

MINEERS' AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

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HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS.
INTERESTING AND APPLICABLE TO THE AFFLICTED.
with Diseases of the Stomach, or Nerves; such as DYSPEPSIA, either Chronic or Acute, under the various symptoms of flatulency, Looseness of Stomach, and General Excitation; NERVOUS AFFECTIONS; JAUNDICE, with Biliousness and Spasmodic COSTIVENESS; WORMS of every variety—RHEUMATISM, whether Acute or Chronic—GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, PAIN in the Head, Back, Limbs, &c. &c. &c. TYPHOID FEVER, SCARLET FEVER, PATRID FEVER, CHOLERA, and AGUE, &c. &c. &c. Disorders of the Heart and Arteries, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, the Dolorous Cramps, Female Obstructions, Humidities, Headache, Cough, the Catarrh of the Bladder, and the Dry or the Whooping ASTHMA, Gravel and Dropsy.

The Blood has hitherto been considered by Empirics and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and as the source of all diseases, and that to that erroneous doctrine, they have attributed the origin of all the various diseases of the human system, without equipping us to the primary sources from whence Life, Health, and Vigor emanate, and vice versa, pain, sickness, disease and death. Not so with Dr. HUNT, whose extensive research and practical experience so eminently qualify him for the profound science which he has been one of the most useful members. He contends—and a moment's reflection will convince any reasoning mind of the correctness of his views—that the stomach, liver, and associated organs are the primary and great regulators of health, and that the blood, in very many instances is dependent on these organs, and that unless medicine reaches THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE, the superficial remedies usually prescribed, serve but to cover the ravages of disease, and to prolong the sufferings of the patient, and the expense of years of medicine, which the doctor has discovered a more efficacious searching power, and in its application, it is with a knowledge of its being a radical cure to the various diseases already enumerated, even if applied in the most critical cases, but he does not intend to present to the public a supernatural agency, although from positive proofs within the knowledge of hundreds, he is prepared to show, that when every other earthly remedy has been given up.

HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS have never been known to fail in effecting two very gratifying results, that of raising from the bed of sickness and disease those who have tested their efficacy, and thus amply rewarding Dr. Hunt for his long and anxious study to attain this perfection in the Healing Art.

The extraordinary success which has attended the use of HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS, is the best criterion of their superior virtues. They have been the means of raising a host of languishing patients from the bed of affliction, as is clearly evinced in the following

CERTIFICATE.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion Effectually Cured.
Mr. J. Tucker, having lately been restored to a sound state of health, through the efficacy of DR. HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS, thinks it an indispensable duty to state certain facts relative to the case under which he had so long suffered. The case under which he had so long suffered, with a constant rejection of food, head ache, palpitation of the heart, loss of spirits, a troublesome dry cough, dizziness, tightness at the chest, and difficulty of breathing, almost constant pain in the side, languor and debility. These affections, together with an unusual degree of flatulence, brought on such a state of extreme weakness, as to prevent him from attending to his business, and his health appeared long beyond recovery. His friends and relatives became alarmed, and recommended HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS—they were administered, and in a few days produced astonishing relief, and finally realized a perfect restoration of health.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this Medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise very particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham street, New York, or from the

REGULAR AGENTS.
B. BANNAN, Pottsville.
R. MELWEE, Harrisburg.
J. JOHNSON, with much Derangement of the Nervous System.

Mr. Joshua Roberts was afflicted with a bilious and nervous disposition, and a train of symptoms which affected a relaxed constitution, viz.—A sick head-ache, loss of appetite, giddiness in the head, pain in the neck after eating, usual tremors, shifting spasmodic pains in every part of the body, a general dullness of complexion, constipation, and a general dullness of mind in the right side of the body. He was directed with every internal complaint the human body is liable to. He was generally making trial of various remedies, all of which were equally fruitless, until he had recourse to HUNT'S BOTANICAL PILLS, he was directed to take a few of these pills, and his health is perfectly re-established, and is now able to pursue his employment free from pain or disease.

JOSHUA ROBERTS.
An extraordinary case of Rheumatism, accompanied with Dropsy of the Nerves, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Joseph Hill, from being exposed to cold, was attacked with a most painful Rheumatic complaint of the head, and neck, which continued with distressing violence for several months. The principal symptoms were—a swelling and excruciating pain in all the joints, and an intolerable heat in the face, the pain and the heat generally increased on the slightest motion. The pains were increased on the slightest motion, and were more severe in the night time. A constant diarrhoea, which produced its general consequences—flatulency, looseness of spirits, and general wasting of the body. He was directed to take a few of these pills, and his health is perfectly re-established, and is now able to pursue his employment free from pain or disease.

