







Miscellaneous.

For the Sabbath Recorder. Heavenly Union.

Although not a Methodist, yet the following Parody is a hit at more Methodists than one, on the subject on which it treats. Perhaps the readers of the Recorder may like to hear a tune from this Methodist organ grinder. Who has given us some good poetry upon the same subject. To publish this may induce him to send us some more.

A PARODY. The Religion of the South delineated, by a Methodist Clergyman. Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell How pious priests whip Jack and Nell, And women buy, and children sell, And preach all sinners down to hell, And sing of heavenly union.

They'll beat and baw, don't, like goats, Gorge down black sheep, and strain at notes, Arroy their backs in fine black coats, Then seize their negroes by their throats, And choke for heavenly union.

They'll loudly talk of Christ's reward, Then bind his image with a cord, And scold, and swing the lash abhorred, And sell his brother in the Lord To handmaiden heavenly union.

They'll read a song a sacred song, And make a prayer both loud and long, And teach the right, and do the wrong, Hailing the brother, sister through With words of heavenly union.

We wonder how such saints can sing, Or praise the Lord upon the wing, Who roar and scold, and whip and sting, And to their slaves and mammon cling, In guilty conscience union.

They'll drive tobacco, corn and rye, And raise, and thieve, and cheat, and lie, And lay up treasures in the sky, By making switch and cowskin dry, In hope of heavenly union.

They'll crack old Tony on the skull, And preach and roar like Bashan bull, Or braying ass, of mischief full, Then seize old Jacob by the wool, And pull for heavenly union.

A roaring, ranting, veal man-thief, Who lived on mutton, veal and beef, Yet never would afford relief, To needy, sable souls of grief, Was big with heavenly union.

"Love not the world," the preacher said, And winked his eye, and shook his head; He seized on Tom, and Dick, and Ned, Cut short their meat, and clothes, and bread, Yet still loved heavenly union.

Another preacher, whining, spoke Of one whose heart for sinners broke; He told old Nanny to an oak, And drew the blood at every stroke, And prayed for heavenly union.

Two others ope'd their iron jaws, And wip'd their chin-stealing paws; There sat their children in a row, By stinging negroes' backs and maws, They kept up heavenly union.

All good from Jack another takes, And eateth their first and best cakes, Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes, And cram their mouths with sweetened cakes; And this goes down for union.

The Counterfeiter, or the Fourpence-Half-Penny. A TALE OF CRIME AND AFFECTION.

There was a clanking of chains within the cell as the turnkey opened the door to me. I had come to prepare the mind of the doomed to meet death on the morrow.

"Shall I lock you in with him, or wait?" asked the turnkey, as he stood holding the half opened, massive door, which was as thick as a family Bible, and all battened with iron-bars, and studded with the heads of enormous nails, while the locks—there were two—were a foot square, and of vast strength.

The only light which entered the cell passed through a barred lattice in the door, a few inches square. In the rear, high up, was a crevice for air, but it opened only into the ventilator. The cell was seven feet long, six and a half feet high, and three feet wide. There was a cot bed in it two feet wide, and save one foot space, as long as the cell. It was a tomb for a living man, in which he was buried before he was dead.

My conscience told me it was wrong. I had never taken anything not belonging to me. This temptation was great because I had been all day wishing to ask my father for just this sum to buy a top (all the boys had tops), and was afraid to, as he was very close and seldom gave me any money. I let it lay for ten minutes, and as the clerk did not come back, I stifled my conscience, and slipped it off upon the floor, and covered it with a piece of paper with my foot, thus leaving a loop-hole for escape should it be missed.

"An hour elapsed, and the clerk having come and gone several times, I watched my opportunity, and, with a burning face, raised it, and concealing it in my shirt lap, thrust the hand into my pocket, and went whistling and blushing out of doors. Sir, that first thief placed me here. In exchange for that piece of silver, behold these heavy chains of iron on my hands and feet. In this hand I secreted the money. See the hand now locked in bolts of iron. Ah, sir, warn the young lad against the first theft!

