Family Circle.

THE STRIPES AND STARS.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

(Air—"Star-Spangled Banner.")

O STAR-SPANGLED BANNER! the Flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O plowman! speed boldly away—
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day—
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman come home!
Let smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
"For God and our country we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!"

Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!
O where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won,
And the Eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting—a murmur of prayer—
Then forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars.

O God of our Fathers! this Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,—
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea,
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessings for scars—
One Country—one Banner—the Stripes and the Stars.

Independent.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

"Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter too."

BY MATTA MYTHE.

Stuart Middleton was unfortunately born of wealthy parents. His will had become the law of his superiors. From infancy he had been taught to worship that moneyed god, *avarice*. One sweet sister was the only one who could guide him when he was in error. No religious instruction had ever been instilled into his youthful mind,—and thus he was allowed to grow from childhood. Sad it is to be a witness of such a case without possessing the power to rescue the burning brand from the devouring elements.

Lillian Middleton, although several years younger than her brother, had gained much of that heavenly knowledge which is so essential to fit us for our home above. At school she was a universal favorite, and was known as possessing a keen sense for that which is right. She gradually learned the will of a superior Being. It was at their sports that Lillian would gently plead with the impetuous boy, who would so often talk of what he meant to do when he became master.

"When I am a man, Lilly, I shall drive faster horses than papa,—I shall then go to the theatre, and to ever so many grand places!"

"Oh, no, Stuart, dear! You won't, when I tell you that it is displeasing to God for any one to go to the theatre."

"Father and mother always go, and they say we can go in a few years. Hurrah! won't I be glad when that time comes!" exclaimed Stuart.

Poor Lillian did not know what to say. She sat still and would have said no more if Stuart had remained silent.

"Lilly, if it is wicked for me to go to the theatre and circus, why is it not the same for father and mother? I am sure if they are right then I should be!"

"I am afraid that father and mother do not know that it is displeasing to God, dear Stuart. I wish I could tell them, but I am afraid that they would be offended. Yet, I can tell my dear brother anything, can't I?"

"Yes, dear Lilly," replied the boy, who truly loved his little sister, "Of course you can. And if you think it is wicked for us to go to such places I shall tell them of it and see what they say."

"O please don't, Stuart, dear! for they will not let me go to school any more, where I shall learn more about God!" exclaimed Lilly.

"Oh, yes, they will! for if I say you shall, who will interfere?" asked Stuart, proud of the power he had obtained over his parents.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Middleton were in the nursery conversing upon the amusements for the evening.

"Stuart," said Mr. Middleton, as the lad entered the room, "we are going to take you to see Madame B——— act, to-night, her celebrated part in the new drama."

Stuart did not evince much happiness at this news.

"Are you not rejoiced, my son?" inquired his mother.

"I should love to go if you think it is right," said Stuart.

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mr. Middleton in astonishment.

"Sister Lilly says, sir, that it is wicked to go to such plays, and she wishes me to stay away from them."

"Fshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Middleton, "Lillian is altogether too forward. Do you not consider your parents, my son, competent to judge for you? I want you to go to-night; we shall have a grand drama. I think Lillian must be taken from Miss Tracy's instructions, if she has become so prudish."

"Oh, no, mother! sister must not be obliged to change because she tries to do what she thought was right. She is a little old-womanish, but she will soon get over it," said Stuart, laughing, as he opened the door.

"Wait for a moment, my son; are you not going with us to-night?" inquired the pleasure-seeking father.

"Yes, sir, I shall go, for I shall be safe in doing that which my parents approve of," replied the manly youth.

The sun of prosperity had rolled for sixteen years over the head of this, the first-born of the Middletons, and he was now beginning to learn the first, but the hardest, lesson of all life's teachings. He must soon be able to send forth his influence which, like the rays of the sun, will either shine without a speck to dim its brilliancy, or it will pass through dense clouds of wickedness. The question now arises, who is to be responsible for *this influence*, which is to come forth from our youth? Parents, do you comprehend the responsibility which rests upon you to guide the immortal minds of your little ones aright? Teachers of the "buried intellect," you, who hold the highest office of life, do you forget, in your education of the mind, that the soul is the most precious of all? Great is your trust when you assume the guardianship of Christ's little ones, and oh! how faithfully you should discharge that trust!

