and not wishing to loose any men at close quarters, if he could hept it. But he had no occasion to use his guns any more; for, suddenly, with a shock, which shook the sea and the air like an earthquake, the ill-fated craft was seen to fly in fragments, amid a cloud of smoke, into the air.

Whether by accident or design, no one could tell, but, in some way, the powder in her magazine had been ignited, and she was blown to atoms.

Promted by humanity, Captain Seawrif instantly ordered the helm up, and steered for the spot where the sloop-of-war had been, in hopes to save some surviving persons of her crew.

But not a living soul could be seen. A few blackened spars and timbers only met the eye.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! zis is to bad! Not one man to amputat—not one ball for extract!" said the doctor, with a sigh and a piteous grimace, as he looked in the water.

"You may have better luck another time, doctor," said Seawaif, as he gave orders to trim sails and haul on the wind again; for the transports—having seen the fate of their protector—were now crowding sail, and trying, like a flock of frightened sheep, to make their escape from an opponent which had done such fearful damage in so short a time. But the schooner had no lumbering cargo, and was ready for combat or a race, as occasion required.

This great revolutionary sea-story, from the vigorous pen of Ned Buntline, will be continued, from where it leaves off here, in the NEW YORK MERCURY, for Saturday, February 26th, 1859, which is now ready and for sale at all news depots and book stores. The MERCURY is the largest, handsomest, and most unobjectionable weekly paper published, and enjoys a circulation of over one hundred thousand copies. Each number of the New York Mercury is illustrated by the celebrated FELIX DARLEY. Subscription $2 a year, or $1 for six months. Address, Cauldwell, Southworth & Whitney, proprietors, New York City.

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"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 GREAT 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, CEDARWARE, STONEWARE, 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. R. H. McCORMICK.
Altoona, May 13, 1858.—1y

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 time and attention to keeping on hand 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 their 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 now with 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 how 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 D. 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, '56-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.

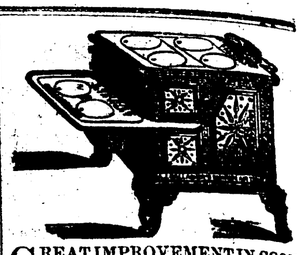
QUEENSWARE, JUST RECEIVED. A large and fashionable assortment at the store of
J. B. HILEMAN.

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.

LOVERING AND NEW ORLEANS Syrup Molasses, at fair prices, at
June 18, '57-1y] HENRY LEHR'S.

ALL THE STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES AT [1-tf. KESSLER'S.



GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN COOKING STOVES.
CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE AND GAS AND SAVING OF FUEL.

The subscriber takes pleasure in offering to the public a NEW GAS AND SMOKE CONSUMING Cooking Stove, recently patented, which is destined to supercede all others, as it requires ONE-THIRD LESS FUEL than other stoves and is more easily, quickly and regularly heated. No unpleasant smell of gas arises from the stove from the fact that it is all consumed ere it can escape. There is no trouble from smoke as that unpleasant and often annoying exhalation is also consumed inside of the stove Neither is there any danger of flues or chimneys becoming clogged with soot or the mortar loosened by the gas arising from coal fires.

Persons wishing to purchase stoves are invited to call at the store of the subscriber, in the Masonic Temple, and examine the above stoves. JOHN SHOEMAKER.
Sole Agent for Blair County.
N. B. All kinds of Air-tight, Parlor Cooking and Box Stoves on hand. [Aug. 12, 1858.

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 10, '57-tf] *Opposite the American House, Altoona.*

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, Rheumatism, pain in the back, breast or side, healed breasts, neuralgia, burns, sprains, headache, cramp in the stomach, or any other disease that is SORE and PAINFUL, and it is only over this class of diseases that we claim a perfect VICTORY. We say positively to our patrons we can relieve the sufferer 99 times out of 100. We would just say to the public, Prof. Du Vall was 25 years in bringing to this medicine superiority over all others.

Price 50 cents per bottle—½ per cent. cut off to the trade. All orders must be addressed to
J. D. STONEROAD, Proprietor,
Sept. 2, 1858-1y.] Lewistown, Pa.

Agents for Du Vall's Galvanic Oil—Henry Lehr, G. W. Kessler, and A. Roush, Altoona, and all dealers in medicines everywhere.

ON MANHOOD, AND ITS PREMATURE DECLINE.—Just Published, Gratis, the 55th Thousand:

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL TREATMENT, without Medicine, of Spermatorrhœa or Local Weakness, Nocturnal Emissions, Genital and Nervous Debility, Impotency, and Impediments to Marriage generally, by
B. DE LANEY, M. D.

The important fact that the many alarming complaints, originating in the imprudence and solitude of youth, may be easily removed WITHOUT MEDICINE, is in this essay, clearly demonstrated; and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure HIMSELF perfectly and at the least possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day.

Sent to any address, gratis and post free in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. DE LANEY, 88 East 31st street, New York City.
May 6, 1858.

SUFFERING HUMANITY, READ THIS.—The undersigned takes this method of informing the public generally that there is no medicine now offered to the public that is equal to DU VALL'S GALVANIC OIL in relieving suffering humanity.

I was an observer of its effects on a friend of mine, who suffered almost everything from a neuralgic affection which resisted the best medical treatment in Centre county. I applied freely the Galvanic Oil to the painful part, and gave some inwardly, and in 20 minutes the pain was taken, and when awakened was free from pain and continued so. This is a positive fact which I am willing to make good at any time. A case of Felon was cured in nearly the same length of time. J. H. HAHN.
Sept. 2, 1858—1y.] Centre Hill.

MAP OF BLAIR COUNTY.—THE subscribers propose to publish a New Map of Blair County, Pennsylvania, from actual surveys, containing the Public Roads, Rail Roads, Canals, the actual location of Villages, Post Offices, Houses of Worship, School Houses, Manufactories, Tanneries, Mills, Hotels, Stores, Farm Houses, names of Property Owners, &c.

Enlarged Plans of the Principal Villages, a Table of Distances, and a Business Directory, giving the name and business of each subscriber, will be engraved on the margin. The plotting will be to a suitable scale so as to make a large and ornamental Map, which will be colored and mounted in the best style, and delivered to subscribers at $5 per copy.
SAMUEL GEIST,
April 15, 1858. ISAAC G. FRERY.

G. W. KESSLER—PRACTICAL DRUGGIST, respectfully announces to the citizens of Altoona and the public generally, that he still continues the Drug business, on Virginia street, where he keeps constantly on hand, for sale, Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, OILS, VARNISHES and DYE-STUFFS.

By strict attention to business, and a desire to render satisfaction to all as regards price and quality, he hopes to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

Physicians and merchants supplied on reasonable terms, and all orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Twelfth Year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It contains all the Great Trials, Crimes Cases, and appropriate Editorials on the same, together with information on Criminal Matters, not to be found in any other newspaper.

☞ Subscriptions $2 per annum; $1 for six months, to be remitted by subscribers, (who should write their name and the town, county and State where they reside plainly)
To G. W. MATSELL & CO.
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