"This successful pilfering tempted me again. The clerk slept in the same room with me. When he went to bed one night, I heard money rattle in his trousers pocket as he flung them off upon the floor. The idea that I might take a nippence, and that it would never be missed, took possession of me. It was, however, not until I had thought it over for three nights, that I resolved and dared to attempt it. He was a heavy sleeper. I crept out of bed and along the floor, and put my hand, unseen by any but God's great eye, into his pocket. I felt noiselessly for a nippence, but there was nothing less than a quarter of a dollar. I hesitated, and was startled at the idea of taking so much, and fearful he might miss it, careless as he was of change; but the devil urged me on, and I took it. I hid it under the corner of a rug, so that if he missed and looked for it, it might easily be found, and be supposed to have rolled out. He did not miss it, and hence my courage to take, at another time, half a dollar. Ah, sir, that fourpence-halfpenny! That was the minny-hook which the devil baited to catch my soul with!

"In the course of two months I had abstracted from his pocket, in bits, at least six dollars, and from my father's nine dollars; for my success with the clerk's change tempted me to try my father's pockets by stealing into his bed-room when he was asleep.

"As few men seldom count their loose pocket money, at these pilferings (at no one time over a half a dollar, and usually in much less pieces) I was, unfortunately, not detected, for if I had been, it might have checked my career in time.

"Five months after I had commenced this petty thieving, silencing my conscience with the smallness of the sums taken, and that it was mostly my father's money, (forgetting that it is as great guilt to steal from a father as it is from a stranger, if not actually more wicked,) my father left to go on a collecting tour, and the clerk being sick, I was desired to remain in the counting-room to give answers to people who came on business. I also took the letters from the post-office. In looking these over, I saw one of them evidently had bills. I was satisfied of this by holding it up to the light, and seeing the vignette through thin letter-paper.

"Here now, sir, was a temptation, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented to me, but for the first fourpence-halfpenny.

"No," said I to the devil; "no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not think of such a thing." So I put the letter firmly aside.

"But a dozen times in the day the temptation came back upon me. That night I could not sleep till late, for thinking of it.

"I finally went to sleep, resolving I would just open the letter, and see how much was in it. I could seal it again. It would do no harm. There was no danger of my taking a bill.

"The letter was from a country town—the handwriting of an illiterate person. It was sealed in the old-fashioned way with a wafer. I locked the counting-room door, guarded against being overlooked, and then softened the wafer on my tongue. I opened the unresisting seal with fear and trembling. It was from a customer, who had owed my father three years, and was now only able to send him twenty-five dollars. The money was in a five, a three, four twos, and the rest one dollar bills. I looked wistfully at the bills, but folded the letter up, and put it away with the money in it. I did not re-seal it, sir, and thus voluntarily left the devil's door open. That evening a boy told me there was to be a training in the next town the next day, and asked me to go halves with him to hire a gig. I was ashamed to say I had no money. I wished to go. I thought of the twenty-five dollars, and said 'yes,' inwardly resolved to abstract a one dollar bill only, and replace it in some way (perhaps I intended to do it from the clerk's pockets at night) before my father came back. I took the bill, sir.

"Why need I detain you, sir? but it relieves me to tell you this. These were my first steps, sir, into guilt. My father did not return for two weeks. Before that the whole twenty-five dollars had been taken away by me, beginning at the smallest bill, and as I grew bold, ending at the large one. I spent it in riding, snuff, and dissipation. I now dreaded to meet my father. It would never do to give him the letter. So I destroyed it, sir. I resolved to be quiet, and that the writer would suppose it had been lost in the mail.

Well, three weeks after my father's return, he asked me if I had received such a letter. I was nearly choked with terror, but relieved myself with a lie. I said that such a letter had never come that I knew of.

"But lies, like murders, will out. The post-master, in reply to an inquiry from my father, said firmly he had received and delivered such a letter to me. My father then accused me of the theft. I confessed it, and to escape the punishment which he prepared for me, I fled from his presence. I got on board a sloop going down the river, and reached the city of B. There I shipped before the mast, and went on a foreign voyage. But the spirit of theft was in me. I stole the captain's gold, was arrested and tried on the return voyage, and thrown into prison. I escaped and became a burglar, and joined myself with counterfeiter. Ah, sir, that little six and a quarter cent piece bore evil fruit after being planted in my pocket.

"Now, sir, not to be tedious, I will come to the present affair. As a counterfeiter I had plenty of money, dressed well, and was regarded in a town where I opened a cigar-shop as a respectable well-to-do young man. I won the heart there of Charlotte Foley, the daughter of an academy preceptor. She was, as you know, sir, for you have seen her, beautiful and amiable. I loved her as passionately as she loved me. I had been married five months and she suspected nothing wrong, although I was then one of the leading men of a gang of

twenty-four counterfeiter. At length I was betrayed by one of the young men of the gang who had a passion for my wife, and wished to get me out of the way! "Yes, sir, that was the motive of Kendall Morton's informing upon me! But he has had his reward! This hand sent the bullet to his brain which has avenged me! You know, sir, how I was arrested after having killed two of the officers, and that I was sentenced to death—on my trial! The six-and-a-quarter cents, sir, has been the death of three men, to say no more of what came after!

