From Blackwood for June.

ANGELO; A TALE.

[TAKEN FROM THE DRAMA OF VICTOR HUGO.]

CHAPTER III.....THE POISON. [Concluded.

When Rodolfo had escaped from the oratory, the first thing he meditated was the just punishment, it could scarcely be called revenge, due to the wretch who had so nearly betrayed both himself and Catarina to destruction. The next day the body of Homodei, the spy of the Council of Ten, was found lying on the banks of the Brenta, pierced through with more than one mortal wound, either by the sword or the dagger. But the villain had still lived too long. That morning Rodolfo had despatched a brief letter to Catarina to assure her that he had made good his escape, and had given this in charge to Dafue, her confidential attendant. Homodei had, by terrible threats, induced the girl to deliver the letter to him, and having thus intercepted it, he caused it to be conveyed to the hands of Angelo. The dying wretch had therefore left his sting in the very heart of his antagonist.

Rodolfo had been so far prudent as not to sign his name to the letter. Angelo believed he saw in it a convincing proof of his wife's infidelity; but he could not gather from it who the person was who had thus assailed his honor in the dearest point. That same one had an interview at night with his wife was evident from the letter; her guilt, therefore, he considered as proved beyond doubt; on her at least he would take an ample revenge, although the other culprit might for a short time escape detection.

Among those to whom the podesta showed this letter, in order by the hand-writing to discover the person who had sent it, Thisbia, as may be supposed, was not the last. Poor Thisbia! she knew well that she was one of that class of women to whom men use the language of love merely to cover pleasure with the gloss of sentiment—to whom they are not even supposed to use it with any deeper meaning: she saw, too, that she had all along been deceiving herself, and, loving Rodolfo with her whole heart and soul, she had given to his words the same intense passion that she breathed into her own. But reflections such as these, while they explained her position, by no means rendered it more tolerable; they were of a kind manifestly to add to the poignancy of her grief. But this woman, who had saved her mother's life, she would save her life; and as Rodolfo loved *her*, why, she would save that life for him. And for herself, she would go weep till her heart broke; there was nothing left her, she thought, but to die.

When Angelo requested her to look at the letter, and say if she knew the hand-writing, she took the paper at first with eagerness from his hands; something like a hope had crossed her mind that, after all, it might not have been Rodolfo who was concealed that night in the oratory; but every thought of that kind vanished the moment she had glanced at the letter. Did she know the hand-writing, indeed? Alas! no one better. But she returned it slowly to the podesta. She knew nothing of it.

Angelo proceeded to converse upon his schemes of revenge. His wife should die. The headsman and his attendants had already been brought into the palace. Thisbia suggested that, supposing the death of his wife resolved on, this should be effected in the most private manner possible, so as to attract no public notice, and to conceal rather than render notorious the dishonor done to the podesta. Why employ the headsman or the assassin? why any other hand than his own? why not administer poison? She had some of a most potent quality. It had been sent to her as an invaluable present by the Archdeacon of St. Marks.—She would fetch it, if he pleased.

All this appeared very good counsel to the podesta, and it was agreed upon between them, that Thisbia should bring the poison to the palace, and that they two only should be cognizant of the fate of the unhappy Catarina.

Unhappy indeed! for ere the bitterness of death could arrive, she was to endure another trial, and to be harassed with distressing fears for the fate of Rodolfo. Angelo, as he returned to his palace, resolved on one more attempt to discover the writer of that letter which had acquainted him, as he supposed, with his dishonor; and his eagerness to make this discovery may be judged of by this, that to attain it he had brought himself to forego some portion of his revenge upon his wife. He had previously, again and again demanded the name of the writer, but had obtained no answer. He now laid the letter open upon her table, and gave her this alternative: "Sign," said he, "at the bottom of this paper, the name of the person who wrote it; and instead of death, the imprisonment of a convent shall be your only punishment. I give you one hour to reflect. Sign his name, and you are saved. Death for him, a convent for yourself. If, at the end of an hour, the signature is not there, your death is inevitable." And he left her with the letter lying open before her.

