

From the Boston Courier. THE FIRST DEAR THING. The first dear thing that I ever loved, Was a mother's gentle eye ; That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch That eradled my infancy. I'll never forget the joyous thrill That smile in my spirit stirred, Nor how it could chaim me against my will Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved Was a bunch of summer flowers, With odors, and hues, and leveliness Fresh as from Eden's bowers, I never can find such hues again, Nor smell such sweet perfume: And if there be odors as sweet as these, 'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love Is tenderer for to tell "Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye, That dazz'ed me with its spell. And the loveliest things I had loved before Were only the landscape now, On the carryase bright, where I pictured her In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love Was to sit in my cell alone, Musing o'er all these lovely things, Forever, forever flown. Then out I walked in the forest free. Where wantened the autumn wind, And the covered boughs hung shiveringly, In harmony with my mind.

And a spirit was on me that next I loved, That culeth my spirit still, Albeit against my will,

And I walked the woods till the winter came. And then did I love the snow . And I heard the gales through the wild wood Like the Lord's own organ below.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk, I saw it far away. Surpliced with snows, like the bending priest That kneels in the church to pray.

And I thought on the vanited fame on high, Where I stood when a little child, Awed by the lauds song thrillingly, And the anthems undefiled.

And again to the vaulted church I went, And I heard the same sweet prayers, And the same full organ peals up sent, And the same soft southing airs ; And I telt in my spirit so drear and strange, To think of the race I ran. That I loved the sole thing, that I knew no In the sele of the boy and man.

Miscellaneous.

From the East Alabamian. TAKING THE CENSUS. BY A " CHICKEN MAN" OF '40.

country, by the assistant Marshals who were bold hand across a blank schedule: employed to take the last census, was a very difficult work .- The popular impression that children. a tremendous tax would soon follow the misought by him, was either withheld entirely or shouted given with great reluctance. The returns therefore made by the Marshals exhibited a trial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against give me any more sarse. What do you want?" the unfortunate officers-who were known as the "chicken men"-made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats and abuse which they received on all hands, but most particularly about the produce of their looms, poultry vards | he'd come down, next Sunday!" and dairies; and when they did "come "Here Bull"-shouted the widow-"sick down" upon the unfortunate inquisitor, it him Pomp!"-but we cantered off, unwoundperience, and feelingly on this subject; for it hear the cheering voice of their mistressso happened, that the Marshal of the south- "Sieck Pomp-ink, sick, sieck him Bullern district of Alabama, "reposing especial suboy! suboy! suboy! day with all the powers of Assistant Marshal, gerous one. Fording the Tallapoosa river and arming us with the proper quantity of where its bed is extremely uneven, being we; but it did nt turn out so. True we distinctly. escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of "sliding out;" but then we were ed. Children shouted,-"youder goes the you'll never get it out. You see that big chicken man!"-men said "yes, d-n him, black rock, down to your right? Well there's their chickens, "to set the dogs on him"- right into that smooth water and come across!" · while the young women observed "they did nt know what a man wanted to be so perticilar and plunging into the smooth water we found about gals' ages for; without he was a-gwine it to be a basin surrounded with steep ledges n-courtin'-" We have some reminiscences of rock and deep enough to swim the horse of our official peregrinations that will do to we rode,-Round and round the poor old laugh at now, altho' the occurrence with which black toiled without finding any place at which down, how was Mr Van Buren and family thing but mirth-in-spring to us.

widow rather past the prime of life-(just that help us. At length we scrambled out, wet sole leather:" that we had been written to to Bryant he said the way he come to shout the period at which nature supplies most abun- and chilled to the bone—for it was a sharp take the census, dantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of September morning—and continued our jourthe female tongue)—and hitching to the fence, ney not a little annoyed by the boisterous, walked into the house.

"Good morning, Madam," said we in our picturesque appearance. usual bland, and somewhat insinuating man-

what I tell you, that if you said "cloth," "soap," ur "chickens," to me, I'd set the dogs on ye -Here Bull! Here Pomp!" Two wolfish Hole." curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl; and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the old shecountry. Last week, Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and loose, to save the world."

