BUTTER'S
STATE CAPITOL
Book Bindery,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.
Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Establishment is chiefly devoted to
binding Books for
Banking Companies,
Merchants, &c. All cases impressed and bound to
Merchants, Attorneys and Justices
of the Peace, made and ruled to order. Tri-punch
Instruments. Duplicates, &c., for county purposes
made plain, ruled and bound to order. County
work of the best linen paper.
Merchants and others, desiring to have their Books well
bound at moderate prices, should give us a call. News-
paper, large or small sizes, Harper's Weekly, Gleason's
Pictorial, Scientific American, London News,
Magazines, and in any style required. Harper's Monthly,
Knickerbocker, Blackwood's and Graham's
Magazines, Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peter-
son's, Piano Music, &c., bound in extra styles, or
plain and substantial half binding. Select Pam-
phlets, Magazines, Pamphlet laws, bound in good li-
nen at very moderate prices. Persons having a
number to bind, will receive a liberal discount.
Books easily sent to me from a distance by Ex-
press, work entrusted to our care will be speed-
ily packed and returned by Express.—
Orders solicited. Address F. L. BUTTER,
Harrisburg, Pa.
WM. A. DERN, at the *Tribune* Office, are my
friends, and vicinity. They will give informa-
tion as to binding, and receive and return books
free of charge, for all who entrust their work to
him. [March 21, 1862-1y

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinney,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK.
At the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this es-
tablishment, warranted to give satisfaction. Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1858-tf.

JACOB WEIS,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
VIRGINIA STREET, ALTOONA, PA.,
IS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
BREAD, CAKES, CANDIES
CONFECTIONERY of his own manufacture, which he
will sell, wholesale or retail, at the most reason-
able prices. Also, FOREIGN FRUITS, such as
ORANGES, LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
FIGS, RAISINS, NUTS, &C., &C.
Orders in their respective seasons.
PIES & BAKED TO ORDER.
Parties, occasions, on short notice and in the neat-
est style of the art.
Call, examine and price my stock and you will find
goods as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.
Feb. 4, 1863.

CONFECTIONERY
AND OYSTER SALOON,
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD IN-
FORM the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
CONFECTIONERY, NUT and FRUIT STORE is always
supplied with the very best articles to be had, and in great
variety. He has also an
OYSTER SALOON
attached to his store, in which he will serve up OYSTERS
in all the styles during the season.
HOT COFFEE, TEA, CHOCOLATE AND BROWN BREAD & PIES always on hand.
Parties can be served at any time with Oysters prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c., at other parties. He invites a share of public patronage, believing that he can render full satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.
His store and saloon is on Virginia street, two doors West of Patton's Hall. OTTO ROSSI.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1863-tf

J. FETTINGER'S
General News Agency,
NO. 7, MAIN STREET
SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
STATIONERY, CONFECTIONARIES
CIGARS & TOBACCO,
FANCY NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Dec. 23, 1861.

LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.
ALSTON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,
BANKERS,
("Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
RECEIVE DEPOSITS ON THE PRINCIPAL
Gold and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
promptly received on deposite, payable on demand,
East, or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
CHEMIST, respectfully announces
to the citizens of Altoona and the public gen-
erally, that he still continues the Drug business,
at the old stand, where he keeps constantly
on hand, Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, OILS, VARNISH-
ES, STUFFS.
Attention to business, and a desire to render sat-
isfaction as regards price and quality, he hopes to
receive a share of public patronage.
Druggists and merchants supplied on reasonable terms,
and orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Prescriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

LADY FRIENDS WOULD DO
WELL to call upon the choice and choicest assort-
ment of DRY-S GOODS now displayed upon the
shelves of M'MURPHY & McPIKE,
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.
June 25, 1862.

OIL AND LARD OILS, CAM-
PHENE, Burning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at
KESSLER'S.

CLOTHING AT McCORMICK'S Store
A full and well assorted assortment of Ready-Made clothing
Nov. 25.-tf.

GROCERIES.—A LARGE AND
WELL assorted assortment of Groceries have just been re-
ceived by J. B. HILEMAN.

FOR HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
Clothes and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S.