"Well, when Charlotte knew she had been married to a counterfeiter she did not give me up as some would have done! She clung to me! She strove to see me in prison, but at request of her angry father, she was forbidden to visit me as I lay under sentence of death. But man had no power to stop her affection for me! She sought the governor! She implored forgiveness for me! She entreated for commutation of my sentence to imprisonment for life! When he refused, she resorted not until she had got hundreds of signatures to a petition to him. She achieved her affectionate purpose. I was removed from this very condemned cell where I am now once more sentenced to die, to the Penitentiary! Now, sir, comes the bitterest cup I have drunk!

"A wicked one told my poor young wife, when she was again denied seeing me, that if she would commit a small crime of some sort that would send her to the Penitentiary, she might be with me and share my cell! He who told this with me devil Morton; for, finding that she was faithful and true to me, and despised him in his arts, he laid this trap to ruin her forever, by making a convict of her! He took advantage of her simplicity and her deep love for me, aware that she would do anything to be reunited with me! Ah, sir, I was not worthy of such a creature!

Well, she stole the first thing she could lay her hands on. It was the watch of a lawyer's wife who lived near her! She confessed her guilt, as you know! but not the motive! This I now tell you, sir, that the world may know it. She was sent to the Penitentiary one year! But was she put into my cell? Did I see her? Ah, sir, you know how it was."

Here he groaned heavily and buried his face in his hands! For some time he remained silent and evidently overcome with terrible emotions.

He said rightly that I knew how it was. I will tell the reader. The theft which the beautiful and unhappy counterfeiter's wife had committed created great surprise. Her trial created a great deal of interest and sympathy for her. But as the watch was found on her person and she confessed the theft, the law had to take its course. Who present read her heart? Who there suspected that she had committed a crime in hopes to rejoin her husband in his cell? What marvellous affection for an unworthy object! What depth of love to sin for the sake of the loved one himself a sinner! When she was taken to the penitentiary, she was smiling and happy all the way. The warden placed her at once in the woman's ward. She had no sooner had her long hair severed from her head and been clad in the blue prison gown, than she asked the keeper eagerly:

"Where is my husband? I must be taken to him! Where is Henry?"

"You can't see him, ma'am, here! You may be here a year and he wouldn't know it!"

"What, shall I not see my husband here?" she repeated. "They told me so?"

"They lied, then?" answered the man roughly, as he locked the door and went out. There were several convict women present. She turned to them. They assured her she would not see him at all!

One of the women has told me the scene that followed:—"When she was convinced of it she began to tear her hair and shriek, and beat the bars, and call on 'Henry! Henry! Your Charlotte is here! Come to me—for they will not let me come to you!' She shrieked and raved until the keepers had to confine her! All that night and the next day she did nothing but shriek and call her husband, till she fainted away as one dead! When they brought her to, she took on so dreadfully and pitifully that the prison doctor said she would go mad, and must see her husband!"

So far the convict woman. The rules of the prison were then relaxed, and the prisoner was sent for. He had heard her shrieks across the yard and recognized her voice. When he came in, in chains put upon him for precaution, she was crouched in the ashes of the open fire-place, (it was summer and no fire in it,) and rocking herself to and fro and singing a low plaint. As soon as she heard his voice she shrieked his name, and rising leaped into his arms!

The husband was overcome. His frame shook! The sight of her unmanned him, while this proof of her love melted his soul. For a few moments he held her in his disengaged arms close to his heart. Then he tried to manage her to look in her face. But she clung to him with the frenzy of despair.

"No—no! I will never, never leave my husband. God joined us together—let no man put us asunder!"

"Go! Leave us a few moments together," he said hoarsely.

The men went out, locking them in, only a deaf and dumb woman being left in the room. After about ten minutes there was heard a wild shriek. They opened the door, and lo! the young wife lay upon the floor—a corpse. A wound upon her temple showed that she had been slain by a blow; and blood on the bar which united his wrists showed that he was the author of her death!

He did not resist those who secured him. He made no explanation. He was silent before the court, and only smiled grimly when he received sentence of death.

