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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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THE TRIBUNE.

DOLORES. By HARRO HARRING.

To-day appears this Novel, for which the author has been able to find no publisher. It will have no artificial aid to its circulation, but must rest solely on its own merits. We think these will be found sufficient to ensure it many readers for the sake of the pleasure and entertainment they may derive from the reading—many more who think that free expression of thought is desirable in a free country, and who will listen with interest to the sincere words of a mind of deep experience, secure from such of valuable stimulus, perhaps of valuable instruction.

We have not, ourselves, lost all feeling as to national pride and national honor, and it touches us in a vital point, that a foreigner who has lost his own home, friends and fortune for the sake of those principles blazoned on our national banner as the rule of our actions, should find it so find it so difficult to get a hearing among us. Our own feeling is, Let this work which he has written among us be read. If then America find nothing in the mind of this author which can instruct or delight her, she can reject his works. But that they should be shut from the field by those who bring forward so many sickly and miserable fictions, by those who can never have enough of the novels of James, Lady Blessington and Mrs. Gore, is a little too bad. Perhaps the ten-times darned tapestry of the former, the twice-turned motley of the two latter writers may really be more congenial with the public taste, than a work written with an earnest purpose and full of noble sentiments. But let us, at least, have a chance to choose.

As a specimen of the sentiment of a work, denounced or dreaded for its want of orthodoxy, we give the following poem from its pages:

It is no dream—it yet shall be fulfilled,
The nations yet shall rise in all their might,
And love on earth its heavenly throne shall build,
And life progressive soar in morning light.
At last Man's suffering shall diminished be,
When to the world this truth is once made clear,
That all must live in love, who fain would see
The kingdom of the Lord established here.

It is no dream, that in the human soul
Can raise forebodings of those better days,
When sacred Charity shall each control
To bear the errors of a brother's ways;
When Love shall steel the heart against the strife
With Death—and Faith shall bid the soul arise,
Above the shroud and grave, to endless life,
Loosened from earth, to flourish in the skies.

It is no dream—the purer spirit-life,
The innate consciousness of inward strength,
Whose prescience in the human heart is rife,
And gives to weakness power to rise at length,
And struggle onward toward its endless aim,
E'en though the crowd to slavery will bend,
And man may, by his words and deeds, proclaim
Truth, by which nations may to life ascend.

We hear a wond'rous music!—from the heart
Of all the nations issues forth the sound;
The mighty symphony of souls its part
Of love assumes, and man to man is bound;
The kingdom of our God on earth shall bloom,
The nations' hatred, scorn, and doubt's deep gloom,
Be lost in love—love that survives the tomb.

All that is written, then shall be fulfilled—
All that the Son of Man consoling spoke;
The Eastern Satan is already killed;
Men shall as brethren live, nor fear his yoke;
And Mammon, poisonous serpent, be expelled
From Eden, which her trail has soiled full long,
And where as sovereign she the keys has held
Of Love's pure kingdom, which to Man belong.

Satan has vanished from the glorious East,
Men are no longer swayed by devilish fear;
Thousands of hours are nigh—and be their speed increased!
The Nazarene's pure doctrine all shall hear;
The *dungeon graves* of men shall all be void;
Love's spirit, glittering in its own pure light,
Appear—and fraud and lies shall take to flight;
And then shall God be known and served aright.

We add the translation of Harro Harring's letter to the King of Denmark, the friend and patron of his earlier years, written in London, 1842. Those who have read Mr. Everett's biographical notice of the author will remember what is said of this letter. It was a last appeal to Europe; it received no reply and secured for him no justice and no asylum. He crosses the ocean and finds, thus far, republican America not more hospitable than monarchical Europe.

At this moment the spirit of liberty rises again in the oppressed nations and unhappy Poland struggles once more against the iron heel that was crushing out her heart with a diabolical remorselessness which the world has never seen outdone. The selfish maxims of national policy forbid us to show any sympathy with a people struggling for those principles which are the life of our condition, the common blessings which we abuse to hug ourselves in fat, contented ignorance of trials we do not share. But if you must forget such things, Americans, if nothing but gain in money or lands can make your hearts beat more, at least be not churlish to the better spirits whom those circumstances exile to our shores. It is for your interest to welcome men of genius; we need them in the education of the country, need them in many, many ways.

