News for the Unfortunate!

THE LONG SOUGHT FOR

DISCOVERED AT LAST

CURES FROM ONE TO THREE DAYS

CHEROKEE REMEDY
—AND—
CHEROKEE INJECTION

Compounded from Barks, Roots & Leaves.

CHEROKEE REMEDY, the great Indian Diuretic and all diseases of the various organs, such as Incontinence of the Urine, Inflamation of the Bladder, Inflamation of the Kidneys, Stone in the Bladder, Stricture, Gravel, Gonorrhœa, and is especially recommended in those of Fluor Albus (or Whites in females) where all the famous medicines have failed.

Prepared in a highly concentrated form, the dose ranging from one to two teaspoonfuls three times per day. A diuretic and alternative in its action; purifying and cooling the blood causing it to flow in all of its original purity and vigor: thus removing from the system all those causes which have induced disease.

CHEROKEE INJECTION is intended as an ally or assistant to the Cherokee Remedy, and should be used in conjunction with that medicine in all cases of Gonorhœa, Fluor Albus or Whites. Its effect are healing soothing and demulcent: removing all scalding, heat, chordee &c., instead of the burning and almost unendurible heat is experienced with nearly all the cheap quack injections.

Use at the Cherokee Remedy, and Cherokee Injection two medicines at the same time—all improper discharges are removed, and the weakened organs are speedily restored to full vigor and strength.

For full particulars get our pampelet from any druggist in the country, or write to us and we will mail free to any address, a full treatise.

One Cherokee Remedy, $2 per bottle, or three bottles for $5.

One Cherokee Injection, $2 per bottle or three bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to any address on receipt of price.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

THE GREAT

INDIAN MEDICINE

COMPOUNDED FROM

ROOTS, BARKS AND LEAVES.

CHEROKEE CURE!

Installing cure for Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness Nocturnal Emissions, and all diseases caused by self-pollution such as, Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, Weakness, Difficulty in Breathing, Trembling, Wakefulness, Pimples on the Face, Pale Countenance, Insanity, Consumption, and all the Direful Complaints caused by departing from the path of nature.

This medicine is a simple vegetable extract, and one on which all can rely, as it has been used in our practice for years, and with thousands treated, it has not failed in a single instance. Its curative powers have been sufficient to gain victory over the most stubborn case.

Those who have trifled with their constitution until they have ruined themselves beyond the reach of medical aid, we say, *Despair not!* the CHEROKEE CURE will restore you to health and vigor, and after all quack doctors have failed.!

For full particulars, get a Circular from any Druggist in the country, or write the Proprietors, who will send free to any one desiring the same, a full treatise in a sealed letter.

Price, $2 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, and forwarded by Express to all parts of the world.

Sold by all respectable druggists everywhere.

DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors,
No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

TAKING THE AFTER TAKING THE

Elixir. Elixir.

DR. WRIGHT'S

JUVENATING ELIXIR!

OR, ESSENCE OF LIFE.

PREPARED FROM PURE VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, CONTAINING NOTHING INJURIOUS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

This Rejuvenating Elixir is the result of modern discovery in the vegetable kingdom being an entirely new and abstract method of cure, irrespective of all the old, worn-out systems.

This medicine has been tested by the most eminent medical men of the day, and by them pronounced to be one of the most medical discoveries of the age.

One bottle will cure General Debility.

Two doses cures Hysterics in Females.

One bottle cures Palpitation of the heart.

Three doses restores the organs of regeneration.

One to three bottles restores the manliness and full vigor of youth.

Four doses restores the appetite.

Four bottles cure the worst case of Impotency.

Five doses cures the low spirited.

One bottle restores mental power.

Six doses bring the rose to the cheek.

This medicine restores to manly vigor and robust health the debilitated, worn-down and despairing devotee of pleasure.

To the listless enervated youth, the over-tasked man of business, the victim of nervous depression, the individual suffering from general debility, or from weakness of a single organ, will all find immediate and permanent relief by the use of this Elixir or Essence of Life.

