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☞ TO INVALIDS. ☜

How important it is that you commence without loss of time with BRANDRETH PILLS. They mildly but surely remove all impurities from the blood, and no case of sickness can effect the human frame, that these celebrated Pills do not relieve as much as medicine can do. COLDS and COUGHS are more benefitted by the Brandreth Pills than by Lozenges and Candies. Very well, perhaps, as palliatives, but worth nothing as ERADICATORS of diseases from the human system. The Brandreth Pills cure, they do not merely relieve, they cure. Diseases, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise, will certainly be cured by the use of these all-sufficient Pills.

CURE OF A CANCEROUS SORE.

SING SING, January 21, 1843.

DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH:

Honored Sir,—

Owing to you a debt of gratitude that money cannot pay. I am induced to make a public acknowledgment of the benefit my wife has derived from your invaluable Pills. About three years this winter she was taken with a pain in her acle, which soon became very much inflamed, and swollen, so much that we became much alarmed, and sent for the doctor. During his attendance the pain and swelling increased to an alarming degree, and in three weeks from its first commencing it became a running sore. She could get no rest at night the pain was so great. Our first doctor attended her for six months, and she received no benefit whatever, the pain growing worse and the sore larger all the time. He said if it was healed up it would be her death, but he appeared to be at a loss how to proceed, and my poor wife still continued to suffer the most terrible tortures. Was 'doctor' who said when he first saw it that he could soon cure the sore and give her ease at once. To our surprise he gave her no relief, and acknowledged that it quite baffled all his skill.

Thus we felt after having tried during one whole year the experience of two celebrated physicions in vain, in absolute despair. My poor wife's constitution rapidly failing in the prime of her years from her continued suffering. Under these circumstances we concluded that we would try your Universal Vegetable Pills, determined to fairly test their curative effects. To my wife's great comfort the first few doses afforded great relief of the pain. Within one week to the astonishment of ourselves and every one who knew the case, the swelling and the inflamation began to cease so that she felt quite easy, and would sleep comfortable, and sir, after six weeks' use she was able to go thro' the house and again attend to the management of her family, which she had not done for nearly fourteen months. In a little over two months from the time she first commenced the use of your invaluable Pills her ancle was quite sound, and her health better than it had been in quite a number of years before. I send you this statement after two years test of the cure, considering it only an act of justice to you and the public at large. We are with much gratitude,

Very respectfully,

TIMOTHY & ELIZA A. LITTLE.

PS.—The Botanical Doctor pronounced the sore cancerous, and finally said no good could be done, unless the whole of the flesh was cut off and the bone scraped. Thank a kind Providence, this made us resort to your Pills, which saved us from all further misery, and for which we hope to be thankful.

T. & E. A. L.

Dr. Brandreth's Pills are for sale by the following Agents in Huntingdon county.

Thomas Read, Hutingdon.
Wm. Stewart, Huntingdon.
A. & N. Cresswell, Petersburg.
Mary W. Neff, Alexandria.
Joseph Patton, Jr. Duncansville.
Hartman & Smith, Manor Hill.
S. Miles Green & Co. Barree Forge,
Thomas Owens, Birmingham.
A. Patterson, Williamsburg.
Peter Good, Jr. Canoe Creek.
John Lutz, Shirleysburg.

Observe each of Dr. Bredreth's Agents have an engraved certificate of Agency.—Examine this and you will find the NEW LABLES upon the certificate corresponding with those on the Boxes, none other are genuine.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Phil'a. Office S. North 8th St.—1y.

Snyder's Vegetable Concrete.

I do certify that my wife was afflicted for some time with a very severe cough, with a pain in the breast, and after many other remedies had failed I was induced to procure a bottle of J. Snyder's Vegetable Concrete, and she was perfectly restored by the use of part of a bottle full.

HUGH KELLEY,

For sale by *Jacob Snyder*, Hollidaysburg.

Jan. 18, 1843.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who know themselves indebted to the subscriber for subscription, advertising or job work, are requested to make payment immediately, *if not sooner*, as I expect to leave these "diggins" in a short time.

E. V. EVERHART.

Huntingdon, August 9, 1843.

POETRY.