This epistle is translated as literally as possible.—Time did not permit any attempt at beauty of form, and our only design was to give a notion of the character, history, position, and way of thinking of the author. We see the poet, like Beethoven, is not inclined to take off his hat to a King, merely as King, but he shows a noble appreciation of the native nobleness of that King as a man which must have caused a painful throb to the heart of the Monarch who dared not reply. Those who read this poem may be led to follow out the clue in "Dolores" and see whether this mind does not claim a warm and reverent welcome from all good minds.

EPISTLE
TO HIS MAJESTY CHRISTIAN VIII, KING OF DENMARK.
LONDON, 19th March, 1842.

Sire:

He who has lost his Fatherland has no King,
Permit then that I address you
Simply as a man, without violation
Of the royal dignity.

Four months have passed since I presented myself
At our Danish Embassy here in London,
And presented the following declaration—

I am the Dane Harro Harring,
Born on the estate of Ibenshof,
Formerly favored by your Majesty when you
Were hereditary Prince, and I a youth.
I may presume that my life and fate have not
Remained wholly unknown to you.
I have been condemned to death, as you know,
By foreign powers, for the part I have taken
In the affairs of various countries,
And the great strife of the nations in our time;
Yet I do not believe that I have offended
Against the laws of Denmark. If I have,
I would willingly have it pointed out to me.
At present I thus declare myself. I do not ask
For grace or amnesty. I seek an asylum
In my native land; and, if I am dangerous
To foreign powers, would offer myself
To pass my life in a Danish fortress as a prisoner,
On condition that I might there be humanely treated,
And never be given up into the power of other Governments.
But provided the King
Confirms the sentence they have passed upon me,
I still offer myself up; only I wish
The execution of the sentence should take place
In our own country—and soon."

Sire:

The above declaration I presented
To the representative of your Majesty, in England,
For your consideration. He received it
Like a Dane and a man, promising
To send me the answer, if any came.

The request concerns not merely my brief earthly life,
But it does and must concern my honor.
The sacred dignity of manhood,
That in my eyes seems more important than life.
Four months have passed and no answer comes.
The King's silence would be accepted as an answer
But that justice in the State demands
That each son of the land be judged
According to the laws against which he has offended;
And, if he have not offended, that he should enjoy the rights
Which Nature has bestowed on every man,
And which tyranny has dared to violate.
Permit me then to cast my look back
On my career to the point when in youth it was opened
Through the favor of your Majesty.

I was made poor
In earliest boyhood, when paralyzed and suffering
I followed the bier of my father.
He, a man of the people, heavily burdened with offices,
Conscientiously fulfilled every duty.
When Great Britain robbed our nation,
Resolute in danger, disinterested,
He thought little of himself, devoted to his country,
And grief and trouble brought him to his grave.
Of my mother's fortune only remained to me
Some state-papers which have availed nothing.
But to compensate for all these troubles and injuries
The life of the soul was early unfolded within me;
My mind awoke
And could not be fettered by misfortune.
Despite all obstacles I broke for myself
A path to mental development.
As I could not afford to study in our metropolis,
I chose Kiel and afterward Dresden,
Where Providence, in disguise of Chance,
Led you, sire, to cast your eyes on me.
I did not seek your princely favor
But had the honor to be called by yourself,
The late of the still, timid youth
Given up so early to storm and sorrow
Deeply moved your great heart with human sympathy;
Majestic and decisive you seized with
A powerful hand the wheels of my destiny
Gave me leisure and peace to form myself,
Giving me into the charge of a man*
Whose worth as man I can never forget.
O sire, you gave me what is most precious
Of the external blessings of life—an open field
To devote myself to Art and Science
And in my mind the sacred joy
Of gratitude towards you, as a Man and a Dane.
As if awakened by the touch of a magic wand,
Arose from that hour the impulse of my spirit;
The germ of poesy burst into flower, [beautiful.
And my soul became a sanctuary of the great and
I awoke to the true life of a man; I felt myself
No longer an orphan, no longer rejected
From the society of men, who indeed
Greeted not so much "the young poet"
As the favorite of the Danish prince, now attended
By horses and servants.

The world lay before me: I traveled through it;
Sometimes here, sometimes there, but diligent in my studies, [expression,
My mind now preferred words as the medium of
Instead of the art it earlier chose. You left me free.

The time was fateful—decisive:
It was the epoch when the youth of Europe combined,
Impelled by one manly desire,
Among the young of all the nations,
At once in Germany, Greece, and Italy,
Was stirred a national feeling that, founded on virtue,
Recognized its noble aim,
Ennobling of the nation within itself,
The perfection of human nature was the aim.

