THE DOOMED BRIDEGROOM!

AN IRISH STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

Frank Andrews, some but a dozen years after he had placed the house of Shevensgarrow in mourning, repaired to the metropolis on business. The evening he arrived at Dublin he contrived to fasten a quarrel on a linen draper, whose sister he had insulted at the theatre, and hurried the devoted tradesman by the first dawn of day to the "twelve acres."* The hour of retribution had come; for a man whose hand never clasped before a deadlier implement than a yard stick, contrived to pop, *par accident*, a quartde of an ounce of lead into the pericardium of Francis Andrews.

Well, though he fell in the lap of honor, the artiste who sped him was a linen draper; that was certainly a sad drawback; but if Mr. Andrews' exit was not the thing, Mr. Pemberton was even less *distingue*.

Never had homicide, by permission of Irish gentlemen, promised more satisfactory results to its perpetrators. The transmission of Harriette and her father—the former to a madhouse and the latter to a grave—occurred within a month, and as heir at law, Mr. George Pemberton succeeded to the management of the estates, and the custody of the lunatic. Mr. Pemberton determined that during his life his fair cousin should continue in seclusion, and fate gave a kind consent.

It was a gray autumnal evening, when Pemberton, who had taken formal possession of his uncle's house, was carrying two strangers home to supper, whose acquaintance he had made that morning at the fair of ——town. It may be here necessary to remark that R—— had a natural brother to whom he had been generous and kind, and who had been often overheard vowing eternal vengeance on his kinsman. He took his mother's name—was called William Halligan, but by the country people was better known by the soubriquet of Liaume Vaddagh.† Eight months had elapsed since R—— was killed by Pemberton, and people began to say that "George was safely seated in his saddle." To this opinion others dissented. Liaume Vaddagh, before his kinsman's death, had been held in light estimation. He drank freely, headed faction fights, and more than once had been hinted at in chapel as a gay deceiver. But a marvellous change since his brother's death had come over this wild youth—whisky never passed his lips—no inducement at fair or market could rank him in a faction fight—his youthful compeers declared he was bewitched—but older men shook their heads, and hinted that Liaume-Vaddagh, under a quiet exterior, was "fuller of mischief than a loaded blunderbuss." The old folks were right, for "Long William" only bode for his time, like the red Kirkpatrick, "to strike sicker."

Pemberton, although several monitory hints were given to him, remained in false security; and yet there were times that the altered habits of this wild young man, when coupled with his omnipresence in fair or market, or whatever else the place he frequented might be, went some length in creating suspicion in the mind of Pemberton. At the fair, on this day, he encountered Long William more than once, and as did others, who noticed to each other a change equally remarkable in his habits and appearance. William had hitherto worn the deepest mourning, and evaded spirits as he would poison. On this day his sables were discarded, and he was gaily dressed; and with his inky garments his unmoral habits seemed to have departed. He drank deep to his brother's memory, mentioning that this was the birth-day of the deceased.

One other circumstance requires a passing notice. Lucy had frequently requested that Long William would come to see her, aware how strong the attachment was which existed between her murdered husband and his wild half-brother. To every invitation the same answer was gratefully returned: "he would doubtless wait upon her when his vow should be accomplished." What the vow was, none knew.

When evening came, and Mr. Pemberton had ordered his horses to the inn door, William was seen trapped in his *catanore*, riding briskly from the market town. The distance to reach the principal entrance to the park would require a detour of two miles, while a back gate opened upon the road that William took. There was no lodge, but William was seen to gain admission by a key, and carefully lock the gate afterwards. The scene that followed was thus described by one of the strangers:—

On reaching the back entrance of the park, Mr. Pemberton unlooked the gate, and when he had again secured it, he turned to his guests and and bade them a courteous welcome.

"This is the first time I have had the honor, gentlemen, to receive you at Mount Hazel. May I hope that it will not be the last?"

The strangers bowed, while a voice seemed an echo, repeated in hollow and distinct tones, "the last!" A gun exploded—Mr. Pemberton staggered and fell—the strangers' horses went off at full speed—one rider managed to keep his saddle,

†*Anglice*—Long William.

while the other was roughly dismounted. The fallen horseman rolled into the ditch, and there, in mortal agony, he viewed the *denouement* of the tragedy.