KINDS OF PRINTING
Neatly and expeditiously executed at the
"ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE

MELLAS AND PARASOLS,
Large variety, at LAUGHMAN'S.
June 1, 1862.

CARPETS CARPETING AND
OIL CLOTHS can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Fancy, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs,
&c., &c., at
LAUGHMAN'S

FULL ASSORTMENT OF OVER-
COATS can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

COAL OIL, COLOGNES, POM-
ADES, Shaving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c., for sale by
G. W. KESSLER.

WALLPAPER OF ALL DESCRIP-
TIONS received and for sale by J. B. HILEMAN.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1863. NO. 11.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
J. B. McCRUM, H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Lines of less.....	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
Square, (8 lines).....	50	75	1 00
" (16 ").....	1 00	1 50	2 00
" (24 ").....	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents a square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less.....	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square.....	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column.....	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column.....	14 00	25 00	40 00

Administrators and Executors Notices 1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change..... 10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year..... 5 00
Communications of a politics character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notice exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the world for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and SOLITARY practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that fearful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to untimely graves thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or wakened to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, debility, &c., speedily cured.

Those who place himself under the care of Dr. J. may rely on his honor as a gentleman, and confidently upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Thoroughly Cured and Full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of improper indulgences. Young persons are too prone to yield to the temptation, being aware of the dreadful consequences of any exposure. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of reproduction is lost sooner by those falling into improper indulgence than by the opposite? Besides being deprived the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and decisive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The most Nervous Debility, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,

First door while going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Take out to observe name and number. Fees must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor cannot attend to fees in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known: many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being startled at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, pleasure, society or marriage.

Those are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects of the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of spirits, Evil-Foreboodings, Aversion to Society, Disturbed, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a sallow appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are seldom felt, even when asleep, and if not cured render marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of wandering from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or fear of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone be trusted with his case, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulceration of the throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till Death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison*, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you drifting month after month, taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.
His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this Institution, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

No letters received unless post paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send a portion of advertisement describing symptoms. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Maryland

Choice Poetry.

FALTER NOT—QUAIL NOT—ON TO THE FIGHT.

Falter not—quail not—on to the fight,
Our cause will yet triumph—we fight for the right,
The foe will be vanquished though fearless and bold,
For we fight for the cause of our fathers of old;
For liberty, freedom, Union and laws,
For God's fairest land—for God's chosen cause;
A cause that has triumphed over tyranny's might,
The cause of humanity, justice and right?
The cause of a nation that never oppressed—
A nation whose people have ever been blessed.

Quail not—we'll fail not—on to the fight!
Our cause will yet triumph—we fight for the right:
The hand that sustained us in days that are past,
Will restore us the Union and freedom at last.
What though the traitor hordes stand at your door;
Rally, men, rally, men, rally once more!
Yield not to treason the God given trust,
But stand by the flag of a cause that is just,
Stand by the flag that our Washington bore,
When Britain's invaders set foot on our shore.

Know ye the price of the treasure ye keep?
Then let not the traitor band find ye asleep,
But rouse ye to action, on, on to the war,
The oppressed of the nations look on from afar;
Then nerve ye the strong arm—brace up the heart,
And now let the patriot act well his part;
This is your country's call—falter ye not—
The deeds of your fathers must not be forgot;
The land they have given ye, see that ye save,
Or fill ye, each freeman, a patriot grave.

'Tis not for the negro the sword is unsheathed,
But the flag and the Union our father bequeathed.
If slavery shall perish 'mid the ruin of war,
'Twere better, aye better than freedom by far.
Oh! fight not for spoils—nor fight ye for gain:
But fight to preserve the flag from the stain
Of treason's foul touch, and never again
Let the sword be laid down till fields of the slain
Attest to the world that in earnest we fight,
For the cause that must triumph, because it is right.

Select Miscellany.

FALSE ARISTOCRACY.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

"I should like to know the name of that handsome young fellow who accompanied you to church last Sunday," remarked Clara Mullins, to her amiable and beautiful cousin Maria Sedgeland.

"That's a pretty question to ask. Do you imagine I am so simple as to tell all I know in this age of secret societies? The next thing you will want an introduction: by-and-by you will set your cap, and who knows but you may steal away my gallant beau, and then leave me alone in the glory of single blessedness."