My inward impulse accorded with this spirit,
And, even then, my songs announced
The direction of my efforts.
To harmonize my action with my words [Rome
I went to Greece, thence sick and baffled passed to
Where anew I was most deeply moved
By fresh marks of your goodness to me.†

The strife for freedom in Greece
Was then no crime in the eyes of the Danish Prince,
Though the Greeks were called "Rebels," like every
Which proudly lavishes its blood, until [people
Policy takes possession of the advantage
And a throne is built up on the corpses of the people.
"Rebellion" then becomes "legitimate."
Recommended by you to your illustrious "friend,"
The Crown Prince of Bavaria,‡ I passed
Through Switzerland to Munich.
At that time my mind seemed dead. Experience,
And grief, and care, bowed me down.
After my return from Greece
I kept afar from Prince and Court
Silent and unpretending, till another illness
And the full cure that followed revived my powers,
From inner conflict rose victorious
The power of song and all my thoughts took form.
I offered my gifts to the theatre,
And then, emboldened by applause,
Made use of my credentials,
As ambassador of friendship between Princes.
The "Poet King's" favor was not denied me,
And many a courtier envied me place and name.
So was I formed more by life than by the schools.
My innate powers defied outward obstacles—
Obstacle only made them rise to higher energy,
So soon as freedom was attained
By the warfare of mind against matter;
Still down to the foundation of being
Reached the chasm between me and the earthly world,
Which kept me a stranger, distrustful
Of the false maxims in Church and State,
On which the Social System is built up, [back,
The more clearly I understood myself, the more I drew
Unable to serve under the rule that now sways the world,
To the scorn alike of nature and of reason.
And more powerful than my spirit, my feelings
Bore me on through life.
In harmony with myself, my look directed
Toward a star in the bright world of souls
I pursued, partly through knowledge and partly through presentiment,
"An Aim that stands higher than our time,"
That stands higher than this earthly life;
And the mysterious depths of my being
Embraced the faith and the impulse to action§:
And as the deed springs from the feeling
And the destiny of man unfolds, step by step,
So became I the maker of my own lot,
While I shared the conflict of my great age
Continuing in the path which had led me to Greece,
True to myself and true to the way of thinking
Which had become my settled conviction,
I followed with devotion the higher duty of man.

So became I what I am, and became so, sire,
On the way which, under your own eye,
The youth took to ripen to manhood,
If, as a man, I took part with four nations
For Greece, Germany, Poland and Italy,
I saw in each struggle the same principle
They were struggles of the people for sacred rights,
For the progress of humanity to its full developments,
I saw the spirit which, from century to century,
Makes its way only by shedding blood.
I saw in all these efforts
The exhibition of the idea through martyrdom;
Which, unfolding, finds constantly new forms—
Divinity as the idea of power on Earth.

Sire!—If I did not deserve punishment for the part I took in Greece,
And it seems I did not in your eyes,
Neither could I for the same course pursued in other countries.
The striving in all of them was for the same objects,
And only in name the tyrants differed.
If I sang as Philhellene, full of inspiration,
And you took pleasure in the lay of the young Scald
No less than his course, when impeded by obstacles.
O sire, might I not then, far more, expect
Your applause when I offered up my whole fortune and my life;
When the spirit which no fetters can ever tame
Still rose again and again, arming the nations.
Despotism conquered yet once again,
Bathed in blood, tyranny triumphed
Over the desert graves of Poland,
And the prisons of Europe were full.
But not on their scaffolds can perish
The spirit which, ever upwards striving,
Animates the glance of the martyr as he looks
On chains and prisons and the rage of blinded men,
Opposed to the prayers of humanity.

Over me too, the staff was broken;
I was banished, put under ban, and ill used
Because I in this glowing heart cherished
Sympathy with the lot of man,
And because my mind, enlightened by an idea,
Transcended the limits of our era;
I was regarded as a criminal
Because I had faith in God and human nature,
In reconcilement and justice on earth,
So was the man persecuted in me,—in the man
The idea of human nature.
And now, a price being set upon my head,
From the duty of self preservation, I became a fugitive
And sought asylum in "a free country." But
Burthened by the anathema of Tyranny,
I was often sent back from the frontiers,
Or found repose only behind prison bars;
Yet in my twenty prisons
I became better known to myself my faith grew clearer.
At last I reached England, that Botany Bay
Of the Princes, where they send those
Whom they have condemned to die by starvation.