A tall man wrapped in a frieze great coat stepped leisurely from the back of the hedge and quietly approached the body. He looked for a moment at the glassy eye and bloodless lips. "One barrel did the business!" he muttered, and laid the gun in a standing direction across the corpse. Then, taking a written paper from his pocket, he affixed it to the dead man's breast. All was methodically done; a pin secured every corner of the placard, and these pins were placed carefully in the cuff of the murderers *catamore*. That done, he coolly reloaded the discharged barrel. The stranger remarked that the gun had been prepared for concealment and assassination, for the barrels had been shortened by a foot. The murderer gazed on the dead body for about a minute, but his hand never approached the pocket of his victim, except when he drew a gold watch from the fob, muttering that was "half-past seven," and cautiously returned the time-piece. The murder being done to his satisfaction, he led a horse into the avenue, unlocked and re-fastened the gate and leisurely rode off.

Half dead with fear the stranger listened to the horse stamps, and crept cautiously from the ditch. He shuddered as he looked at the body, for, on the breast of the dead man a paper, written in bold characters, bore the single sentence of "BLOOD FOR BLOOD!"

Lucy E——, in widow's weeds, was sitting in her drawing-room. The gloom of twilight accorded with her soul's sadness, for the period was approaching when the being, orphaned long before it saw the light, was to claim a mother's care. Her past was frightful to recall, her future fearful to look forward to. What should she be, were her hour of trial safely over? A widowed mother at twenty! Wrapped in somber meditation, she did not hear the door open, until, moving across the light, a tall figure arrested her attention, when standing within two yards of her.

"Who are you?" demanded the startled Lucy.

"William Halligan, lady, come to bid you an eternal farewell."

A deep low voice responded—

"Brother of him in whom every feeling in this young heart was centered, and over will be, I give you a widow's welcome. Sit down, William."

"Lady, I dare not, for time is precious."

"How often have I sent for you, William?"

"And think you, lady, that a whisper from you would not have brought me here at midnight? Bound, however, by a secret vow, I dared not see you until I came to-night to say farewell."

"Where are you going, William?"

"*That*, heaven and accident only can decide. The money which he whom we both lament, bequeathed me, was months ago transmitted to America, and there I shall claim it."

"I need protection, William. That hardened wretch—he who robbed me, of my husband—rode past the window, yesterday."

"He will never repeat the offence," returned Long William, calmly. "But time hurries forward, and upon a few minutes with me, life and death may depend. Should the promised infant be a boy, give him this, as a dear memento," and he took a gun from beneath his great coat, and laid it on the table. "Tell him that a cross is filed deeply in the barrel that sped—"

"Whom, in the name of Heaven?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm.

"The slayer of his father! And now, farewell, forever."

He fell upon his knees, caught the lady's hand in his, and covered it with kisses. A low, shrill whistle was heard beneath the window.

"It is the signal. May heaven bless and comfort you! Lady, farewell forever!"

Before the words were heard distinctly, he vanished as he had entered. All knew that the homicide of George Pemberton was Liaume Vaddagh, and in a wild community,

"With whom revenge is virtue,"

his memory is still handed down as one who did "the State some service." He sought the backwoods of Illinois, led a hunter's life, and died in an Indian wigwam.

It is only necessary to add, that the family of the unscrupulous duellist have been extinct for thirty years, while the descendant of the victimized bridegroom is prosperous in worldly circumstances.

* A division of Phœnix Park, where duels have been fought by the hundred.

Daily Morning Post.

THOMAS PHILLIPS.....EDMUND F. GILMORE.

Phillips & Gilmore, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

TUESDAY MORNING:.....OCTOBER 25.

PROSPECTS OF LABOR.