"Now, Mary, stop poking fun at me, and let's know the name of that nice young man."

"Well, Clara, if it will afford you so much gratification as to ascertain his name, I will not be so cruel as to withhold it; here is his card."

"So you admire the name, and think he who wears it personally handsome."

"Yes, Maria, I think he is a perfect model of a man. How neatly, and yet how plainly he dresses. What a fine figure, broad forehead and beautiful eyes he has! Is he a lawyer, doctor, or professor, or merchant, or student? What is he?"

"He is a printer."

"A publisher, you mean."

"No, he picks up types in a newspaper office."

"O, now I understand you; you intend to say that he is the editor and proprietor of a newspaper."

"No, my dear cousin, he is a journeyman printer."

"You don't say he is nothing but a journeyman!"

"How came you, cousin, to allow him to sit up in our pew, and beau you home from church? I would not permit a mechanic to touch my arm with a pair of tongs. I think you ought to be ashamed of such vulgar society. I shall inform ma this very day, and so long as you remain under this roof, I am quite sure she will not allow that plebeian printer to pay any attention to you."

"I declare," observed Maria, pleasantly. "you have given me a Caudle lecture. If that distinguished foreigner who fell in love with you at the museum, and who has been so assiduous in his attentions ever since he obtained an introduction, could have heard you, I have no doubt he would highly commend you for looking down on what he calls the common herd."

"I wish you to understand that Mr. Fitzgammon is a real gentleman by birth, and that he has the advantage of an ample fortune," continued Clara.

"I am heartily sorry, my dear cousin, that you encourage the addresses of such a fop. I am sure he does not display much good breeding; and as for education, he seldom speaks without murdering his mother tongue. For my part, I should prefer the society of one who works for a living, provided he is honest, virtuous, sober and intelligent. I have been acquainted with Mr. Raymond ever since he was a child—indeed we were schoolmates. I know his parents, and although they are poor they are quite respectable, and have given George a good common education, and he is now occupying his leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge of the languages. Even you admire his personal attractions, and all acknowledge that his intellectual endowments are far superior to his physical beauty."

"I am much obliged to you for that sermon, Miss Maria Sedgeland; it does not require the assistance of a spy-glass or microscope to discover the state of your feelings in regard to this vexed question. The truth is you are envious or jealous, because I have made an impression on the heart of Mr Fitzgammon, while you can pick up a poor shiftless fellow, who picks up letters in a printing office. Ma will put a stop to your courtship, and if you were at the altar pa would forbid the bans."

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Maria was requested to go into her aunt's room. She had been seated but a few moments, when the aristocratic old lady came into the apartment and observed, "I have been informed that without my knowledge or consent you have accepted the attention of a young man employed in a printing office."

"Well, aunt," remarked Maria, blushing to the temples, "Mr Raymond came from my native town; and we have been acquainted ever since we were children.—He is a respectable young man, and a welcome guest in the best circles of society."

"Well, Miss, I shall put an immediate stop to such an interview as you have with him. You shall not go with him to the theatre nor drink wine with him at parties."

"He never goes to the theatre and he never drinks wine. He belongs to a division of the Sons of Temperance."

"So he is a cold water rat! Now I hate him more than I did before, and if he ever comes to my house I will drive him away with a broom stick."

"John," said Mr Mullins to his servant man, "take this *billet doux* to the hotel where Mr. Fitzgammon boards, and give it to him yourself with my compliments."

It was past nine o'clock, and yet Mr. Fitzgammon was still in the embrace of Morpheus. The waiter, glad to awaken the sleeper, and feed him, so that the dining room might be got in readiness for the next meal, awoke him at once.

He usually spent an hour at his glass, unpapering his curls, lacing his stays, &c. Whilst he was dressing and decorating his person, John commenced conversation with an intelligent waiter, who was an old chum of his.

"I guess massus is goin' to have a party to-night, and this note is to ax the gentleman to attend."

"You do not call him a gentleman, I hope. He is as cross as a bear with a sore head, and is more trouble at the table than any other six boarders in the house. He smells the soup until his moustache dips into it, and then pronounces it unfit for the pigs; he says that the beefstake is tougher than sole leather—the butter as strong as Samson—and the pies and puddings not to be compared to such luxuries in London. We have to be as careful in feeding him as though he were a wild beast, gnashing his teeth on the keeper of the menagerie."

