



THE PHOENIX PECTORAL.

Will Cure Your Cough



THE PHOENIX PECTORAL; OR, COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY & NIPERUS FRUIT.

Will Cure the Diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS, Such as Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, &c.

Its timely use will prevent PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

And even in the most advanced stages of this fatal disease, it will relieve the sufferer, and induce a permanent cure.

It is a powerful expectorant, and induces the formation of new blood, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful sedative, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful stimulant, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful antispasmodic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful anodyne, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful emetic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful diuretic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful antineurotic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful antihelmintic, and restores the system to its normal state.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place where a Cure can be obtained.

Dr. Johnson has discovered the most certain, speedy, and safe method of curing all the diseases of the throat and lungs.

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It is a powerful antihelmintic, and restores the system to its normal state.

It is a powerful antiparasitic, and restores the system to its normal state.

Select Poetry

December.

The delicate little bird that I love, The blossom of the end and last, The wild wind moans the falling year, And winter threatens near.

Oh, love, our day is overcast, Our love has faded like a mist, The future darkness and despair, And life is passing fast.

Yet smile bright as the sun, The darkness comes, and passes, The future darkness and despair, And life is passing fast.

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that his visits are not as pleasant as formerly. Why should my youth and beauty be wasted in planning little economies as a clerk's wife, when as Mrs. Huxton, every wish would be gratified? At evening having stilled love and conscience, I dressed to meet Mr. Huxton. He came—told me how I had grown into his affections, and offered heart and hand for my acceptance. I did not then accept his proposal, though I gave him reason to expect, my answer would be favorable, if my relatives were pleased.

Before sleeping, I wrote to Lawrence, saying as gently as possible, that I could not happily share his lot; that, brought up in luxury, though having no fortune of my own, I could not cheerfully labor, as I ought, to make his solitary sufferings for me; therefore I asked freedom from my engagement. Three days later a reply came, in the following words:

"CLARA:—My best beloved—you are free. I have no longing of yours to return, save a bit of blue ribbon that once tied your curls. I remain that, LAWRENCE."

I felt, instinctively, that my freedom had been purchased at the price of mortal anguish to another, and would gladly have unrolled my work. Shutting myself from every eye, that day, I did not weep, but suffered none the less that tears were denied me. The evening brought Mr. Huxton, and with the hearty approval of my uncle and aunt, I was again betrothed.

It will be twelve years to-morrow since my twelfth birthday. Your mother was one day past eighteen, but we always celebrated the festival together. Upon this occasion she gave us a grand party. I dressed early, for my betrothed, Lawrence Huxton, had promised to dine before the company arrived, and bring me flowers. I anticipated something beautiful, for his taste was exquisite. Here, bringing a bouquet of half-opened rose-huds and blue violets; besides this, a branch from a rose-tree, bearing three fragrant white buds, just ready to expand into full flower.

The buds he insisted upon twining with his own hands among my braids and tangles, which he accomplished with wonderful skill, making the green leaves and snowy buds gleam here and there among my dark curls in a way that won praise and admiration from all. "My taste" was commended again and again, and I laughed at the compliment as that I could not be so one, not even your mother, had I told the secret of my engagement. Lawrence was a selfish individual and resolute. Still, he deemed it not prudent to marry in less than two years, and I hesitated that if we waited so long, the engagement should be the public. My only motive was to avoid the comments and displeasure of acquaintances.

Our party passed pleasantly; the refreshments, music, flowers, every thing were admirable; the company were in fine spirits, and nothing occurred to mark it as a dark hour in any life. Among the guests was Mr. Huxton, just returned from a lengthened tour in South America.

Early in the evening he was introduced to me, and entertained me greatly with accounts of wild adventures and descriptions of tropical scenery. Several times, during the evening, we were thrown together, and that subtle something which tells a maiden when she has won a new admirer, told me that Lewis Huxton would pursue the acquaintance. Months of gayety followed, and people began to notice the attentions Mr. Huxton paid me; Lawrence was seldom present; books and study occupied his time, save when he spent a quiet evening with me. These evenings became less frequent, for I went out constantly. There was a new charm in the devotion of the wealthiest, best educated man of the set. I never stopped to think whether I was drifting. One day, some six months after our party, a beautiful bouquet was sent me, with a note. I had not seen my betrothed for two weeks, and said to myself, he has sent this to say he is coming to-night. I opened and read:

"CLARA:—With the flowers, accept the devotion of one who would be more than your friend. LEWIS HUXTON."

The paper fell from my startled fingers, and for the first time in months I was obliged to think. Stooping to raise the note, I brushed against the rose, which, with infinite care and patience, I had reared from the branch worn upon my birthday. The gentle touch of the leaves upon my cheek smote me like a blow.