When Lillian Middleton had left the school gate she met Stuart who had come to meet her. "I have come to walk with you, sister, and, also, to tell you that I told father and mother what you thought about *my* going to-night. They said that you were mistaken, and that no harm could result from my going," said the brother as he took the books from Lilly's hand.

"But you are not going, dear Stuart?" inquired Lilly.

"I don't know," he replied, hesitatingly, "as long as father thinks it is right and there is no harm I should love to go, for we shall have such fun!"

"I am sorry to hear you say this, dear brother."

"Why are you, Lilly, dear, if it is right?" persisted the boy.

"Because I know that it is not. See here," replied the sweet child, opening her hand in which was a small-sized Testament. "I got this for a prize to-day."

"Did you? I am glad that you got the prize, but I am sure a Testament is nothing very nice when we have so many already in the house."

"Why Stuart! not nice! It is the best thing I could wish for. But tell me, brother, that you won't go to-night; we will read, and then I will tell you all of the nice stories that I heard to-day."

"You can tell me before I go, sister, for there is plenty of time and I do not want to stay home," replied Stuart.

"You *must* not go, dear brother. I love you ever so much, and will do anything to induce you to stay at home."

"I don't see why you should be so tenacious, Lilly, about my staying. I love you and I love to see you enjoy yourself; yet you want to deprive me of this pleasure which I have so often longed for!"

The tears came to the young girl's eyes, for her sensitive nature was too great to remain unmoved at Stuart's last remark. "I can't say more, dear brother, yet I did not wish to deprive you of any amusement that was for your good." I am almost sorry that I ever spoke to you about it," sobbed the child.

"Dear sister," said Stuart, drawing Lilly closer to his side, for they had reached, by this time, the summer-house, "I would stay if it were only to please you; but mamma will be seriously offended, so I will go *only this once*, my sister," said Stuart in a soothing voice.

"Oh, not for *once*, dear Stuart! Miss Tracy only said to-day we must 'never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter too.'"

"Yet I will *promise*, dear Lilly, not to make it a practice. I am afraid that Miss Tracy will turn my darling sister into a little saint before long."

"Would you love me any the less, dear brother?" said the artless one, smiling amidst her tears.

"No, dear sister, nothing could make me love Lilly less," replied the boy as he stooped to kiss her.

After Stuart promised that this should be his *first* and *last* appearance at the theatre he led Lillian towards the house.

The next morning Lillian sought for Stuart to hear him give an account of the first impressions which he experienced the night before, but she was obliged to go to school without seeing her brother; but when she reached home she found him in the grape arbor.

"Ah! here comes my little preacher!" exclaimed Stuart laughing.

Lilly smiled and, taking a seat by his side, she said: "I have come to hear your description of last evening. How did you enjoy yourself, Stuart?"

"I never had such a fine time in all my life! I enjoyed myself very much, and should not object at going again."

Lilly immediately dropped her head to hide the rising tear.

"I declare, Lilly, you are sorry because I had a nice time!" exclaimed Stuart.

Lilly immediately showed him *why* she was sorry, and used all her argumentative powers to assure him that she was in the right.

Several weeks afterwards, when they were all seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Middleton announced that the pleasure of the evening would be derived from another attendance at the theatre. Stuart's eyes sparkled at this news. All of Lilly's fears were now aroused. After the meal was finished she hastened after Stuart, but he evidently tried to elude her. Towards night she found a note in the arbor which ran thus:—"Dearest sister:—I am going again to the theatre, but this shall be the *last time*. Don't grieve, for no harm can come from my going this once.

Your loving brother,

Grape Arbor. STUART MIDDLETON."

Lillian's heart swelled with emotions too deep for utterance. She sank upon the grass and there remained until the night dews fell heavily upon her head.

As night after night Stuart went to these fascinating places of amusement he became more and more ashamed to meet his sister. To Lilly's repeated entreaties he would say, "If father and mother will forbid me from going I will stay away." But he knew too well that he was following their wishes. One year from this time he entered college. He had passed through the preparatory institution a few months previous. Lilly, now fifteen years of age, never ceased to plead with him, and it was when he was to leave her that she entreated him the more to leave off his ruinous course.

"Oh, my pet, you must remember that we can never be young but once!" he exclaimed, and with a fond kiss he left her side.

Stuart wrote affectionate letters to his sister, thanking her for her advice; yet, he was careful never to mention where he spent his leisure hours. But Lillian often read those lines which he penned for his father's eye alone. As her scalding tears stained the sheet, her heart would silently supplicate at the throne of mercy, for forgiveness for the erring boy.