$2 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, and forwarded by express, on receipt of money, to any address.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Dr. W. R. MERWIN & Co.,
Sole Proprietors, No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

CHEROKEE PILLS!

SUGAR COATED

HEADACHE REGULATOR,

Health Preserver

CERTAIN AND SAFE.

For Removal of Obstructions, and the Insurance of Health in the Recurrence of the Monthly Periods.

Cure or obviate those numerous diseases that follow irregularity, by removing the irregularity.

Are Suppressed, Excessive and Painful Menstruations.

Cure Green Sickness (Chlorosis.)

Cure Nervous and Spinal Affections, pains in the lower parts of the body, Heaviness, Fatigue on exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Sick Headache, Giddiness, etc., etc. In a word, removing the Irregularity, they remove the cause of all the effects that spring from it.

Composed of simple vegetable extracts, they contain no deleterious to any constitution, however delicate. Their action being to substitute strength for weakness, when properly used, they never fail to do.

They may be safely used at any age and at any period during the first three months, during which the nature of their action would infallibly prevent.

Full directions, information or advice will be promptly and discreetly answered.

Directions accompany each box.

One box per box, or six boxes for $5.

Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

Sold by all respectable Druggists.

DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
Sole Proprietors, No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

1864.—1y.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1864. NO. 16.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR

CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

ETTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock.

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted

EQUAL TO THE BEST,

and superior to the largest quantity of Ready-made clothing in the market.

2nd. We buy our Cloths directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put on by middle men.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloths, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the percentage which must be added by those who buy from second hands to sell again. We retail our Clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs in the city, thereby saving said Clothiers' per centage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's Store in Altoona, is "played out," let such person drop into his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Dec. 2, 1863.—tf

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has just returned from the East, where he has been selecting his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in this neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and as it is quite an object, in these exciting war times, for every one to purchase where they can get

The Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices,

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes all to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will defy competition. His stock consists of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description,
MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR.
LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES.
MEN'S HALF HOSE
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.
HATS AND CAPS,
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.
GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Ladies Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
Kip Pegged ..... 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots ..... 2.75@3.50
BALMORAL SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c., and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.

Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

CITY DRUG STORE.

DR. E. H. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Berlin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite Frey's Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure,

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand,

DRUGS,
MEDICINES and CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES. CARBON OIL AND LAMPS, NOTIONS, CIGARS,
and every article usually kept in a First-class Drug Store
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
for medicinal use.
DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night.

Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

MORE COMPETITION!

A NEW DRY GOODS STORE

ON VIRGINIA STREET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public that she has added to her stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,
A FULL LINE OF
DRY GOODS,

Consisting of PRINTS, DELAINES, ALPACAS, REPS GINGHAMS, MUSLINS, ETC.

BLEACHED MUSLINS from 23 to 45 cents per yard
YELLOW " " 24 to 35 " " "
CALICO " 16 to 25 " " "
DELAINES " 20 to 35 " " "

And all other articles in proportion.

I have also a full assortment of GLOVES, HOSIERY, COLLARS, and NOTIONS generally.

My stock of Millinery Goods embraces everything in that line usually kept in the country.

I have marked my goods down to the lowest figure FOR CASH. Believing that my goods and prices will prove satisfactory, I invite a call from the public.

REBECCA McCLELLAND.

Dec. 23d, 1863–1y.

1864. SPRING 1864.

CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring advertisement, through which I would inform my friends and the public generally that I have just returned from the East where I have purchased a fresh Stock of

HATS AND CAPS

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot fail to please all classes.

I have also bought an immense stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

the majority of which are city make and will be guaranteed. My assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on wholesale prices.

The public will be greatly benefited by giving this their attention and call and examine my stock, as I feel confident I can please all.