"Why how you talk, Bob. Miss Clara takes quite a shine to him, and she would have thrown a kettle of hot water on you if she heard what you said now. I should not wonder if they got married before long. She says he is the son of a lord."

"Son of a devil, more likely."

"Well, if they should pair off, after billing and cooing a while, I hope he will make Miss Clara stand around, for she has a horrid temper, and Miss Sedgeland has to put up with her ill humor.—She is half the time scolding her because a workman went with her to meeting on Sunday."

"Are the old folks rich?"

"They are well to do in the world, but they need not turn up their noses at poor folks, for I remember the time when old Mullins couldn't cut such a swath as he does now. He used to keep a barber shop, and had some idea of taking my father into partnership with him, but father refused to have anything to do with the old skin flint. He griped every cent until it squealed, and soon saved enough to go to brokering on a small scale. Folks used to laugh, and say one pole would do for both branches of business. Now he uses soft soap, and shaves notes, and is ashamed of the more honest and honorable calling of shaving faces. I wish the old man would try his hand on the face of the dandy who is after his daughter."

"Yes, John, I think he could improve his looks, but then if a man makes a beast of himself, I can see no earthly reason why he shouldn't look like one. I believe this stranger who palms himself off as a distinguished foreigner is an impudent impostor, without either wit, money or morality; and should be sorry to have him marry your young mistress."

"Well, John, I read books and study human nature, and if I am not vastly mistaken, the ill-loooking, ill-natured and ignorant foppling of whom we have been speaking, is a vile fellow, and he ought to be exposed. I think it would be a good idea to get Mr. Raymond to publish him."

"Do you mean Raymond the printer?"

"Yes."

"He is the very man that went to church with the lovely and graceful Miss Sedgeland last Sunday, and Missus has vowed he shall never darken her doors again."

"What an old goose she must be. Mr. Raymond is loved and respected by all who know him. Several of our oldest, most wealthy and influential citizens have clubbed together and raised funds enough to buy a press and types, and have engaged him to edit a newspaper they design to publish. He is the famous author of the thrilling sketches over the initials of 'G. R.'

"Miss Clara says she wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs, and that he is a low fellow, fit only to associate with vulgar people."

"Pshaw! that's all moonshine. The time may come when she will be glad to be in his company. There is an accomplished and pretty young lady boarding here who gave the mitten to Mr. Fitzgammon, but she would be delighted to have Mr. Raymond except her hand, her fortune."

As John surmised, that very evening there was a grand soiree at the house owned and occupied by the haughty homely Mrs. and the hard-fisted Mr. Mullins.

At an early hour, the washed, combed, brushed, curled, dressed, perfumed and decorated Mr. Fitzgammon might have been seen ascending the flight of granite steps, and after spelling out the name engraved on the door plate, pulled the bell with such violence that the lap-dog howled with the ear ache, and the servants started in alarm, and the old woman wondered what on earth was the matter.

He was escorted into the pleasant room which was handsomely furnished with the most fashionable furniture. After being introduced to the company present, he made a low bow, tried to smile, scraped his feet on the carpet, and then awkwardly tumbled like a bale of dry goods on the sofa; after which he looked up with an air of wondrous wisdom and importance, which seemed to say, "what think ye of this imported specimen of gentility.

He really was a remarkable looking object. His coarse hair was oiled, curled and scented. He stared at every person in the room through his quizzing glass. He wore on his unintellectual face, moustache, imperial, whiskers and goatee, looking like an ass that had swallowed a horse, and left the tail sticking out of his mouth. His red carrot fingers were hooped with huge rings, and a broach large enough for a looking-glass stuck upon his ruffled shirt bosom.

Most persons could have seen at a glance that he was one of those nondescript creatures who know but little of themselves externally, except what they learn from the looking-glass, and who know nothing of themselves, internally, except what they feel from the liquor-glass. The following conversation between the parties will afford an idea of the mental calibre of the distinguished gentlemen.

"It is a beautiful evening, sir," remarked one of the company.

"Very foine."

"How do you like our climate, sir?"