Weeks flew by, and Stuart wrote that he would soon be with the "loved ones." Lilly waited with great impatience for his return, but her heart was saddened at the sad change which had taken place. His fine features were not improved by the frequent use of the wine cup, and his nightly dissipations. In the presence of his family he always appeared uneasy,—anxious to avoid their scrutiny. He was the same reckless boy when the time came for him to return to college. Lillian had given up all hopes of a reformation; yet she prayed for him, never laying her head upon her pillow until she had pleaded for her wayward brother.

News soon came that Stuart had gambled away a large sum of money, and was now entirely destitute. His father sent him more, cautioning him not to repeat the transgression. But this was not effectual, for in a few weeks came another demand, saying, "*only this once, father!*" The kind, over-indulgent parent could not refuse. Again came another solicitation with the same plea, "*this once only!*" At last Stuart Middleton was sent home in disgrace. His usual kind disposition was almost ruined. Even to Lilly were his words peevish and cross. But this faithful sister continued to pray in earnest. Her faith was never shaken—she knew that God alone could rescue him.

"Dear Stuart," said Lilly, when they were riding together, "will you promise me one thing?"

"No, not if you are going to commence to sermonize," said Stuart crossly.

Poor Lilly's lips were sealed for that day. Not many days afterwards she met Stuart again. Her heart was burdened, and she sought to relieve it of its weight. Putting her hand within that of Stuart's, she said, "Stuart, dear, will you let me talk to you just as I used to do when we were children?"

"Yes, I don't care, if you will refrain from censuring me."

"My brother, have I ever censured you? have I ever *accused* you of doing wrong?" said the young girl quickly.

"No, I cannot say that *you* have; but father blames me," said the boy.

"Yet, dear brother, I never have, nor I never shall. Now let us talk pleasantly," continued Lillian.

"As you wish, dear sister," replied the youth, placing his arm around Lilly's slender form.

During this conversation not one word of reproof did they speak to each other, and no allusion was made to Stuart's past conduct. By the time the tea-bell rung, Lillian was sure that Stuart still loved her.

A week from this date Stuart fell from a horse which he was riding in a race course. He was brought home lifeless. It was beautiful to see the maiden bend over her unconscious brother, as her lips moved in prayer while she ministered to his murmured wants. For days his wild delirium lingered; but slowly reason came, and as the sufferer grew stronger, he trembled at what might have been his fate. How many times has God—when counsel and advice fail to soften the heart of the sinner—sent deep affliction to subdue the obdurate will.

Stuart Middleton soon saw his error, and felt in what relation he stood towards God,—a condemned and yet a pardoned sinner! Lillian, with a grateful heart, witnessed this happy change, and she enjoyed many delightful conversations with the now penitent boy.

"Oh, sister! if I had stayed at home that first night from the theatre, I never should have been such a hardened sinner. I thought I could go *once*, but that *once* was the ruin of me. Not once through my whole career did I forget your gentle words of admonition,—"never open the door to a little vice lest a great one should enter too."

Lillian Middleton's prayers were answered,—the "lost one was found." Stuart was soon able to return to his studies. His whole character appeared to be changed, and his predominant passion was to do good to others. No department or situation was too humble for him to labor in. He possessed exquisite taste and skill in using the knowledge which he had acquired from books, for any end and purpose.

The faithful sister not only lived to see her brother establish a family altar in their own family, but in the homes of many others.

May He, who is love, light, and truth, lift the thoughts of many other erring ones from earthly to heavenly things.

Rochester, N. Y., April 30th, 1861.

Miscellaneous.

REMARKS OF SENATOR BAKER, OF OREGON,

AT THE GREAT UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK.

The majesty of the people is here to-day to sustain the majesty of the Constitution—(Cheers)—and I come, a wanderer from the far Pacific, to record my oath along with yours of the great Empire State. The hour for conciliation has passed; the gathering for battle is at hand, and the country requires that every man shall do his duty. (Cheers.) Fellow-citizens, what is that country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury and pomp and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power and might and majesty alone? No: our country is more, far more, than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our hearts' blood, is more than all these—(Cheers.)—our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty,—above all, freedom forever! (Cheers.) These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we will shout them till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle. (Cheers.) I have said that the hour for conciliation is past. It may return, but not to-morrow, nor next week. It will return when that tattered flag (pointing to the flag of Fort Sumter) is avenged. (Vehement cheers.) It will return when rebel traitors are taught obedience and submission. It will return when the rebellious confederates are taught that the North, though peaceable are not cowardly; though forbearing, are not fearful. (Cheers.) The hour of conciliation will come back when again the ensign of the Republic will stream over every rebellious fort of every Confederate State. (Cheers.)