JAMES S. MANN, Main street.
ap9-tf Altoona, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime CIGARS—at
Jan. 13, '64.] REIGART'S Drug Store.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU and Drake's Plantation Bitters, at
Jan 13, '64] REIGART'S Drug Store.

MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every style and color, of good quality, at LAUGHMAN'S.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags, at LAUGHMAN'S.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC Paint, also Chrome, Green, Yellow, Paris Green, dry and ground oil at KESSLER'S. [1-tf.]

WRITCHEY IS REALLY SELLING the best brown Sugar in Altoona at 12½ cents.

ALL STYLES CARPETING AND Oil-Cloths can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. 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.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per 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 political 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 notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

For the Tribune.

"ONE HOUR WITH THEE."

One hour with Thee,—at early dawn,
When o'er the eastern hills the rising sun
Creeps slowly upward to the mountain height,
And softly o'er me throws its hallowed light,—
When my rapt thoughts in praise to heaven ascend,
And low before the throne of God I bend;
Then from my heart goes up the solemn prayer,
May I be like Him, and be with Him there.

One hour with Thee,—when through this world I plod,
My lonely, weary way, up home to God;
When cold, and damp, and chill, the wintry blast
Sweeps round my heart, and then goes howling past,
When friends are taken from my own loved home,
And carried to the cold and silent tomb;
When all below, on earth, seems dark and drear,
Then may I whisper that my God is near.

One hour with Thee,—at close of life,—
When I am passing from this world of strife,
And round my couch my many friends draw near
To breathe to God their earnest, humble prayer,—
Then would I point them to the cursed tree,
And say, "Behold the Lamb" who died for me,—
Then would I lay my head on Jesus' breast,
And calmly, sweetly sink into Thy rest.

Altoona, May 15th, 1864. T.

NELLIE.

Sleeping sweetly 'neath the willow,
Closed her eyes,
With the cold damp earth her pillow,
Nellie lies,
But the flowerets bloom as brightly
Round her bed,
And the song-birds sing as lightly,
O'er her head.

Oh! the sunlight still is flitting
Round our door;
In its beams bright forms are basking
As of yore:
But the sunlight of our cottage
Now has fled,
Gone to light a brighter mansion,
Gone—not dead.

Close beside her lowly pillow,
While she sleeps,
Love's bright star its lonely vigil
Ever keeps,
And my heart is weeping over
Beauty's doom,
Chanting its low anthem ever,—
Blight and bloom.

WATCH, MOTHER,

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the dusty street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray—
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing on the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Select Miscellany.

THE SOLDIER LOVER.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

"And you dare to call the feeling you have professed for Hugh, love, Coralie Mayburn."

"Hudge Madge! Don't look at me with your great stormy eyes that way. Madge Harper you positively make my blood run cold the way you talk. It is hardly right that a girl of my attractions should throw herself away on a man with only one arm.

"Not if that arm was lost in the defence of his country? Oh, Coralie! you that I have loved as a sister, how can you be so fearless? how can you have so little feeling for the brave man who has shrined you in his heart of hearts, and who has perilled his all in defence of our loved land? America! Does there not one feeling of patriotism stir your bosom at the name? Think of those who have bled and died, and how narrowly Hugh has escaped with his life; and all through this warm summer day I know he is lying, patient and hopeful, yet wondering how Coralie does not come—his Coralie. Nay, do not start; you know you promised to be all that just one short year ago; and now, Coralie! Coralie! how can you throw aside, like a worthless toy, the love of the noblest, manly heart that ever beat."

"Do hush, Madge, you distract me. What has all this talk to do with my marrying Hugh Mansfield? I suppose that I love him just as well as any other girl would under the circumstances; but as to wedding him it is utterly impossible—scarred and maimed as he is."

"But, Coralie, you should be proud of that scar and missing arm. Had I such a soldier lover I would consider it a badge of honor that I would be proud to share forever; besides, is not the soul the same, only, if possible, more ennobled? Oh, be careful, my friend, my sister, how you trifle with your life's great happiness," and in her impetuosity, the small, delicate girl knelt at her cousin's feet, and clasped the folds of her rich riding habit.