She had not sat long before a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Rodolfo, taking advantage of the key which had been given him to make his escape from the oratory, entered the room. Quite ignorant of the discovery which Angelo had made, he came to tell her that Homodei, the terrible spy of the Council of Ten, was dead. Catarina, concealing her own dreadful position, appeared to hear the news with satisfaction. Alas! he had left behind him such a legacy of mischief as even his malice would hardly wish to increase. He noticed, he said, that throughout the palace there was an air of gloom, of mystery, of confusion—what was the cause of it? Catarina did not know. He had met men carrying in through a private gate at the rear of the palace, an empty coffin—for whom could it be? Catarina started and turned pale, but recovering herself, answered, that she did not know. She implored him to leave her, for the peril to which he was exposing himself was more than she could endure. He then mentioned that he had written a few lines to her to assure her of her safety—had she received them? Oh, yes, she had received them. His letter had certainly come to hand—there it lay open upon the table. He was glad to hear that it had not been intercepted. She again entreated him to go, and enjoined him not to write again—not to write at all, either to her or any one else, while he remained in Padua—it was a woman's fancy, but it was a woman's request—she was sure he would grant it. "And now," she said, rising from her chair, "you must indeed go; the danger you are in while you stand there is frightful; I cannot support it another moment." And giving and permitting an embrace, more tender than her lover had hitherto received—folding him for an instant in her arms—she bade him adieu, and again sat herself down in the chair from which she had risen.

Generous woman! what an effort had she made to conceal from her lover the terrible fate that hung over her own head! The thought had occurred to her of escaping from death and her murderous husband, by immediate flight with Rodolfo; such a course was surely justifiable, and the attempt could not possibly aggravate the peril of her own situation; but she reflected on the improbability of success, and refused to involve Rodolfo in the certain destruction that awaited on herself.

Exactly at the expiration of the hour Angelo returned. He returned with Thisbia, bearing in her hand the vial of poison. He walked straight way to the letter; it was in the same condition in which he had left it, and in the same spot; it had not been touched.

"Have you reflected, madam?" he said, with the utmost sternness of deportment. "You die, or you disclose the writer of this letter. Will you name him?"

Catarina had never for an instant thought of this side of the alternative.

"Then you drink this," he said, taking the vial from Thisbia and placing it before her on the table. "Is it poison?" exclaimed Catarina.

"It is," exclaimed her husband.

"Bragadini had not hesitated a moment—I shall die death herself rather than bring destruction on the head of Rodolfo; and if the death she was about to die had been ten times more terrible, it never could have extorted from her the name of the writer of that letter. But it was one thing for a tender and affectionate woman to be utterly *incapable* of preserving her own life by the sacrifice of one whom she loved, and quite another thing to possess the fortitude necessary to meet her own inevitable fate. She never looked an instant at the alternative of escape, but she shrank with terror from the poison.

"You will drink it madam," said Angely, "or I call in those who with the axe or the dagger shall perform their office more rudely. Even this is a lenity. A guilty woman is spared a public execution."

"Assassin! murderer!" she exclaimed, "I am not guilty. There is one whom I love—I tell you this—and I say it with an innocent brow. I am not guilty, but you wish to believe it—you have got possession of a piece of paper you think condemns me, and you will hear nothing. You married me for my wealth—against my known attachment—basely for my wealth—and what marriage has it been? You have never loved me, yet have been jealous in the extreme: you have kept me in a prison; you have installed a mistress in my place. To men all things are permitted. Always severe, always sombre and suspicious—never a kind word—happy arts to win the affections of a woman! And now come to murder me—come with this woman here, your public mistress, who is interested to destroy me—who seems already to have acted the part of a spy—who comes now to assist in my execution."

Angelo seized his wife by the arm, and insisted on her swallowing the fatal draught without further delay. She advanced her hand to the vial—she carried the deadly liquor to her lips—her courage failed—she laid it down again.

"No; I cannot!" she exclaimed. "Oh, 't is frightful! Thisbia, reflect, what a horrible thing it is that you are doing. A woman—a meek, lonely woman—abandoned by all—no relative near—no friend—without power to resist—you come and poison her in a remote corner of her own house."

Thisbia could not restrain an expression of sympathy at her suffering.

The despairing lady caught at it as a fragile hope. "Ah!" she said, turning to Thisbia, "you sighed—I heard you—deny it not—you have some pity on me. You see he would assassinate me here—is it possible that you assist him in this deed? Oh no! no! Hold, I will explain it all to you, and you will speak for me to the podesta. Tell him, for he will not hear me, that what he is doing—it is horrible, execrable. If I offended you just now, pardon me, madam. I am innocent; but he will believe nothing. Oh, do not tell me that I must take courage! Why am I to have this courage? I am not ashamed to be a woman—a weak, fearful woman. You see I weep because this death terrifies me. Am I not a creature to be pited, to be spared?"