Then, as of old, the ensign of the pride and power, and dignity and majesty, and the peace of the Republic will return. (Applause.) Young men of New York—young men of the United States—you are told this is not to be a war of aggression. In one sense that is true; in another, not. We have committed aggression upon no man. In all the broad land, in their rebel nest, in their traitor's camp, no truthful man can rise and say that he has ever been disturbed, though it be but for a single moment, in life, liberty, estate, character, or honor. (Cries of "That's so.") The day they began this unnatural, false, wicked, rebellious warfare, their lives were more secure, their property more secure, (not by themselves, but by us,) guarded far more securely than any people ever have had their lives and property secured from the beginning of the world. (Applause.) We have committed no oppression, have broken no contract, have exercised no unholy power; have been loyal, moderate, constitutional, and just. We are a majority of the Union, and we will govern our own Union within our own Constitution, in our own way. (Cries of "We will.") We are all Democrats. We are all Republicans. We acknowledge the sovereignty of the people within the rule of the Constitution; and under that Constitution and beneath that flag, let traitors beware. In this sense, then, young men of New York, we are not for a war of aggression. But in another sense, speaking for myself as a man, who has been a soldier, and as one who is a senator—I say in the same sense, I am for a war of aggression. I propose to do now as we did in Mexico—conquer peace. (Loud applause.) I propose to go to Washington, and beyond. I do not design to remain silent, supine, inactive—nay, fearful, until they gather their battalions and advance their hosts upon our borders or in our midst. I would meet them upon the threshold, and, there, in the very State of their power, in the very atmosphere of their treason, I propose that the people of this Union dictate to these rebels the terms of peace. (Cheers.) It may take thirty millions; it may take three hundred millions. What then? We have it. (Cries "Good.") Loyally, nobly, grandly, do the merchants of New York respond to the appeals of the Government. It may cost us seven thousand men; it may cost us seventy-five thousand men in battle; it may cost us seven hundred and fifty thousand men. What then? We have them. (Renewed cheering.) The blood of every loyal citizen of this Government is dear to me. My sons, My kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care, they are all dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, government, written constitutional government—the only hope of a free people—demand it, let them all go. (Cheers.) I am not here now to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of manly, determined war. I speak in the midst of the Empire State, amid scenes of past suffering, and past glory; the defences of the Hudson above me; the battle field of Long Island before me, and the statue of Washington in my very face—(loud and enthusiastic cheers)—the battered and unconquered flag of Sumter waving in his hands, which I can almost now imagine tremble with the excitement of battle. (Great enthusiasm.) And as I speak, I say my mission here to-day is to kindle the heart of New York for war—short, sudden, bold, determined, forward war. The Seventh Regiment has gone. (Three cheers for the Seventh.) Let seventy and seven more follow. (Applause.) Of old, said a great historian, beneath the banner of the Cross Europe precipitated itself upon Asia. Beneath the banner of the Constitution let the men of the Union precipitate themselves upon disloyal, rebellious Confederate States. (Tremendous applause.) A few more words and I have done. (Cries of "go on;" "Your's the man;" "We'll hear you till night.") Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil War, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. (Prolonged cheers.) Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing is worse. (Renewed cheers.) Traitors and secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out—(cries of "Never! never!")—to have stripe after stripe obscured—(cries of "No! no!")—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep and our men blush for shame throughout generations yet to come; and that these are infinitely worse than blood. (Tremendous cheers.) People of New York, on the eve of battle, allow me to speak as a soldier. Few of you know, as my career has been distant and obscure, but I may mention it here to-day with generous pride, that it was once my fortune to lead your gallant New York regiment in the very shock of battle. (Applause.) I was their leader, and upon the bloody heights of Cerro Gordo, I know well what New York can do when her blood is up. (Loud applause.) Again, once more, when we march, let us not march for revenge. As yet we have nothing to revenge. It is not much that where that tattered flag waved guarded by one hundred men against ten thousand, is not much that starvation effected what an enemy could not compel. We have as yet something to punish; but nothing, or very little, to revenge. The President himself, a hero without knowing it—and I speak from knowledge, having known him from boyhood—the President says: "There are wrongs to be redressed already long enough endured." And we march to battle and to victory because we do not choose to endure this wrong any longer. (Cheers.) They are wrongs not merely against us; not against you, Mr. President; not against me, but against our sons and against our grandsons that surround us. They are wrongs against our ensign—(Cries of "That's so," and applause)—against our Constitution; they are wrongs against human hope and human freedom; and thus, if it be avenged, still as Burke says, "it is a wild justice at last," and we will revenge them. While I speak, following in the wake of men so eloquent, so conservative, so eminent, so loyal, so well known—even while I speak the object of your meeting is accomplished; upon the wings of the lightning it goes out throughout the world that New York, the very heart of, a great city, with her crowded thoroughfares, her merchants, her manufacturers, her artists—that New York, by one hundred thousand of her people, declares to the country and to the world that she will sustain the Government (applause) to the last dollar in her treasury—to the last drop of her blood. (Renewed cheers.) The national banners leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day proclaim your affection and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions,