The following thoughtful little poem is from the pen of Charles Swain, and appears in a late number of Frazer's Magazine:

"'Twas Yesterday."

"'Twas yesterday!" familiar sound,
Heard oft as idle breath;
Yet, prophet-like to all around,
It spoke of woe and death!
A mourner by the past it stands,
In mistic mantle of decay,
Shrouds in the night of years its hands,
And grasps all life away!

High from the boundless vault of Time
The stars of empire veer;
"'Twas yesterday" they beam'd sublime,
The mightiest in their sphere!
'Twas yesterday revealed to Fate
The rival crows of centuries flown,
Show'd where a phantom sat in state,
Upon the Cæsar's throne!

Sceptre and robe were cast aside!
The ghastly bones stood bare;
The rust fed on the gauds of pride,
The worm held council there.
Nor answer would the phantom give,
But to our constant prayer replied—
"Thus 'twill be said of all that live
That 'yesterday' they died!"

Where is the Grecian conquests now,
The triumphs of her lute?
Dust rests on the Homeric brow,
Her genius is mute!
Where the glorious heart that fought
For freedom in the "pass of Gorve?"
Gone—where the mightiest names are sought—
With yesterday of yore!

We hope—but what we hope the shroud
Wraps from our weeping sight:
We aim at stars, and clasp the cloud,
Seek day, and find but night!
Ah! who with Life's dread woes would cope,
If 'twere not for that Faith sublime,
Which sees the Ararat of Hope
Above the floods of time?

What, then, is "Yesterday?" a key
To wisdom most divine!
It is the hall of Memory,
Where Fame's brief trophies shine!
The spiritual home of things,
Where Intellect immortal beams,
Which lends to thought its holiest wings.
Inspires the noblest themes!
A *drop* that mirrors forth a *world*,
Then mingles with the earth;
A star from Time's vast empire hurled,
Slow falling from its birth,
A presence with the sacred past
To warn our spirits of delay,
Which saith, "Proud man, to-day *thou hast—*
Use well thy little day!"

The Printer.

Who is it—"gentle reader," who
That labors hard in pleasing you,
By telling all that's strange and new?
The *Printer.*

Who is it brings you from afar,
Intelligence of bloody war,
Or feats of some immortal tar?
The *Printer.*

Who tells you of th' affairs of state,
Whilst legislators legislate,
And are engag'd in warm debate?
The *Printer.*

Who is it, that with *stick* and *rule*,
Chastiscs well the knave and fool,
And keeps in awe the party tool?
The *Printer.*

By whom is it that learning's got,
And genius to perfection brought—
O! reader, say—say, is it not
The *Printer?*

Say, ye who always wish to know
How the concerns of nations go—
Who do you for that knowledge owe?
The *Printer.*

Ye politicians, too, can tell
Who makes you understand so well
Th' affairs on which you love to dwell—
The *Printer.*

Then, in no case, should you delay,
(Tho' many do, from day to day)
With punctuality to pay
The *Printer.*

TYPOGRAPHICUS.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

North Bend.

He sleeps, the quiet sleep of death
Upon yon grassy mound,
While the low soft breeze of evening sweeps
Thro' the forest trees around!
He calmly sleeps! Oh, ye who dared
Assail his honor'd name,
Who strove with impious hand to tear
His well-earned wreath of fame,
Go view his sacred resting place
And kneeling on the sod,
Pray with a voice of fervent prayer
Forgiveness from your God.

Pilgrims from out the "Sunny South"
And from his own lov'd West,
Sons of the far New Englands soil
Meet round his place of rest—
And yet no marble there has risen
To tell of all his worth—
The noble forest trees bend o'er
Nought but a mound of earth!
Oh, Genius of this western land
Blush now with shame and grief,
That not one stone should "mark the spot"
Where rests thy favorite chief!

☞ They who talk degradingly of women have not sufficient taste to relish their excellencies, or purity enough to court their acquaintance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Book for September.

THE INNER CHAMBER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'En se retrouvant pres d'unefemme qu'on a beau coup aime, ou sent toujaura une dounce chaleur, reste du feu que nous bruleait autaefois.

"Tis not the white and red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration."