The fruits of my whole life are lost to me. [tics.
My works, even those which have no relation to poli-
Are severely prohibited in Germany as well as in my own country,
My intellectual property is confiscated;
The curse of despotism has fallen
On my name and on whatever my hand has touched.
Beset by treachery often, I escaped
My foes only through guardianship of the higher Power.
Even a Briton‖ was willing to sell me.

From the hands of the bailiff I rushed
Into the waves, seeking a grave. But even Death
Refused me an asylum.
I went to Brazil, but notwithstanding the charms
Of outward life, there home-sickness
Drew me back to Europe,
I hoped to be received in my own country
Which I had not seen for twenty years;
Yet, before I could set my foot on the land,
My old destiny came over me. I was taken prisoner
In contempt of an imperial passport.*
Against my will I was obliged to take passage
For England once more, at my own expense.

Can it surprise you
That, after having thus suffered ten years,
I should find myself in distress here in London
Where the worth of a man is measured by money,
And misfortune, in itself, is despised?
Can you be surprised that I had rather
Live in a fortress of my native land
Than free in England, that I think it better
To yield my head up to the enemy
Than to madness here,—to a despair
As to human nature which threatens to sever me
From my true self and my God?

Can it surprise you
That I still seek in the King the man
Whom I found in the Prince and who showed himself
So great to me in early life?

You are silent—
Must your silence be to me the assurance
That a monarch cannot be a man, or that you,
Obedient to a foreign power,
Are not sovereign in your own States?
Where then is the royal dignity,
Where the safety of monarchical government
Of which they seek to convince me?
Then make a present to the Emperor
Of my head which cannot understand
That thinking can be a crime on earth.

Your present silence hurts me more
Than death on the scaffold could.
For it silences my friends and relations
At home, through fear "of exposing themselves
To the danger of the King's displeasure."
For me, friendship and love are dead;
It seems to be prohibited to utter there my name.
He who knows me, or who has even read my books, trembles.
Is such a system of terror a fit prop of monarchy?
Is it legal? Is it a necessary result of those principles
That I am told I ought to reverence?

. . . . . .

So have I lost all in Europe
Except my honor: I return to the South,
Not hoping to escape the curse
Of despotism which, if not publicly,
In secret there too undermines my life,
And works through its creeping Creatures;
But I turn toward the South Pole to find a grave
As far as possible from my loved country;
That no breath of the wind may bear back the dust
Of him so tyrannically exiled
"As contraband, to the displeasure of justice"
Back to my native soil.
I go and now can hope no more
Even to bid farewell to my home.
Still, before all the world I would repeat my thanks
To the man, who, as man, must remain holy to me,
Though destiny has now made him King.
And, as King, he dares no longer be a man.
Two reasons, sire, have moved me to this address
To express my thanks and vindicate my honor;
And now, in closing, one word of Scandinavia.

Sire, high in the North blooms a race
Whose rights of old, expressed in maxims,
Formed a constitution suited to the wants of the people.
For the confirmation of this
That race have you to thank, sire,
You are the creator of their glorious democratic constitution.
What felt I, when first I had the happiness, [me,
To meet your look which so consolingly encouraged
As if consecrating me to the sacred combat
Of humanity in vindication of its rights.
I saw in you the fortune of our North:
I saw in you the possibility
That the nations infatuated, divided
By blind hate to their own injury,
Might now be reconciled. I saw in you
How might be realized the natural idea
Of union among the Scandinavian races,
I saw reason victorious in the North,
Saw the absurd hate extinguished,
Which has kept heart afar from heart.
I saw human love victorious,
And minds, estranged
Through miserable misunderstandings,
United and enriched by union.
Those who had hated one another stood abashed
At their past weakness, and with united effort
Sought the ennobling of the now united race.
And a great people, combined in brotherly love,
Became the bulwark of the North
Against the encroachments of foreign commercial selfishness.
Scandinavia, in the bounds fixed by nature,
Lived as one and as a whole;
All the races, in whose hearts glowed one national life,
I saw united as one State.
And you, sire—did I see you there as a king?
No—
You stood before my mind in a far higher place:
I saw you as the Washington of the North,
Clearly recognizing the bright future of that race,
In the aim for which humanity is striving;
Magnanimously laying down your own claims—
Choosing to be the greatest man of Scandinavia,
Rather than one of the little princes,
Doomed to obey the beck of the Emperor,
And serve tyranny instead of human nature.