There was never a time, in any age of the world, when labor had the prospect of such abundant employment, and at such ample compensation. In this country, so great is the demand for labor, that the laboring masses can command remunerative prices. Stimulated by the increased supply of gold, the railroad undertakings of this country, and its agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests, are increasing so rapidly as to give abundant employment to American labor, and to thousands and hundreds of thousands who land annually on our shores, from Europe. Every one who chooses to labor, can find immediate demand for the strength of his hands, and his mechanical skill, in building our cities, our canals and railroads; in working our mills and forges; in tilling a fruitful soil; and extending our agricultural limits towards the Rocky Mountains. There is work for all, at wages that enable all, with industry and economy, to thrive and prosper.

The rapid increase of labor-saving machines, though it may change the direction and nature of labor to some extent, yet it has not diminished the demand for manual labor. That demand is every year increasing. Were the human race satisfied with comforts alone, the demand for labor might reach its limit. But when the means of comfort are supplied, the world requires *luxuries*, which labor is employed to supply. And no people on earth are becoming more generally luxurious and extravagant in their modes of life, than the American people. In supplying all the comforts and luxuries demanded by our present and rapidly increasing population; in building and manning the countless ships that are yet to cover all the seas and rivers with our commerce; in reducing our vast forests and prairies to fruitful farms; in building thousands upon thousands of miles of railroads; and in supplying the numerous mechanic trades with vigorous and skillful hands; the toiling millions of our country can see before them a rich field of employment, without any visible or conceivable limits. Male and female, all can find work—the latter, we hope, at better wages hereafter than heretofore.

Nor is this fair prospect of labor confined to this country alone. All over the world the laboring masses are cheered with improving prospects, and bright and reasonable hopes.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, so great has been the emigration to Australia and America, that a scarcity of labor is complained of, and the price has considerably advanced. And in England and Scotland the sons of toil have learned their power to improve their condition, by demanding in masses an increase of wages. And in most instances their claims have been conceded. In France, it is stated, the price of mechanical labor is now one-third higher than before the revolution in 1848. In Germany the drain of laborers by emigration leaves those who remain to more full employment, at slowly improving wages.

Even in the far Indies, where England has grasped, with the strong hand, dominion over a hundred and fifty million souls, that conquest is resulting in incalculable benefits to the long torpid and indolent and degraded masses thus subjected to English rule. English capital, energy and enterprise are employed in "opening up" those vast realms with railroads and steam navigation; thus affording employment, and opening avenues of commerce that will bring to labor a fair reward.

In China, where dwells a third of our race, a wide-spread and formidable revolution is progressing, with fair prospects of success—a revolution that promises a salutary change in the policy of the government, and in the condition of the immense masses of the people. Let that empire be opened and free to the commerce and enterprise of enlightened and christian nations, and a new life and encouragement and hope would stimulate to prosperous activity that long oppressed and benighted third of the human family. Almost every where we discern signs of improvements in the condition of the masses of mankind. Even should the threatened war in Eastern Europe, we believe it will result in greater good to the masses than to the rulers.

But there is another element entering into this improvement in the condition of labor. The means of general education are becoming every day more free and abundant, especially in this country. Every where in our republic "the schoolmaster is abroad in the land," and countless books and newspapers are flooding the country with light and intelligence; while improved and abundant facilities for traveling are sending men "to and fro in the earth, and knowledge is increasing." The laboring classes of our country are becoming very generally a reading people; and cheap books and newspapers furnish abundant sources of intelligence. State Fairs, and County Fairs and World's Fairs, are everywhere bringing the people together in throngs, to compare the products of their labor and skill, and gather fresh stores of valuable information for future use and improvement in their occupations.

Every where, we think, can be seen cheering evidences of the approach of an era that has been termed "THE MILLENIUM OF LABOR," when, with full justice to the rights of capital, the sons of toil will be the sons of thrift, possessing intelligence, comfort and competence; and becoming the *honored* citizens, as they are the great producers of the wealth of nations.

It may be our fault that we look too steadily on the bright side of things; and our estimate of the encouragement to be found in the signs of the times may be extravagant. But our estimates are our honest views, mingled perhaps too freely with our hopes.

HON. THOMAS M. HOWE.—We are indebted to this gentleman for the "*Congressional Globe*, and *Appendix*, for 1852–3. We tender our cordial thanks to that gentleman for numerous favors of the kind lately received. The two large volumes now received are just the books we wanted, and our late Congressman has kindly supplied the want.