All the day was spent in thought. Lawrence, I argued, does not really love me, or scarcely seen him for two months, and he is becoming so quiet and abstracted

May my darling Carria never know such agony of remorse as I suffered that day and for many years, feeling that I had murdered the man I loved, and destroyed the happiness of one so worthy of respect and affection as Mr. Huxton. At evening a package containing the notes I had written him and my miniature, was handed me by a servant. I looked in vain for one written word of his. He was too noble to add one reproach to those he knew I suffered, yet too truthful to attempt a palliation of my fault. It then became necessary to tell my uncle that there would be no marriage, and that the fault of the broken engagement was mine; yet I could not bring his contempt upon me by telling him all, I have related this to you, Carria, as a warning. Year of affections are given to one man, do not trifle with the holiest feelings of another. Sometimes, when I am gone, and you come to Greenwood, bring a rose for Lawrence Huxton.

CHICKEN IN HIS HAT.—A country friend sends us the following: "Nat, a friend of ours, is very poor, rather light fingered, and, it is said, not so bright as his parents could wish."

"The other day, while passing a neighbor, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road, and not knowing what to do with the chicken to conceal it at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat which he again placed upon his head. As the chicken lay a longing for liberty and being also pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat. Nat was presently accosted with—

"What have you got in your hat?" "Nothing but my head," said Nat. "But I see a chicken head sticking through the top of it, Nat!" "Nat, taking off his hat and looking at the feigned astonishment exclaimed:—

"Wal, how d'ye s'pose that chicken came in there. I swear! he must have crawled up my trousers leg!"

HO TO MAKE A BELL.—In Canada a rich old widower is said to have practiced an ingenious scheme to gain the hand of the belle of the village. He hired an old gipsy to tell the young lady's fortune, and instructed her to state that a wealthy old widower (giving a description of his personal appearance and dress) would pay her a visit and offer himself and that she would accept and be left a wealthy young widow before the close of the year. Her next husband would be a young man she had at present. The gipsy did her duty, the old man presented himself and the marriage followed. He is likely to live many years, and the village bells may be a grandmother before she becomes a widow.

THE PHOENIX MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his business transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of sixty years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering to its sockets when one of his sons observed:—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your heirs?" "To be sure, my son," said the dying man. "It is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and then sank back exhausted on his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he called once more. "My son read the list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?" "It is, father."

"Then strike it off!" said he emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the possession a whole hour."

WHY WAS THERE A FINANCIAL PANIC in Egypt in the days of Pharaoh? Dequise the mother of Moses went to the bank and made a deposit. After that Pharaoh's daughter went and drew a large draft. The Bible then says there were *rivers* on that bank.

PARTRIDGE SAYS.—"It is not enough that you are pained by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cured by the bad."

Old Hickory—An Interesting Historical Reminiscence.

All Americans are familiar with this sobriquet of General Andrew Jackson; yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. I happen to be able to inform your readers.

In 1830 I was intimately acquainted with Col. John Allen, United States agent of the Chickasaw Indians, residing in Pontotoc; and with his brother, Capt. Wm. Allen, then a merchant in that town. I learned from Capt. Wm. Allen that his father was a near neighbor and devoted friend of Gen. Jackson, and that he and his brother John served as soldiers in his army in all his campaigns, and camped at the same fire, and messed with him during the Creek war. They were certainly great favorites with him; and he rewarded them for their friendship by giving them lucrative appointments in the Chickasaw nation while he was President. In conversation with Captain Allen about General Jackson, on one occasion, I asked him how he acquired the name of "Old Hickory?" I gave his reply, as I can remember, in his own words:—

"During the campaign which included the battle of Mautchlaw Creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and we were without tents. In the month of March, a cold equinoctial gale fell on us, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The general was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a bad cold and sore throat. At night we bivouacked in a muddy bottom, while it was pouring down rain, which froze as it fell. My brother John finding that he was unwell, became uneasy about him, though he did not complain, and laid down upon the blanket by the camp fire with his soldiers. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water in his suffering condition, we determined to try and make him more comfortable.

"We cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and peeled the bark from it in large flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and dead leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure, against the wind with bark, and left the other open. We then dried our blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent which we had constructed. We woke up the old general and with some civility persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow wrapped in our dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night, well rested in hickory bark.

"The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came with whiskey with which, after rubbing quite freely himself, he gave us all 'a treat' as far as the liquor would go. He seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow; a sort of 'privileged character' in this county. While standing about among the companies, full of fun and whiskey, he blundered upon our little bark tent, which immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it for a moment he exclaimed:—'What sort of an outlandish Indian skin is this?' and gave it a kick, which tumbled down the queer looking structure, and completely buried the old hero in bark. As he struggled out of the ruins, and looking broadly around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him and exclaimed:—'Hello Old Hickory! I come out of your bark old skin in a drink!'