Does this picture surprise you? Surely not;
I only paint from nature
You as you first appeared to me;
Never can you efface that image.
You meant me to be a painter;—take then
This grand picture from me as remembrancer;
It is in the province of "historical painting."
And not the worst of my works.
Rather it is not mine, but your own work.
For you gave me the idea.
After which my mind has ever been striving.
Keep the great picture for yourself,
It suits not the limits of a "cabinet."

But, as true as God's breath inspires me,
There will come a second "Ragna rock,"
A second "sunset of Gods" in the north,
And, as before, Odin's power and splendor
Sank in night, so shall vanish
From our North, the power of tyranny.
A Star will rise like the Pole Star,
Mysteriously drawing man to itself;
Its ray will strike a new spirit into the breast
Of faith, devotion, and power;
The people will awaken from sleep,
And then be seen our SCANDINAVIA!

And now, God be with you and with me!
Your name stands written in the "Book of Kings;"
Mine, if it be recognized by posterity,
Belongs in that of the "Prophets,"
And "the prophet has no honor in his own country."
The Future will decide for us,
And God the Lord will judge us both;
And if you are my foe—may He bless you!

Kings appear not before Him as kings!
The crown is left on the sarcophagus.
The man will be weighed according to his deeds.
And there will be one measure for all:
Whether a man, as man, has served humanity, [deeds,
What, in that relation, were his thoughts, feelings,
How far he has sinned against this duty,
How far been willing to do and suffer for it
Upon his earthly course,
And I am ready, from conflict and sorrow,
To be summoned that I may appear before my Judge.

* Baron Von Irgens-Bergh, then Chargé d'Affaires in Dresden.
† Through Baron Von Broensted, at that time Chargé d'Affairs at Rome.
‡ Now reigning Monarch.
§ Sir Henry King, Governor of the Island Heligoland in 1838; afterward dismissed from his post.
‖ At Ostend, 25th Nov. 1841. Later the Brazilian Embassy in London insisted that my passport should be respected and an interview with my friends granted me.

PREVENTATIVE OF WAR.—Rev. Mr. Moffat, the distinguished African Missionary, relates the following incident:

A little band of converted Africans, with others around them, had met on a Sabbath morning in the center of the village in the open air, to hold the early prayer-meeting before the services of the day. They were scarcely seated, when a party of marauders approached from the interior. Mosheu arose and begged the people to sit still, and trust in *Jehovah*, while he went to meet the marauders. To his inquiry what they wanted, the appalling reply was, "Your cattle; and it is at your peril if you raise a weapon to resist." "There are my cattle," replied the chief, and resumed his position at the prayer-meeting. A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then all kneeled in prayer to that God who only could save. The sight was too sacred to be gazed on by the band of ruffians; *they all withdrew without touching a single article belonging to the people.*

It was the secret consciousness of this power the good man has for enlisting Omnipotence in his favor, that led the persecuting Queen Mary to say, she *was more afraid of John Knox's prayers, than of an army of ten thousand.*

General Notices.

☞ **John W. Oliver's General Printing Establishment**, Sun Building, corner of Nassau and Fulton sts. New-York. Terms Cheap for Cash.

Blanks, Bill Heads, Bills of Lading, Circulars, and all kinds of Commercial Printing executed by superior workmen with new type of the most modern and beautiful cut, in the best style of the arts.

Country Merchants will find a large variety of magnificent designs for Showbills. Call up and see his specimens, which are altogether beyond any thing ever produced in this country.

Yankee Card Press.—This little wonder worker is in daily operation at this establishment—knocking off Cards for the astonished citizens with dispatch and at wonderful low prices.

The Proprietor has spared no pains or expense to render his office complete, and his arrangements as he fully believes will enable him to give entire satisfaction to all who desire good workmanship, economy, promptness and dispatch.
a23 3.*

☞ **For Boston via Norwich and Worcester.**—The steamer *Worcester*, Capt. Bacon, will leave South side of Pier No. 1 North River every *Tuesday, Thursday* and *Saturday*, at 5 P. M. connecting with the cars at Allyn's Point. [4tf] CALES PRATT, Jr. Conductor.

☞ **Phrenologists**, and Publishers of Phrenological and Physiological Works,
mh30 1m* FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

Association.

THE PHALANSTERY ABOUT TO BE INTRODUCED INTO BRAZIL.

We read in a foreign paper a project of this sort to be realized in Brazil, province of Saint Catharine, which, on paper, exhibits the promise of many of the conditions indispensable to success.