"I tell you I will not see him. Marry him! no, never! But, now I think of it, you would suit him exactly, Madge: you are both what the world calls talented, and understand all about soul marriage, moral heroism, and all that, while I am so much of earth, earthly, that I shudder at the sight of a cut finger. You see, my little cousin, that I lack the moral courage you possess. Why, I believe that you would march up to a loaded cannon's mouth if you thought it necessary. No, no, little one, I could only yield my heart to a handsome face and form, not forgetting the charms of a well-filled purse. Believe me, I could not bear to see Hugh, now, he was once so gloriously beautiful Good bye, cousin, mine: I am going to take a ride with Charlie Lumsford to those rocks which they call the haunted castle, where they say that ghosts do congregate on a moonlight night. Good-bye;" and the gay coquette donned her riding hat and closed the door behind her.

Madge made no reply; she had covered her face with her hands, and the bitter tears were coursing down between her white, slender fingers. Ah! little did the thoughtless Coralie think that she had rubbed, jarred a secret cord that wayward Madge had striven in vain to hide down deep in her heart of hearts. She was not beautiful; her features, though prepossessing and intellectual, were too large for beauty; still the form was cast in the finest mould, and with her proud, flashing eyes, clear complexion, and wealth of chestnut curls, she was often called beautiful, because there was about her that mysterious magnetic attraction which supplies the place of beauty.

Left an orphan four years previous to the introduction of our story, she had found a home in the house of her uncle, where she had been treated as a daughter—yet the silly fashionable Mrs. Mayburn illy supplied the place of the mother she had lost: and Madge sighed for the rose-wreathed cottage where she had known such a wealth of love.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Charlie Lumsford, seated in the next room, had unwittingly been a listener to the convesation of the two girls, and it was the first intimation he had ever heard of the engagement of Coralie. A great admirer of beauty, he had been lured by her syren smiles almost to the verge of a declaration, and hitherto had looked upon Madge simply as an interesting girl, of whom he would like to know more, but then it was not worth the trouble; for Charlie, though talented and noble-minded, had been spoiled by fortune, and dearly loved his ease; but now his heart throbbed and glowed as he listened to her sentiments, so unlike the mass of women; and how he despised himself for yielding his heart a moment to one whose love went no deeper than a handsome face and a well-filled purse. Besides, why might not his fate be the same as that of Hugh's, for, an earnest lover of his country, that morning he had enlisted under the glorious stripes and stars. Coralie opened the door softly to find him pacing the room with a red spot burning on either cheek, while the words,—

"I must know more of her; she is worthy of the love of a true man's heart; such as with the help of God I may become," came from his lips. And the little beauty gave the words her own interpretation.

"He will certainly propose," she said, "and I shall as certainly accept; for in all the country around, there is no one so wealthy and handsome as Charlie Lumsford."

He turned to see a rosy roguish face approaching, and to feel a soft little hand placed within his own, while the apology, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mr. Lumsford, but am ready at last," came in a musical voice to his ears; and they were soon on their way to the old ruins which Coralie had professed a fancy to explore, but for which she cared little, thinking the trouble only repaid by the attractive attentions of Captain Lumsford.

It was with difficulty that he kept up a conversation with the smiling beauty by his side, for his thoughts were far away by the sick-bed of his friend. Hugh, waiting, longing, hoping through the rosy morning hours for the presence of his affianced bride, the faithless Coralie; and somehow he fancied that shy, impulsive Madge was there with her deep, unfathomable eyes and musical voice, perhaps reading to him from some classic tome, or tender poet; and, somehow, the thought gave him pain.

But Madge was not there, as she had been many days previous assisting Evaline Mansfield in the care of her sick brother, because, after Coralie's departure, she went carefully to work searching her own heart, and there found Hugh Mansfield's image shrined as its most cherished idol. How could she dare to meet him now?

