BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

REMEDY FOR
MPTION,
y prominent physicians to be
reparation ever introduced
Y and CURE of all
OMPLAINTS.
y is offered to the public, some
of over forty years; and where
dom fails to effect a speedy
, Bronchitis, Influenza,
Hoarseness, Pains in
e Chest and Side,
it the Lungs,
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that has attended the application
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Y COMPLAINTS
ians of high standing to consider
of whom advise us of the high
a. We have space only for the
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nce in our prescription we extend
. RACINE, Esq.
"Having experienced the
from the use of Dr. Wistar's
I am induced to express fully
have in its efficacy. For nine
ully afflicted with a severe cough
panied with acute pain in the
e side, sometimes very severe. The
ringly, and so redoubled was
a few steps without resting to
and fatigue which so slight an
At the junction I experienced
which I found immediate relief.
four bottles I was completely
ve used the Balsam in my family
o my children, with the happiest
ech Canadians to use the Balsam
ise fever. It is a preparation
rited to be acknowledged as the
WHOOPING COUGH.
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m & Son.
mmitted since a little daughter
ge, was taken with Whooping
ited firm, and nothing we could
ny way to relieve her suffering,
to try a bottle of Dr. Wistar's
. In three hours after she had
s greatly relieved, and in less
thirty cured, and is now well.
ed the Balsam to many of my
ned it, and in no case have
g a speedy cure.
mend any use of the above remedy
all doubts, am ready to use your
for I have great confidence in it.
P. QUITTE,
the Courrier du St. Hyacinthe.
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ipation requires an occasional cleanser,
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ed instantaneously relieve their
ldy, unlike most others, to
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Poetry.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

The harp at Nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand—
The priesthood of the sea!

They poured their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearls they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer!
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sounds of pain;
The thunder organs of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of the starry march
The chorus of a prayer

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

MY CONFESSION;

—OR,—

How I Made a Fool of Myself.

As I sat alone at breakfast I was somewhat surprised on receiving a most courteous and pressing invitation from my Uncle Jeremy to spend a short time with himself and family at his seat in Warwickshire, previous to my leaving England. The old gentleman and my father had been estranged from each other for many years, through some light family quarrel so that I had not seen my Uncle Jeremy, save on one occasion, since my boyhood.

In consequence of my father's death, I had been summoned from America, where I had been pushing my fortune with success for a considerable time; and now, having settled my affairs, I was preparing to recross the Atlantic when my uncle's letter reached me.

My mother and an elder brother, with whom she now resided, were the only near relatives I had in London. Fred had long since settled down in the world with a good and kind wife; and well knowing that my mother would be sure to receive every attention under his roof, I cared little to remain in England a homeless bachelor, while anything in the shape of marriage was still further from my rambling thoughts. Of course my brother was extremely obliging, would do anything he could to serve me, and expressed himself open at any moment to stake a handsome wager that he could introduce me to at least half a-dozen angelic creatures, the possession of any one of whom would prove a fortune in herself; but to all these generous offers I turned a deaf ear. Liberty was sweet, and I felt in no hurry to sacrifice it on the altar of Hymen. Not that I was a wild young gentleman, who did not care for the comforts and attractions of home, but I didn't wish to have the onus of a household thrust upon me so long as I felt happy and contented alone.

Six-and-twenty and alone! ha, ha! No one to bother and worry you—no shopping—no midsummer and Christmas bills to meet. Short reckoning and long friends—free as the air—capital!

I rose from my chair, put my back to the mantlepiece, lit a cigar, and smoked away for a couple of minutes most furiously; then I consulted my watch, rang the bell, ordered a hansom, resolving to see my brother Fred before I accepted or declined my uncle's invitation.

Here is an unexpected epistle I received at my hotel this morning, Fred, and I want your advice upon it, said I, on entering his office.

What are you going to get married, after all? he asked.

Are you going to drown yourself, sir? said I.

No, thank you, replied Fred, laughing.

Well, then, said I, don't ask nonsensical questions. Uncle Jeremy has sent me a very polite invitation to spend a week or two with him in Warwickshire before I leave England, and I thought I would just run down and ask you what I should do in the matter.

Why, accept it, of course, said Fred.

Well, but does it not seem strange? I asked; for I always thought that he and our father were never on very good terms.

No,—they were not for many years, replied Fred; but matters were put right between them some time ago by Uncle Jeremy's apologizing, and otherwise behaving like a gentleman.

You never told me of that, Fred, said I.

No, because I thought you would come to know all about it in due time. But I see here, Tom, continued my brother, returning the letter, he even offers his friendship, should you ever settle in England; and that would be something worth having, I can tell you.

Yes, doubtless it would, said I; but I've got a balance at my banker's, and can manage very well over the water. Besides, I don't think I should like to remain in England now that I've got so used to the Yankee fashions.