The podesta, foaming with rage and impatience, rushed out of the room to call on those who should perform at once the act which he persisted in regarding as one of justice as as well as revenge.

Thisbia, as soon as he had left, endeavored to persuade her that it was her better course to take the poison. Against the swords and daggers that would soon make their appearance there could be no resistance; and for their wounds no cure. She was almost in as great an agony of mind at this moment as Catarina herself. If she explained her meaning too clearly she was afraid that Catarina would, by some imprudence, betray her secret; and if she could not prevail on her to take the poison, her death she knew was inevitable.

The step of Angelo, accompanied by other steps, was now heard at the door. She rushed toward it. "Enter alone—alone!" she exclaimed, as she closed it in the face of the horrid group who now approached; "she consents: she obeys." He entered alone.

Catarina, with some vague hope that she had a friend in Thisbia—certain that she had an implacable enemy in her husband—drank the poison. Its operation seemed to be almost instantaneous, and she sank upon the floor to all appearances dead.

A coffin, as we have already intimated, had been prepared, and bearers were in readiness to convey her to the tomb.

Thisbia, by a bribe which was sufficiently munificent to have purchased these men for any act whatever, induced them to carry an empty coffin to the tomb, and to bear the body of Catarina to her own chamber, and deposit it on her own bed. She also gave orders to a domestic to see that two fleet horses were procured, and kept in readiness near a private entrance of her house. She then sat down at the foot of the bed to await the recovery of Catarina: for we need not say that it was a narcotic, and not a poison, that had been administered. The little metal crucifix lay upon her lap. "Ah, my mother!" she said, "if this present has brought happiness to any one, it has not been to thy daughter!"

But Rodolfo, was he all this time ignorant of what had taken place? The same confidential maid, Dafne, from whom the spy of the Council of Ten had, by his terrible threats, extorted the letter, was in the neighboring oratory during the whole of the scene we have just endeavored to describe; and she made report of all that she had heard to Rodolfo. Unhappily her report was far from correct. From her place of concealment, and judging alone by what reached her ear, it seemed that Thisbia was a participant, a willing accomplice, in the murder of her mistress. To Dafne it appeared that she had not only brought the poison, but that it was owing to her that she had been finally persuaded to take it. All this was carried to Rodolfo, who, conscious of the just cause of jealousy he had given to Thisbia, did not doubt for a moment that this passion had led her to assist, and probably to provoke, Angelo to the assassination of Catarina. He now sought the house of Thisbia with a heart full of bitterness and revenge.

He knocked at the door—he entered—Thisbia met him with a melancholy smile—was about to narrate her proceedings and her plans—he abruptly silenced her—"It is I who have to speak—it is for you to listen." And he forthwith overwhelmed her with a torrent of reproaches. "Reply not," he continued, as she attempted to interrupt his vehement accusations. "Spare excuses—inventions—lies. I know all. You may well perceive—I know it all. There was a certain Dafne, madam, two steps from you—separated by a door only—in the oratory. There was a certain Dafne, I say, who saw much—heard all—was close by. You brought the poison—you—will you deny it? You brought the poison—and I—I have brought this dagger." And he drew a poinard from his bosom, and held it before her eyes.

Thisbia did not shrink from the weapon. But this cruel resolution of Rodolfo's—taken so suddenly, upon the first report, which would not admit, would not hear of explanations—fell on her like a death-blow. "You hold me," she said, "even at this price! You will kill me out of love for another—without a word heard. Oh Rodolfo! is it true then—tell me from your own mouth—that you *never* loved me!"

"Never!" exclaimed Rodolfo.

"That word" she said, "kills more than your dagger will."

"Never!" he repeated. "Love for you, I say it with a beast, I never felt; some pity, at the most."

"Ungrateful man!—and she—tell me, did you love her!"

"Did I love her!" cried Rodolfo, and as well for the torture of the unhappy, and, as he believed, the guilty creature before him, as the expression of his own heart, he poured forth the warmest devotion, and lavished his enthusiastic praises upon the deceased.

Thisbia interrupted him in his career; "Well," said she, with a forced calmness, "if you love her I have done well."

"Done well!" exclaimed the furious Rodolfo.

"Yes, I have done well. Are you quite sure what it is I have done?"

