MEDICINES.

DR. STEELLING'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

The Great Panacea for Consumption ! ! !

ALSO Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, Croup, Scarlet Fever, Measles, difficulty of Breathing, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, Pains in the Breast, and all other diseases of the Lungs.

CONFIRMED.

Extraordinary cure of Asthma, by Steelling's Pulmonary Syrup, attested to by Capt. Samuel B. Bunnell, merchant of Potter's Creek, Monmouth County, New Jersey, the father of the unfortunate young sufferer.

POTTERS CREEK, June 6th, 1844.

DR. STEELLING—Dear Sir:—I have the pleasure of being able to state that my daughter, who had been suffering under severe Asthma for 5 or 6 years, has been entirely cured of that painful disease, by the use of six bottles of your Pulmonary Syrup. She was when first attacked with that complaint, only nine years of age, and suffered with it beyond all description, for the period of near six years, having an attack about every three or four weeks. It was, to all appearance, confirmed and irremovable—we tried many medicines without any relief whatever. About this time, we heard of the superior efficacy of your Pulmonary Syrup and determined to give it a trial—we procured a dozen bottles of it; the first bottle relieved her very much, and by the time she had taken six bottles, she was perfectly cured!!! It is now three three years since then, and she has not had the slightest attack of the Asthma. She suffered so much when laboring under those attacks that we could hear her breath distinctly over the whole house—she was frequently near suffocating, and we had quite despaired of her recovery.

I give you the above statement of facts, that others who may be afflicted with this awful disease, may make use of the same means, and we feel assured that with the blessing of Providence, they will find permanent relief. Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL R. BUNNELL.

A loud voice from Philadelphia ! ! !

Read the following strong testimony in favour of Steelling's Pulmonary Syrup, given by the Rev. O. Douglass, Pastor of the Mariner's Church, Philadelphia.

PHILADA., July 10th, 1844.

Dr. Steelling—Sir:—I feel much gratified in being able to say to you, that the Pulmonary Syrup you sent, has been used by several persons with great success.—The first person who took it, had been confined to her bed for some time with a severe cough—after taking *only one bottle*, she was almost entirely cured.

was greatly distressed with a cough, and could not find nothing to relieve him—He took one bottle and called to say that he was *entirely cured ! ! !*—A member of my Church, was taken with the prevailing Influenza—He took six of your Antibilious Pills, and a bottle of Syrup, and felt almost entirely restored to his wanted health. While at Woodstown, N. J., a short time since I found Mrs. S. W., labouring under a *severe cough*, and scarcely able to sit up through the day—I felt confident that the Syrup would relieve her; accordingly I sent her a bottle—within a few days, I heard that she was greatly benefited, and in a fair way of a speedy recovery. I can truly say, that almost every one that has taken it, has been more or less benefited, and I can cordially recommend it to all who are in any way afflicted with a cough. Yours &c.,

O. DOUGLASS.

The following is from a distinguished Councellor at Law in Bridgton, N. J.

BRIDGTON, December 5, 1841.

Dr. Wm. Steelling—Sir:—It gives me pleasure to have it in my power to bear testimony to your invaluable Pulmonary Syrup. For several years when any one of my family, has been afflicted with a Cough, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influenza &c. &c., we have used it with very beneficial effects—It has invariably afforded relief. In October last, I was attacked in the night, with a confirmed paroxism of coughing—a dose of the Syrup immediately stopped the cough, and before I had finished the bottle, I found myself completely cured. The cause of philanthropy, most certainly owes you a debt of gratitude, for the acquisition of a medical compound skillfully prepared, pleasant to the taste, containing so many excellent properties, and made accessable to all, rich and poor, by its reduced prices. Your Obedient Servant,

ISAAC WATTS CRANE.

Disinterested Testimony ! ! !

Extract of a letter received from the Rev. Wm. Heilig, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Abbottstown, Pa.

ABBOTTSTOWN, Jan. 10 18 2.

Dr. Wm Steelling—Sir:—I take pleasure in informing you that I have been much benefited by the use of your PULMONARY SYRUP—my throat which has been sore, for better than two years, and which was considerably inflamed, when I commenced, has been greatly relieved—I think by using a few more bottles, a radical cure may be effected—I can therefore recommend it to all who are similarly afflicted.

Yours Affectionately, WM. HEILIG.

Samuel Swope, Post Master at Evesham N. J. who is upwards of seventy years of age, was cured of a severe Influenza and relaxed by a few bottles of my Pulmonary Syrup.

