

PORTICULAR



FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY FITZ-GREENE HALL-LECK.

There is a flower, a lovely flower, Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;

Mild as the azure of thine eyes, Soft as the halo-beam below, In tender whispers still it sighs,

Yet deep its azure leaves within Is seen the blighting hue of care;

From the July number of the Knickerbocker.

THE PARTING PLEDGE.

BY FANNY REMBLE BUTLER.

Yet once again! but once, before we sever,

Fill me one brimming cup—it is the last,

And let those lips now parting and forever,

Breathe o'er this pledge "the memory of the past!

But one more look from those dear eyes now shining,

Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last;

But one more strain of hands in friendship twining,

Now farewell all save "memory of the past."

Miscellaneous.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

A REMINISCENCE OF TARLETON.

During a late trip to Carolina, we accidentally became acquainted with the following anecdote, which, as it serves further to illustrate the indomitable character of one who, blending the tenacity of the leech with the ferocity of the tiger, formed one of the bloodiest scourges of our young and growing independence, may not prove altogether without interest to some of our readers.

Sometime during the year '81, Lord Cornwallis, being then in want of recruits, had made the town of Hillsborough, N. C., his head quarters, for the double purpose of keeping in subjection that turbulent little wasp's nest, and of extending, if possible, the influence of the Crown throughout the surrounding country.

Tarleton, in performance of the duty assigned to him, had crossed the Haw River, and encamped himself some miles to the westward of that stream, from which position he was daily sending proclamations in every direction, with profers of the kindest consideration to all who would pledge their allegiance and aid to the arms of the King, coupled with threats of the direst vengeance against all those who refused to acknowledge his rightful supremacy.

While these things were going on, the American troops had not been altogether idle; and soon after the departure of Tarleton, information was brought to Lord Cornwallis, that Green, who had been driven across the Dan into Virginia, was making preparations to recross that stream, and that Lee, with his fiery Legion, was even then scouring the intermediate country and cutting off the Tory detachments which were marching to join the main army.

No time was to be lost in apprising Tarleton of these facts. A trusty messenger was forthwith procured, to whom the forest path was as familiar as the beaten highway; and so soon as night had spread her dusky pall o'er chambered ease and outlying patrol, he was despatched, with frequent urgings to untiring haste, with orders for Tarleton's immediate return.

The early morn had just begun to dapple with its struggling beams the Eastern sky when a solitary horseman was seen to emerge from the deep shadows of the forest, and to urge his drooping and drugged steed towards the nearest outposts of the British encampment. But showed evident signs of a rugged road, through tangled thickets and deep morasses, while the spent look of the weary horse, and the parched lip and bloodshot eye of the rider, told that they had not tarried by the way. That horseman was the messenger of Cornwallis, and the narrator in after days of the following incident:

As soon (says the old Tory) as I came in view of the British lines, I hastened to deliver myself up to the nearest patrol, informing him that I was bearer of important despatches from Lord Cornwallis to Col. Tarleton. The guard was immediately called out, the commander of which, taking me in charge, carried me at once to Tarleton's quarters. A servant informed me of my arrival, and returned immediately with the answer that his master would see me after a while, and that in the mean time I was to await his pleasure where I then was. The servant was a grave and sedate looking Englishman, between 30 and 60 years of age, and informed me that he had known Col. Tarleton from his earliest youth, having lived for many years in the family of his father, a worthy clergyman, at whose particular request he had followed the Colonel to this country, with the view that, if

overtaken by disease, and suffering by his headlong career, he might have some one near him who knew him ere the pranksome mischief of the boy had hardened into the sterner vices of the man. "He was always a wild blade, friend," said the old man, "and many a heart-ache has he given us all, but he'll mend in time, I hope." Just then, my attention was attracted by the violent plungings of a horse which two stout grooms were endeavoring to lead towards the spot where we were standing. He was a large and powerful brute beautifully formed, and black as a crow; with an eye that seemed actually to blaze with rage at the restraint that was put upon him. His progress was one continued bound, at times swinging the grooms clear from the earth, as lightly as though they were tassels hung to the huge Spanish bit, so that with difficulty they escaped being trampled under foot. I asked the meaning of the scene, and was informed that the horse was one that Tarleton had heard of as being a magnificent animal, but one altogether unmanageable; and so delighted was he with the description, that he sent all the way down into Moore county, where his owner resided, and purchased him at the extravagant price of one hundred guineas; and that moreover, he was about to ride him that morning. "Ride him," said I, "why one had as well try to back a streak of lightning! the mad brute will certainly be the death of him!" "Never fear for him," said my companion, "his time has not come yet."