We shall hope to be as kindly remembered by our friend Ritchie next winter. Just send us the documents, and we will gather the valuable information from them and give it to the people through our columns. That is the design of the publication of the documents by Congress, and we will do our part towards carrying out the design.

THE SNOW STORM.—We had a most disgreeable fall of snow here yesterday. It looked like snow while it was falling, but when it reached the ground, it was more like rain. But we are informed that at Hollidaysburg it was one foot deep at 4 o'clock last evening; two feet deep on the mountain, and still snowing, without any hope of a cessation. In consequence of this storm, the telegraph lines have stopped operations.

WE observe that almost every paper throughout the country has administered a severe rebuke to PUTNAM for his unnecessary attack upon the present administration. The course of President PIERCE and his able Cabinet is faultless to the eyes of an honest man, and it is useless for the speculators and charlatans in politics to assail either him or them. He is above them so far that their malice cannot reach him.

Items of News and Miscellany.

A fellow in East Salisbury wants a wife, and writes to his friend in Boston on the subject asking the following impudent question:

"Mr. Merrill, sir, will you be so kind as to inform me, if I should be likely to find a single woman in Boston *of a good moral character*.

The Superior Court, Fairfield county, Ct., last week granted a divorce to a Mrs. Baldwin, now seventeen years of age—only 15 when she was married! The ground of her petition was "intolerable cruelty."

The Philadelphia coal dealers have resolved to give after the first of December only 2,000 lbs. for a ton, although they require and are allowed 2,400 lbs. for a ton at the mines, besides five per cent. for loss.

An enterprising young statesman says he can steer the Ship of State in perfect safety, if he can only keep his hand on the "*tiller* of the soil."

The Howard Association, of New Orleans, announce that they have now about three hundred orphan children under their charge, whose parents have fallen victims to the epidemic, and that the Association will have a surplus of about $100,000, after settling all their liabilities.

It is said the opinion of Attorney General Cushing, on the Texas debt, differs from that of Mr. Corwin, in an important particular. He holds that the kind of debt to be released must consist of all bonds or certificates of stock, made renewable by the Republic for public dues, but not treasury notes, distinguished as "red backs."

The principal coal companies in the Cumberland (Md.) region, have advanced the prices of coal at Baltimore and Alexandria, as follows:—$3 25 per ton for fine, $3 50 for run of the mines, and $3 85 for lump. This is an advance of 25 cents per ton, and makes lump coal cost in New York $6 85 per ton.

Counterfeit five dollar bills, well executed, are in circulation on the Girard Bank. They are well calculated to deceive; the plate is not inferior to that of the genuine; though the impression is rather pale. Their detection, however, can be easily made by those familiar with the signatures of the officers of the bank.

RT. Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop elect of Brooklyn; Rt. Rev. Dr. Bailey, Bishop elect of Newark, and Rt. Rev. Dr. de Goesbriand, Bishop elect of Burlington, Vt., will be consecrated in St. Patrick's Church, in New York, on Sunday the 30th inst. The Nuncio Apostolic has accepted the invitation to perform the ceremony.

NEWS OF OUR OWN STATE.

THE RESULT of the late election in Pennsylvania astonishes everybody by its big majorities. Fifty three counties already heard from officially give Knox 34,842 majority; and Forsyth 32,918; while the reported majorities from the nine counties not heard from officially, give Knox 40,822, and Forsyth 38,398, as the final result. Nowhere, perhaps, except in Ohio, can we find any public expression so decisive as this; it has exceeded all reasonable anticipations. It re-echoes the tidal wave which indicated and made the re-election of ANDREW JACKSON to the Presidency; remarkable for its big majorities; save this difference: then the public mind was much disturbed on important questions of national policy, while at the late election there was nothing beyond the mustering of a caravan on well defined and generally understood party issues, provoking no angry discussions or severe newspaper comment.