Samuel Small, of Pemberton, N. J. states that his wife who was nigh unto suffocation with a cough was restored to sound health by the free use of my Pulmonary Syrup.

The wife of Reuben Mares, Cross Ice, N. J. was entirely cured of a cough of near TWELVE YEARS standing by my Pulmonary Syrup.

Elizabeth Dubois, of Penn, who was subject to a cough of three years standing, also spit up of blood and who could get no relief from the many medicines she had used, was relieved by one bottle of my Pulmonary Syrup.

Rev. W. A. Rea, Baptist clergyman, Independence, N. J. states that Mrs. Fanny Finley, aged upwards of seventy, had been afflicted for several years with a most distressing and alarming Cough and had used many medicines with little relief, is now almost entirely cured by three bottles of your Pulmonary Syrup—she thinks another bottle will be effectual.

Rev O. Douglass, Pastor of the Mariner's Church Philada. gave a bottle of my Pulmonary Syrup to a Lady who was confined to her bed with a Cough, after taking which she was almost entirely relieved. He also gave a bottle to a sailor, who was greatly distressed with a cough, and could find nothing to relieve him—after taking which he called to say that it perfectly cured him. Mr. Douglass, moreover says that a member of his church was taken Labouring under severe Influenza was cured immediately by use of my Antibilious Pills and a bottle of my Pulmonary Syrup; also that while out visiting Woodbury, N. J. recently, Mrs. S. W. of that place, was scarcely able to sit up through the day, from a severe Cold, to send her a bottle of my Pulmonary Syrup, which gave her immediate relief.

For sale in Pottsville, by JOHN S. C. MARTIN.

July 13 2—

Reduction Fourfold in Prices,

Or Nothing if the Cure is not Delighted with it

AN article that every Family must consider indispensable, when they know its power and value, and which has heretofore been sold too high to reach all classes, has now been reduced Fourfold in price, with a view that rich and poor, high and low, and in fact every human being may enjoy its comforts; and all who get it shall have the money turned to them if they are not delighted with its use. We assert, without the possibility of contradiction, that all Burns and Scalds, every external Sore, old or fresh, and all external pains and aches, no matter where, which be reduced to one third of it in five minutes—using this, limb, or scar. No burn can be fatal if this is applied, unless the vitals are destroyed by accident. It is truly magical, to appearance, quick effects. Examine for Counsel's Magical Pain Extractor Salve. Price 25 cents, or four times as much for 50 cents and ten times as much for $1.

All country merchants are requested to take it to their towns on commission, as the greatest blessing to mankind that has been discovered in medicine for ages. This is strong language, but you may depend its power will fully justify it. Sold at Comstock's Branch House, No. 2 North 5th street, Philadelphia, and by

J. S. C. MARTIN in Pottsville.

Feb. 17 7—ly.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE

Of Health.

NO MEDICINE has ever been introduced to the American Public, whose virtues have been more cheerfully and universally acknowledged, than the above named

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

To descant upon their merits, at this late day, would seem to be wholly unnecessary, as very few indeed who read this article, will be found unacquainted with the real excellence of the medicine. But if further proof were wanting to establish the credit of this singular remedy, it might be found in the fact that no medicine in the country has been so

SHAMELESSLY COUNTERFEITED.

Ignorant and unprincipled men have at various places, manufactured a spurious pill; and in order more completely to deceive the public have made it in outward appearance to resemble the true medicine.—Base wicked people could never pass off their worthless trash, but for the assistance of certain misguided storekeepers, who because they can purchase the spurious article at a reduced rate, lend themselves to this unnatrous system of imposition and crime.

The patrons of the above excellent Pills, will therefore be on their guard against every kind of imposition, and remember the only genuine Agents in Pottsville, are Messrs. T. & J. Beatty.

The following highly respectable store keepers have been appointed Agents for the sale of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, FOR

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY,

and of whom it is confidently believed the genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained:

T. & J. Beatty, Pottsville.
Bickel & Child, Orwigsburg.
Aron Mattis, Mahantango.
J. Weist, Klingerstown.
Jacob Kauffman, Lower Mahantango.
Jonas Kauffman, do
John Snyder, Fredensburg.
Featheroff, Drey & co. Tuscarora.
William Tagert, Tamaqua.
John Maurer, Upper Mahantango.
M. Ferrider, West Penn Township.
Caleb Wheeler, Pinegrove.
P. Schuyler, &c., East Brunswick Township.
C. H. DeForest, Llewellyn.
E. O. & J. Kauffman, Zimmermanstown.
Bennett & Taylor, Minersville.
George Reifsnyder, New Castle.
Henry Koch & Son, McKeansburg.
Abraham Heebner, Port Carbon.
John Mertz, Middleport.
Samuel Boyer, Port Clinton.
Shoemaker & Kauffman, Schuylkill Haven.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents; and in all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Office devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

☞ Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Feb. 24, WILLIAM WRIGHT.

MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE."—DR. JOHNSON.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, AGENT FOR THE PROPRIETOR, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL XX SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1844. NO. 44.

NEW YORK.

THE CHEAPEST PAASSGE AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Joseph McMurray's Splendid Line of Packets

FROM Liverpool, London, Dublin, Londonderry, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Newry, Colerain, &c., to New York, or Philadelphia.

This Line consists of the following Vessels, which leave New York, on the 1st, 6th, 11th, 16, 21st and 26th of each month; and one every five days from Liverpool, to New York:

George Washington	United States,
Garrick,	Patrick Henry,
Sheffield,	Roscius,
Independence,	Virginia,
Siddons,	Ashburton,
Stephen Whitney,	Sheridan,
Adirondack,	Scotland,
Roswell Glover,	Echo, &c., &c.

In connexion with the above, and for the purpose of affording still greater facilities to passengers, the subscriber has established a regular line of first class New York built, coppered and copper fastened ships, to sail punctually every week throughout the year.

In addition to the other accommodations, which are superior to those of any other line of Packets, Mr. McMurray has sent Mr. Richard Murphy, well known as a benevolent and kindhearted gentleman, to Liverpool at his own expense, to take care of his Passengers, and see that they are not imposed on. Mr. Murphy, also gives emigrants directions, on landing in New York or Philadelphia, so as to guard against imposition.

For the accommodation of those desirous of sending money to their friends, drafts will be given on the following Banks, viz: On the Provincial Bank of Ireland, payable at

Cork,	Limerick,	Clonmel,
Londonderry,	Sligo,	Wexford,
Belfast,	Waterford,	Galway,
Armagh,	Athlone,	Colerain,
Kilkenny,	Balina,	Tralee,
Enniskillen,	Monaghan,	Youghal,
Banbridge,	Ballymena	Parsonstown,
Downpatrick,	Cavan,	Largan,
Dungannan,	Bandon,	Ennis,
Ballyshannon,	Strabane,	Skibbreen,
Omagh,	Mallow,	Dublin,
Coatchill,	Kilrush,	

Scotland—The City Bank of Glasgow.

England—Messrs. Spooner, Atwood & Co. bankers, London; R. Murphy, Waterloo Road, Liverpool, payable without discount in every town in Great Britian.

For further particulars, apply or address (if by letter, post said)

JOSEPH McMURRAY, 100 Pine street, corner of South street, New York.

P. W. BARNES & Co. 56 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

☞ Persons wishing to pay Passages for their friends, or forward their money, and want their business attended to promptly and expeditiously, will please apply to the subscriber, at the Miners' Journal Office; who has been in the business for the last three years, and who has not yet lost one cent for those for whom he has done business.

BENJ. BANNAN,
AGENT FOR JOSEPH McMURRAY.

March, 2 9—

New Shovel Factory.

THE subscriber respectfully calls the attention of our Merchants and others, to his supply of

SHOVELS and HOES,

manufactured at his new Establishment, in New York which are equal in quality, if not superior to those obtained from abroad. His prices will be as low, as an article equal in quality, can be obtained elsewhere. He therefore solicits the patronage of the friends of Home Industry.

☞ Messrs. Clemens & Parvin, are Agents for the sale of my Shovels in Pottsville and vicinity, who will execute all orders left at their Hardware Store.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

New York, Aug. 3. 11—

WILLIAM MITCHELL,

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

41 Courtlandt Street,

NEW YORK.

August 24th 31—

SPLENDID BIBLE.

CHAPPER, *ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE.* To be completed in 40 numbers, at 25 cts. per number.

This great and Magnificent Work will be embellished with Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings, exclusive of an initial letter to each chapter, by J. A. Adams, more than a thousand of which are from original designs, by J. G. Chapman. It will be copied from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contain Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Coins, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the Chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., will be from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York; in addition to which there will be numerous large engravings from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England—to which a fullness will be given in the last number.

☞ The great superiority of early proof impressions from the Engravings, will enure to those who give their names at once, the possession of it in the HIGHEST STATE OF PERFECTION. To be completed in about 50 numbers, at 25 cts each.

☞ The subscriber has been appointed Agent, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to this Bible, in Schuylkill County, where a specimen copy of the work can be seen.

