

The Worcester Banner.



"HE IS THE FREEMAN, WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE."

VOL. II.

SNOW-HILL, WORCESTER COUNTY, MD. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th. 1839.

NUM. I.

WALTER P. SNOW. TERMS.

THE WORCESTER BANNER will be published weekly at three dollars per annum, to be satisfied by two dollars and fifty cents in advance. One dollar and fifty cents, in advance, for six months. No subscription will be taken for a shorter time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. All subscriptions will be continued unless an order to the contrary is received.

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Communications, to receive attention, must have the post-paid.

From Friendship's Offering for 1840.

THE DOCTOR'S TWO PATIENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "REFORMER."

The Doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was that all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive substantial maladies of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that "flesh is heir to," and as our young Doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or forget them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that as all his patients were poor, the Doctor himself was not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam;—we mean that the Doctor not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stagecoach, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now on the morning in question, the Doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn, and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, Sir, that want you directly," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the young Doctor, as he looked at his own arm-chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slip-pers most inviting, and his feet, the better spread for his dinner. "Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, Sir—they seemed urgent." "But if people only scratch a finger, or happen to sneeze, the Doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter?"

"The lady has a fever, Sir, and the man—"
"The lady and the man—oh, then, the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand; they are of different conditions."
"You could leave the man till to-morrow, Sir?"

"Could I?—and suppose he should die to-night?"

Now, though our Doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comfort of his easy-chair, so breaking off a corner of a crust, and giving one last, longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and the mud.

The Doctor made his nearest patient his first; it happened to be a lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing brighter, when our Doctor lifted the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel house in one of those ambiguous streets of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact the worst of the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they can give a positive opinion, because they know that the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our Doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw, at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered looked sufficiently comfortable; there were marks in the fire-place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms that appeared to the contrary. Our Doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when he was shown into the adjoining room the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever, and raving with delirium, lying on a bed, and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The Doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as if they had been syllabified by an angel.

"You are not alone," asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl with a sorrowful shake of the head. "It is not fit you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friends to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered, "We have no friends—at least none in this great town—if any where."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No; Mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The Doctor felt rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to endure much more fatigue," and the Doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her bloodshot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can endure any thing; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you should be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die," exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief she threw herself upon her knees by the bed side, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the Doctor, "that I do not know it, that I do not even think it; but certainly something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can do."

"And I shall do the same," replied the Doctor.

Our Doctor went from that shabby-genteel house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was now quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure

alley, which our Doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent from her duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity of the court, and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporeal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony!

Very dreary and desolate was the miserable chamber—the fitting scene for human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken spindles and worn-out rush bottom, and a truckle bed were all its furniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our Doctor drew the rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust, and fear and fearfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, staring fiercely at the Doctor took his station by his bed side; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the Doctor, in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be so sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes, I am sure! I suppose you are a Doctor. I want no Doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasted if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Blood-suckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—a Doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, Sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say was quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, Sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bill? No, no, go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would get paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die." "But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is yours to let me."

"Try, then," grumbled the sick man.

The doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy-chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts; had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine; himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl, totally unable to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bed-side of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror.—They were evidently strangers, unknown or friend to share her toil, or cheer or sustain her under it. Our Doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unpeopled anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas! the heavy weight of moments, that seemed hours—of hours, that seemed days—of days, that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our Doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage still sustained her. By a gentle but a firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take up, hour's rest upon the sofa in the bed-side. In his calm, kind, and authoritative voice he had ordered her to take careful food, and she had obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession, too noble for man—office rather of an angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving; shame that thy offices should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that three days of the bitterest anxiety passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless; but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, by seeming to give her back the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies; and our Doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as safe as the Bank of England.

The Doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet!" said the poor patient, his glistering eyes fastened on the door—"another half hour. Has he forgotten me, or has something happened?"

The clock of a neighboring church struck the hour.—"One—two—three, and not here yet! Hark! that is the street door! No, psht! what a fool I am to expect him thus—and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these twenty years. Who was ever kind to me since the day my mother wept over me, and kissed me and—died? Who ever saw any thing in me since the day that her love left me, but a miserable, ungainly, miserably clad? and the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear. While he was yet speaking, our Doctor entered his lonely chamber, with so light a step, that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the Doctor, cheerily "how are we to-day?—nay, what is this?" as the old man's eyes, suffused with their unvoiced moisture, met his own. "What is this? what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother. She alone, of all the millions of beings in this wide world, ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the quiet night) brought the tear into my eye."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the Doctor with a sigh, "but I never knew it."