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if from the far Pacific a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shores may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion, and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word, that when, amid shivered fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored, not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves there glory may pursue and freedom be established. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

GENERAL SCOTT.

The following letter to General Scott, signed by upwards of two hundred of our citizens, of all parties, was forwarded from this city, on Thursday, the 2d of May, by an officer of the army going to Washington, who took charge of it, and promised to deliver it into the veteran's own hands. The list of signers, hastily obtained, could readily have been increased to thousands had the opportunity been afforded:

Philadelphia, April 30th, 1861.

To Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, General in Chief of the Army of the United States.

Sir: The shock of a civil war in our beloved country, whose history, for more than half a century, has been illustrated, not less by your wisdom and patriotism than the splendor of your achievements in arms, will, we trust, justify this letter to you, even though it be a departure from usage.

We are your fellow-citizens of the United States. We are devotedly attached to our country. Her renown is precious to us. It is our richest inheritance, and we had fondly hoped to transmit it to our children, untarnished, as it came to us from our fathers.

In the civil strife which has just lighted up our land with an unnatural and deadly glare, we do not stop to inquire into the soundness of conflicting opinions as to the origin of the deplorable controversy. It is enough for us to know that the beloved and glorious flag of our Federal Union has been assailed, and we ask no further questions. In such a crisis, we are for sustaining, to any and every extent, the constituted authorities of the Union, believing, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, that "*The preservation of the General Government, in its whole constitutional vigor, is the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.*" While the Government stands by the flag, we stand by the Government. In this determination we obliterate, for the time being, all traces of party difference, by which many of us have been heretofore widely separated.

As citizens of Philadelphia—a city which, we are sure, must be endeared to your recollections, as it is to ours, by some of the proudest memories of the era of Independence—where the Declaration was signed—where the Constitution was signed, and from whence our illustrious founder issued to his countrymen his immortal Farewell Address—we adopt this mode of testifying our admiration, and offering you our deep-felt thanks for your great services to your country, in this hour of her extremest peril—services which will rival in immortality, and, we trust, in their triumphant results your early and subsequent renown in the second and third great wars of the United States.

At a time like this, when Americans, distinguished by the favor of their country, intrenched in power, and otherwise high in influence and station, civil and military, are renouncing their allegiance to the flag they have sworn to support, it is an inexpressible source of consolation and pride to us to know that the General-in-Chief of the army remains like an impregnable fortress at the post of duty and glory, and that he will continue to the last to uphold that flag, and defend it, if necessary, with his sword, even if his native State should assail it.

That your career of rare distinction may be prolonged for many years of continued usefulness to your country, and happiness to yourself, and that you may live to see that great country once more in the enjoyment of the prosperity and renown among nations, to which your wisdom in council and your sword in battle have so largely contributed, is the anxious, earnest hope of those who here unite in tendering to you, not only the assurances of their profound respect, but what we believe you will value as highly, the spontaneous tribute of loyal American hearts.

We have the honor to remain,
With the highest consideration,
Dear Sir,
Your friends and fellow-citizens,

ALEXANDER HENRY, HOR. BINNEY,
RICHARD VAUX, W. M. MEREDITH,
THEO. CUYLER, C. MACALESTER,
and others.

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It cures Consumption.
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and will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the wide-spread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical will acknowledge that for all pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.
RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
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CONSUMPTION.—For this last and most fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation,—relieves the cough and pain,—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the suffering of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.
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