B. BANNAN

January 6, 1—

NEW CASH DRY GOOD, FANCY AND TRIMMING

STORE,

IN THE ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY CHRISMAN & RICHARDS, IN CENTRE STREET.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Pottsville and the public in general, that he has just opened a fresh assortment of the newest styles of goods, consisting of

Silks, Lawns, Alpacas, and Balzarines.

with a variety of fancy goods. Also, a new and splendid style of

Prints, Silk, Thibet Alpaca and other shawls, Blue, and Black Cloths of a superior quality.

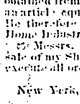
He has also on hand,

Sewing Silk, Spool and Patent Thread of the best quality, Gloves and Hosiery, Straw Leghorn, Gimp, Braid and other styles of Fancy Bonnets, by the case, doz. or single Bonnet, Men's and Boy's Leghorn Hats,

Also of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Apl. 29 16 ly— JOSEPH MORGAN.

New Cheap Cash Store.



THE subscriber informs his friends, and the public, that he has opened a NEW CHEAP CASH STORE, in the Building adjoining Mortimer's Hotel; where he will constantly keep on hand, a general assortment of the best quality of

Dry Goods,	*Groceries,*
Queensware,	*Boots and Shoes,*
Provisions,	*Hats and Caps,*
Cedar Ware,	*Tobacco & Segars, &c.,*

Embracing every article generally kept in a Dry Good and Grocery Store; All of which he is determined to sell as low as they can be purchased here, or elsewhere. By strict attention to his business, he hopes to receive a portion of the patronage of the public.

Call and examine for yourselves.

EDWARD HUGHES.

April 13, 15-6mp

OH, WHAT ATTRACTION!

Lippincott & Taylor,

HAVE just returned from the Cities of New York and Philadelphia with a Superlative assortment of

Fancy American, French and English Cloths Cassimeres and Vestings,

which are of the very best material ever offered to the citizens of Pottsville and vicinity, and which will be sold at prices to suit the purchaser, together with a full assortment of Fancy Stocks, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, &c., to all of which we invite the attention of our customers and the public generally, at LIPPINCOTT & TAYLOR'S, Merchant Tailors, Corner of Centre and Mahantango Streets, Pottsville.

August 31, 1844. 35—

DUFFIELD'S HAMS.—A few of those justly Celebrated Hams for sale by

July 27 30— T. & J. BEATTY.

PROTECTION.

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

The Franklin Insurance Co.,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

Capital $400,000, Paid in

Charter Perpetual,

CONTINUE to make Insurance, permanent and limited, on every description of property, in town and country on the usual favorable terms. Office 163½ Chestnut Street near fifth Street.

CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.

DIRECTORS,

Charles N. Bancker,	*Samuel Grant,*
James Scott,	*Frederick Brown,*
Thomas Hart,	*Jacob R. Smith,*
Thomas S. Wharton,	*Geo. W. Richards,*
Tobias Wagner,	*Mordecai D. Lewis.*

CHARLES G. BANCKER, Sec'y.

The subscriber has been appointed agent for the above mentioned institution, and is now prepared to make insurance, on every description of property, at the lowest rates.

ANDREW RSSUEL.

Pottsville, June 19, 1841, 25—1y

OFFICE OF THE

Spring Garden Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company having organized according to the provisions of its charter, is now prepared to make Insurances against loss by Fire on the mutual principle, combined with the security of a joint stock capital.—The advantage of this system is, that efficient security is afforded at the lowest rates that the business can be done for, as the whole profits (less an interest not to exceed 6 per cent. per annum on the capital) will be returned to the members of the institution, without their becoming responsible for any of the engagements or liabilities of the Company, further than the premiums actually paid.

The great success which this system has met with wherever it has been introduced, induces the Directors to request the attention of the public to it, confident that it requires but to be understood to be appreciated.

The act of Incorporation, and any explanation in regard to it, may be obtained by applying at the *Office Northwest corner of 6th and Wood sts., or of* B. BANNAN, Pottsville.

LAWRENCE SHUTER, President.

L. KRUMBHAAR, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

Curwin Stoddart,	Robert L. Loughead,
Joseph Wood,	George M. Troutman,
Elijah Dallet,	Samuel Townsend,
P. L. Laguerenne,	Charles Stokes,
George W. Ash,	Abraham R. Perkins.