"Then you have never known the dearest love on earth," replied the sick man fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The Doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh said, "Oh, the dearest say you—are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So, then, you are thinking of marrying. That will quite ruin you—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the Doctor, with another slight laugh, but this time it was a constrained one. "No, no; I must make my fortune first. I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! you are not poor!" reiterated the sick man.

"And not very likely ever to be rich," replied the Doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped in," responded the Doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to the patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man; "there now you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste; and pray while I think of it, do you want the bottles back again?"

"No, let them go with the paper and the corks."

"No, no, I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and, by the way, will you buy them?" You doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not over-rich; and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, that I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"But I warned you in the beginning that you would never get paid; and in fact I never sent for you; I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"No matter who it was; I am here."

"But you can go, and you need not come back again," replied the old man, querulously; "you are not the Parish Doctor, I believe, and if you are, you can send your apprentice."

"Come, come," said the Doctor, kindly, "you have got some fresh cruet in your brain; pray, drive it out again."

"If you had rich patients instead of poor ones, resumed the old man, "you would soon be rich yourself, and let the poor die. What are they better worth? They do nothing but encumber themselves, they waste the money with their contrivances, and starve in quietness, but the voice of their misery is heard mingling with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me; let me die—alone like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die."

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visitor.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued; "it is not much the worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for—that's your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth, and the jelly—I didn't ask for them; that must be your own loss too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the Doctor remained quite silent, so the patient turned himself over once more, and found that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in the old rickety chair.

"What not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man petulantly—"I thought I told you to go."

"Yes, but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again; so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help, or at least I want them for you."

"You feel exhausted because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past is gone from us all," replied the Doctor; "let us make the best of the present. Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feelings came over the old man's face; a sort of convulsive working of the features like the breaking up of a stormy nature; and the Doctor left his poor patient with fresh tears gathered in his sad, sunken eyes.

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the Doctor found the footsteps of this fate to our race, (unfortunate that we are, is it not a friend, though a friend in disguise) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in the bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous-looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish again with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther pale and fearful sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said our Doctor; "actual treason!—You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said: "It is the advantage of the people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares. They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares."

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of

health," said the Doctor.

"Sir, we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I shall soon recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the Doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat—one of my country seats—on which, I have not yet decided; but I shall of course consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have my choice of two princely dwellings."

"Or none at all," thought the Doctor.

"And I shall be most happy to recommend you," continued the lady—"most happy indeed, though I could wish that you resided in a rather more aristocratic neighborhood."

"I thought," said the Doctor, turning rather reproachfully to Esther, "I thought that I had enjoined a careful suppression of every thing that could excite or agitate."

"My dear Doctor," said the invalid lady; "I know that you deserve our perfect candor. Do not chide Miss Heathcote. These papers and letters have been accumulating during my illness, and they required immediate attention.—Our long delayed suit will be decided this day fortnight, but there were preliminaries—"

"Come," said the Doctor, assuming a cheerfulness of tone and manner which he did not quite feel; "my profession makes me very tyrannical. I have an antipathy to my brethren of the law, and I must both justify my own authority and satisfy my spleen against them, by thus sweeping away all their musty figments; and I am bound to maintain that all the skins and parchments that ever were engrossed, are worthless compared with a single drop of my elixir."

And so saying, the Doctor swept away the whole mass of papers with an air between playfulness and authority; and Esther gathering them up, said with something between a smile and a sigh, "Your kindness is the true elixir."

"Esther speaks truly," said the mother. "You have been very kind to us, and we trust that we shall repay you as we ought. Kindness and attention shown to one of our house were never wont to go unrewarded."

"Mamma means," said the girl, with a deep flush passing over her face, "that we must always repay (if that is the right word) your great kindness to us with unceasing gratitude."

"I mean more than that, girl!" said the haughty mother. "I mean that services so freely rendered shall be as freely paid, and not with a niggardly churl and beggars."

Now we are bound to acknowledge that our Doctor was just two or three grades below perfection; and this little trifling alloy or adulteration brought the slightest shade of wounded pride across his brow. It is almost humiliating to reflect that services worthy of an angel's ministering must yet be repaid with silver and gold; but our Doctor caught a deprecating glance from Esther's eyes, and the shade passed away from his own brow.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the Doctor to his other patient, on his next visit: "are you mad?"

He found him out of bed, dressed, with his hat and stick, apparently intending to go out.

"I have a right to do what I like," replied the man, sullenly.

"That, indeed, you have not, when you like to do what is foolish and imprudent."

"I did not send for you, retorted the wayward patient. "You have no right to dictate to me. I shall do as I please."