"Sure! I tell you that Dafne was there, and heard it all. There were but three of them, she said, in the chamber—the podesta, his wife, and one whom they called Thisbia; and she it was who, by some cruel artifice or dreadful threat, induced her to drink the poison. What can you say in your defence?"

"Oh, nothing, Rodolfo!" answered the generous and despairing girl. "Believe it all—believe it all—I wish to die—and to die near you, at your feet, by your hand, is all that I can now hope for; it is all you could grant me, Rodolfo. But hear me for an instant. I deserve, I think, some pity, though for such as I am the world has little compassion to spare. It knows little, and it cares less, what virtue, what love, what courage, or devotion, may remain to us. When I was a child I was a mendicant; at sixteen years I found myself in the world without bread. I was picked up from the streets by some of your great lords—they relieved me from hunger to plunge me into vice. I know what will be said—you should have died of hunger—as if it was so easy to die of hunger at sixteen. Yes, all compassion is for the great, the noble, the fortunate; if they weep, you console them—if they die ill, you excuse them. They may weep—they may complain; for us no late is too severe. Poor wretch!—go on—one utter no complaint—conceal your tears—all the world is against you. Woman of *pleasure!* you are made to suffer."

She sank her head within the palms of her hands, and remained silent for a few moments. Then raising her face, and dashing the tears from her eyes, she continued, "But the heart lived on. I cannot make you comprehend me; but I needed, as my sole salvation, that I should have some one to love. I was to the world—no matter what; but all I felt within—who was to receive it, who was to know it, how was it to live, unless there was some *one* person to whom I could be noble, generous, devoted? I say not this to turn you from your resolution or to appease your anger. It is not possible you can love me; you say you never have. But, O Rodolfo! to what point of madness the poor girl who now speaks has loved *you*—when I am dead you may, perhaps, know. And I—I was all the while to you—a mere distraction—a pastime—so it seems"——

Rodolfo impatiently broke in upon these passionate regrets of the poor Thisbia, reminding her of the story which the maid Dafne had reported to him, and again demanding to know if she had any thing to say in its contradiction.

"Well," said Thisbia in despair, for she saw that the mind of Rodolfo did not rest a moment upon her: "well, she told you true—I did revenge myself: I poisoned her; it is I who killed her."

"You confess it, then," cried Rodolfo: "you even boast it!"

"Yes, it is I who did it—strike—it is I who killed her: strike, I say!"

Rodolfo plunged the dagger in her side—she fell.

"Give me your hand, Rodolfo," said the fallen and dying girl. "Oh, leave me this hand!"—she said, as he attempted to extricate it from her hold.

At this moment the voice of Catarina was heard from the couch on which she lay: Rodolfo ran towards her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Great God! thou art living!" he cried, "how hast thou been saved!"

"By me,"—said Thisbia, endeavoring to raise herself; "By me! for thee!"

In vain did Rodolfo run to the expiring girl; all succor was useless: all his passionate regret unavailing. "Go," she said, "to thy Catarina: give yourself up to joy; forget that I am here. I have deceived the podesta. I gave a narcotic instead of a poison. Horses are ready. In three hours you will be out of the power of Venice. She is free: dead to the podesta: dead in the estimation of all the world—living only for you. Have I not done well, Rodolfo?"

He hung, like one distracted, over the generous and expiring Thisbia: "Ah!" said she with a faint smile, which recalled, for the last time, the exquisite grace and gaiety of one of the most fascinating of women: "you will think of me sometimes, will you not? After all, you will say she was a good girl that Thisbia. Let me say once more, my Rodolfo—adieu, *my* Rodolfo!" and, still holding the hand of Rodolfo, she breathed her last.

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je11 1m* WM. MULLANE, 82½ Nassau-street.

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BATHS, at Fulton Ferry.—The Brooklyn Salt Water Warm and Cold Baths are now open for the season. Gentlemen and Ladies can have Warm Salt Water Baths at all times from 5 A. M. until 10 P. M. Ladies will have the exclusive use of the Swimming Bath on Tuesdays and Fridays until 7 P. M. Gentlemen will be admitted at all other times. The water where the Bath is located is unsurpassed for purity in the East or North Rivers, running from 3 to 5 miles per hour. The Baths have been enlarged and much improved this season, and equally convenient for New-York and Brooklyn. The proprietor promises that every thing shall be done to render the establishment agreeable and pleasant.
Warm Bath 25 cents; five tickets for $1. Cold Bath 12½ cents. je24 1m* EDWARD GRAY.