The journal which gives these details, proposes at the same time to form a "movable Opera Company," or cohort of "musical missionaries," a project which suits our fancy well. In this connection is given a pretty narrative of a body of this kind, which went forth from a natural impulse, as the Hutchinson Family have done among ourselves. ✕

Translated for The Tribune.

Have you heard of the forty mountain singers?—This is nearly their history. A poor parish of the Pyrenees was without a church, or its church had need of great repairs, but the people lacked resources. The assistance which Government could afford them and whatever taxes they could bear would be entirely insufficient. They would therefore have been obliged to go without a church, if forty of their number had not associated themselves together and formed a choir of singers, who arranged to pass over, not France only, but the entire world, giving vocal concerts. These concerts have had great success and procured means for them which have been deposited in a common treasury. I listened to them many times. They have a uniform dress: blue blouses with some ornaments and white pantaloons. They present altogether a military appearance, preserving an imposing immobility and singing with great effect. When they went to Nancy, which was some months ago, they had already sent into their country more than 80,000 francs. I have read lately in the journals that the mountain singers were in Egypt, that the European population had given them an excellent reception, and that our consul-general had presented them to Mehemet Ali, who had been as much surprised as charmed by their songs—had given them considerable sums of money and made it easy for them to repair to Jerusalem, where they wished to go to visit the tomb of Christ. Well and good!!! Here are civilized people who give us a famous lesson, and show us how an enterprise must be undertaken to make it successful. These poor country people do not go lazily to work. To them a voyage to Jerusalem, a pacific crusade, is as the famous voyage to Dieppe to the Parisians. To those (and the number must be large) who have said to them, "It is impossible," they have replied, "Adieu, till we meet again."—They were yesterday at Cairo, they are to-day at Jerusalem, to-morrow they will be at Constantinople, and successively at Moscow, Vienna and Berlin—There is between them and us the enormous distance which separates doers and talkers.

FIRE IN PENFIELD VILLAGE.—On Tuesday, the 21st instant, the block of wooden buildings known as the Globe Buildings, in the village of Penfield, took fire and was consumed. The block was chiefly occupied by mechanics, most of whom lost their tools, manufactured commodities, and stock. [Roch. American.

Extract from the April Number of
"BEEKMAN'S GUIDE TO HEALTH."
SPRING.

"Disease is every where ——
And DEATH'S arrows hurtle round us."

Yes, Spring is with us again, clouds and snow, chill blasts and the dull, wintry aspect have given place to the warm sun, the mild air, the flowers and birds, which altogether make this season of the year one of relief and welcome.—To those in the enjoyment of HEALTH, it is especially so: for all nature seems alive and accordant with their buoyant spirits. Not so, however, with the SICK. The tediousness of the sufferer's bed becomes only the more unendurable by comparison with the joyous stir without: the gloom of the sick chamber deepens and deepens as the earth and sky grow brighter; and the glad hum of active life heard out of doors only calls up the painful, bitter thoughts of being incapable of mingling with it.

THE CONSUMPTIVE may be particularly instanced. How longingly they look out upon the green grass—soon, perhaps, to grow upon their graves! How wistfully they stretch out their thin, pale hands to the pleasant sun—soon to be darkened to them forever! How delightedly they gaze upon the fresh flowers, still continuing to bloom, it may be, when the eyes that look upon them shall be closed in night!

BUT WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE. Not our own experience merely, but the experience of distinguished members of the Medical Faculty, both in this country and Europe, teach that the CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE—CURABLE from the commencement—CURABLE far on its progress.—There have been CURES when not one only, but both lungs were badly disordered—CURES, when one lung has been entirely gone—and there can be CURES effected while enough of the lungs remains to support respiration, and sufficient vigor of constitution be left to support the renovating process.

We do not wish to fill the sick with delusive expectations, but we do wish them to hold on to a reasonable hope.—There have been, it is true, and there will be incurable cases of every disease, with which mortal man is afflicted. But who shall, in any instance, draw the line positively between the curable and the incurable? We repeat, WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE. Never yield to despair so long as vitality stirs in the bosom or beats in a pulse. It is as much our duty to fight death, as it is to be prepared to meet it—The two conditions are entirely consistent and the wise seek to comply with them both.

