

FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the New York Mirror.

MUSINGS.

"They pass like dreams away,
Like bright lamps on the ocean waves,
Like a light opened yesterday,
The low wind like a mournful groan,
While shaking down their faded leaves,
Where is the laurel'd son of Mars,
A nation grieved yesterday,
The hero of a hundred wars,
On his proud charge home,
The tongue of chivalry is dumb,
His requiem was the muffled drum.
There is the young, bewitching belle,
Who dazzling yesterday the sight;
Whose matchless beauty from his cell
Might have an anchorite,
Wherever her thrilling pulse and voice,
The grave will answer—both are mute!

There are the pale, pained hoarses of thought,
The bards—the orators—the sage—
Who yesterday a wide world taught,
And dignified their age,
Their great ambitious hearts are cold,
And fellowship with dust they hold.
Then ask me not for tales renown—
To waste away the midnight oil—
Those words and the types they prove,
What are they in the dying hour?

Oh, rather urge me to forsake
The vanity that here has birth,
And in the form of heaving break
Bonds that bind to earth,
And bridge, while yet a thing of breath,
Wreathes teasing the Gulf of Death.

AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other would seek to heal—every other affliction forget—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over until it willfully forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms; though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would willingly forget the most tender parents, though to remember be to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No—the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights—and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollections; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruin of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of loneliness—who would not such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No: there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond recollections! Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunction throbbing at the heart? Dr. Lely's Worm Tea never would have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call in review the whole history of virtue and goodness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the deathness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stilled griefs—it noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduity—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, faltering, thrilling, oh how thrilling pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents, struggling to give one more look of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment, unregarded of that being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or heart to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought or word, or spirit, if thou art a generously con-fided in thee—if thou art a generous, and hast ever given an unmerited pang to the true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that kind looks, every unstraining word, every ungentle action, will surely come, grudgingly, back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and after the unfeeling groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unfeigned and unwilling.

And now, where the chapel of flowers, and strew the bunting of nature about the grave—where the bunting of nature about the grave—where the broken spirit, if thou come, with these sweet, sensible, triumphant re-membrances warning by thy countenance of the dead, and henceforth be more resolute in the discharge of thy duty towards the living.

Gods and Men.—All the world live for one another, and operates on each other, although in an invisible manner; silently work, they till all the way of rest and happiness, which the All-good from eternity, has unfolded; before all created beings. Great is the Creator, worthy of all adoration—yes! but even on this account, because he reveals himself also in the very smallest thing, and becomes the smallest feeling and thinking being of us all. The value of him as the greatest of his heavenly bodies, the earth on which the Saviour walked, has been overthrown with his canopy of stars, that his children may behold that he is as mighty, as he is full of love. Ah! I glance freely and full of pleasure, for it is also created for thee!

The Hour of Death.—When death approaches, many a depressed eye rises on high, its glance and beams forth in a wondrous manner, once more, before it is extinguished; many a silent mouth opens itself then, for the first time, and speaks beautiful, evangelical words. Many a breath for the first time, breathes forth, on the death bed, a long cherished love. In life it was so silent therein, so still, one fancied it was quite desolate; but when the deliverance approached, and now one fears the heavenly voice, which hitherto, like a captive bird mournfully speechless, for the first time sings, therein. Yes, there are people who only begin to live properly to live in the hour of death!

To the Public.

THOMPSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPHTHA.

For the Prevention and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption.

Now so universal and at the same time so serious and fatal as Consumption. In this country especially Pulmonary Consumption is emphatically malignant, in its ravages it leaves swarms of orphans and destitutes, and it has now become the strongest and fiercest of our foes.

Also to all efforts to arrest this dread disease have proved ineffectual. It has been used with great success in Europe, but has hitherto only partially eradicated the cause of disease, but not entirely or otherwise, and thus, striking at the root of the complaint imparts tone to debilitated organs, affords a new support to the general system and thus restores the patient to health.

This invaluable medicine is put up in bottles, having the following words blown in the glass: THOMPSON'S Compound Syrup of Tar for Consumption, without which none recuperate.