May 11, 1844. 19—

The subscriber has been appointed Agent for the above Company, and is now ready to make insurances on all descriptions of property at rates much lower than usual, varying from $2 50 on the $1000 to $10 per $1000 annually. The rates perpetually on stone and brick Buildings in good locations is only 2 per cent—and if the Company should prove to be a profitable concern, the persons insuring in it partake of the profits without incurring any risk. The charter is the same as those of the Insurance Companies in New England. For further particulars apply to the subscriber.

B. BANNAN.

Medicines! Medicines!!

Dr. Wm. Evans' celebrated Camomile Pills,
do do Soothing Syrup for children
Baron Von Humbracker's Bark Pills,
Dr. Goodlie's Female Pills,
Doct. Wm. Evan's Fever and Ague Pills,
Doct. Hunt's Botanic Pills,

For Dyspeptic persons, Hunt's Rota nic Pills, are said to be superior to any medicine ever yet offered to the public.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
Sherman's Cough Lozenges, price 25 cts per box.
Hewe's Nerve and Bone Liniment,
Indian Vegetable Elixir,
Balm of Columbia,
Jayne's Hair Tonic,
Brizz's Russian Cosmetic,
Fatch's Indian Vegetable Pills,
Leidy's Sarsaparilla Blood do
Linn's Chimeree, do
Mead's Anti-Dyspeptic do
Moffat's Vegetable Life do
Wilson's Anti-Dyspeptic do
Jayne's Expectorant,
Jayne's Carminative Balsam
Swaim's Panacea,
Jayne's Vermifuge,
Swaim's Vermifuge,
Linn's Temperance Life Bitters,
Roof's Founder Ointment,
Heyle's Embrocation,
Yeager & Albright's Botanical Health and Life Preserver,
McMunn's Elixir of Opium,
Beckerle's Eye Salve,
Thomson's Eye Water,
Chlorine Tooth Wash,
Wheeler's Peaberry Tooth Wash,
Sherman's Worm Lozengers,
do Cough do
Wistar's Cough do
Sherman's Camphor do
Peter's Vegetable Pills,
Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort,
Bedwell's Tetter Ointment,
Hay's Liniment,
Welch's Tooth Ache Drops,
Spohn's Head Ache Remedy,
Tomato Pills,
Lee's Windham Bilious Pills
Henry's Calcined Magnesia,
Bedwell's Green Ointment
Keyser's Pills,
Universal Plaster,
Weaver's Worm Tea, and Salve,
Steelings's Pulmonary Syrup,
Brewster's Pectoral Mixture
Judkin's Ointment,
East Indie Hair Dye,
Sarsaparilla Syrup,
Dr. Anderson's Scot's Pills
Hooper's Female Pills,
Balsam of Horehound,
Rowand's Tonic Mixture for Ague,
Climax Syrup, for Dysentary, warranted,
Roof's Ring Bone Cure, for horses

A fresh supply of the above medicines, just received and for sale at the Drug Store of

April 6, 11— J. C. MARTIN.

DR. LEIDY'S Sarsaparilla Blood Pills.

THE ONLY PILLS in existence containing Sarsaparilla in their composition.

They purify the Blood and Fluids of the body, and cleanse the Stomach and Bowels from all noxious substances that produce disease.

They are composed entirely of vegetable Extracts, (free from mercury and minerals) which make them the safest, best, and most efficacious of any other pills in existence.

Several thousand certificates of their efficacy have heretofore been published, and their sales are *increasing annually* by thousands. *More than One Million* boxes have already been sold since their introduction.

☞ *MORE THAN 100,000 BOXES*

have been sold in Philadelphia alone, the past year; thus showing that in the place where they are manufactured they have a reputation, greater than any other pills—which arises from the fact that DR. LEIDY *is well known at home as a regular Physician*, and his pills are consequently employed with greater confidence than any others in addition to their own efficacy.

Quality and not quantity is a valuable attribute belonging to them; one box doing more good than two to four of others.

Be advised, therefore, when ne cessity requires to take none other than

DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS.

Try them! (*they cost but 25 cents a box.*) Try them! So well satisfied will you be of their good effects, you will never take any others. After you have tried all other kinds, *then try* Dr. Leidy's Blood Pills, the difference will soon be discovered. No change of diet no restraint from occupation, or fear of catching cold need be apprehended; young and old may take them with equal safety.

☞ Principal Office and Depot, Dr. Leidy's Health Emporium, No. 191 North SECOND street, near VINE, (sign of the Golden Ball and Serpents) Philadelphia.

Also, by Klett & Co., Wetherill, & Co., W. Dyott & Sons; A. S. & E. Roberts & Co., and city Druggists generally.