The vote indicates the power and strength of the party, when it acts in unity, against dissensing and not very harmonious opponents. This Know-Nothing element is the party that elected, in the State Senate, which is great cause of gratulation: for in the hands of the opposition, it was all powerful in stifling any measures of State policy the administration deemed prudent to bring forward; while the House of Representatives, in the spirit of its strength, was weak. In the House, the whig strength is greatly diminished, leaving it scarcely necessary to call the ayes and nays on questions of a party character. The result retains Knox on the Supreme Bench: Black will continue his figuring business in the Auditor General's office, and with his keen eye and honest heart, guard well the interests of the Commonwealth, in all that pertains to just settlements of public accounts; while Ewaner will keep his stakes in the ground, and his accurate surveys of both land and politics for three years more. And to Forsyth the people can look with confidence for industry and integrity, so far as his influence may extend in the management of the public improvements of the State.—*Pottsville Democrat*

RAILWAY SMASH.—On Friday evening of last week, the large locomotive Pocahontas, drawing a long and train of coal cars, ran off the track at Schuylkill Haven, at the bridge, plunging down an embankment of some twenty feet, dragging with it a dozen cars, which, together with the locomotive, were much broken. But the most remarkable incident of this accident, is the miraculous escape of two men, who were seated in the express office at the time, a small building standing some two feet from the track and directly in the track of the engine. The house was pitched down the bank and split in two with the locomotive fast upon it, and the men, who were quietly smoking their cigars at the moment of mankind. Even should the threatened war in Eastern Europe, we believe it will result in greater good to the masses than to the rulers.

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MRS. FARREN.—We are at a loss to know why an evening paper of yesterday should asanil one of the most distinguished histrionic artistes in our country in advance of her appearance. We refer to MRS. FARREN as the artist, and a more amiable or chaste actress, we have never had the pleasure of being acquainted with. The *Parthenia* of Miss DAVENPORT is excellent, and her toying with *Infonar* "the Barbarian" it must be acknowledged is very attractive, but we cannot perceive that the over-strained effort of the author has gained any advantage to the cause of morality in Mrs. D's. performance of it.

In all the parts Mrs. FARREN performs she is chaste and perfect; always true to the conception of her author, and attractive to the audience. She is a favorite with the patrons of the Theatre, and we hope she may long continue so.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.—We copy the following from the Star:

Court Costumes.—Mr. Soule, it is said, procured a Court dress, at the instance of Mr. Calderon, the Spanish Minister, who was apprehensive if he appeared in the Spanish Court in plain dress, the Ministry (not advised of Secretary Marcy's circular) might construe it into a vaunting of the extreme radical and filibustering views with which he was universally credited by the European press. J. J. Seibels, Charge to Belgium, has been received in plain clothes. Ex-President Van Buren recently sent word to the King of Belgium that he desired to pay his respects to him if he could be permitttted to do so in plain citizens' dress. His Majesty at once consented, and came in to his palace from the country (where he had been rusticating) to meet Mr. V. B., who spent some hours in his society.

☞ The Scientific American states, on reliable authority, that if at two feet above the throat of your chimney you enlarge the opening to double the size, for the space of two feet, then carry up the rest as at first, your chimney will not smoke.

THE SABBATH.

[From the new edition of the Poetical Works of Sir Elward Bulwer Lytton.]

Fresh glides the brook and flows the gale,
Yet ruder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms, to lift thine eyes!
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,
This rest from mor al toils is given:
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.

Then toil thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven at least,
One bright republic shall be known:—
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall!
The seventh, the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!

COFFEE AND PISTOLS.—We notice by the Chicago papers that Capt. Bigelow, of the U. S. steamer Michigan, recently challenged the editor of the Chicago Tribune to fight a duel. This rather queer request the editor politely declined, because he had no idea of standing up to be shot at, even to satisfy a naval officer's idea of "honor." In remarking upon the affair, the Tribune says:

"Yesterday morning, we were waited on by Lieut. Crossman, of the steamer Michigan, who requested a private interview, which was granted. He opened his business by reading a letter to himself from Capt. Bigelow, requesting him to call upon the editor of the Tribune, and demand such satisfaction as was recognized by gentlemen of honor; that he was ready to fight as we might prescribe, and that if we desired to evade such an issue, by pleading the illegality of it, he was ready to proceed to any other State, or to Canada, at any time! He also said, that should we refuse to settle the affair in this manner, he would attack us in the street or elsewhere, and inflict such punishment as he deemed our offence deserved. We assured the Lieutenant that if Capt. B. had come to us in a gentleman, and not as a bully, he could, doubtless, have explained his conduct, as commander of the Michigan, in a manner that would have enabled us to render him satisfaction in a more quiet and christian character than was likely to be derived from "pistols and coffee;" but that now we were justified in declining, by his own volition, and he could adopt the alternative of attacking us in the streets, or elsewhere, if he desired to do so; that we should neither seek to meet or avoid him; *and that we never had been whipped, and never expected to be.* And so the conference ended.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A COMMON DRUNKARD!—A case involving this question came before the Common Pleas Court, Judge Bishop presiding, at Worcester, Mass., last week. The case was that of a man who had appealed from the judgement of a magistrate, by whom he was convicted and sentenced as a common drunkard. Judge Bishop ruled in the case that a common drunkard is one whose appetites are so depraved that habitually yields to the common temptations to drunkenness; and that, although a man may have been drunk three times in six months, or even five times in six months, it would not be sufficient to constitute him a common drunkard, but it would be simply a question of fact for the jury. Upon this ruling, the defendant was acquitted.

INGENIOUS PUNISHMENT.—The Philadelphia *Ledger*, noticing the fact of a man having been sentenced to five years imprisonment for placing obstructions on a railroad track, remarks truly that this crime ought to be punished with imprisonment for life, and the Legislature should so decree. There is no act in the catalogue of crime which shows more black-hearted malignity, and none which is likely to cause more wholesale slaughter. A villain who, to gratify purposes of revenge, will lay a trap which involves the lives of persons guiltless of any injury to him, is too much of an outlaw for society to allow ever to go at large.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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☞ As a Spring and Summer Medicine, CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE stands pre-eminent above all others. Its singular efficacy arises in the fact of its strengthening and vivifying qualities: its tonic action is prompt, safe and lasting; it drives all humors to the surface, there dissolving the system assists the Nature's own prescription in its harmless, and at the same time extraordinary good effects. The character of these bottles is by many of the most respectable citizens of Richmond, Va., and elsewhere, must be conclusive evidence that there is no humbug about it.

The trial of a single bottle will satisfy the most sceptical of its benefits.

. See advertisement in another column. [oct18-law1m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Indigestion and Liver Complaint

CURED BY KIER'S PETROLEUM.—Read the following letter from Rev O. PERKINS, a Missionary in Burmah:

MR J. M. KIER—*Dear Sir*: Myself and wife having been benefitted by the use of your Petroleum, I wish to have you send me a box of two or three dozen bottles. I am the Congregational Minister in this place, and several of my people are afflicted with indigestion, and inaction of the liver, the same of myself and wife, before taking your PETROLEUM or ROCK OIL. We took several bottles of the three we purchased from you, and I am sure we have never enjoyed so good health for years as we have since that time. If I had not taken a single bottle, before I had fullness of the stomach with the distress after I ate, my peptic was relieved, and I have felt nothing of it since that time. My wife was also relieved from a chronic disease of the liver, which had been of several years standing, by the use of your Petroleum.

Send by S. M. KIER, Canal Basin, GEO. H. KEYSER, 140 Wood street, and Druggists and Medicine Dealers everywhere. oct22

[Papers advertising Petroleum will copy.]

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER—Yankee Notions—price 12½ cents.

Godey's Lady's Book. Price 25 cents.
Graham's Magazine. Price 25 cents.
Peterson's Magazine. Price 12½ cents.

The Midnight Queen, or Leaves from New York Life; by George Lippard. Price 25 cents

The Gold Seekers, or the Cruise of the Lively Sally; by Captain Merry, U. S. N., author of the "Flying Dutchman"—illustrated—a tale of peril and adventure that cannot fail to excite and interest the reader. Price 25 cents.