"Then, perhaps, you will please to take off your hat and shoes, and return to bed."

"I am going out," replied the man, doggedly.

"Going out! certainly not with my permission."

"I can go without it."

"How long have you been confined to your bed? let me see!"

"Three months; and I say that after such a confinement it would be a very hard case if I could not once more see the outside of the house."

The Doctor pointed to the window. Sleet and snow were drifting past in clouds borne on a cutting wind, that seemed to sever all that it passed. "Do you see the weather?"

"Yes, and in sixty winters many times as much. If you don't like it, why don't you keep your carriage?" said the patient, with a sneer, "you would not feel it then."

"Simply because I think it advisable first to keep myself."

"Why don't you spend an hour over your fingers every morning, and put on two or three rings set with brilliants, and wear perfumes and fine white French cambric handkerchiefs, and have your hair in curls, and speak in a soft, cooing, insinuating voice, and so ingratiate yourself with the women? They are fools enough."

"Thank you, I prefer my hands, and my hair, and my clothes all in their present fashion."

"Then why don't you become a sloven, and go for a week without washing your hands, and turn up your sleeve-cuffs to show them, and have your hair cut once a year, and never have your clothes brushed, and snap every body up that speaks to you, and tell them to order their collars—they would be sure to die of fear if you frightened them well, and would establish your reputation; and then you might carry all before you with the men?"

"Simply because I don't choose to be a brute."

'Well, you can do as you please, and I can do the same.'

'Excepting going out.'

'And that is the only thing I care for doing.'

'You will kill yourself.'

'All the better for you.'

'You will seriously disoblige me.'

'I am sure you do not care a jot whether I live or die.'

The Doctor looked rather injured.

'I hope I have shown as much solicitude for you as for my most wealthy patient.'

'You mean to reproach me with my obligations.'

'Come, come,' said the Doctor, resuming his good humor, 'the whole of the matter is, that you cannot, and shall not, go out.'

'What shall hinder me?' asked the old man.

'Your own good sense.'

'That says, go.'

'No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice: it was not I—The price that spoke,' said the Doctor, playfully.

'I am not to be bantered out of it.'

'I spoke of reason, not of a jest.'

'And I have a reason, a great reason for going.'

'And I have a reason, a great reason—nay, an enormous reason for keeping you at home.'

'I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm not crying for a toy. I will go.'

'I see,' said the Doctor, 'that I entirely mistook the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a stout waistcoat.'

'It seems that you have provided me a keeper.'

'Then you will not let me call myself your friend.'

'Friend!' exclaimed the old man, as though his ears were startled at the unthought sound.

'Friend! have I a friend in the world?'

'I am trying to prove to you that you have; but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual.'

'Mutual! what do you expect from me? what have I to give you? Shall I die and bequeath unto you these rags, and this mockery of furniture?'

'I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death.'

'Or, perhaps, you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres, or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds.'

'Now it is your turn to jest.'

'And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?'

'These things could not buy me; but you have far stronger claims upon me.'

'What are they?'

'Sickness and sorrow.'

'And do these, which disgust and frighten all the rest of the world, make you my friend?'

'I am trying to prove myself such; but, as I told you before, the offices of friendship should be mutual.'

'You mean that I should obey you like a slave.'

'No, I mean that you should oblige me like a friend.'

'Do with me what you please,' cried the sick man, 'and I will do the same.'

'I am dying!' said the old man, 'I am dying; and you are the only being in this wide world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend, and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have discharged them well; and I, little as you might expect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly. I have nothing to love, neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so, because we must love something, I began to make a treasure—a god, if you will—of gold; it was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old miser, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stoop lower, my breath fails me. Take this packet, and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting. 'Take it—it is yours. I went to the Bank yesterday to make a transfer—into your name. There, take them—they are Bank receipts. I have saved you the legacy duty!'

The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcote and the possession of her fortune—that is, the decision of her lawsuit, which she considered the same thing—had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day, our Doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients: he remained at home all the day.

The evening at last came. Mr Kendrick took his hat: it was covered with deep crease. Mr Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcote in hysterics on the sofa; her head-dress disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and, Esther by her side, trying to console her. He saw in a moment that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our Doctor's kindness of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance; however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down and began to exercise his province of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this; namely, that Mrs. Heathcote should increase her connections (that was rather technical) by taking the Doctor himself for a son-in-law; and as her castles in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar materials as bricks and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condescend? She did, and Esther was nothing loth, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange;—and so a Wife and a Fortune were both found in 'The Doctor's Two Patients.'