I found myself looking with some interest at the back of a lady's head. The theatre was crowded, and I had come in late, and the object of my curiosity, whoever she might be, was listening very attentively to the play. She did not move. I had time to hold a lifetime romance about her before I had seen a feature of her face. But her ears were small and of an exquisite oval, and she had that rare beauty of woman—the hair arched and joined to the white neck with the same finish on the temples. Nature often slights this part of her masterpiece.

The curtain dropped, and I stretched eagerly forward to catch a glimse of the profile. But no!—she sat next one of the slender pilasters, and with her head leaned against it, remained immovable.

I left the box and with some difficulty made my way into the crowded pit. Elbowing, apologizing, persevering, I at last gained a point where I knew I could see my incognita at the most advantage. It turned—pshaw!—how was it possible I had not recognized her!

Kate Crediford!

There was no getting out again, for a while at least, without giving offence to the crowd I had jostled so unceremoniously. I sat down—vexed—and commenced a desperate study of the figure of Shakspeare on the drop-curtain.

Of course I had been a lover of Miss Crediford's, or I could not have turned with indifference from the handsomemost woman in the theatre. She was very beautiful—there was no disputing. But we love women a little for what we *do* know of them, and a great deal more for what we think. We parted as easily as a reader and a book. Flirtation is a circulating liberty, in which we seldom use twice for the same volume, no property even in the market I made in her perusal. A little quarrel sufficed as an excuse for the closing of the book and both of us studiously avoided a reconciliation.

As I sat in the pit, I remembered suddenly a mole on her left cheek, and I turned toward her with the simple curiosity to know whether it was visible at that distance. She still leaned immovably against the slight column, and her dark eyes, it struck me, were moist. Her mouth, with this peculiar expression upon her countenance, was certainly inexpressibly sweet—the turned down corners ending in dimples which in that particular place, I have always observed, are like wells of unfathomable melancholy. Poor Kate!—what was the matter with her.

As I turned back to my dull study of the curtain, a little pettish with myself for the interest with which I had looked at an old flame, I detected half a sigh under my white waistcoat; but instantly persuading myself that it was a disposition to cough, coughed, and began to hum "suoni tromba." The curtain rose and the play went on.

It was odd that I had never seen Kate in that humor. I did not think she could be sad. Kate Crediford sad! Why, she was the most volatile, light-hearted, care-for-nothing coquette that ever held up her finger to be kissed. I wonder, has any one really annoyed you, my poor Kate! thought I. Could I, by chance, be of any service to you—for, after all, I owe you something! Looked at her again.

Strange that I had over looked at that face without emotion. The vigils of an ever-wakeful, ever passionate, yet ever-tearful and melancholy spirit, seemed set, and kept under those heavy and motionless eye-lids. And she, as I saw her now, was the very model and semblance of the character that I had all my life been vainly seeking! This was the creature I had sighed for when turning away from the too mirthful tenderness of Kate Crediford! There was something new, or something for the moment miswritten, in that familliar countenance!

I made my way out of the pit with some difficulty, and returned to sit near her. After a few minutes a gentleman in the next box rose and left the seat vacant on the other side of the pilaster against which she leaned. I went round while the orchestra were playing a long march, and, without being observed by the thoughtful beauty, seated myself in the vacant place.

Why did my eyes flash and moisten, as I looked upon the small white hand lying on the cushioned barrier between us! I knew every vein of it, like the strings of my own heart. I had felt it spread out in my own, and followed its delicate blue traceries with a rose stem, for hours and hours, while imploring, and reproaching, and reasoning over love's lights and shadows. I knew the feel of every one of those fingers—those rolled up rose-leaves, with nales like pieces cut from the lip of a shell! Oh, the promises I had kissed in oaths on the little *chef d'œuvre* of nature's tinted alabaster!—the psalms of sermons I had sat out holding it, in her father's pew!—the moons I had tired out of the sky, making of it a bridge for our hearts passing backward and forward! And how could that little wretch of a hand, that knew me better than its own other hand, (for we had been more together,) lie there, so unconscious of my presence! How could she—Kate Crediford—sit next to me, as she was doing, with only a stuffed partition between us, and her head leaning on one side of the pilaster, as mine on the other, and never start, nor recognize, nor be at all aware of my neighborhood. She was not playing a part, it was easy to see. Oh, I knew those little relaxed fingers too well! Sadness, indolent and luxurious sadness, was expressed in her countenance, and her abstraction was unfeigned and contemplative. Could she have so utterly forgotten me, magnetically, that is to say? Could the atmosphere about her, that would once have trembled betraying at my approach, like the fanning of an angel's invisible wing, have lost the sense of my presence.