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Having suffered for some time with indigestion and flatulency, I was advised to try Dr. S. Phinney's Anti-Dyspeptic or Bilious Pills, and after using them for some time, am prepared to say that they are the mildest and yet the most efficacious in their operation of any article of the kind I have ever used; and what I esteem of great importance, they occasion no sickness at the stomach, procuring full, free and satisfactory discharges, and leaving the bowels in a natural condition. And I the more cheerfully recommend their use to all who are of bilious habits, or need an excellent family medicine, in consideration of the high standing of the proprietor in the community as a medical man.
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a28tf J. LINDMARK, 98 Chatham-st.

State Prison Contracts.

NOTICE is hereby given that Proposals will be received at the Inspector's Office in the State Prison, Mount Pleasant, on the first Wednesday of August next at 10 o'clock, forenoon, for a contract, to commence with 30 convicts, on the 1st day of September ensuing, to be increased within one year to 150, for the term of five years, at making sigh kinds of Chains, Wrought Nails, Bed Screws, Shovels and Tongs, Saddlery, Cutlery and other articles of Hardware, "of which the chief supply for the consumption of the country is imported from without the United States." Convenient shop room and fuel will be furnished. Whoever takes the contract must find the tools and fixtures and be subject to the rules and regulations of the Prison. The payments must be made monthly with a credit of three months. Satisfactory security will be required. Let the Proposals specify the price per day for each man.
DAVID L. SEYMOUR, Agent.
State Prison, Mount Pleasant, May 4, 1842. my6 2m

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The advantages here offered must be evident to all. The purchasers can make their own selection and have the Furniture delivered in good order to any part of the city or at Brooklyn free of charge. je22 1m

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The first Lecture will take place at the Society Library, Broadway, on Tuesday, the 14th inst. Subject—Love, in illustration of which recitations will be given from Shakspeare, Hamlet, Milton's Paradise Lost, Byron's Childe Harold, Corsair, and the Lament of Tasso, Venice Preserved, William Tell, the Hunchback, &c. &c.
The second Lecture will take place on Thursday, the 16th instant. Subject—Jealousy, Hatred and Revenge, in illustration of which recitations will be given from Hamlet, Othello, Paradise Lost, Pollock's Course of Time, Cairo, Manfred, Merchant of Venice, The Revenge, &c. &c.
The third Lecture will take place on Tuesday, the 21st.—Subject—Pride and Ambition, in illustration of which recitations will be given from Macbeth, Richard III., Henry VIII., Richelieu, Moore, Campbell, Paradise Lost, Pollock's Course of Time, Percival, &c.
Tickets, admitting one person to the Course of three Lectures, one dollar each, to be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Colman, Appleton, Wiley & Putnam, Broadway, Messrs. Langley, Chatham street, Mr. Nesbitt's, corner Wall and Water streets; and at the bar of the United States Hotel.
Single Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the doors of the Society Library on each evening of lecture.
Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. No postponement on account of weather. je14 tf

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S. O. RICHARDSON'S BITTERS.—GOOD NEWS FOR THE SICK.—The subscriber takes pleasure in communicating to his fellows, the happy results he has experienced from the use of Dr. S. O. Richardson's Sherry Bitters. During the last four years, having had occasion to resort to many experiments for the restoration of my health, and having experienced much inconvenience from a general nervous debility and consequent dispepsia and loss of appetite, I at length fortunately procured a bottle of Dr. R.'s Bitters, and from actual experience can recommend them to the public as a most agreeable and efficacious restorative of health and bodily vigor.—Having also had occasion to witness their effects on many of my friends and neighbors, I can testify to their beneficial effects. Dr. Richardson needs no encomium with those who are personally or experimentally acquainted with him, sustaining as he does a high reputation for his knowledge and skill in the medical department. To those who know him not, I can give no more favorable introduction than advising them to make immediate use of a bottle of this very valuable Bitters. W. G. SIMMOND.
From the Palladium, New Haven
WEST KILLINGLY, Conn., June 13, 1840.
Dr. S. O. RICHARDSON,
Sir—Having been, for the last few years, very much debilitated and much out of health otherwise, and had the advice of twenty or thirty of the best physicians in Charleston, S. C., New York, Saratoga Springs, Boston, and a number of other places, I was in Boston, on the 4th of last March, and called at your office and bought a bottle of your Sherry Bitters. After I returned home, I bought more. I commenced gaining from the very first, and I have taken three bottles, and am now well. My case was despaired of as certainly incurable; but in three months, I have gained just 57 pounds—which is surprising, as I have eaten nothing but bread and milk. I still continue the same. Your medicine is selling well and doing much good.
Very respectfully yours,
C. CHAMBERLIN.
Sold by the Agents, A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 79 Fulton street, corner of Gold; 100 Fulton street, 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway. Price 75 cents. je25 1m