THE WORCESTER BANNER.

SNOW-HILL, J. D.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1839.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Twelve months since we commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper in Worcester County, under the title of THE BANNER.

Contrary to the advice of most of our friends, we resolved that the Banner should be neutral in politics. By such a course we hoped to secure the support of all parties. A year's experience has tested our plan; and, after struggling along thus far, with scarcely enough of subscribers to enable us to pay expenses, we are convinced that we erred in supposing a neutral paper best suited to the tastes and wishes of the people. Necessity compels us to abandon our neutral ground and take a place in the arena of political warfare. After undergoing a heavy expense in preparing, we commenced with a short list of subscribers; it was our opinion that the number would increase with the age of the Banner. In this we have been greatly mistaken; instead of an accession, many, since the completion of the first volume of the paper, have directed it to be discontinued; without assigning any fault of ours or of the paper as a reason. So far as our readers have expressed any opinion to us, they appear to have been perfectly satisfied with the course pursued. But some information, or a wish to have a press in the county, is necessary to command a support for it. A short time since we frankly declared the condition of the press, and appealed to the citizens for support; but it was unheeded. We are compelled to hoist a political flag as a last resort; the only alternative is to close the office. In a week or two more our political character will be developed.

And we wish to impress it upon those of our friends, who may not agree with us in our political course, that we have taken the only means which will ensure the continuance of a paper in the county, a single year longer. At the same time we pledge ourselves to them that nothing personal, abusive, or scurrilous shall ever soil our columns. And, also, that they shall, at all times, be open to our opponents, for the publication of any original, unexceptional communication; political or otherwise. If there should be any of our subscribers who wish to withdraw, they will please give us immediate notice of their intention, or their paper will be continued.

We would also remind all our patrons, that one year's subscription is due, and the money will be very acceptable to us.

New York.—The late election in this state has resulted in the predominance of the Whig party, in both branches of the Legislature. In the Senate the Whigs have 19 members, and the Administration 13. The House of Delegates is composed of 68 Whigs, and 60 Administration men. Compared with last year, there has been an accession of strength to the Administration in the lower House; but they have lost the ascendancy in the Senate. The Whigs now have all the departments of State Government under their control.

REGISTER OF WILLS.—We understand that the Governor has declined making any appointment to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Lemuel P. Spence, Esq. at present.

SPORT.—Under this head, there appears an advertisement in the Cambridge Chronicle, of the 3rd. inst., announcing that there will be a "chicken fight," on Friday and Saturday, the 22nd and 23rd. inst., at WILLIAM LECOMTE'S store, near Cambridge.

POLITICAL MEETING.—Pursuant to notice, a meeting of the Whigs of Worcester County was held on the afternoon of the 14th. inst.; for the

purpose of appointing five delegates to represent this county in a Convention to assemble in Salisbury on the 23rd.; to select a person to represent this Congressional District, in the General Convention, which assembles in Harrisburg in December next, to nominate candidates for Presidency and Vice Presidency.

The meeting was organized by calling Dr. JOHN S. MARTIN, to the chair, and appointing JOHN C. DICKINSON, Secretary. The following gentlemen were appointed delegates; with power to fill any vacancy which may occur; viz. Stephen Hargis, James Powell, Teagle Townsend, Dr. John P. R. Gilliss, and Levi Cathell.

CORN CROP.—There was an error in our statement last week in regard to 40 acres of ground producing nearly 800 bushels of corn; it should have been 20 acres.

COUNTY COURT.—Our County Court has been in session, in this place, for a week past; Judges SPENCE and TINGLE presiding; Judge GOLDSBOROUGH is detained at home by indisposition. Business has progressed but slowly; only one or two cases as yet having been decided. None of the criminal cases have been up. Court will sit during the present week; and, in all probability, have to adjourn with an amount of business unsettled.

MISSOURI AND IOWA.

The dispute between these powers seems to have arisen from some misunderstanding about a term—not the first time that parties have quarrelled over a word. The northern boundary of Missouri runs along the rapids of the Des Moines—this is admitted on both sides. But there are rapids in the Des Moines river and also in the Mississippi just below the mouth of the Des Moines, and both are called by the same name. Hence the difficulty—Missouri claims the higher rapids in the Des Moines as the true limit—Iowa looks farther south and insists upon the lower mark.