Reader, it is a sacred hour when the pure and trusting maiden for the first time enters the white-robed chamber of her soul, and finds the spirit image of another shadowed there. How the clear white deepens into a rosy flush, and the rainbow hues of hope o'er-shadow all till the path of life seems strewed with flowers; earth is robed with a golden glory, and it seems as if we would never, never suffer again, so sweet, so thrilling is the new strange cord that the welcome guest has stirred.

But the sweetest awakening of woman's life came not to Madge Harper as it does to many maidens, but in sorrow, for with it came the knowledge that she was alone and unloved. Alas! what a desolate feeling this is to a loving woman's heart.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Madge! Madge! my sweet little wild-wood blossom, will you not, can you not love me? I know well the worth, the depth of a nature such as yours, and do not expect the flowers, which springing from your heart, will, I know, be so beautiful, so perfect, to be of instant growth, but circumstances have compelled me to speak now, for I leave with my regiment in the morning, and could not depart without opening my heart to you—you who have silently, sweetly stolen into my inner life, till every tendril of my heart seems folded around you, every purpose centered in you, till it can scarcely be said my life is my own. Madge, I would not insult your spotless nature, or tempt your proud heart, by speaking of the great wealth which it is in my power to lay at your feet, did I not know that from no other man than a husband would you receive means to expand the lofty intellect which is yours; and that you, who are an angel of mercy, might make that wealth a blessing. Oh, Madge, give me one ray of hope, and help me to live the better life that I have marked out for myself."

Her answer fell an Charlie Lumsford's life, crushing out all the beautiful flowers which had nestled there for weeks.

"Charles, dear friend, I love and esteem your noble character, prize your society, but will be frank with you. My heart is another's, and my love, like yours, is hopeless."

They were seated together on the mossy turf beneath the shade of the spreading maples, and the strong man bowed his head upon his hands, while his proud frame shook with contending emotions. She laid her small hand on his bowed head, and the slight touch aroused him. Impulsively his arm drew her to his embrace, while he pressed one kiss upon her brow.

"It is not wrong, Madge! Farewell, purest, dearest, I will try to look upon you as a sister, and when you hear that Charlie Lumsford has fallen in battle, you will go and comfort his poor mother, and be to her as a daughter?"

One last, long kiss and embrace, and the brave-hearted and impulsive Charlie Lumsford was gone.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Alas! how often swift coming presentiments are true; it was at Fort Donelson he fell, with her name the last upon his lips. They opened his will, and in it there was a rich legacy bequeathed to Madge Harper; and when his mother wrote asking her to come and share her home, and be to her as a daughter, she went like a true woman, seeking to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and many blessed the legacy, which, in the hands of Madge, was the means of doing so much good.

In the meantime where was Coralie? She had become the wife of a rich merchant old enough to be her father, and, in a giddy round of pleasure, vainly sought the pearl of happiness. Alas! how many there are who sell themselves for gold to find that gold but dross.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"How can I ever thank you, Madge, for your kindness to me? You have been like fragrant flowerets and cool fountains to a parched desert," and Hugh Mansfield took the little hand in his only remaining one, while he gazed searchingly into the clear eyes upturned to his own. "I am going to luxuriate in rural life now;" his voice had a touch of sadness in it. "And now that I have entirely recovered, you will still be my companion sometimes, and we will live over the old days again—you and I—the days when we were children."

It came, and yet he knew not how, the all-absorbing love which overshadowed, with its holy wing, Hugh Mansfield's life; and Madge became loved as even Coralie never had been. There are some characters which, like violets or modest daisies, hidden in tangled grass, it requires a close observer and intimate association to perceive their beauty; and such a nature was Madge Harper's.

Every hour that Hugh spent in her society he wondered at the rich store of thought, at the strength and power of her mind. It was in winter, when the snow had spread abroad its fleecy mantle, that the confession was made. And shortly after there was a quiet wedding in the village church, where the sweetly murmured "I will" of Madge thrilled Hugh Mansfield's heart with gladness, and caused him to bless the broken arm which had gained him such a wife.