My heart, kissed her lips, struck her one blow upon the temple, and she lay at my feet dead! Now, sir, you know all—all! To-morrow I die!"

Here he was silent and thoughtful. He then laughed hollowly, and said— "If your Bible is true I shall never see her again, for she is innocent and in Heaven. But, sir, my heart tells me she is near me. Last night I saw her plainly in my cell here—a bright, glorious spirit! Sir, she will follow my spirit into hell!"

"Young man, this language is unbecoming," I said. "Would you wish to drag her from the shades of light with you, who have rendered her life here so wretched?"

"No, no! Sir, I could bear the tortures of the damned if I believed Charlotte was happy in Paradise. You are taking out your prayer-book—it is no use, sir! Prayers will do me no good. I have no heart to repent—no time in sixteen hours left me to make my peace for my life-time sins!"

"While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

I repeated, as these lines caught my eyes in a hymn-book which some one had given him. "No, no! Burn my lamp with the devil's oil all my life, and at the eleventh hour when the oil is gone, blow the smoke in the Lord's face! I'm no hypocrite, sir. I thank you for coming to see me, and especially for listening to me. I hope you will clear Charlotte's character."

"I promise to report what you have stated." "It is all true. Now, sir, if you will stay with me, or send some one to do so—I can't bear to be alone."

I informed him it was out of my power to remain; and as he spurred prayer and counsel, I must leave him to the mercy of God.

He made no reply. The turnkey now came and released me, and with a sad heart I took leave of the hardened criminal.

As the heavy door was closing upon him, he called out— "Tell the boys in your school, sir, about the fourpence-halfpenny, and what iron fruit such stolen silver seed will yield in the end!" and as he spoke he shook his manacles and fetters till they rung again.

The next day he suffered the full penalty of the law, dying without fear and without repentance, leaving in his fate a warning to all who yield to temptation in trifles—shutting their eyes to the fact that a gimlet hole will sink a ship as surely as one made with an anger, give it time.

True Happiness. It has ever been an acknowledged fact, in all ages of the world, that happiness is the only boon for which we strive, the ultimate object of our toils, to the attainment of which all the undying energies of the soul are bent, would it not be well on the part of the individual to suspend exertions which bear no warrant of success, and by a wise and judicious investigation, endeavor to become satisfied as to what constitutes this grand object of all human desire.

The question which naturally arises is this—"In what does true happiness consist? How shall we discriminate between the substantial form and the phantom that so often lures our grasp? Is it heralded by the trump of fame, or emblazoned with the glitter of wealth? Does it appear wreathed with the rosy garland of pleasure, or is it found in crushing the noblest efforts that a brother can make; or is it found only in the cold apathy of the philosopher's creed? Ah! no; for are not the victor's laurels greenest when watered by the tears of the widow and the orphan?" and is not wealth too often obtained by means destructive to the heaven-born dignity of the soul, while pleasure is a gilded covering, worn in the loom of cold deceit, and worn only to conceal the scorpion sting of sorrow.

Why then seek thy happiness here! Vain hope! As well may we seek to satisfy the ocean with a drop, to bring into perfect union immortality and death, as to fill with the unsubstantial shades of time the mind, which God has pronounced immortal, and rendered so capable of improvement and expansion, that its high and glorious privilege is, even on earth, to grasp and comprehend the infinite work of Jehovah, and when it shall have passed the last ordeal, and laid aside the pale elements of death, to join in the unceasing anthem of praise, whose loudest notes vibrate with the sound of redeeming grace and love.

Friendship, though a lovely flower, claims heaven as the place of its nativity, becomes, by being transplanted to earth, a fading, sickly plant; and the closer we press the more we lean upon it, we but the sooner test its weakness. But happiness, though of celestial origin, is not withheld from earth. Jesus Christ, our great exemplar has marked the way of perfect peace in characters as legible and burning as bright as if inscribed on yonder vaulted sky. It is this—"Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you." From this principle, which flows into the bosom where the love of God is predominant, emanate all the springs of happiness which are worthy of the name.

Man is a social being; the organization of his nature is such that his happiness is as intimately connected with that of his fellow creatures, as is one member of the body with that of another. Do we not frequently, by refusing or neglecting to contribute to the happiness of others, dry up and turn the fountains of our joy into a reservoir of grief and tears? Oh, yes; our own hearts bear witness to this bitter truth.