With regard to BEEKMAN'S Pulmonic SYRUP, it is confidently maintained to be the BEST medicine that can be employed in PULMONARY complaints. It has become widely celebrated and acknowledged to be the GREATEST REMEDY ever discovered. Its extraordinary reputation is founded upon the ACTUAL and astonishing cures accomplished.—There is no pretension that BEEKMAN'S SYRUP will cure in all cases; but we fearlessly assert that it will prove of immeasurable benefit in every case; that it will do no harm in any; while, in the majority of instances, if properly taken and persevered in, it will be the sure source of relief, restoration and joy.

The operation of BEEKMAN'S SYRUP is peculiar—not violent, but continual; gentle in its course, but most powerful in its effects. When the Lungs become disordered the whole system is thrown into a miserable state of derangement centering upon these organs, how is this condition of the body to be adequately met? The LUNGS must be acted upon SPECIFICALLY, and the whole system GENERALLY, at the same time. Nothing short of this will reach the case. BEEKMAN'S SYRUP is, therefore, unhesitatingly presented as the ONLY SUFFICIENT REMEDY. Taken up, partly by absorption, and partly by the chyle, it is rapidly diffused throughout the system. The fluids are purified, the solids freed from morbid accumulations, and the vital forces brought up to the standard of a healthful constitution; and, at the same time, the LUNGS, Bronchial Tubes, Windpipe and Throat, are especially acted upon. The diseased action is destroyed, the expectoration relieved and promoted, the circulation equalized, the proper and necessary secretions and excretions restored, and firm and lasting health once more regained.

We shall return to this subject again and show that while the SPRING is frequently marked by fatal terminations in cases of Consumption, it is, on the other hand, the MOST IMPORTANT SEASON of the year to BEGIN a course of CURE. We may add here that in COSTIVENESS, HEADACHES, and other derangements where the use of pills is found necessary, BEEKMAN'S VEGETABLE ESSENTIAL PILLS possess extraordinary virtues. They are unequaled for the excellence and purity of their ingredients, the perfection of their combination, and the SAFETY, MILDNESS and CERTAINTY of their operation. Hundreds of families employ BEEKMAN'S ESSENTIAL PILLS exclusively.

☞ BEEKMAN'S original, genuine Pulmonic SYRUP and Vegetable Essential PILLS are put up in wrappers, copyrighted. Examine carefully, therefore, and see that you get "BEEKMAN'S" medicines and no other.

Proprietor's old established office No. 63½ Cortlandt-st one door below the corner of Greenwich-st. New-York.

AS BEEKMAN'S SYRUP and PILLS have come into such general use, many of the most respectable apothecaries and druggists in New-York, Brooklyn, &c. keep them regularly. They may be had also of authorized agents in different parts of the country. a25 1t

STEAM POWER.—Steam Power to let in a new building, 74 feet front by 40 feet deep, corner of 25th st. and 10th-avenue. Possession given 1st of May. Apply at the building or at H. R. DUNHAM & CO.'s, No. 100 North Moore-st. a21 1m*

NEEDLES.—The subscriber begs respectfully to call public attention to the superior quality of J. as. Henning & Son's Needles. Observe on the back label of the genuine the name of R. Richards. Imported by
RICH'D RICHARDS, 184 Maiden-lane, N. Y.
a16 1m* From 1st May also 43 Myrtle-av. Brooklyn.

HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES.—The public are respectfully solicited to examine our assortment of hardware, cutlery, plated, britannia, bright and japanned tin, wooden and willow ware, necessary for furnishing a house. Also, all the varieties of baths and bathing apparatus. Those about commencing housekeeping will readily perceive the advantage of finding every article at one place, thereby saving time and fatigue in running about.

Goods delivered in any part of the city or Brooklyn, free of expense. SMITH, TORREY & CO. 45 Maiden-lane. a18

TO FANCY GOODS and Thread and Needle Dealers.—(☞ Please cut this out.)—Ramsey & Morris, wholesale dealers in Combs, Brushes, Pins, Needles, and every variety of Fancy Articles, invite the attention of persons about commencing business, to call and examine their stock of goods at their new store, No. 25 Maiden-lane, up stairs. N. B.—Merchants from the country invited. a23 1m*

TO ROOFERS.—To let a Workshop, with large yard attached, No. 31 Hammersley-st. A first rate chance for any person commencing the roofing business; the present owner intends leaving on account of ill health. Inquire of
a23 1w* JAS. ROCHFORD, 22 Vesey-st.