WAR SONG OF THE BLOODHOUNDS!
TUNE—All the Blue Bonnets!
Bow! wow! Trill, Blanche, and Tally-ho!
Why, ye dogs, why don't ye forward in order?
Bow! wow! King tail and Tally-ho!
Fear legs against toes on the Florida Border.
Towser don't wag your tail, Cato is on the trail.
Cave in howling his signal for battle;
Sport has but nose in trim, Business you know is in him.
Up with your tails, and make meat of life tattle!
(Chorus—Bow! wow! &c.)

LOG CABIN SONG.
I love the rough Log Cabin;
It tells of the olden time,
When a hardy and honest class
Of freemen in their prime,
First left their father's peaceful home,
Where all was joy and rest—
With their axes on their shoulders,
And sallied for the west.

General Harrison.
Are you personally acquainted, sir, with Gen. Harrison?
Begar, sare, I have de grand satisfaction, to have de plain-sare, sare, to have de grand introduction, sare, to de brave hero and citizen. I make you introduction, sare, to de gentleman, who will tell you de grand story of de old shearer and de wood leg soldiers. Aid fo! it is ver good.
With great pleasure, sir, I will relate it, said a very respectable looking gentleman in black, who I afterwards understood was a clergyman. It was in the year 1820, if my memory is correct, that I was travelling in Ohio with a view of purchasing a tract of land for my son, when I fell in with a gentleman who was a stranger and whom I found a very intelligent and agreeable companion. A thunder storm drove us into a small log cabin, a little distance from the road side, for shelter, where we found a house full of children, a sick and very interesting looking woman lying on a humble bed, a clean looking boy, and a young, pretty maiden sitting near. The husband and father, with a wooden leg, and a deep scar across his brow, was bending over the bed and pressing the hand of the sick woman between both of his. His eyes were intently fixed on a young infant, apparently a few months old. The whole group had been indulging in tears, and I saw one stealing from the dark and dazzling eyes of the young damsel, as she sat listening apparently to some tale of woe which her father told. Their tears were suddenly wiped away as we approached, and we were given a hearty welcome.

Stranger. Where did you lose your leg?
Host. It was shattered by a ball at the glorious battle of Tippecanoe.
Stranger. Well, my brave fellow, make yourself easy; a hair of your head shall not be injured. You now see your General before you, and as you have fought for me and your country, I will now protect you and your family at the risk of my life.
A sudden blaze of joy seemed to run from heart to heart; the soldier clasped Gen. Harrison in his arms, while the children pressed his hand with affection.
We shall be saved from ruin, cried the pale wife.
The General found the owner of the piece of land on which the soldier lived, and never rested until he made the poor fellow a sign to it. He also discharged the debt, and a happier family I never beheld.

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THE OCEAN.
Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee.
What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In the deep water shines!
The proud vessels that cover
The conquering sea—
Thou findest them to death,
With one heave of thy breast.
From the high hills that view
That wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at the roar;
When like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
Thy canvas is cast.
How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to thy roll;
To think how that heart,
In cold ashes shall be,
When the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!
Yes! where the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre!
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Discovered—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.
But thou art Almighty,
Eternal—unwasted—
Unwearied—unwearied—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, and nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still charmed art thou!
But hold! when the surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mightily—more lasting,
More chaste than thou.

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Shrieks at the roar;
When like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
Thy canvas is cast.
How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to thy roll;
To think how that heart,
In cold ashes shall be,
When the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!
Yes! where the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre!
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Discovered—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.
But thou art Almighty,
Eternal—unwasted—
Unwearied—unwearied—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, and nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still charmed art thou!
But hold! when the surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mightily—more lasting,
More chaste than thou.

THE ORPHAN WOOD-CHOPPER.
About fifteen or eighteen years ago, a family resided in Fayette County, the father and mother of whom, died of an epidemic then prevalent, leaving three children, two sons and a daughter, in a forlorn and destitute situation. By this melancholy event, the management and support of the family chiefly rested on the elder brother, then about eighteen years of age. Brought up to industry by his poor and pious parents, he did not for a moment despair, but that the Almighty who had deprived them of their earthly protectors, for a purpose known only to himself, would watch over them in their friendless and destitute situation, and provide for them, with proper industry on their part. At that time, the chopping of wood at the furnaces, offered the most constant employment, and he could have the company and assistance of his little brother and sister, to whom he was much attached. Having left the small log cabin which had been for many years occupied by their parents, and which was endeared to them by the recollection of many past events, they betook themselves, with their little all, to the cooling ground of a neighboring farmer, and became the tenants of a cheerless tenement, compared with the one they had left. During the day, the elder chopped wood, and the younger, assisting, as far as his strength would permit, while the sister attended to the domestic concerns of their lot. In the evening, and on days when the weather would not admit of out-door employment, the elder brother, who had received a tolerable English education in the after time of his parents, taught the brother and sister—and his exertions were not spent in vain, as the sequel will show.

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