I tried to magnetise her hand. I fixed my eyes on that little open palm, and with all the intensity I could summon, kissed it mentally in rosy centre. I reproached the ungrateful thing for its dullness, and brought to bear upon it a focus of old memories of pressures and caresses, to which a stone would scarce have the heart to be insensible.

But I belie myself in writing this with a smile, I watched those unmoving fingers with a heart ache. I could not see the face, or read the thought of the woman who had once loved me, and who sat near me, now, so unconsciously—but if a memory had stirred, if a pulse had quickened its beat, those finely strung fingers I well knew would have trembled responsively. Had she forgotten me altogether!—Is that possible—*can* a woman close the leaves of her heart over a once loved and deeply written name, like the waves over a vessel's track—like the air division of a bird's flight!

I had intended to speak presently to Miss Crediford, but every moment the restraint became greater. I felt no more privileged to speak to her than the stranger who had left the seat I occupied. I drew back, for fear of encroaching on her room, or disturbing the fold of her shawl. I dared not speak to her. And, while I was arguing the matter to myself, the party who were with her, apparently tired of the play, arose and left the theatre, Kate followed last, but unspoken to, and unconscious alike of having been near any one whom she knew.

I went home and wrote to her all night, for there was no way for me to get out my feelings except to her. And in the morning I took the leading thoughts from my heap of incoherent scribblings, and embodied them more coolly in a letter.

'You will think, when you look at the signature, that this is to be the old story. And you will be much mistaken as you are in believing that I was ever your lover, till a few hours ago, I have declared love to you, it is true. I have been happy with you and wretched without you; I have thought of you, dreamed of you, haunted you, sworn to you, and devoted to you all and more than you exacted, of time and outward service and adoration; but I love you for the first time in my life. Shall I be so happy as to make you comprehend this startling contradiction?

'There are many chambers in this heart, Kate; and the spirits of some of us dwell, most fondly and secretly, in the chamber of tears, avowedly in the outer and ever-open chamber of mirth. Over the sacred threshhold, guarded by sadness, much that we select and smile upon, and follow with adulation in the walks of life, never passes. We admire the gay. They make our melancholy sweeter by contrast, when we retire within ourselves. We pursue them. We take them to our hearts—and if they are gay only, they are content with the unconsecrated tribute which we pay them there. But the chamber within is, meantime, lonely. It aches with its desolation. The echo of the mirthful admiration without jars upon its mournful silence. It longs for love, but love toned with its own sadness—love that can penetrate deeper than smiles ever come—love that, having once entered, can be locked in with its key of melancholy, and brooded over with the long dream of lifetime. But that deep hidden and unseen chamber of the heart may be long untenanted. And, meantime, the spirit becomes weary of mirth, and impatiently quenches the fire even upon its outer alter, and, in the complete loneliness of heart that has no inmate or idol, gay or tearful, lives mechanicaly on.

'Do you guess at my meaning, Kate? Do you remember the merriment of our first meeting? Do you remember in what a frolic of thoughtlessness you first permitted me to raise to my lips those restless fingers? Do you remember the mock condescension, the merry haughtiness, the rallying and feigned incredulity with which you received my successive steps of vowing and love-making—the arch look when it was begun, the laugh when it was over, the untiring follies we kept up, after vows plighted and the future planned and sworn to!—That you were in earnest, as much as you were capable of being, I fully believe. You would not else have been so prodigal of the bestowings of a maiden's tenderness. But how often have I left you with the feeling, that, in the hours I had passed with you, my spirit had been alone! How often have I wondered if they were depths in my heart, which love could never reach! how often mourned that in the procession of love, there was no place allotted for its sweetest and dearest followers—tears and silence!—Oh, Kate, sweet as was that sungleam of early passion, I did not love you! I tired of your smiles, waiting in vain for your sadness. I left you, and thought of you no more!