Patent Medicines.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABITS OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ.:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE VALUE of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate that fluid. In scrofulous and all external disorders, the result is a rapid healing of the sores and pustules; in rheumatism and other painful affections of the muscular fibre, a speedy removal of the pain, and in all cases a renewal of strength, keeping pace with the retreat of the disease from the system. It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name. The proprietors are almost daily receiving testimonials of the most respectable character, testifying to its great value as an active and curative medicine.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary

NEWARK, N. J. March 12th, 1846.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands—Mr. Oliver's child, of this place, was attacked with scrofula when two years old, which soon reduced her to a mere skeleton. The disease pervaded the whole system and manifested itself in malignant sores on the head, body and limbs. Different physicians in Newark, Belleville and New-York prescribed for her at various times, but finally gave up the case as perfectly hopeless. At last Mr. Oliver was induced to try your Sarsaparilla, and accordingly procured four bottles, which was sparingly administered, with many interruptions, yet with the most decided benefit. About two months ago I became acquainted with the circumstances of the case. The child, who is now aged four years, was a mere complete mass of disease, and incapable of using any of her limbs. Her body was swollen to nearly twice its natural size, the head, limbs and body were almost entirely covered with large sores. She was unable to move, and would take no notice of anything, only to shrink from being touched even by her mother. The disease, at the same time, was equally severe upwardly, attended with bloody evacuations every few hours. They procured some more of the Sarsaparilla, and before she had taken one bottle she could slip down from the chair and creep across the room. She has now just finished taking the second bottle, and the sores are nearly all healed, the limbs are restored to their natural use, she is quite cheerful, and is fast improving in health.

Yours very respectfully, C. J. WARNER,
Sec. of Youth's State Tem. Soc.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Bevan, who had been afflicted for several years with Scrofulous Ulcers, Dyspepsia, &c. and recently with an affection of the Throat and Chest

BAILEYSBURG, Va. Dec. 13th, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Before I commenced using your Sarsaparilla my sufferings were almost past expression, my throat was completely ulcerated, I had a dreadful cough, and there were frequently weeks together that I could not speak above a whisper: and, besides, the inflammation from my throat extended to my head, so that my hearing was very much impaired. After taking the Sarsaparilla a short time my health improved and my throat is now well, I am as free from cough and tightness of the chest as ever I was, and can speak quite distinctly. My throat has been well about three months, the cure of which has been effected entirely by the use of your Sarsaparilla. Your friend,
LOUISA R. BEVAN.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 100 Fulton-st. corner of William, 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, New-York.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands's Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other. al tf

Extraordinary disclosures.
BEWARE OF FRAUD.
TO DRUGGISTS.

SOME Druggists are misled into the error of buying a miserable imitation of Dr. Smith's Sugar-Coated Indian Vegetable Pills, simply because it can purchase the spurious cheaper. We shall in all cases expose such dealers throughout the country, who, after being *duly informed* of the rascality of these imitators, buy and attempt to impose upon the public with such worthless trash. It is not the Sugar Coating alone that constitutes the value of my Pills, but it is my invention, for which I claim the right.

G BENJ. SMITH, M. D.
179 Greenwich-st. and 2 Waite-st. Boston

READ AND JUDGE—IMPORTANT FACTS.

We, the undersigned, wholesale druggists in Louisville, Ky. are satisfied, from all the information that we can obtain, that Dr. G. BENJAMIN SMITH is the original inventor of the Sugar-Coated Pills.

We are prepared to supply dealers at the New-York price.
ROBINSON, PETER & CARY, 492 Main-st.
J. S. MORRIS & CO. 461 Main-st.
RUPERT & LINDENBERGER, 511 Main-st.
GEORGE, LAPPING & CO. 79 Fourth-st.
BULL & ALDEN, 81 Fourth-st.

The following from Druggists in New-York shows I invented the Sugar-Coated Pills in 1843:
New-York, June 16th, 1844.

We, the undersigned, never saw or heard of "Sugar-Coated Pills," until Dr. G. Benjamin Smith manufactured and exhibited them to us about a year since.
RISHTON & CO. 110 Broadway and 10 Astor House.
ISRAEL RANDOLPH, M. D. 96 Liberty-st.
HORACE EVERETT, 96 Hudson-st.
JOHN CASTREE, 97 Hudson-st.
DAVID SANDS, 79 Fulton-st.

A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

I have been afflicted with dyspepsia in its most aggravated form for three years past, and found no relief until I used Dr. G. Benj. Smith's "Sugar-Coated Indian Vegetable Pills." After using six boxes of said valuable pills I am entirely cured. They are a general remedy. J. K. LEEMAN.
Paducah, Ky. Nov. 9, 1