It is much to be regretted that force should be resorted to by either party to settle a matter which negotiation might easily accommodate, and which must be determined by such means at last. After stirring up bad passions, and fixing hostile sentiments mutually in the minds of the disputants, arbitration must come in to decide between them—a thing which could be done now as well as some months hence. With the merits of the question we have nothing to do. If one is right and the other wrong—or if both are wrong, which is the more likely supposition, the appointment of Commissioners to inspect the ground and to consult papers, might soon remove all feelings of jealousy and prevent further misunderstandings. We live in an age which will hardly sympathize with hostile measures when other means of deciding controversies are at hand. Fighting for its own sake may be left to the beasts who have not "discourse of reason."

Glory is not to be got by fighting; but by the knowledge that if discretion be not the better part of valour, it is valour's best guide.

Balt. Amer.

I heard the hammer of a mechanic, that owes me, at four o'clock this morning. I'll trust him till April.

I saw another, yesterday afternoon, who has plenty of work on hand, lounging at the door of a grog-shop. I'll have him before the 'squire next week.

The Maryland Colonization Society, we are gratified to learn, is actively engaged in preparing a Fall expedition at Cape Palmas, which is expected to sail about the first week in Dec. The account from the Travelling Agent is encouraging. He reports the name of fifty emigrants as already engaged; and perhaps in no preceding year has the Society found so many who are emphatically volunteers. If this disposition arise, as we hope, from the coloured people's increasing knowledge of their own best interests, we hail it with delight.

Balt. American.

OREGON MISSION.

The efforts of the Methodist Missionaries in Oregon towards reclaiming the savage tribes of that region from their barbarous modes of life, appear to have met with very encouraging success. Among the Nez Percés Indians, beyond the Rocky Mountains, who were wanderers like other tribes, no lands were cultivated until after the arrival of the Missionaries in 1836. Within two years some eighty families were collected at the missionary station and engaged in farming, each raising from one to two hundred bushels of potatoes, besides corn and peas. The number since has greatly increased, and a very general disposition is manifested among the natives of this tribe to adopt a settled mode of life.

We have always believed that the labours of Missionaries for the christianizing of heathens would be effectual only in some such mode as this. Barbarians, rude and savage, impressed with their own traditional notions of superstition, are ill adapted to understand, much less to practice, the doctrines of a spiritual and sublime religion. To bring it within the measure of their capacity, the Gospel must often be accommodated to their narrow prejudices, and if they receive it at all, it will be sometimes in a perverted fashion. The progress of civilization in all ages will show that the arts of industry are the chief means of that breaking the barbarity of savage manners. In proportion as society is formed and strengthened, the necessity of moral obligations becomes more and more apparent—religion becomes a want of necessity. The Divinities of the old Greek and Roman Mythology are for the most part deified personages who first introduced some useful art or science, whereby the condition of men was improved; and the homage which was paid to their names, being first the effusions of gratitude, became afterwards, when mellowed by lapse of time, religious adoration. Ceres first taught the arts of agriculture, and by her minister, Triptolemus, instructed men how to plant, to sow and to reap. Apollo imparted the knowledge of medicines and of music; Jupiter, whose appellation was another name for the air, bestowed rain and favourable seasons—and thus of many more.

The Peruvians at the time of the Spanish invasion worshipped their Incas, whom they believed to be of divine origin. The tradition was that Manco Capac, the first Inca, with Mama Oella, his wife, descended from the Sun, and came among them to teach the knowledge of useful arts. Manco instructed the men in agriculture, while his wife taught the women to spin and weave. The interpretation doubtless of this superstition is that some strangers from a more civilized community visited Peru, and taking up their abode among the people, diffused with benevolent pains the civilizing knowledge which became instrumental in banishing barbarous habits and in forming the community upon the basis of industry and peaceful labour. In the absence of a revealed religion it was not surprising that the names of these kind benefactors should have been cherished with affection and reverence. The worship which was paid them assumed the most amiable form that idolatry can wear.

We know not how far the custom has prevailed among Missionaries of introducing agricultural and other arts among the tribes whom they seek to convert from barbarism. It certainly seems to be the mode most likely to ensure a favourable hearing for religious truth. Perhaps it would be better at first to say little upon abstract doctrines which in the nature of things must be beyond the conceptions of savage men. By imparting practical knowledge of immediate application and utility, they may expect to be regarded as benefactors; whatever else they have to teach will be listened to with the more respect afterwards.—Balt. Amer.

A STAR VISIBLE AT MID-DAY.

The eyes of thousands of our citizens were turned towards the heavens on Monday, in consequence of the appearance of a star about 11 or 12 o'clock. Distinctly visible to the naked eye, the sun shining out brightly at the time, the atmosphere clear and cool, no little interest was excited. Groups might be seen at the corners of the streets, and many, unable to discover the object of attraction, were altogether incredulous; while others assigned a dozen curious reasons for so unusual an appearance, and gave vent to more than one visionary speculation. The brilliant stranger was the planet VENUS, generally to be seen a little after sunset, and then recognised as the Evening Star, or a little before sunrise, and then known as the Morning Star. The brightest star in the firmament, and the second planet from the sun, she is easily distinguished from the other heavenly bodies.