'But, now—(and you will be surprised to know that I have been so near to you unperceived)—I have drank an intoxication from one glance in your eyes, which throws open to you every door of my heart, subdues to your control every nerve and feeling of my existence. Last night I sat an hour, tracing again the transparent and well remembered veins upon your hand, and how the language written in those branching and mystic lines had changed in meaning and power. You were sad. I saw you from a distance, and, with amazement at an expression upon your face which I had never before seen, I came and sat near you. It was the look I had longed for when I knew you, and when tired of your mirth. It was the look I had searched the world for, combined with such beauty as yours. It was a look of tender and passionate melancholy, which revealed to me an unsuspected chamber in your heart—a chamber of tears. Ah, why were you never sad before. Why have we lost—why have I lost the eternity's worth of sweet hours when you loved me with that concealed treasure in your bosom? Alas! that angels must walk the world, unrecognized, till too late! Alas, that I have held in my arms and pressed to my lips, and loosed again with trifling and weariness, the creatures whom it was my life's errand, the thirst and passionate longing of my nature, to find and worship!

'Oh Heaven! with what new value do I now number over your adorable graces of person! How spiritualized is every familiar feature, once so deplorably misappreciated! How compulsive of respectful adoration is that flexible waist, that step of aerial lightness, than swan-like motion, which I once dared to praise triflingly and half mockingly, like the tints of a flower or the chance beauty of a bird! And those bright lips! How did I ever look on them, and not know within their rosy portals slept, voiceless for a while the controlling spell of my destiny—the tearful spirit followed and called in my dreams, with perpetual longing! Strange value given to features and outward loveliness by qualities within! Strange witchery of sadness in a woman! Oh, there is, in mirth and folly, dear Kate, no air for love's breathing, still less of food for consistency, or of holiness to consecrate and heighten beauty of person.

'What can I say else, except to implore to be permitted to [illegible] all truth is your due. Pardon me if I have written abruptly and wildly. I shall await your answer in an agony of expectation. I do not willingly breathe till I see you—till I weep at your feet over my blindness and forgetfulness.—Adieu! but let it not be for long I pray you!"

I despatched this letter, and it would be difficult to embody in language the agony I suffered in waiting for a reply. I walked my room, that endless morning, with a death pang in every step—so fearful was I—so prophetically fearful—that I had forfeited forever the heart I had once flung from me!

It was noon when a letter arrived. It was in a handwriting new to me. But it was on the subject which possessed my existence, and it was of final import. It follows:

"DEAR SIR,—My wife wishes me to write to you, and inform you of her marriage, which took place a week or two since, and of which she presumes you are not aware. She remerked to me, that you thought her looking unhappy last evening when you chanced to see her at the play. As she seemed to regret not being able to answer your note herself, I may perhaps convey the proper apology by taking upon myself to mention to you, that, in consequence of eating an imprudent quantity of unripe fruit, she felt ill before going to the theatre, and was obliged to leave early. To-day she seems seriously indisposed. I trust she will be well enough to see you in a day or two, and remain,

Yours, truly,

SAMUEL SMITHERS."

But I never called on Mrs. Samuel Smithers.

WOMAN *vs.* "LADY."—We have several times in conversation, been corrected by the fastidiously refined for using the word Woman, instead of *lady*. "Woman," say they "is a coarse common word." It's no such thing. It is the bast word in the English language. Suppose Scott, in his noble tribute to the sex, for their devoted tenderness to us when under affliction, had written

"Oh, ladies in hours of ease," &c.

would he not have destroyed the richness of the passage? We think so.

"Ladies," are, to our mind, creatures of education, fashion and refinement; made up by the school-mistress, the dancing master and the dress-maker; things of elegance and grace, which we may admire without feeling a warmer sentiment. Accomplished and lovely "woman," however are beings with warm true hearts, and pure, holy, and gushing affections, whom to know is not only to admire, but to revere and love. We tax all our powers of pleasing a lady—we would if need be, pour out all our blood like water for a WOMAN.—*Memphis Enquirer.*

☞ A lady, whose maiden name was Lamb, but who recently got married, met an acquaintance, who thus addressed her:—

'Ah, Eliza! so you have got married and changed your name, I find?"