Also by P. Pomp and J. Dickson, Easton, J. F. Long, Lahcaster, and most respectable Druggists and Storekeepers in the United States.

Also at J. G. BROWN'S (late W. T. Eping's) Drug Store, Centre street, Pottsville.

May 18, 20—

TIN WARE MANUFACTORY.

Mahantango street, 2d door above Centre st., South Side.

WILLIAM HILL informs the citizens of Pottsville and Schuylkill county generally, that he is prepared to receive and execute all orders for tin ware of every character.

He has constantly on hand and in progress of manufacture a complete assortment of buckets, pans basins, cups, gutterspouts, boat horns, &c. &c., which he will sell on the most reasonable terms, either by *wholesale or retail.*

☞ All orders for Tin-Spouting attended to and executed at the shortest notice.

May 18, 20—1y

THE subscriber has just received a beautiful article of Wafers in Boxes, at 75 cents per lb. Also Sealing Wax from 62½ cents, to $1 50 per lb. The cheap kind, is suitable for putting up packages, sealing bottles, &c. For sale by

BENJ. BANNAN, Agt.

August 10 32—

Life in the Autumn Woods.

BY P. P. COOK.

Summer has gone,
And fruitful Autumn has advanced so far
That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,
And you may look with naked eye upon
The ardors of his ear;
The stealthy forests, whom his spent looks embolden,
Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor
Is in the October air! How rich and clear,
And bracing and all-joyous! we must render
Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings tender,
As to a child quite dear;
But Autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
A manhood not yet hoary,

I love the woods,
In this good season of the liberal year;
I love to seek their leafy solitudes,
And give myself to melancholy moods,
With no intruder near,
And find strange lessons as I sit and ponder,
On every natural wonder.

But not alone,
As Shakspeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes,
Love I the browning forest; and I own
I would not oft have mused, as he, but flown
To hunt with Ardens—
And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded,
Of the sad creature wounded.

A brave and good,
But world-worn knight—soul wearied with his part,
Came from the court in melancholy mood,
And built a lodge and lived in Wantly wood,
To hear the belling† Hart.
It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness
Yields to the hunter's madness.

What passionate
And keen delight is in the proud swift chase,
Go out what time the lark at Heaven's red gate
Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate
With the high pride of his place;
What time the meridian sun arrays the morning
In its first bright adorning.

Hark! the quick horn—
As sweet to hear as any clarion—
Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;
And mark the steeds, stout Curtle and Topthorc
And Greyfield and the Dou—
Each one of them the hero's mood displaying
With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse,
After the crying hounds in this fresh hour,
Vanquish'd high hills, perilous streams perforce,
On the smooth plain give free wings to your course,
And you will know the power
Of the brave chase—and how of grief the sorcat
A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer,
The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,
There is a life in all the atmosphere;
Your very nature fills
With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring
You climb with limbs untiring.

It is a fair
And goodly sight to see the antlered stag,
With the long sweep of his swift walk, repair
To join his brothers; or the plethoric bear
Lying supine his fill;
With eyes half closed, but broad head shaking,
As gadflies keep him waking;

And those you see,
And seeing them, you travel to their death,
With a slow, stealthy step from tree to tree,
Noting the wind, however faint it be.
The hunter draws a breath
In times like these, which he will say repays him
For all the care that waylays him.

A strong joy fills
[A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power,]
My heart in Autumn weather fills and thrills!
And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
Drawer-bar to my bower
Nightly by the sweet spirit of peace attended,
Than pine where life is splendid.

† Sir Thomas Wortley.

‡ Belling is an old word for the peculiar cry of the hare

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

It is no Fiction.

"Oh! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that *I have bad dreams.*"—*Hamlet.*

"I am wrapped in dismal thinkings."—*Shakspeare.*

I have been a dreamer all my life. The earliest recollections of my childhood are of dreams of greatness. My boyhood's visions were peopled with warlike tumults. There were no spring mornings to my brain, even in early youth; my heart was clouded with shadow, and sadness reigned when mirth and careless glee should have been pre-eminent. My manhood has been a fitful, feverish, and painful existence. I have outlived all whom I ever cared for; I have seen those whom I idolized lie before me cold and senseless, and now I with every event vividly impressed upon my memory, each tone of the voice of her I loved dropping like liquid fire into my brain, and drying up the tears that would weep away my anguish—feeling all this with intensity, and longing for the free air of heaven, I find myself alone—desolate—and—HERE!!