Bosh, all bosh, Tom; you'd become an Englishman again in no time, rejoined Fred, smiling.

Perhaps so, said I; but I doubt it. However, I'll follow your advice, and telegraph to Uncle Jeremy, saying I will be at Marston Hall to-morrow.

But won't you dine with us this evening? asked Fred.

Oh, certainly, said I; at six, as usual?

Yes, at six, he replied.

And we did dine at six, and a jolly evening we had; but, strange to say, not the least allusion was made to my intended visit to Uncle Jeremy's until I broached the subject myself by asking my brother if he thought I should enjoy the excursion, and what sort of people I might expect to meet there.

Well, not many of any sort, he replied; for I don't think they keep much company; but you will have a kind host and hostess, and their daughter Agnes (who will, I suppose, have to do duty), as your companion-in-chief.

Daughter Agnes! I exclaimed; why she was a mere child when I left England.

Quite true, Tom, continued my brother; but she's a woman now, and if I dare hazard an opinion, a very fine one, too. Then, glancingly mischievously across the table, he added, but of course we take you to be proof against even feminine perfection itself.

At any rate, Fred, I observed, rather snappishly, I'm proof against any assault from that quarter.

All right, Tom; only don't make a fool of yourself, that's all, said my brother.

No fear of that, I replied, now almost wishing I had declined the invitation.

Nothing more was said on the subject during the evening; and when I took leave of my brother and his family I immediately determined not to afford my fair cousin the least reason to suppose that I had come to Marston Hall with the intention of falling in love with her.

On my arrival at the railway station, where my uncle had promised to join me, I was disappointed at not finding him, and was about to hire a conveyance to carry me to my destination, when up dashed a park-phaeton, driven by a remarkably handsome young lady. She drew up hastily, and beckoned me toward her.

Mr. Lawson, I presume, said the lady.

Yes, that is my name, I replied, bowing.

She at once introduced herself in the most unaffected manner, excused the absence of her father on account of indisposition, hoped I had enjoyed my journey, was very glad I had come, because they saw so little company, and in fact behaved herself just as though we had been long familiar to each other.

At length, after seeing my luggage all right, I took my seat, and then asked in the politest manner for permission to take the reins.

O! no, thank you, cousin, she replied, with a provoking smile playing about her well-formed mouth. I am rather fond of driving; besides, you do not know the way as well as I do, and these ponies are apt to become restive sometimes; so I think I had better keep my post till we get home.

I merely bowed in acquiescence, though I did not exactly like her little speech; and the next moment we were going at a terrible speed along a broad, winding path, which led through an extensive park, beyond which, on a slight eminence, stood Marston Hall.

See, there's our house through the trees, right in front of us! It stands on a lonely spot, does it not? asked my fair companion.

Very secluded, I replied laconically, remembering the determination I had made about falling in love.

Well, we shall be there in a few minutes, said she; and I rejoice to think that, however fatiguing our drive may prove, you will not have exhausted yourself with conversation.

Hang it, thought I, this is rightdown impertinence! though I almost deserve it. By Jove! she takes things very coolly. However, I smiled, and said that I had been trying to take a flying glance at the splendid scenery.

She gave a low, short, merry laugh, as she replied; That's exactly what I've been doing, for want of other occupation; but at this speed one cannot observe much.

There you are right, said I; and if we were in any other place, we should certainly be fined for furious driving.

By the way, are you fond of riding? asked my cousin, abruptly.

Well—yes, said I, with some hesitation; but I am not a bold horseman.

I am sorry to hear that, she continued, with evident interest, for it's an exercise of which I am passionately fond. I delight in a good tight run across the country; for nothing raises my spirits half so much. But see, papa is looking at us thro' the dining-room window, and John is waiting to take charge of the ponies; so you must be ready to alight at the instant I stop.

In another minute my eccentric, not to say incomprehensible cousin did stop, and I alighted as quickly as possible, but not without nearly losing my balance, and wondering what could be the meaning of such unseemly haste.

Throwing the reins to the servant, my cousin followed me, but with such agility that I scarcely noticed the glance which fell upon me from her laughing blue eyes, but stood before the entrance to the fine old mansion, expecting to have the pleasure of giving her my hand.

Why did you not permit me to assist you? I asked.

Simply because I made up my mind some time ago never to give any gentleman more trouble than I could help, she replied, with a peculiar smile.

As she finished speaking the door opened, and Uncle Jeremy, his venerable physiognomy beaming with kindliness and good humor, came forward to meet us, giving me a hearty welcome to Marston Hall. Feeling, however, dissatisfied with my cousin, I took the earliest opportunity of retiring to my room, as much to collect my scattered thoughts as to dress for dinner.