HIGHLY Important to Farmers, Planters and Horticulturists.—The Compound Chemical White Oil Soap may be considered at the present moment the best preparation that ever was compounded for the total destruction of every species of insects infesting the vegetable kingdom—sharpies, slugs, rose-bugs, peach, nectarine, apple and pear tree insects, cut and army worms, snail, cabbage fire, and all the smaller insects which are parasitic on indigenous and exotic flowers, such as the oleander, cactus, ficus, cyrus, mesembrianthemum, geranis, erica, roses, may all, by a proper application, be thoroughly exterminated. Besides, the extraordinary cheapness, a most important item in economy, renders it accessible for all purposes on a large scale; 1,000 peach trees, or 50 acres of land, may be kept free from the marauding insects for the trifling expense of one dollar.
Farmers raising corn, oats, rye, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, may, at the expense of a few dollars, realize hundreds by saving their fields from the devastations of the vermin. The Compound Chemical Whale Oil Soap may be had in bulk, or in jars of four pounds, a dozen of which are packed in a box. Apply to
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
je22 1m Chemist, No. 1 Wall-street

WONDERFUL CURE of the PILES.—We invite the attention of the public to Dr. E. Humphrey's Vegetable Pile Ointment, one of the most certain remedies for Piles, Fissures, Wounds, Chilblains, &c. now before the public. From J. N. Starin, Cashier of the Cayuga County Bank. Dr. E. Humphreys—Sir—I commenced the use of your ointment for the Piles a few weeks ago, and have used it occasionally ever since, although under circumstances so unfavorable that I did not expect much benefit. On the first application I felt immediate relief from the soreness that usually attends the disease, and I think I am almost if not altogether well, and do most cheerfully recommend it to all similarly afflicted. Auburn, March 24, 1841. J. N STARIN. For sale at 165 Nassau-st. sole agency for New-York city, and at the principal Drug Stores in the city. je4 1m

By Special Appointment.
JOSEPH GILLOTT, Pen Manufacturer TO THE QUEEN.—CAUTION.—The high character of these Pens has induced the attempt, on the part of several disputable makers, to practice a fraud on every one. Mr. Gillott, but also upon the public. An inferior article, bearing the misspelled name, thus, Gillot, omitting the final t, is now in the market. It can readily be detected by its unfinished appearance, and the very common style in which it is put up.
Observe, the genuine Pens are all marked in full—"Joseph Gillott's Patent," or "Joseph Gillott, warranted;" and that each gross bears a fac simile of his signature.
The above may be had, wholesale, of HENRY JESSOP
jy15 1y 71 John-street, corner of Cliff.

TO ALL PERSONS who complain of loss of appetite and debility as well as those suffering with dyspepsia, night sweats, restless nights, palpitation of the heart, and all nervous diseases, it is recommended to try HUTCHINGS' STOMACH BITTERS. The articles composing it are from Nature's great vegetable emporium, and can be taken with safety. The following is from Dr. Ludlow, No. 654 Broadway:
I have used your bitters, in cases of impaired digestion, where vegetable tonics were indispensable, with a beneficial result. The articles of which it is composed are very judiciously combined, and I have no doubt will prove serviceable in the cases for which you have recommended it.
Yours, &c. EDWARD G. LUDLOW.
Sir—I have in the course of my practice prescribed your Stomach Bitters, and found them a most efficient remedy in cases of indigestion, acidity and debility of the digestive organs. I by no means class it among the quack medicines of the day, but one which will confer a great blessing on many of our suffering fellow creatures.
F. J. BRADY, M. D., 220 Broome-st.
Numerous certificates of those who found immediate relief, can be seen at manufactory, No. 176 Bowery, corner of Broome street, and observe the genuine is sold no where else in this city. Price large bottle $1; small size 50 cents. je16 1m

NOTICE.—Morison's Hygean Medicines from the "British College of Health, London."—The subscribers having been appointed the Attorneys of Messrs. Morison, Moat & Co., and Agents for the State of New-York, have received a large assortment of Medicine direct from the "British College of Health, London," are ready to supply the Agents on more liberal terms than heretofore. Persons wishing to be appointed Selling Agents will please make immediate application to the subscribers. All persons indebted to the late Agent, Mr. Geo. Taylor, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, as they only are authorized to give receipts for the same. FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y.
m18tf Agents for MORISON, MOAT & CO.