By this time the horse had been brought up to where we were; the curtain of the marquee was pushed aside, and my attention was drawn from the savage stud to rivet itself upon his dauntless rider. And a picture of a man he was. Rather below the middle height, and with a face that was almost effeminately beautiful, Tarleton possessed a form that was a perfect model of manly strength and vigor. Without a particle of superfluous flesh, his rounded limbs and full broad chest, seemed moulded from iron, yet at the same time displaying all the elasticity which usually accompanies elegance of proportion. His dress (strange as it may appear) was a jacket and breeches of white linen, fitted to his form with the utmost exactness. Boots of russet leather were half way up the leg, the broad tops of which were turned down, and the heels garnished with spurs of an immense size and length of rowel. On his head was a low crowned hat curiously formed from the snow white feathers of the swan; and in his hand he carried a heavy scourge, with shot well twisted into its knotted lash. After looking around for a moment or two, as though to command the attention of all, he advanced to the side of the horse, and disdaining the use of the stirrup, with one bound threw himself into the saddle, at the same time calling on the grooms to let him go. For an instant, the animal seemed paralyzed; then, with a perfect yell of rage, bounded into the air like a stricken deer.

The struggle for the mastery had commenced—bound succeeded bound with the rapidity of thought; every device which its animal instinct could teach was resorted to by the maddened brute to shake off its unwelcome burthen—but in vain. Its ruthless rider proved irresistible—and, clinging like fate itself, plied the scourge and rowel like a fiend. The punishment was too severe to be long withstood, and at length, after a succession of frantic efforts, the tortured animal with a scream of agony, leaped upon the plain and flew across it with the speed of an arrow. The ground upon which Tarleton had pitched his camp was an almost perfectly level plain, something more than half a mile in circumference.

Around this, after getting him under way, he continued to urge his furious steed, amid the raptures and shouts of the admiring soldiery, plying the whip and spur at every leap, until wearied and worn down with its prodigious efforts, the tired creature discontinued all exertion, save that to which it was urged by its merciless rider.

At length, exhausted from the conflict, Tarleton drew up before his tent and threw himself from his saddle. The horse completely subdued, and at the word of command, followed him round like a dog. The victory was complete. His eye of fire was dim and lustreless—drops of agony fell from his drooping front, while from his laboring and mangled sides the mingled blood and foam poured in a thick and clotted stream. Tarleton himself was pale as death, and as soon as he was satisfied of his success, retired and threw himself on his couch. In a short time I was called into his presence and delivered my despatches. Immediate orders were issued to make preparation for a return to Hillsborough, so soon as all the scouts come in; and the next morning early found us again beyond the Haw River—and in good time too, for as the last files were emerging from the stream, the advance of Lee's Legion appeared on the opposite bank, and, with a shout of disappointed rage, poured a volley into the ranks of the retreating columns.

I have witnessed many stirring scenes, said the old man, both during the Revolution and since, but never saw I one half so exciting as the strife between the savage man and the savage horse.

A beggar asked a bishop for a penny—the bishop refused. He then asked for his blessing, which the bishop very readily consented to accord. The beggar reflected a moment, and concluded he would not take it, 'for,' said he, 'if it were worth a penny, you would not give it me.'

NEWSPAPERS.—A cotemporary says:—"The newspaper may be destroyed at night; it may light a cigar, or it may curl a lady's hair; but the thoughts that are in its columns may influence ten thousand for good, and produce effects which volumes of essays, sermons and narratives, could never produce, and especially where they never could reach."

To this another journal, edited by a bachelor of course, adds the following thapsody:—"The very thought of one's lubrications nestling down at night among the ringlets of a sweet girl, keeping watch over her midnight slumbers, as well as curling her hair, is enough to infuse poetry into the pen, and make the ink it traces along the sheet fragrant with sentiment."