For 50 cents a bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

For sale by C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

Pulmonary Consumption!

Afflicted do not despair.

THOMPSON'S Compound Syrup of Tar, for the cure of Consumption in all its stages, bronchitis, Cough, Spitting of Blood and Proliferation of the Heart Lungs, Complaints and Chronic Affections of the Kidneys.

READY! READY!

Still further proofs—its Works Proclaim it. Read the following:

Philip L. Thompson, Jan. 1843.

Mr. S. P. Thompson—Dear Sir: From a sense of my having given you a truly invaluable medicine, I would state the benefits I have experienced from its use. For some time past I have been subject to a distressing rocking cough, accompanied with great oppression and difficulty of breathing with a sensation of tightness at the chest. Becoming greatly fatigued, I could not sleep well, and by your medicine recommended to me, I did, and in a very short time every alarming symptom disappeared; my expectation became full, that I was to get out of my cough and ease in a few days. But to get out of my business is a deadly country residence.

Persons wishing to purchase will please call upon Mr. Andrew Blair, in Carlisle, or on the subscriber at his Mills, 3 miles West of Carlisle.

John Hays, June 5, 1844.

Orphans' Court Sale of REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY the 17th of August next, at 12 o'clock, M., the following property of James H. Blair, dec'd., situated in the town of Carlisle, Cumberland county, about a mile and a half from the Harrisburg bridge, adjoining land of George Ruxley, dec'd., Jacob Eichleberger's heirs, and the farm of Jacob S. Hulme, late (deceased) Ruxley.

This valuable property is put up in bottles, having the following words blown in the glass: THOMPSON'S Compound Syrup of Tar for Consumption, without which none recuperate.

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T. C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

Orphans' Court Sale.

For Sale in Carlisle.

T. C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

Worms! Worms!

I parents know the value and efficacy of Dr. Lely's Patent Vegetable Worm Tea, they never had it without their families, as children are subject at all times to Worms.

Dr. Lely's Worm Tea is composed of vegetables altogether, and may be given to children of all ages, Diabetics, &c., with entire safety.

Children suffer much, of times, so much as to make them lose their appetite, without any effect. Much medicine, given to children, has a tendency to restrain the general health, and they are inclined to debility.

To avoid the necessity of giving medicine necessarily when you are curing your children, have given to them at first Dr. Lely's Worm Tea.

It is recommended to several hundred persons in Philadelphia city and county, of the family of Dr. Lely's Worm Tea. Try it and you will be convinced.

For 50 cents per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

T. C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

ANOTHER ASTONISHING PROOF!

Tuckerton N.J. March 15, 1844.

THREE years ago—in consequence of over-exertion in the course of a hard winter, I ruptured a blood vessel in my lungs, which was filled with a large amount of blood, and consequent debility—that had to stop work, I procured the best medical treatment, but the bleeding required very often, accompanied with great oppression, from the lungs. Thus I went on gradually growing worse, until I became completely disengaged, until, about three pounds of flesh were torn from my body. I then turned to Thompson's Compound Syrup of Tar for Consumption, without which none is genuine. I now bear my testimony to its efficacy. It cost me \$10.00. Six bottles for \$2.50.

T. C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

MORE PROOF!

Tuckerton N.J. March 15, 1844.

ANOTHER ASTONISHING PROOF!

Tuckerton N.J. March 15, 1844.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY the 10th of August next, at 12 o'clock, M., the following property, the estate of John Crist, deceased.

S. Town Lots.

situated in the borough of New-Cumberland, Cumberland county, numbered in the general place of odd 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29 and 30. They will be sold either separately or together.

John Crist, deceased.

For 50 cents per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

T. C. STEVENSON, Sole Agent, May 29, 1844.

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By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY the 10th of August next, in the borough of Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, about a mile and a half from the Harrisburg bridge, adjoining land of George Ruxley, dec'd., Jacob Eichleberger's heirs, and the farm of Jacob S. Hulme, late (deceased) Ruxley.

This valuable property is put up in bottles, having the following words blown in the glass: THOMPSON'S Compound Syrup of Tar for Consumption, without which none is genuine.

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