"Very foine."

"You have seen the falls of Niagara, I am told. What do you think of that sublime and beautiful water wonder?"

"It is very foine."

"I think I saw you at the meeting which was recently addressed by the Hon. Daniel Webster; what do you think of his eloquent and magnificent speech?"

"It was very foine."

"How do you feel, sir, when excited by the thrilling, electrifying eloquence of our Demosthenes?"

"Very foine."

"The sensation must be akin to the trumpeting of the storm when the winds do battle. What are your sensations during a storm at sea?"

"I am very sick at the stomach, at such times, but when we have a smooth sea and a fair wind, I feel very foine."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mullins and her daughter. They were richly dressed and gorgeously jewelled, and Clara, notwithstanding the unmistakable lines which ill-temper had traced upon her countenance, was very beautiful to look upon. The moment they entered the room, Mr. Fitzgammon rose from his seat—and squeezed the hand of Miss Clara, and told her she looked lovely, and "very foine." In the course of the evening, he ventured to say she was a charming girl, fit to be the wife of a lord, and he meant what he said, 'pon honor.

Maria was present at the party, and her aunt availed herself of an early opportunity to ask her how she would like the attention of such a man as Mr. Fitzgammon.

"Best at a distance," said she, "I could not endure such a bandbox dandy, whose head is as empty as his hat."

"You rude thing, how dare you speak so disparagingly of my company in my own house?"

"Why, aunt, he has been winking at me most impertinently through his quizzing glass. He is not a gentleman and ought to be requested to leave the house. If he does not, by your permission I will retire to my room.

"I suppose you are anxious to see the journeyman printer, but if he dares to show his face within reach of a poker, I will drive him into the street. I have a will and a way to punish upstarts who do not know their own place and have no regard for the higher order of society.

At a late hour that night, or rather at an early hour the next morning, the party broke up; but unfortunate Mr. Fitzgammon had partaken too freely of wine, and sober John was nominated and appointed a committee of one to lead the eminent stranger to his lodgings.

The next day it was rumored in different parts of the city, that a lord, duke, knight or earl, or something else had fallen in love with Miss Mullin, the broker's daughter. Maria received a severe caudling from her aunt, and ditto from her dear cousin, because she spoke so contemptuously of Mr. Fitzgammon.

Miss Mullin's jealousy induced her to believe that several young ladies were not only smitten but deep in love with the golden calf she worshipped, and in order to make sure of the idol of her affections, she and her parents went to work in good earnest to bring about a match and have the parties united in matrimonial alliance.

The landlord to whom Mr. Fitzgammon was indebted for board and borrowed money, did not press his claims, for fear he might lose a customer.

In a short time arrangements were made for the wedding. Milliners, tailors, shoemakers, and confectioners, were all busy at work. The day selected, the guests were invited, and all the interested parties were on the tiptoe of anticipation, when an event occurred which is related as follows:

"Wife, did you see the new paper?"

"Yes, I saw it, but you know as well as I do, that I have no time to read newspapers. Clara is to be married next Monday, and I shall have to be as busy as a dress-maker, or cut a sorry figure at the wedding."

"But here is a fist pointing to a paragraph about Mr. Fitzgammon, the distinguished foreigner."

"Do read it, pa," said Clara, smiling, "I knew he would make a noise in the world. A man of his rank in society, having such a princely fortune, and a variety of accomplishments, such fascinating manners and such superb talents, cannot fail to make a great sensation among the people competent to appreciate his genius. Let us hear it, pa."

"We have received the London Times."

"Hear this, ma, the news is from England. I suppose my envious, jealous saint of a cousin, who told me she believed somebody to be an imposter, will see her mistake."

"Do let me read without interruption, if you please."

"We received, by last night's mail, a copy of the London Times, which contained the following startling and unexpected announcement: 'John Gammon, who was a servant in the service of Wm. Fitz, Esq., has robbed his mother of considerable clothing and jewelry, and it is supposed he has sailed for America. He is about thirty years of age, of medium size, has dark eyes, coarse curly hair, and a scar on his left cheek, which he received from the watchman who arrested him in the act of whipping his wife. One hundred pounds shall be given to the person who secures the thief.' Early this morning, one of our efficient police officers read the announcement and at once put the Fitz and Gammon together, went to the hotel where he found a sleeping beauty with a scar on his left cheek, and the name of Fitz on some silver spoons in his trunk. He awoke and arrested Mr. Gammon, and escorted him to jail."