Did mortals but duly appreciate the true value of an approving conscience, of a heart of ease, misery would be baffled and cheated of many a fearful banquet; while man would hold within his own breast an unfading source of comfort and joy, and bear upon his brow the impress of heaven, the bright ensign of his relations with Christ.

Manual of the Seventh-day Baptists: CONTAINING THE HISTORY, DOCTRINE, OF THE DENOMINATION, AND REASONS FOR EXTENDING THE DAY OF THE SABBATH. New York: Published by GEORGE B. UTTER. Price, bound in muslin, 25 cts. RECOMMENDATIONS. Letter from Eld. N. V. Hull. Alfred Center, June 15, 1858. Eld. Geo. B. Utter: Dear Brother, I am really pleased with the Manual you have published, and cannot doubt but it will have a ready sale, and will subserve the interests of our beloved Zion. I therefore bid it a hearty welcome, and shall look with interest for the forthcoming History from your pen, hoping and believing that in it we shall find the book long needed by us. Truly yours, N. V. HULL.

From a Letter of Eld. David Benedict, author of "A General History of the Baptist Denomination in America and other parts of the World." "No compilation, under the title of 'Manual of the Seventh-day Baptists,' I have examined, with good deal of attention and interest, and am pleased to say, that so far as my knowledge extends, you have given correctly the outlines of the history of the people for whose benefit it was prepared."

Resolution adopted by the Seventh-day Baptist Central Association: Resolved, That the members of this Association welcome the appearance of a work, bearing the title of "Manual of the Seventh-day Baptists," designed to furnish in a compact form an account of the past history and present condition and operations of the denomination; that from the examination of the same, we are able to give the work, we think it adapted to answer this design, and to supply a long-felt want; and that we recommend its general circulation.

Resolution adopted by the Seventh-day Baptist North-Western Association: Resolved, That the "Manual of the Seventh-day Baptists," by Geo. B. Utter, is an appropriate contribution to our religious literature, and we hope it will have a wide circulation. Copies of the "Manual" will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. Five copies will be put in as many Public Libraries in the name of any person sending one dollar for that purpose. Letters and remittances directed to Geo. B. Utter, New York, will be at the publisher's risk.

The Manual may also be had through the booksellers, or from the following persons: O. Stillman, Westley, R. L. Stillman, Brookfield, J. Clarke, Potter Hill, R. L. A. M. West, Leonardville, B. F. Chester, Hopkinton, L. M. Cottrell, Edmeston, C. N. Chester, Rockville, J. B. Wells, DeRuyter, N. Y. S. S. Griswold, Mayfield, J. B. Clarke, Scott, P. L. Berry, New London, Lankford, Alfred, J. Bailey, Plainfield, N. J. J. R. Irish, Alfred, W. B. Gillette, Shiloh, N. J. J. C. Green, Independence, W. A. Coon, Berlin, N. Y. E. R. Clarke, Nile, N. Y. H. Clarke, Petersburg, Samuel Wells, Genesee, Potter, Adams, N. Y. W. C. Whitford, Milton, Wis. June 10, 1858.

THE following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and are shown to have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. Other preparations do more or less good; but this cures such dangerous complaints, so quick and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and a power to prove disease beyond any thing which we have known before. By removing the obstructions of the internal organs and inducing a healthy action, they renovate the fountain of life, and health—health courses anew through the body, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease only, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint; see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potent which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the scales wither and fall, and the bright, glowing complexion have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him and he screams with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with humors and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now again he is cured. Give them to the lean, scrag, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face, and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering with a want of exercise, or mental anguish, or some lurking disease has deranged the integral parts of her system, assimilation, or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again at her rosy bloom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every pore, and she is sweet indeed with woman. It was, surely, features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. It is pinched up nose and ears, and its restless sleep, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mortal knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the system. Now see again the bright bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day.

Have you the less serious symptoms of these distempers, they are easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sickness, Heartburn, Flatulency, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Pleurisy, Leas, Dropsy, Spasms, Pains, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good Physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such advice as we give you; and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the dross of old iron they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea. Price 25 cents per box—5 boxes for \$1.

Through a trial of many years, and through every nation of civilized men, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary disease than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases of this kind, which have been cured by it, are so numerous that it is difficult to mention them. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his voice, and the general debility, all are cured by this Cherry Pectoral. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and restores to the human body the health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here is a cold that has settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glossy eye, the parched throat, the hoarseness of his