'Yes, indeed,' replied she; 'and in getting married, instead of being still a *Lamb*, I find I have made a *sheep* of myself!'

☞ 'Top your jaw dare,' said Cuffee to two companions who were wrangling, 'top your jaw, or you will be as big blackguards, as de Congressmen.'

ELOQUENCE.—The following is an extract from an oration of a gentleman in Missouri, delivered in the meeting house on the glorious 4th of July:

"Fellow Citizens:—Shouts of victory comes up from the neighboring mashes—the cry of freedom deafens the voice of nature, and all nature sings aloud for joy! On this glorious occasion I have not words to express the sentiments of my mind—when I think of the great doings of my posteriors, how they licked the British, and my father was in the army, and I wasn't born, and my mother wasn't courted yet, and the country was free from British slavery, by the glorious arms of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. On this day I call upon you to gird on your swords and beat your spears into plough shears and cry aloud and spare not. On this day let the cannons roar aloud—let the flags be wasted on high—let the gleaming of your swords flash in the rays of the sun—let shouts of freedom fill the air—and let the gentleman who borrowed my umbrella bring it back to me as soon as possible."

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—Two young men, 'with humming in their heads,' retired late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, get back to back in *one*, which begins to sink under them and come around at intervals in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explanation. Presently one observes to the other,

'I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed.'

'Is there!' says the other; 'so there is in mine, d—m him! Lets kick 'em out!'

The *next* remark was:

'Tom, I've kicked my man overboard.'

'Good!' says his fellow-toper; 'better luck than I; my man has kicked *me* out—right on the floor!'

Their 'relative positions' were not apparent until next morning.

MARRYING WIDOWS.—An incorrigible *old bachelor* of our acquaintance, was asked a day or two since if he intended to, no please her, she would be continually making comparisons between us. I would never marry a widow unless her husband had been hung, for then I am certain I would never hear his name mentioned.'

TAX ON SUNSHINE.—One of the carriers of the Baltimore Sun, in making his usual collections, announced to a servant girl who opened the door in Lexington street, that he wanted 'elevenpance for the Sun.' The demand was discharged by a gentleman who stepped into the passage from an ajoining parlor, and the servant girl was heard to exclaim as she re-entered the kitchen—'Well bless de land! I tinks it's hard enough to pay for de water, let alone de sun. On de Eastern Sho' we get its for nuffin.'

HUSBAND.—The etymology of this word may not be generally known. The head of a family is called husband from the fact that he is, or ought to be, the *band* which unites the house together—or the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not *house bands* in reality as well as in name.

NOVEL CONTRIBUTIONS.—A very energetic Methodist preacher, in Arkansas, is collecting funds in aid of the Missionary Society. He takes pigs and poultry, and, it is said, meets with large encouragement.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT—

Of old, to debtors that *insolvent* died,
Egypt the right of *sepulture* denied;
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,
And charitably *bury them alive.*

PROGRESS OF PUSEYISM.—The Allegheny Banner says, it say a beautiful young lady of the Episcopal Church, walking along Federal street with a a *Bishop* on her back, and a *Cardinal* on her shoulders.

☞ Lord Morphet says the Pennington, of Connecticut, the negro preacher, would *adorn* any station of life. The N. O. Picayune adds—'We know one which he would ornament—a tobacconists door.'

LAUGH.—'A laugh,' says Charles Lamb, 'is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.'

A WORTHY MAN.—One who screws the widow and orphan out of their last cent, because it is his just due.

☞ As soon as a person takes pleasure in hearing slander, he is to be ranked in the number of slanderers.

☞ Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

☞ Intemberance produces cramp in the pocket, and sorrow in the heart.

☞ The glitter of false wit, like the shine of false jewels, serves at once to show the vanity and poverty of the possessors.

☞ A contemporary says, young girls, like kittens, are pretty play-things, but as they grow up, *look out for their claws.*