Venus revolves about the sun from west to east, in 224 2-3 days. She moves in her orbit, which is within the orbit of the earth, at the rate of 80,000 miles an hour, and turns round on her axis, once in twenty three hours, twenty one minutes and seven seconds. Her day is somewhat shorter than ours, while her year is equal to a little more than seven of our months. She receives twice as much light and heat from the sun, as the earth. Her diameter is 7621 miles. When Venus and the Earth are on the same side of the sun, her distance from us is only 26,000,000 of miles; and her greatest distance, when on the opposite side of the sun, is 164,000,000 of miles. In relation to her beautiful appearance yesterday, in brilliant and dazzling daylight, we find the following note in the American Almanac for the present year: "Venus appears most brilliant when her elongation is about 45°, and she is approaching or receding from her inferior conjunction. She will, therefore, appear most brilliant, in the evening about the 30th of August; and in the morning about the 11th of November, about which time she may be seen by the naked eye without much difficulty, amidst the brightest sunshine."—Inq.

NEW YORK AND THE SOUTH.

The Millidgeville Recorder states that orders have been received by the Banks of that place, from New York creditors, to receive specie only in payment of notes. The Recorder ridicules the idea of such orders being heeded, and says—

"Were a Georgia creditor to attempt to enforce specie payment from those in his debt in Georgia, he would either be laughed at or universally anathematized from one end of the State to the other. What a sight it would be (adds the editor) for the property of a debtor in Georgia to be forced under the sheriff's hammer (as by such a demand it would be) to be sold for specie, to pay their debts! We should like to know what the whole property of the State would bring, under such terms—possibly enough to cover the cost of suit."

The Richmond Whig, in republishing the above paragraph, remarks—

"One thing is certain, Southern debts, generally, cannot be paid at the ruinous rates now required."

VIRGINIA BANKS.—The Richmond Enquirer of Friday says—

We understand, that the Governor has called upon the Treasurer of Virginia for information—that he has obtained the Opinion of the Attorney General, and advised with the Executive Council—and that the result is, that he will issue no proclamation in relation to the suspension of the Banks. The act of Assembly of 1829 is supposed to require the agency of the public revenue in so indispensable a manner, that it is considered impracticable to carry out the act of '37, if under its requisitions the public funds should be shifted from the banks to some other place. It is probable, that if the session of the Legislature was not so near at hand, the Governor would, in such circumstances, call them together.

In Luck for Once.—Some three or four years ago a gentleman of Detroit bought a turkey, for which he paid fifty cents, and forthwith sent it, together with a note, to Mr. Brooks, auctioneer of the Episcopal Ladies' Fair, which society had met that evening at Ben Woodworth's hotel for the purpose of selling off the little trinkets of their own manufacture, and tendering the fund for some useful purpose. The turkey was immediately put up at auction, and the bidders of the Exchange and Mansion House ran it up to one hundred dollars—at which price it was struck off. At that time our attention was attracted by a little old man, with a round-top hat, and rather singular features, who stood there with his mouth wide open, gazing at the auctioneer with an eager and inquiring look, evidently anxious to find out what such eatables were worth in that market. Our hero had just arrived that evening from Ohio with a load of hogs, and was trying to find a purchaser for them at a "fair price." When Mr. Brooks struck off the turkey at one hundred dollars, the little old man jumped up and down, so tickled that he could scarcely contain himself. Says he, "I've hit it this time, Joe, (addressing his companion,) let's go take a horn. If turkeys is worth a hundred dollars in this market, I wonder what hogs is worth!"

EDUCATION.—The great and good man William Penn, in a letter to his wife on the subject of the education of his children, said—

"Do not spare of expense, for all that is saved in this way is lost."

VELOCITY OF LIGHTNING.—It has lately been ascertained by a series of ingenious experiments that the velocity at which lightning, or the electric fluid, moves, is not less than 200,000 miles in a single second of time.

KNOWLEDGE.—A courtier attached to the household of George II., once presented Sir Matthew Decker, that monarch's chaplain, and distinguished author of St. Matthew's Gospel!