THE MYSTERIOUS BRASS PLATES—ORIGIN OF THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.—Our readers, doubtless, remember seeing some time since a floating paragraph, stating that some brass plates, inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, had been found in a mound, somewhere in Illinois. On the minds of the many, no doubt, it made no serious impression. It seems, however, that this discovery may be the one link wanting to connect the Aborigines of America with their Asiatic ancestors! A gentleman, recently from Illinois, a few days since called upon us, bringing with him a fac simile of these plates, with an authentic account of their discovery. There were six brass plates, bell-shaped, and some three inches long, with hieroglyphic writing upon them, found in a mound of Illinois in this manner:—The mound is near Kindehook, Pike county, and was opened, we suppose, from curiosity. Some bones were found, and these so decomposed, that they mouldered away. Below were found these plates, hung in an iron ring. But this ring was so oxidized, that it too, fell to pieces, and was reduced to rust. The brass plates remained, and contained what seemed to be writing, descriptive of the persons who were entombed, or of the events meant to be commemorated.

Now, the first question undoubtedly is—are these facts authentic? Were the plates so found? In such a place, and with these impressions? The paper which contains the fac similes, contains also the certificate of the person who found them, and of twelve other persons, who, we are told, are farmers of the neighborhood, and who describe the manner in which the digging was made, and the manner in which the plates were discovered. We suppose the facts are so, and at all events this very certificate affords the means of ascertaining, by examining persons in the neighborhood.

The next question is, what are these characters? Are they like any other characters in the world?—We are told (without pretending to know) that some of these characters are the ancient Chinese! This is a fact capable of being perfectly ascertained. Suppose it be so. That plates deposited in a mound of the West contained ancient (not modern) Chinese characters, used in Asia three thousand years since; and that these had been so long buried in the earth that the iron ring which bound them had rusted away—what follows? It seems to us that it would carry with it the inevitable conclusion (a conclusion which all a priori reasoning arrives at) that the aborigines of this country came over from the Chinese part of Asia, and instead of progressing through the country, from north to south, erected these mounds and fortifications—finally settling in Mexico, where the Spaniards found them semi-civilized, with all the characteristics of the general Asiatic family. If the facts stated above be authenticated, this conclusion is inevitable, and the long deficient link of evidence is found.—Cincinnati Chronicle.

TALMUDIC ALLEGORY,

The Child of Mercy.

"Let us make man," said the Creator, and myriads of angelic beings listened to his voice. "Do not create him," spoke the angel of justice.

"He will wrong his brethren, injure and oppress the weak, and cruelly ill-treat the feeble. "Do not create him," spoke the angel of peace.

"He will manure the earth with human blood. The first-born of his race will be an assassin, and murder his own brother."

"He will desecrate thy sanctuary with his lies," said the angel of truth, "and though thou stampest on his countenance thine own image, the seal of truth, yet will falsehood and deceit prevail in his voice." "Create him not, he will rebel against thee, and abuse the freedom which thou bestowest on him," exclaimed the chorus of assembled angels.

Still they spoke, when Charity, the youngest and best beloved of the Eternal's creation, approached his throne, and knelt before him. "Create him, Father," she prayed, "in thine own image, let him be the beloved of thy goodness. When all thy servants forsake him, I will seek and lovingly assist him. His very errors will I turn to his good. I will fill the breast of the weak with benevolence, and render him merciful towards those who are weaker than he. If he depart from peace and truth, if he offend justice and equity, I will still be with him, and the consequences of his own errors shall chasten his heart, and purify him in penitence and love."

The universal Father listened to her voice, and created man a weak and erring being. But even in his errors, a pupil of Divine goodness, a child of mercy, love and charity, which never forsakes him, and still strives to amend him.

Remember thy origin, O! man, when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the divine attributes, charity alone stood forth to plead that existence be granted to thee, mercy and love have fostered thee. Then remember, be just, be merciful.

ARCHERY.—In England, Archery was greatly encouraged in former times, and many statutes were made for its regulation. The Artillery Company of London, though they have long disused the weapon, are the remains of the ancient fraternity of Bowmen or Archers. As to the time when shooting with the long bow first began amongst the English, there appears no certain account. Richard I. was killed by an arrow, in 1199; after this time, we read nothing of Archery, till that of Edward III. when an order was issued to the sheriffs of most of English counties, to provide five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows, for the then intended war against France. The famous battle of Cressy was fought four years afterward, in which, it is stated, that we had about two thousand archers, opposed to about the same number of French. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV. an act was passed, that every Englishman and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow of his own height, which is directed to be made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or awburne, or any other reasonable tree, according to their power. The next chapter also directed that butts should be made in every town,

ship, which the inhabitants were obliged to shoot at, every feast day, under the penalty of one half-penny when they should omit this exercise. During the reign of Henry VIII several statutes were made for the promotion of Archery. An act of Parliament, in Elizabeth's reign, regulated the price of bows. Charles I. is said to have been an Archer; and, in the eighth year of his reign, he issued a commission to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting." So lately as the year 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury fields, during the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, when the best shooter was styled "Captain" for the ensuing year, and the second, "Lieutenant." Edward VI, in his journal, says, that one hundred Archers of his guard, shot before him, two arrows each, and afterward, altogether; and that they shot at an inch board, which some pierced quite through with the heads of their arrows, the board being well seasoned timber.