NOTICE to RUPTURED PERSONS.—Dr. A. G. HULL, No. 4 Vesey street, Astor House, New-York.—Persons afflicted with Ruptures may rely upon the best instrumental aid the world affords, on application at his office, 4 Vesey street, New York, or either of his numerous agents in the chief towns of the United States. Parents must be careful to examine the back part of Dr. Hull's Trusses, to see if they are endorsed by Dr. Hull in writing. None other are genuine or to be relied on as good. Dr. Hull guarantees cures to all otherwise healthy patients who call at his office for treatment. If the cure be not radical and permanent, so as to preclude the necessity of wearing any truss whatever, the money advanced is returned on the expiration of the term specified for the cure, whatever progress the rupture may have made toward eradication.
Children under twelve years universally cured without further expense than the cost of the Truss. The radical cure has been under progressive practical improvement for more than twenty years past, in Dr. Hull's Truss Office, and is now brought to a state of unrivaled perfection.
Many treacherous agents have undertaken to vend imitations of Dr. Hull's celebrated Hinge and Pivot Truss for the easy and safe retention of Ruptures. The imitations cannot be relied on—they are made by unskilful surgeons and mechanics, and are no better than the ordinary Trusses of the market. The genuine have my full name in writing.
AMOS G. HULL & CO.
Dr. Hull has at the request of several respectable physicians, fitted up a room exclusively for Ladies, having separate entrance from the business department, wherein a lady is in constant attendance, to apply Trusses and Supporters to female patients.

THE TRUSSES and SUPPORTERS of Dr. Hull's invention continue to receive my decided preference. For twenty years past I have employed the Trusses of Dr. Hull with success. The supporter was invented in 1821 by the Dr., with my advice and approbation; and I am happy to say that it is extensively adopted in Europe as well as in this country.
Signed, VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.
New-York, July 1, 1841. je21 1m

POISONS, Chemicals and Fireworks. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, No. 1 Wall-st. near Broadway, has very extensive agencies from large Chemical Works and English, French and German Importing Houses, and is enabled to sell every article uncommonly low to make it an object for the cash payments to these golden times—Iodine, hydriodate of potash, iodide of iron, bromine, iodide of sulphur, mercury, lead and zinc, lunar caustic, oxide of silver, Labarraque's chloride of soda, leeches—Daguerreotype apparatus, plates and all the chemical preparations; pure muriatic and nitric acids; spirits of hartshorn and nitre; ether, &c; nitrate of strontian, baryta, soda and fireworks for July 4th, of the most approved manufactures, such as rockets, roman candles, wheels, signal fires, suns, &c
Poisons, warranted the only original and safest ingredients to destroy and exterminate the moths, bed bugs, rose bugs, caterpillars, cockroaches, rats, mice, muscheuses, fleas, flies, ants, lice, and other vermin or larger animals, warranted to eradicate and to perform all what it is intended.
Thousands of persons can certify to the superior virtue and quality of all my preparations, and corroborate to the truth of all the statements. Apply to
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
je6 1m No. 1 Wall-street.

COUGHS, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, &c., cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
From Atkinson's Philadelphia Evening Post.
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1838.
Mr. Atkinson—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper an account of the surprising effect of Jayne's Carminative, in restoring a great number of passengers on board of a Mississippi steamboat to perfect health, who were affected by a violent Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from his medicines, more especially his Expectorant, induces me to state my case to you for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a Cough and Asthmatical oppression for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1798, I with many others (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day, often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up, to obtain my breath. The weakness or debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me in a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends that I am here to write this to you. I have had skillful physicians to attend me, and every thing done that was thought likely to give relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another very severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call in Dr. Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him I was once more raised from my bed; but the cough and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? it has effectually cured me. As soon as I commenced taking it I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever I did in my life, and better than I have for the last sixty years. Last summer I spit a good deal of blood; now, thank God I am perfectly cured. Now, sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow-citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it.
NICHOLAS HARRIS, Sen., Lombard-st.
Mr. Harris has long been a worthy member, we believe a deac