"This was something so ludicrous in the whole scene that respect for his presence and rank could not restrain our merriment. He very good humorously joined us in laughing at the mishap. As he rose up, and shook the bark from him, we all gave him a rouser 'Hurray for Old Hickory!' This was the first time he ever heard these words, which were afterwards shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them."

I will only add that Capt. Wm. Allen, of Davidson County, Tenn., who died in Pontotoc in 1857, was distinguished for courage, integrity and strict veracity; and the above may be regarded as a true account of the origin of the nickname of Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Major General Palmer has been indicted by the grand jury in Louisville for cutting slaves from Kentucky.

The Tammany Democrats have nominated John T. Hoffman for Mayor of New York.

General Canby has restored the Methodist Episcopal churches of New Orleans to their congregations.

General Thomas has rescinded the order prohibiting citizens in Nashville from carrying side arms.

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Soliloquy of a Loafer.

Let's see, where am I? This is—coal I'm lying on. Was coming up street—met a wheelbarrow—was drunk, coming 't'other way—the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar—don't know which now—guess it must ha' been me. I'm a nice young man; yes I am—light I tore I drunk! Well, I can't help it—tain't my fault! No. Is it my wife's fault? Well, it ain't. Is it the wheelbarrow's fault? No. It's whiskey's fault. Who's whiskey I has he a large family? All poor. I reckon. I think I won't own him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance. I've had that nation for about ten years, and always here to do it for fear of hurting his feeling. I'll do it now. I think liquor is injurious to—its spoiling my temper.

Sometimes I got mad when I'm drunk and abuse Bets and the boys; it used to be Lizzie and the children—that some time ago. I'd come home o' evenin's, an' she put her arms around me neck an' kiss me, an' call me dear William. When I comes home now, she takes the pipe out of her mouth an' her hair out of her eyes, an' says somethin' like:—"Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're cold enough, havin' no fire, 't'out lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets, an' I'm Bill, now. I ain't a good Bill, neither; think I'm a counterfeiter; won't pass—a tavern without goin' in an' gettin' drunk. Don't know what bank I'm on. Last Saturday I was on the river bank—drunk.

I stay out pretty late; no sometimes I'm out all night; fast is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Bets says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't wear good clothes; maybe she hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that?—ain't mine—must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however; I'm intoxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. There's one principle I've got—I won't get in debt; I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone—got tore off, I expect, when I fell in here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me 't'other day that I'd make a good sign for a paper mill. If he's right so big I kick him. I've had this shirt on for nine days and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearing. People ought to respect me more; they do, for I'm in holy orders. I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are pretty near Grassiean style. I guess I tore this window shutter in my pants 't'other night, when I sat down on the wax Ben. Riggs's shop; I'll have to get it mended, or—I'll catch cold. I ain't very stout. As the boys say, I'm as fat as a match and as healthy as the small pox. My best hat is standing guard for a window pane that went out 't'other morning at the invitation of a brick-att. He's getting cold down here; wonder if I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink I could think better. Let's see; I ain't got three cents; if I was in a tavern I could sponge one. Whenever anybody treats and says, 'some fellows,' I always think my name's 'fellars,' and I've got too good manners to refuse. Well, I won't leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary. I ain't come to this yet. Anyhow, it was the wheelbarrow that did the harm—not me.

There has been a conflict of authority at Mobile, growing out of the arrest of T. G. Dexter, a Treasury custom agent, by order of the General Wood, and the refusal of the latter to obey a writ of habeas corpus for the appearance of Dexter, issued by Judge Bastedo of the U. S. District Court. An attachment for contempt has been issued against General Wood.

The German witness Bessmer, who figured in the Wisco trial, has been dismissed from the Interior Department. It is said he was a deserter. His real name is Felix Oussel.

Thomas J. Carver, a defaulting Treasury agent at Mobile, has been sentenced by a court martial to a fine of \$9,000, and a year's imprisonment with hard labor.

Among the visitors to the White House on Saturday was a lady who interested for the pardon of the raider, Harry Gilmer.

Thaddeus Stevens, who had been in Washington for some days, is unostentatious in denunciations of the President's policy.

John P. Reed, Jr., on trial at Bedford, Pa., charged with the murder of Provost Marshal Jacob Crouse has been acquitted.

Francis, amounting to over \$1,000,000 have been discovered in the Quartermaster's Department at Louisville, Ky.

A Cuban named Jose Garcia Otero, proprietor of a theatre in Havana, was murdered and robbed of \$10,000 in Central Park New York on Wednesday night.

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