Oh! the horrors of this prison-solitude—the anxious watching for the pale morning after sleepless nights—the horrible nights when fantastic shapes are alone visible, mocking and jeering me—when the only sounds I hear are the ravings of some wretched maniac, confined, like myself, because we have made ourselves a world, and our imaginations have created a presiding divinity; and should a laugh disturb the silence, it is the outbreak of a maddened spirit seeking relief from thought—a laugh frightful, because a mockery—sad in its boisterousness—*the laugh which laughs not.*

For many weary years I have been pent up in this prison, pining for freedom, hoping for things which never existed; conjuring up anticipations of a brighter future, calling upon her who made

'The starlight of my boyhood,'

to look down upon me from her blest abode, and woo me back to calmness by one gentle word, one loving glance; and then sinking into hopeless, bitter despondency, when I remembered that she was gone, and that I should see her no more.

Sometimes I can think of her in her exquisite beauty, and my soul drinks in, as it were, the sweet and liquid tones of the voice which once spoke peace to me, and fancying her again before me, I sink into an unquiet slumber, till some hideous dream oppresses me, and I see the fair brow of my Julia' contracted, withered; and, instead of her silvery voice of enchantment, a hissing sound escapes the lips I have worshipped. I rise, and try to approach, but she recedes. I wake—I start from my uneasy bed—I find this horrible picture, which bore the impress of reality, is but a dream. I wake to the consciousness that my 'beloved' is dead, and that my eyes will gaze upon her beauty no more.

How few there are in this busy world, who when passing those abodes of wretchedness—'private mad-houses'—can imagine the agony, the agony, the despair that dwells there! But to my history.

I was the only child of General Sir Frederick and Lady Charlotte B———. I was reared in luxury; the rude air was scarcely allowed to blow upon my delicate frame. I can remember now, though years have passed, and sorrow has bowed me—I can remember the happy days when my weary head was pillowed on the bosom of my mother, and, after she had sung me to sleep with some wild melody, she would place me in my small luxurious cot, and watch over me with those deep-loving eyes, and be the first to comfort and re-assure me if uneasy dreams—for even then I was a dreamer—made me awake to sorrow. But my mother died. Even now I shudder at the recollection of the desolateness of my agony when I knew I had looked upon her for the last time.—Even now I can feel the coldness which crept over me as I laid my cheek to hers. My blood was frozen. I could not weep. Oh! tears would have been a relief, but they were denied me; and though I saw her taken from my embrace, and her beloved form laid in the vault, I could still gaze with speechless agony—but I wept not.

How I wished for the quiet of the grave; for even then there was a whirlwind within my bosom, and my sensitive heart shrank from holding converse with, or bestowing confidence on another as freely or unreservedly as I had done with the dear being whom I had lost.

Shortly after the event my father was ordered upon foreign service, and my childhood was passed among relatives who were strangers to me. It was a childhood without love. I remembered my mother, and none could supply her place. I could not trust in another as I had trusted in her. In my sorrows real or imaginary, none other could comfort me. I longed for my childhood's resting-place, where I might again pillow my aching head and sleep once more the calm sleep hallowed by a mother's matchless love.

At an early age I was sent to one of our great public schools, and there, although I endured some hardships, yet I experienced also something like the pleasures and pastimes of boyhood.

From having been a weakly, delicate child, I grew strong and active; but a gloom was ever upon me.

In my moments of relaxation I would join some of my companions in their games of play, but even then a dark phantom pursued me, and I would fancy a shadowless spirit was after me; if I ran it always followed me with its noiseless steps, and my constant fear was, that it would overtake me. This was *madness*—aye, I can see it now—*it was madness coming upon me.*

I frequently used to endeavor to dispel the illusion by reading; but if I raised my eyes from my book, there was the figure looking at me and sighing, and its lips would move as if to speak—*but there was no sound.*

I have sat for hours watching this bane of my existence. I have sat till my eyes were fixed from fright, and I have tried to move, but I felt chained to the spot, and the fetters that appeared to bind me seemed of cold heavy steel, that fell on my whole body and paralized me. Then I could feel my heart growing dead, and yet throbbing with those dull, audible throbs, till at last I have shrieked in the agony of my horror, and only then would the dark being leave me—but *it left me moody and mad.*

I had one friend at school, who would soothe me by gentle words, and tell me my fears were but fancy, and he would hold my hands until I slept, and lost, for a time at least, the phantom which pursued me.

That friend is dead. I have outlived *him. Why should the madman live?*

When I was about sixteen, new life opened to me. There came a visitor to one of the young ladies belonging to the establishment, a young and lovely girl. I first saw her at the private chapel belonging to the school. The moment I looked at her, a gush of hitherto unknown pleasure came to my heart. I felt that I could love her.