POLITE ACCOMMODATIONS.—A gentleman, having bespoke a supper in Ireland, invited the landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying of the cloth, and took the knives and forks and threw them down the stairs. The gentleman, resolving not to balk his humor, threw the plates down also; at which the host being surprised, inquired the reason for so doing? "Nay, nothing," replied the gentleman, "I only thought you had a mind to sup below."

How to Grow Rich by Giving.—It may be laid down as a general principle that a man becomes rich in his own stock of pleasures, in proportion to the amount he distributes to others. His opulence will be the offspring of his generosity. Every time he creates to himself a pleasure by the communication of a pleasure, or the suppression of a pain, he increases the sum of his own happiness directly, speedily, surely. Every time he renders a service to another he augments the amount of his own happiness indirectly, remotely, slowly; but in both cases, his well-being will be added to by his benevolence.

Darkness at Quebec.—Singular Phenomenon.—The Quebec Canadian states that on the forenoon of the 18th Oct., a darkness settled upon the city, which rendered the use of candles necessary for several hours in the forenoon. The wind blew from the East, but the darkened clouds came from the West. The atmosphere was moist. The same phenomenon occurred on the 17th of October, 1834; and on the 14th of Oct., 1785.

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman seeing an outside passenger of an English stage coach covered with dust, observed, that if he was a potato, he might grow without any further planting.

A barber was once asked what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? The tonsor replied, "Because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved!"

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle observed, "that he was obtruding on his ear." "No, no," replied Aristotle, "I have not been listening!"

RATS.—Brown rats were unknown in England till 1730, but they now exceed native black rats in numbers. I kept numbers drove the Dutch from the Isle of France. They are often tamed and have been taught to play tricks.

CATS.—The Angora cat has one eye blue and the other yellow. Perfectly white cats are deaf.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Henry IV., on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large party of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops, "My children, if you love light of your colors, rally to my white plume—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was unanswerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the league was under a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, "Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army. — *Atter's Biographical Dictionary.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are.

And glory to our Sovereign Leige, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance.

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Angels let nature light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy.

For cold, and still, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array!

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers, And all its stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.

And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Scio's empurpled flood.

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for his own holy name, & Henry of Navarre.

The king like came to marshal us, in all his armor drest.

He has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye.

He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing.

Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may!"

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—

Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war.

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre!

Hurrah! the fies are moving! Hark to the mingled din.

Of life, and steel, and tramp, and drum, and roaring culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain.

With all his hirling chivalry of Guelthers and Almaynes.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the gold en lilas now, upon them with a shout.

A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears are rest.

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest.

And in their burst, and on they rush'd, while like a guiding star.

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre!

Now, O! be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne's D'Aumal hath cried for quarter, & the Flemish Count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale!

The field is leap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail, and banners, and the sound of many a van.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;

But out spoke gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe!"

Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war.

As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier or Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne! Weep, weep, and send your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles, That answer more a man's sing a mass for thy poor spearman's soul!

Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that our arms be bright!

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch, and ward to night.

For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave.

And mock'd the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.

Their glory to his holy name for whom all glories are.

And glory to our sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Knights' Quarterly Magazine, 1824.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. C. H. Mustard, Mr. THOMAS STEVENSON, of Snow Hill, to Miss ANN MARY BELL, of Pitt's Creek.

BALTIMORE PRICES CURRENT.

From the American.	
FLOUR, HOWARD STREET,	\$6.00
CITY MILLS,	\$6.00
GRAIN, WHEAT,	\$1.10 to 1.15
RYE,	65 cts
OATS,	28 to 29

BALTIMORE TYPE FOUNDRY.

THE PROPRIETORS of this long established and well known Foundry, now situated in Bank lane between Calvert and St. Paul's streets have made and are steadily making such additions & improvements to it, as will enable them to furnish promptly, every variety of

made of metal and wood, from Nonpareil to 40 lines Pica—flowers and Borders—Cuts and Newspaper Ornaments in great variety—Leads and Quotations, Printing Presses of all kinds—Printing in black, green, red &c. Varnish for making colored ink, for picture and Quoins—Cases and Stands—Cases, of wrought and cast iron—composing sticks, Galleys of all kinds—imposing stones—Roller Stocks & Moulds parchment for Typographers, &c.

A reduction in the price of Type having taken place in other Foundries, the Baltimore Foundry will furnish theirs at the same REDUCED PRICES, viz—

Pica	28 cents per pound.
Small Pica	40 do do
Long Primer	42 do do
Bourgeois	44 do do
Brevier	54 do do
Minion	65 do do
Nonpareil	84 do do

These prices are on a credit of 6 months for anti factory paper, or a discount of 5 per cent. will be made on a credit of 3 months and a further one of 5 per cent. for cash. Old metal taken in exchange at 9 cents per pound.