TAPPING.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be "tapped." Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "Father don't submit to the operation, for there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

DEFINITIONS OF TERMS, &c. IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Science is a system of any branch of knowledge, comprehending its doctrine, reason, and theory; without any immediate application of it to the uses of life.

An art is a collection of rules and precepts for doing a thing with certainty, ease, and accuracy.

Science is knowledge in theory; Art is knowledge in practice. Botany is a science; Gardening an art.

The Liberal Arts are those that are ingenious, and cultivated without any immediate regard to the profit arising from them; as poetry, music, and painting; rhetoric, grammar and sculpture.

The Mechanic Arts are those wherein the hand and body are concerned more than the mind, and which are cultivated for the sake of the profit arising from them: as cabinet making, ship-building, turnery, weaving, masonry, and the like; popularly known by the name of Trades.

The principal Sciences are theology, philosophy, and jurisprudence, physics, Rhetoric, grammar, poetry, and mathematics.

Theology is the science which instructs us in the knowledge of God, and Divine things, and teaches us the manner in which we should serve our Creator.

Religion is that worship and homage which man owes to God, as his Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer.

Religion is founded on the existence of a Supreme Being, who requires the love, service, and adoration of his creatures.

Philosophy, properly speaking, is the Science of Wisdom; or, it is the employment of the human mind in examining and explaining the nature, modifications and effects of matter, the principles of morality, the operations of reason, and the properties of abstract or immaterial things. This last, is called metaphysics.

Physics, or Natural Philosophy, treat of the nature or modification of matter, and explain the various phenomenon of the material world.

Mechanics is a science which considers motion and moving bodies, their nature and laws, with the effect of mechanic powers and their various combinations, in the construction of machines or engines.

Hydrostatics is that science which treats of the weight and action of fluids.

Hydraulics teach us how to estimate the swiftness and force of fluids in motion. All water works, mills, pumps, &c. come under notice of hydraulics.

Pneumatics treat of the mechanical properties of elastic or aerial fluids: such as their weight, density, compressibility, and elasticity.

Electricity, or the electric fluid, is an exceedingly subtle fire which pervades all nature, and produces the most singular and extraordinary phenomena.

The Aurora Borealis is an extraordinary, luminous meteor, showing itself in the night after a dry season, chiefly in the northern parts of the atmosphere; and, hence, they commonly give it the name of northern lights, or streamers.

Agricultural.



ORNITHOLOGY & ENTOMOLOGY.

Extracts from Dr. Bachman's Essay on Ornithology and Entomology.

Nature has wisely provided that one race of animals should serve as a check upon the too rapid increase of others. This uniformity is seen in every department of her works. The bird is a blessing to the husbandman by destroying the reptiles and insects, which would otherwise be an annoyance to him, and by ridding the earth of a superabundance of the seeds of weeds and grasses. The Stork in Holland, the Turkey Vulture in Carolina, and the Rocks of England, are familiar instances where man has acknowledged the benefits derived from some of the species; and the calabashes for the house Wren, all go to testify that the farmer is not wholly unmindful of the benefits he derives from some of the feathered race. I would we could say this of many other species, that have been either neglected or misrepresented. So ignorant are our culturists of Ornithology, that they know not what birds should be destroyed as nuisances, or preserved as benefactors.—Old Kalm tells us a story that will bear frequent repetition; that in Virginia, in his day,