For sale by H. MINER & CO.,
oct22 No. 32 Smithfield street.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER RECEIVED—Godey's Lady's Book for November.
Graham's Magazine for November.
Peterson's do do
Yankee Notions do do
The Midnight Queen, or Leaves from New York Life, by George Lippard.
For sale at W. A. GILDENPENNEY & CO'S,
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GREEN APPLES—200 barrels, in good order, WANTED, for which the highest cash price will be paid, by
oct25 BAILEY & RENSHAW, 253 Liberty st.

CHESHIRE AND PINEAPPLE CHEESE just received, the finest to the market, by
oct25 BAILEY & RENSHAW.

George H. White,

NO. 59 MARKET STREET, has just received, by Adams & Co.'s Express, a splendid lot of rich EMBROIDERED VELVET CLOAKS and MANTILLAS.

FUR TRIMD CLOAKS.

ALSO, EMB'D CLOTH CLOAKS and TALMAS. oct24:3t

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Allegheny county, dated the 22d day of October, 1853, will be exposed to PUBLIC SALE, at the COURT HOUSE, in the City of Pittsburgh, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of November, 1853, at 10 o'clock, A. M., as the property of Antony Dougherty, late of the City of Pittsburgh, dec'd, all that certain Lot or piece of GROUND situate in the Ninth Ward, City of Pittsburgh, being numbered in the plan of Lots laid out by the Executors of James O'Hara, dec'd, No. 193, being twenty-four (24) feet on Penn street, and extending back to Long alley one hundred (100) feet, according to said plan, on which is erected a TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING, fronting on Penn street. Terms made known at sale. Apply to JAMES BLAKELY,
Adm'r of Antony Dougherty, dec'd.
Or— MITCHEL & PALMER,
oct24:td Attorneys at Law.

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL COUGH SYRUP.

Is the prescription of a regular physician, who used it for several years in his practice, with success unequalled by any other medicine now in use, and it was only upon the great and daily increasing demand for it, that he was induced to put it up in bottles, for a more general and extensive sale.

We claim for the Pectoral Syrup that it is an *entirely new preparation*, differing in every respect from the various remedies now in use, for the diseases of the Pulmonary organs. *It does not sicken the Stomach* by containing nauseating doses of squills, antimony, and ipecacuhana. It has in it no opiates to constipate the bowels, and dry up the secreting organs; but its action is wholly different from the action of any of the above named drugs. *It is an Expectorant* that clears out the tubes and air cells of the Lungs and Bronchia in a manner that is not equalled by any other remedy. It dissolves, in a great measure, the greatly increased secretion of mucus attending the various diseases of the air cells and bronchial tubes. It allays all irritation, almost as soon as it is taken, and it has been known to cure a cough of several week's duration in a few hours.

SYMPTOMS OF COLD OR INFLUENZA.—There is a discharge from the nostrils of a thin serid humor, which soaks and frets the parts over which it passes; increased discharge from the Fauces and Bronchia; feeling of lassitude over the whole body, and often cold shivering sen sati n; heat in the body is more than usually sensitive to the action of the air, in consequence of the blood being driven in upon the internal organs, the pulse becomes more frequent, and there is generally more or less fever present. These feelings are soon followed with hoarseness, and a sense of roughness and soreness in the windpipe and vocal organs, at times amounting to a total suppression of the voice, together with a difficulty of breathing, and a sense of constriction of the chest." These symptoms are often attended with a dull pain and sense of weight in the forehead, as well as with a heaviness in some of the eye. Sometimes the cough sets in with the commencing symptoms, and continues during the whole course of the disease. Header, attended to these symptoms, they are the precursors of a fatal disease—PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

From the Pittsburgh Morning Post, Oct. 28, 1852.

INFLUENZA.—One of the best medicines for the cure of Influenza that can be found in the country, is Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup. We have tried it, and take great pleasure in bearing testimony to its efficacy. There is no humbug about it. In the season of the year, when colds are frequent and coughing, it should be known that a few spoonsful of this medicine will, in half a day, work a perfect cure. Ready, if you have a cold, take our advice, and buy a bottle of Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup.

From the Pittsburgh Morning Post, Sept. 24, 1853.

KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.—We have tried this medicine for a severe cold, and can truly say we have never found any remedy so pleasant and effectual. It is an expectorant, yet does not sicken the stomach; and it prevents costiveness. It is very highly recommended by physicians and others who have tried it, as a speedy and effectual cure for colds, influenza, hoarseness, whooping cough, croup, quinsy, and numerous other complaints of the throat, chest and lungs. We can safely recommend it as an excellent remedy.

From the Greensburgh Intelligencer, May 23, 1853.

THE weather for a week past has been quite cool, and, to us, very unpleasant. Besides being cool and unpleasant in that way, it is exceedingly changeable. On Wednesday, the 18th, the thermometer stood between 80 and 90 in the shade most of the day. The next day, overcoats and fires were necessary to comfort; and what that morning there was quite a hard frost in this vicinity, though nothing was seriously injured thereby. As a consequence of these sudden changes, many people are afflicted with bad colds and coughs. We observed a lady at Church the other evening so much annoyed with a hard cough, that we really felt alarmed for her safety; so much so, that we wish some effort we could refrain from "talkin' out in meeting," and recommending her forthwith to procure a bottle of Keyser's Pectoral Syrup, to give her immediate relief—to be had at John McClellan's store.

From the Southworth Herald.

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP has had an extensive sale this winter—every body who uses it speaks in the highest terms of its merits. Its low price—only 50 cents—its pleasant taste, and certainty to cure, has made it the favorite of all who have been tickled almost to death by tasteless tubes. Dentog & Melvin, the agents for this city, have sold large quantities. Success to Dr. Keyser's Pectoral, say we.

From the Evening Chronicle.

KEYSER'S PECTORAL, a friend observes, is the next thing to health itself. We may here observe, as we mention names, that this Friend was cured of a bad cold and asthma to bear the news from Maine, tarried long on the corners. The news came, but not until he had absorbed sufficient dump to give him the chills. Another friend tickled him to take a glass of Scotch ale, which was put up in very black bottles. Our friends' eyes were large, and he was rewarded after a number of empty bottles stood before him: a cold is the head was the consequence, which consequence was cured in six hours by using Keyser's Pectoral.

From the Washington Examiner.

PECTORAL SYRUP.—Our readers are aware that we have not heretofore spoken of anything in the line of medicine; neither that administered by the profession, or that prepared by outsiders. We are not admirers of any kind of drugs; we cannot think of a single article under that head that we have ever considered a very palatable, yet we, like most of you, have been compelled at times to partake of various kinds of nauseous dose. Medicine is one of the supplementary things that we cannot do without. We will therefore let this pass by way of prologue and apology, and as an epilogue would simply call your attention to the advertisement of Dr Keyser. This Syrup is not to be ranked as a good article, yet we are not able to speak experimentally in reference to its qualities. Neighbor Harper, of the Pittsburgh Post, has tried it, and pronounced it supreme humbug.

COUNTRY STOREKEEPERS will find this an excellent article to sell, and will give general satisfaction to their customers. Liberal deductions will be made to retailers and others purchasing by the dozen. Price, single bottles 50 cents; or six bottles for $2.50.

CAUTION EXTRA.—Many persons will try to induce you to buy some other article, stating that it is as good as this; but we advise you to out out the name, "DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP," and buy no other, and you will not be disappointed.

Keyser's Pectoral Syrup is prepared and sold by Dr. GEO. H. KEYSER, wholesale and retail Druggist, No. 140, corner Wood street and Virgin alley, Pittsburgh, Pa., and by Druggists every where.

[Papers advertising Petroleum will copy.] oct22

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER—Yankee Notions—price 12½ cents.

Godey's Lady's Book. Price 25 cents.
Graham's Magazine. Price 25 cents.
Peterson's Magazine. Price 12½ cents.

The Midnight Queen, or Leaves from New York Life; by George Lippard. Price 25 cents

The Gold Seekers, or the Cruise of the Lively Sally; by Captain Merry, U. S. N., author of the "Flying Dutchman"—illustrated—a tale of peril and adventure that cannot fail to excite and interest the reader. Price 25 cents.

For sale by H. MINER & CO.,
oct22 No. 32 Smithfield street.

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