All orders will be promptly executed, attended to in such a manner as to ensure satisfaction, and forwarded in any way that may be desired.

CHARLES CARTER, Agent
Oct. 29. Balt. Type Foundry

THE CAUSE OF BILIOUS COMPLAINTS.

AND A MODE OF CURE.—A well regulated stomach is always requisite for the promotion of sound health—it stimulates digestion, and keeps the inferior surface of the liver in a peculiar manner, in which the bile is first preserved; being formed by the liver from the blood. Thence it passes into the stomach, and the intestines, and regulates the digestion. Thus we see where there is a deficiency of bile, the verberance of bile causes frequent nausea in the stomach; and often promotes very severe attacks of dyspepsia, which sometimes end in death.

Reverses are always preceded by symptoms of a disordered stomach; as are also organic disorders, and all sympathetic functional, organic or febrile diseases. From the same cause, the natural and healthy action of the heart, and the whole vascular system is impaired and reduced below its natural standard as exhibited in pallidness, languid pulse, torpors of the limbs, anorexia, and even death. In consequence of an overabundance of a peculiar offensive substance to the digestive organs.

The progress of bilious diseases is at all times attended by decided symptoms of an existing diseased state of the stomach and bowels; e. g. those signs which are known to point out their contents to be of a morbid irritating nature; but whenever the alienation can happen to be loaded with irritating matter, some derangement of the healthy operation either of the general system, or of some particular organ of the body is the certain result; and when this state happens to be united with any other symptoms of disease, its effects are always thereby much aggravated. The progress of organic obstruction is often so rapid, as scarcely to admit of time for the application of such aid as is to be offered by art. Yet, in general, the premonitory symptoms of gastric disorder, are perceptible for a day or two previous to the febrile paroxysm, a period, when the most efficacious aid may be given, by unloading the stomach, and allaying the morbid action of the contents, and thus reducing the susceptibility of disease.

MOFFAT'S LIFE MEDICINES, should always be taken in the early stages of bilious complaints; and persevered in strictly according to the directions will positively effect a cure.

The mineral medicines often prescribed in these diseases, although they may effect a temporary cure, at the same time create an unhealthy state of the blood, and consequently tend to promote a return of the very diseases which they are employed to cure. It is then by the use of purgatives, exclusively formed of vegetable compounds, which possessing within themselves no deleterious agencies, which decomposition, combination, or alteration can develop or bring into action; and therefore capable of producing no effect, save that which is desired—that a safe remedy is found.

The LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS have proved to be the most happy in their effects in cases of bilious diseases, of any purely vegetable preparation ever offered to the public. If the stomach is foul, they cleanse it by exciting it to throw off its contents; if it is torpid, they stimulate it to exerting, vomiting, nausea in the stomach; stimulating the neighboring viscera, as the liver and pancreas, so as to produce a more copious flow of their secretions into the intestines; stimulating the exhalant capillaries, terminating in the inner coat, which increased flow of the secretory particles of the body, foreign matters, or retained secretions, are completely discharged.

For full particulars of the mode of the treatment, the reader is referred to the GOOD SAMARITAN, a copy of which accompanies the medicine. A copy may be obtained of the different agents who have the medicine for sale.

French, German, and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at this office, 375 Broadway. All post paid letters will receive immediate attention.

Sole wholesale and retail, WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway, N. Y. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

AGENTS.—The Life Medicines may also be had of the principal Druggists in every town throughout the United States and Canada. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters, and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of Bitters, or box of Pills. For Sale by JONES & TAYLOR, Snow Hill.

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Sole wholesale and retail, WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway, N. Y. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

The universal estimation in which the celebrated LIFE PILLS & PHENIX BITTERS are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every State and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonials to their remarkable efficacy, which are everywhere offered. It is not less from a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and inestimable good among the afflicted fellow creatures, than from interested considerations, that the proprietor of these medicines successfully and desirously is keeping them constantly before the public eye.

The sale of every additional box and bottle is a guarantee that some persons will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and improved in general health, for no case of suffering from disease can they be taken in vain. The proprietor has never known or been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good. In the most obstinate cases of chronic diseases, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious head aches, costiveness, piles, general debility, scrofulous swellings and ulcers, scurvy, salt rheum, and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, they effect a cure with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience. In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, superinduce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they promote the insensible perspiration, and relieve the system of febrile action, and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at night, will relieve the system of febrile action, and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at night, will relieve the system of febrile action, and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at night, will relieve the system of febrile action, and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at night, will relieve the system of febrile action, and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; 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