She's a strange, unaccountable girl, thought I, surveying the neat and elegant chamber which had been prepared for my reception; but I am astonished at finding her so masculine and unladylike in her manners and behaviour. Why, 'pon my conscience, she deports herself more like a young fox-hunter than a gentleman's daughter. Then I stood gazing at the beautiful view before me, stretching far away as the eye could reach, and finally dismissed my cousin from my thoughts, with the consolatory reflection that the chances were very remote of my ever falling in love with one who appeared to delight more in manly sports than womanly duties.

Soon after dinner my uncle related the cause of his long estrangement from my father and the manner in which they became reconciled, concluding with an expression of sincere regret that the misunderstanding had not been consigned to oblivion long before; and however much I felt inclined to find fault with the odd ways of my cousin, I could not help admiring my uncle's candor and good feeling. In fact, I dismissed the subject from my mind, under the conviction that, like most other family jars, there had been faults on both sides.

* * * * * *

I had now been a guest at Marston Hall nearly three weeks, during which time I had made myself familiar with the surrounding country, invariably joining my cousin in her long rides, drives, and wild, out of the way rambles, and, strange to say, the first few days sufficed to make us tolerably good friends. For I soon discovered that she by no means answered my first description, but, on the contrary, possessed many good qualities, which in spite of all my bachelor prejudices, I could not help approving, though I could never find courage enough to indicate such approval in words, until I so far forgot myself as to express my surprise, in a bantering tone, that so accomplished and delightful a companion had not a host of beaux sighing at her feet.

Sir, she exclaimed, in a voice and with a glance that made me decidedly uncomfortable, I do not like trifling. It is wrong and foolish in our sex, but in yours it is simply unendurable. Flirting is not and never can be love. I might, indeed have many admirers, like other young ladies of my acquaintance, but I do not want them. No, cousin, when I acknowledge an admirer, the feeling must be mutual.

If I have offended you, my dear cousin, said I, surely you will not refuse your forgiveness?

You have not offended me, she replied; only I wish you to understand that I feel strongly and think deeply on the subject of your remark, and therefore cannot suffer the advances of lovers whom I can neither respect for their wisdom, nor esteem for their goodness. Then, in a light, satirical tone, she added: But, in truth, I do not think I shall accept any offer, however tempting, for a long time yet. I love my own way, cousin. I like liberty and independence. In short, I am such an odd, queer person, so very unsentimental in my conversation with young gentlemen, that I verily believe sometimes that I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure, of dying an old maid.

On hearing this confession I laughed outright.

Of course you may laugh sir, and so may I, but that wont increase my prospects of marriage, she added, smilingly.

Indeed Fred was right, thought I; she really is a splendid girl. I felt my love of bachelorhood growing less. Now if she were only tender, delicate, and sympathising at home instead of being so partial to horses, I would almost forswear my determination not to make a fool of myself. But tush! why should I give way to such nonsense? I'll think no more about her.

Hallo! cousin, have you fallen into a brown study through admiring the colour of your nag? said my companion with one of her short merry laughs.

No—no—that is—I was just absent for the moment, I stammered out.

Doubtless present in spirit with some fair but distant object, she observed, again laughing louder and more merry than before.

This thrust roused me thoroughly, and perceiving that my companion was bent upon trying to get me into an ill humor with myself, I resolved to tell a fib, and nip her project in the bud.

No, you are quite mistaken, cousin, said I, very gravely; for I was just then thinking of the advisability of returning to London.

Well, then, I beg to inform you, in the plainest possible terms, that you are extremely unkind in allowing such an idea to enter your mind, she replied, in a half offended and half playful tone; and then, as if desirous of avoiding pursuing the subject further, she continued? But come, we shall never get back to the Hall at this pace. Here is a nice little run right before us. Don't be afraid of the fence; it isn't much, and your horse has gone over it often. And away she went at a flying gallop I followed as she cried: Keep well up cousin—you've improved wonderfully.

I did keep as well up as I could; but, on leaping the fence, my horse stumbled, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay insensible on the ground, but I do know that the accident proved a serious one.

Many hours elapsed before I recovered consciousness, and on opening my eyes I found myself in Marston Hall, feeling very weak, with an indistinct recollection on my brain of a long but painful dream. As I lay gazing at the various objects around me I could scarcely believe that I was under my uncle's roof, there seemed to be a deathlike stillness reigning over the whole household. I listened for some time, but could not hear the least indication of either life or motion, and was beginning to get weary of my oppressive loneliness, when a slight rustling noise near the door of the apartment arrested my attention. Then I imagined I could hear the subdued accents of a low, sweet voice, and in another moment the door opened slowly, and my Cousin Agnes stood before me, fairer and lovelier than ever, her handsome features now saddened with an expression of deepest sympathy, her whole manner so changed, that I looked upon her as some sweet ministering angel. I made an attempt to speak, but she raised her hand, and motioned me to keep silent.