Clara fainted when she heard the sad tidings, and after she came to her senses, she exclaimed: "O, ma, O, pa!—what shall I do? My dresses are made, our friends are invited, everybody will laugh at me! I wish I could be shut up in a nunnery.

"What a villain he must be," said Mrs. Mullin. "He has a wife now living. he has been stealing spoons." I shouldn't wonder if he stole that silver spoon off the mantle-piece, for I missed it the day after he first called here. I hope the authorities will hang him by the neck until he is choked to death."

"Mr. Mullins, who is the editor of that paper?"

"Mr. George Raymond."

"I wonder if that is the young man who gallanted Maria to meeting that Sunday?"

"I suppose it is," said Mr. Mullins.

"Well, go and ask him concerning the particulars of this singular and most unhappy affair."

Mr. Mullins went to the office and enquired if Mr. Raymond was in.

"No, sir," was the answer; "he has gone to the State House. He has recently been elected to the Senate, and consequently spends much of his time in the Senate Chamber."

"Is this Mr. Raymond the young man who used to work in the brick building across the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"When he returns, give my compliments to him, and say my name is Mullins, and that all the members of my family would be happy to see him."

Mr. Mullins returned and informed the family that the journeyman printer had become not only an editor, but also a prominent member of the Senate, and that the news respecting Mr. Fitzgammon was also too true.

The intelligence spread like wild fire through the city, and offered a rich feast for tale bearers and scandal mongers, and those who carry the devil's mail bag from door to door, had their hands, hearts and mouths full for a fortnight.

The Hon. Mr. Raymond—the low born journeyman—the plebian printer who belonged to the vulgar herd—called frequently to see the beautiful Maria Sedgeland; and although Clara set her cap for him, and tried all the skill of an experienced coquette, she failed to win the printer, who became the happy husband of Maria Sedgeland. Clara improved in wisdom as she advanced in years, and finally became the contented wife of a worthy, respectable man, who worked as a pressman in Mr. Raymond's office.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

Never enlarge your farm, when that you now own is not half cultivated.

Do not buy fancy stock and pay fabulous prices, on the spur of the moment, or without knowing why you want it, and how you are to make the investment profitable.

Do not keep poor stock when you can keep good at the same expense, and with four times the profit.

If you have a good location, do not sell out, expecting to better it, because you are offered a good price.

Be present with your hands as much as possible, otherwise little work will be done, and that poorly. No business requires the master's oversight more than farming.

Cultivate a little well rather than much poorly. Who does not remember the farmer who had two daughters? When the first one married, he gave her one third of his vineyard, and yet he had as many grapes as formerly; when the second married, she took half the remainder for her portion, and yet the yield of the father's share was not lessened.

Keep ahead of your work, or your work will keep ahead of you.

Invest your surplus earnings in making such improvements as will add to the profit, appearance and convenience of your farm.

Be kind to those you employ, and to all the animals you work.

Sell your produce when prices are high; and if you do not need the money, keep it when they are very low, unless it is certain they will remain so.

Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the principles of agriculture, and be guided by them. Read, travel and observe.

Take care of your tools when you get through using them, and do not work with poor ones when you can afford good ones.

Do not buy old wagons, plows, harrows, etc., at auction, because you think they are cheap, as it will not pay.

Do not keep more stock on your farm than you have plenty of pasture for.

If at forty-five you have a fair property, do not work with your muscles so hard as formerly, but save the afternoon of each day for mental and social improvement.

Give your children a good education—physically, intellectually, morally and socially.

Use machinery and horse power, where possible, instead of human muscle.

In all you do, if you would work to advantage, endeavor to get hold of the long end of the lever instead of the short one.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—A few evenings since there was a learned dissertation—subject: "Bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry, and drooped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentleman, that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he had been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs. But," added he, by the way of of parenthesis, "he looked mighty pail"

☞ It may be contended, without danger of successful contradiction, that laziness is the most effectual labor saving machine that has ever been invented.