A YANK AMONG ARISTOCRATS.

Not many years ago it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced to the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and was a great favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but no very fair pretext offering as a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civily. Thus matters stood when an honorale M. P. and a lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat at Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted, in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one tasked to remember or invent something new.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionables in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the cavaliers. Had he not been a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his pleasant and respectful civilities, and his constant attention in drawing rooms and saloons always showed themselves his friends. But a strong combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies to anihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing of various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies who always carry their point in a scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some charades had been disposed of, a gentleman begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successfully the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and the happiest in his answer, receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among three candidates. He was aware that his position in the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the republic. The three were thies had arranged their turn for him should fall in succession, and he the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, with an air of most effable condescension, put this question:

"If I understand rightly the government of your country you acknowledge no distinction of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, will favor me with the information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Fall of Niagara; a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols, and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was moustached and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, purest and the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on these questions, and, if you choose, will argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said:

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the past time warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was brilliant with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles that wreathed many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered:

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and begetting love in our sex, and consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest Now I assert confidently that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated as in the Republic of the United States, therefore the American ladies are the fairest. But," he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I now have the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

THE DECAY OF VITAL POWER.

"Burleigh" of the Boston *Journal* gives the following graphic sketch of well known men:

Men will grow old—some by age, some by care, some by premature decay brought on by exposure, toil or dissipation. Man can live fast, financially and physically; in either case bankruptcy comes. I saw a crowd on the steps of the Astor yesterday. They were watching the attempt of the great pugilist, Tom Hyer, to ascend into the house. His tall form was bent by disease; his once firm step tottered; his great strength had departed. With crutches and the aid of the strong arm of a friend he slowly and with anguish took one step at a time, as an infant would go up. It was gall and bitterness to him to cast his eyes around on that crowd, and see how unlike their greeting was to the crowd that cheered him on in his great fight with Sullivan. By a singular coincidence Morissey came along. But how unlike Hyer. Morissey is a professed gambler. It is his trade. He has taken care of himself and keeps within bounds. He is temperate, for his calling demands it. He dresses in elegant taste—is full jewelled—and would pass for a well-to-do banker with the upper ten; or as a Professor in a college. Morrissey has taken Saratoga under his special charge, and intends to drive this year a larger business than he did the last. He has taken his headquarters already, and with an elegant exterior, smart address, cool and adroit habits, he will allure into his embrace many of our youth, and send the curse into many homes in the form of ruined but once manly sons.

As Hyer was attempting to go up the steps a man sought a more quiet entrance on one side of the srowd. It was N. P. Willis. "Time has laid his hand visible on you, my gay friend." I said to myself. He needed the aid of a cane to help him up. The little and smart step faltered in its upward movement. The auburn locks, still curly, were grizzled: his face was thin and beard gray, as one in the sear and yellow leaf of life. Few would have recognized in this feeble and slender invalid the nervous, hilareous man of twenty years ago. He cast a sad look on the crowd, and the pugilist broken down in middle life, and passed on. The group was not complete. Passing along the pavement was Commodore Vanderbilt. Till recently he has been among our most vigorous men. Age seemed to have no effect upon him. His body was iron, his nerves steel. Old in years, his step was elastic. His hair was white as snow, but his intellect sharp and vigorous. His form slim as a youth of nineteen, but as erect as a Mohawk warrior. Some months ago he was thrown from his wagon. That fall did the work of years on his system. He walks and looks the old man, his step is languid and that touch which none can parry, and all must obey, is his. Such is life.

☞ Birds are the poor man's music, flowers are the poor man's poetry, and the rich man has no better.

☞ Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

☞ A measure of iniquity.—A quart bottle holding little more than a pint.

☞ Say but little; think much and do more.