You have been ill, cousin, very ill, she said in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper, and now you must keep perfectly quiet Tomorrow, perhaps, you will be much better, and then you can speak to me, but not now. I have been anxiously waiting until you awaked that you might take some refreshment which I have prepared for you; but I must beg your promise not to think about anything until you feel quite well again.

I motioned obedience, and with a faint and grateful smile she withdrew as noiselessly as she came.

Many a long day and weary night elapsed before I recovered from the dreadful shock my system had received. Many times I listened eagerly, during my long illness, for my kind and lovely nurse, and every time she came I seemed to acquire fresh strength and energy to bear the bodily pain I was compelled to suffer.

At length I found myself sufficiently strong to read and walk within doors, and the recollection of the happy days I passed as a willing invalid at Marston Hall repays me now a hundred fold for my sufferings.

Well, I regained my wonted health at last, but I had no desire to return to London. In short there was something that would keep flashing through my mind, making my heart beat quicker than usual, especially when I chanced to be along with my cousin. I became dull, pensive, and absent, a change which my Cousin Agnes was not long in observing, and calling me to ask for; but instead of giving a rational explanation of the cause of my moodiness, I told her if she would join me in a ramble through the park the following day, I would then and there make a very important confession.

Confession! she echoed. Nay, I don't want to be made acquainted with your wicked doings; but, if it is anything that annoys you, and I can help you to get rid of it——

My confession is not one of wickedness—said I, eagerly interrupting her; and you can, if you will, help me out of the trouble.

Very well then, said she, smiling; provided you do not ask me to do anything repugnant to my conscience, I promise you my help. But, cousin, she added, speaking very deliberately, why delay your statement until tomorrow? There is no time like the present especially for penitent people; so if you will graciously reveal what it is that weighs upon your mind, I will listen to with most exemplary patience.

I looked at her a moment and then replied:

No cousin, not now. It is not a trifling matter I wish to speak of, but one that involves the happiness of two lives.

Indeed! she exclaimed in a slightly altered tone, while I could detect a sudden flush on her now half averted cheek.

Courage! I whispered to myself Now is the time to ascertain my fate. Then seizing her hand with passionate tenderness, I said, Cousin Agnes—dearest Agnes—you will not deny me the pleasure of calling you by that sweet name? Nay, turn not from me, I continued, as she made a desperate effort to release her hand, until I have told you how deeply, fondly truly I have loved you, how, day after day, I have seen your goodness and worth. O! do not then plunge me into utter despair by rejecting the offer I now make of my love, my devotion—of the most precious gift man can give to woman, and which even you have already taken from me—my heart.

I paused but my companion did not speak. I gazed intently into her innocent eyes, and there I read her verdict. I was made happy for the remainder of my existence.

But said my beloved Agnes, speaking very solemnly, and looking quite distressed, I tho't you had better consider your words; for I am afraid—

Afraid—of what dearest? I asked interrupting her.

That you have—

Good gracious! tell me, I again exclaimed, what have I done?

"Made a fool of yourself," she replied with a merry twinkle in her eye.

I saw through the mystery in a moment.—Fred's wife had informed my cousin of the conversation which took place between Fred and myself on the evening previous to my coming to Marston Hall. So I laughed, and Agnes laughed, and then we both laughed together, until the joke had been heartily appreciated on both sides.

And now it only remains for me to add that I did not leave England; that shortly after I had put the question to my Cousin Agnes—brother Fred and his family were summoned to Marston Hall, where a very happy wedding took place; and when my brother had reminded me of what I had done in the way of making a fool of myself, I told him I did not care so long as I felt convinced that I had shown nothing but sound sense in wooing, winning and wedding my odd but good and loving Cousin Agnes.

A Colored Hubbist.—Even the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white *savans* of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside of the porch of an A 1 meeting house, the sexton, colored, approached respectfully, and said: Will you have a seat, Sah? Happy to show you to one, Sah. Plenty seats this morning, Sah.

No thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?

That, Sah, is the Rev Dr. ——

Fine preacher, isn't he?

Well, Sah, peoples has different notion 'bout preachers.

But he seems quite animated?

Yes, Sah; consid ble animated.

And appears to have talent?

Well, Sah, as I said afo', peoples has such different notions 'bout preachers. Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a *fair* man, Sah—a *fair* man but not of de *prima facie* class. He's a *good* man, Sah, a well meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, Sah. —Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for June.

The war between San Salvador and Honduras is ended San Miguel has been captured by the allied rebel forces of Honduras.

The Sons of the British members of the Joint High Commission intend giving a ball in Washington,

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