a bounty was given for the destruction of the little Crow, meaning, no doubt, some species of what are usually called Black birds, of which there is a considerable number of different Genera and habits, a few doing some injury to the corn, but the great majority, the Cow bird, (Leterus pecoris,) especially, being decidedly beneficial to the farmer; but they were destroyed, (of how many species there was no Ornithologist to tell,) and the consequence was that such was the increase of destructive insects, that they, after a great expenditure of money would have brought back the murdered birds at any price. In the days of our forefathers, a Governor of New England granted threepence a head for the Purple Grackle, but it is said the insects multiplied so rapidly, that the herbage was destroyed and the inhabitants were obliged to import hay from Pennsylvania and England. In fact a single bird of this species, by destroying the grubs that feed on the young corn, saves more than would feed an hundred Grackles for a whole year. Even our Hawks, against which the world has declared an exterminating war, do not deserve to be indiscriminately denounced, inasmuch as a considerable number of the species are not only harmless, but beneficial to us. Four species that visit Carolina, feed on insects, one on fish, one on serpents, and one on frogs and lizzards. "I have made a good day's work (said a planter to me,) for after watching and crawling nearly all day I have shot these two Hawks, which is as good as a dozen fowls saved." I thought he looked a little disconcerted, when I informed him that he had killed a pair of his best friends, the Mississippi Kite, a species which feeds alone on insects, and is so little carnivorous that it would not even pounce on a sparrow. Some of our Owls feed exclusively on mice, others on small birds; and, of all our Southern species, the great horned, or Virginia owl, is the only one which is injurious to our poultry, and this is exceedingly rare. We have two species of Crow, on our seaboard, one of which, and the rarest, is principally injurious to corn, the other, feeding on worms, berries and fish, is comparatively harmless, yet they are seldom known as distinct, by the farmer, who denounces vengeance indiscriminately against friend and foe.*

We have, in Carolina, about 250 of the 500 species of American birds, found North of Mexico, the majority of which are migratory; but a large minority either remain with us some time during the spring and summer, or are permanent residents; of all this number, we have only about a dozen species, that can, by any possibility, be regarded as decidedly injurious to the planter. All our Thrushes and Orioles, our Fly Catchers and Warblers, are useful aids in destroying worms and insects. The tyrant Fly catcher, or Bee bird, is destroyed by our American youths, (who appear to have the organ of destructiveness largely developed) because he is said to kill bees. It is true he may kill the bee that falls in his way, but he makes amends by destroying thousands of noxious insects; and is, moreover, a great protection to the poultry yard, for he never suffers a Hawk to come within a quarter of a mile of his nest—makes war against the Crow and Vulture, and even pounces on the back of the Eagle, the emblem of our pride and glory. The whole tribe of Warblers feed on caterpillars and worms, each individual consuming several hundreds in a day. During the last spring, I had a large bed of cabbages and cauliflowers, which were so infested by the small green cabbage worm, that their leaves were perforated like a honey comb, and I was obliged to have the worms picked every morning, amounting often to a tea-cup full. About this time I observed a nest of the Orchard Oriole, in a garden adjacent to mine; the old birds found their way into my cabbage yard, and so thoroughly kept down the worms for three weeks, that they proved better scavengers than my servants, and saved us further labor during that time. But the nest was discovered by the little lads of the neighborhood, who seized on the young, and caught the old in a trap cage, and now the cabbage worm reappeared, and remained a pest during the whole summer. The countless millions of sparrows that visit us in winter, merit our protection and gratitude, on account of their devouring the seeds and grasses that would otherwise overrun our fields; and I even doubt whether our rice bird, whose delicious flesh should disarm our hatred against it, on account of the depredations it commits on our large crops of rice, does not, in another particular, make amends for its hasty autumnal meal by returning to the same fields on the following spring in its harlequin dress, to pick up the scattered grains of rice left on the ground, and thus saves in part at least the labor of picking out the stems of volunteer or red rice.

In the State of New York, the following plan has been successfully adopted for thirty years, in preventing the crows from pulling up the newly planted Indian corn. Boiling water is first poured on the corn, in sufficient quantities to fill the vessel in which it is placed. When the water has stood on a few hours, to become perfectly cool, it is poured off and a half pint of boiling coal tar to every bushel of corn is poured on the seed, which is carefully stirred until every grain is covered with a thin coating of tar. It is then rolled in Gypsum, which is used as a valuable manure, but is of no particular use in keeping off the crows. The hot water does not effect the vitality of the grain, on the contrary it hastens its germinative powers. When this plan was first adopted in the Northern States, on a few of the farms it did not immediately answer the expectations of the farmer, inasmuch, as the fields were visited by a succession of crows, and the new comers were all obliged to submit to a tarred mouth, before they could be induced to desist, and their thievish propensities were encouraged by other fields of untarred corn. But since the practice has become universal, the crow-minder has been found to be superfluous. A few of our Carolina planters, have within the last few years, adopted this plan, adding saltpetre to the hot water, omitting, I regret to say, the Gypsum, and they speak favorably of it. I have no doubt were it to become general, it would be equally efficacious.

TO FAMILIES & INVALIDS.

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