I saw her again and again. I have stood for hours by the house in which she was, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. Sometimes I was successful—more frequently not—but it was something to hope for. Once I fancied that her eye fell upon me. Oh, how I was repaid by that one pure glance!

While she remained at ———, my life was one of bright vivid fancy, and I was cheered by the angel Hope; but at length her visit came to a termination; yet, though I knew she had departed, I would go daily to my accustomed watching place, and gaze until I fancied the beautiful girl was again before me.

At the usual period my school days ended, and my college life began. I was entered at Christ Church, Oxford. I read hard, and obtained the highest honors. My fame was brilliant. I was talked of and marked by my superiors as a rising man.

Shortly afterwards, I was returned as one of the members of a family borough in my native county, and my first speech in Parliament met with general applause—the battling I had with my attendant phantom, which still pursued me, delighted me. But I was mad; and the excitement of madness was called energy.

How often have I laughed them to scorn, as I have sat alone with the dark spirit.

My sole ambition was that the girl whom I had seen and admired might hear of my career; and that, with honors crowded upon me, I might place my laurel crown at her feet, lay bare my heart's best feelings, my undying love for her, and prove to her how entire was my devotion, how earnest my worship.

I saw many young and lovely girls; and I was told that mothers looked upon me as a desirable match—but I was true to my first love. I remembered her in the perfection of maiden beauty—I wished for none other; to see *her* again was my sole hope in life.

After a season of unceasing gaiety and dissipation—sick of London and its vanities—I determined to travel, and for seven years I was absent from my native land.

I was recalled to attend the death bed of my father. I had seen but little of him; he had no sympathy with me, and in heart we were strangers to each other. He was proud of my talents, and I was an only son; but he never bestowed any real affection on me. I honored him because he was my parent; but I never loved him as I ought to have loved a father.

He died, and I succeeded to the baronetcy and estates; but I was already tired of life—wretched in the midst of my splendor. In a word—*I was mad.*

At the table of a friend I met a man a few years my senior, whom I had known at school. We renewed our acquaintance; and I accepted an invitation to dine at his house, to meet some old schoolfellows.

I consented to go, but not cheerfully, for a moody state of mind was coming over me. I can remember the struggle, the exertion it was to dress for this party. Twenty times I was tempted to send a message saying I was too unwell to go, but my better angel prevailed—and I went. To what an eventful period was that evening but the prelude!

My friend met and welcomed me, with a cordiality which somewhat cheered me; but I had a weight on my spirits from which I could not rouse myself, and most reluctantly I accompanied Sir Charles Tracey, with faltering steps and an aching heart and brow, into the inner drawing-room, to be introduced to his wife Lady Tracey.

She was seated on a low ottoman, with her back to the door, reading. She arose as her husband presented me to her as his old friend, Sir Frederick B———. She turned towards me, and for a moment I was overpowered. I beheld before me the creature I had so long pined for—so earnestly searched for—whose memory I had devotedly and entirely worshipped.

With exquisite grace, she extended her hand to welcome her husband's guest, and as I held those small taper fingers in mine, thick coming fancies crowded upon me. I was again the schoolboy, longing even for a look from this lovely woman whose hand I now held in mine.

Hot tears rushed into my eyes, and I bent over the fair hand to conceal them.

This momentary cloud passed away, and while seated by her I forgot that we had ever been parted, and imagination peopled a world of love—a paradise of hope.

'But she in these fond feelings had no share.'

The years which had passed, had changed her from a lovely girl into the more matured loveliness of the matron.

When I had seen her, her hair, which was a rich and shining black, hung in natural and graceful curls over her beautiful and classically formed. Now the thick and luxuriant mass was gathered into a knot behind, and laid in soft bands over her pure and polished brow.

Her eyes were of that deep full blue which is so rare, and were large and bright, and full of fire and spirit, which at times gave an appearance of haughtiness to her noble countenance; her throat, neck, and arms, were white as ivory, and formed in the most perfect mould; her height was commanding, and her figure exquisitely proportioned.

Before she spoke, I could only look at her with wonder, that anything so glorious could be earthly; but the instant she addressed me, a peculiar witchery played over her features and about her mouth; and my wonder was instantly changed into love and adoration, and I drank in with eagerness the silvery sweetness of her voice.

I fancied on this night that Lady Tracy bestowed more attention on me than on her other guests; for woman have an intuitive tact in discovering when a man admires devotedly.

For that night I lost my dark phantom, I slept a