"Yes ma'am," said we, meekly, "Bull and

Pomp seem to be very fine dogs." "You may well say that : what I tells them to do, they do-and if I was to sick them on Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin'

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length when the widow paused. we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of her farm, we would set down the age, sex and complexion of her family.

"No sich a thing-you'll do no sich a thing." said she; "I've got five in family and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a placy sight whiter than you, and And maketh me marmar these sing song words, whether they are he or she is none of your the chattering of his teeth divided his words like, the more she giu it ten, the more ----" consarns."

We told her we should report her to the Marshal and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your Marshal or your Mr Van Buren here, if you're bad off to-let 'em come savage as a Bengal Tigress,) "Oh I wish he would come"-and her nostrils dilated and pocket, as can be! her eyes gleamed-"I'd cut his head off:"

"That might kill bim," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him-oh-if I had him here by the years, I reckon I would kill him. ful. A pretty Tellow to be cating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made King of Ameriky-the audacious, nasty stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment and then resumed, "and now, mister jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down "Judy Tompkins, ageable woman and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, one of the girls-n buxom one of twenty- come I didn't weave no cloth last year." prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We however were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps Bull and The collection of statistical information Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our concerning the resources and industry of the courage gave way and we made the entry in a

"Judy Tompkins, ageable woman and four

We now begged the old lady to dismiss nute investigation of the private affairs of the her canine friends that we might go out and people, caused the census-taker to be viewed depart: and forthwith mounting our black, we in no better light than that of a tax gatherer; determined to give the old soul a parting fire. and the consequence was that the information | Turning half round in order to face her, we

"Old 'eman !"

very imperfect view of the wealth and indus- long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you, I'll and some folks say he's goin' to take 'em make the dogs take you off that horse if you without payin for 'em, and some say he aint-

"Do you want to get married?" "Not to you, if I do!"

Placing our right thumb on the ussal extremity of our countenance, we said,

"You need nt be uneasy old 'un, on that score-though you might suit sore-legged from the old women of the country. The Dick S- up our way, and should like to dear old souls could not bear to be catechised know what to tell him he might count on if

was with a force and volubility that were sure ed, fortunately by the fangs of Ball and Pomp to leave an impression. We speak from ex. who kept up the chase as long as they could

"Hellow! little squire, you a-chicken hunt-

ing to-day?" Being answered affirmatively, he continued

We followed Sol's direction's to the letter, they are connected, were at the time, any he could effect a landing, so precipitous were when you seed him?" the sides. Sol occasionally asked us if the We rode up, one day, to the residence of a bottom was nt firstrate, but did nothing to

We had'nt more than got out of hearing of Sol's cachinatory explosions, before we met take down—times is hard, God's will be done;

Sol's cachinatory explosions, before we met take down—times is hard, God's will be done;

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Sol's cachinatory explosions, before we met take down—times is hard, God's will be done;

Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they in the river-I've lost \$25 in specie out of case on my boys any how They ought to it her "feathered stock," and would occasionkilled him afore my boys could break 'em my coat pocket, and I'm certain it's in that ove had a mighty good start, all on 'em, but ally exclaim-"a nice passel, ain't they-a must get you to help me get it."

This, of course, was a regular old-fashioned your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore lie, as we had not seen the amount of cash that our time was precious, that we wished to "a mighty nice passel !" you could say Jack Roberson. And its jist mentioned as lost, in "a coon's age." It take down the number of her family and the what I shall do, if you try to pry in my con- took, however, pretty well, and Sol concluded produce raised by her last year, and be off. same. They are none of your business, nor as it was a pretty cold spell of weather for the After a good deal of trouble we got through Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh old season and the water was almost like ice, that with the descriptions of the members of her with daggers in a room pitch dark." "Is it Vanhuren! I wish I had you here, you old half the contents of the buckskiu pouch would family and the "Statistical table" as far as possible?" was the reply. "Possible, sir! rascal! I'd show you what I'd-I'd make be just about fair for recovering it. After the article "cloth." some chaffering we agreed that Sol should out men to take down what little stoff people's dive for the money "on shares," and we went weave in 1840, ma'air?" got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough down with him to the river, to point out the "Well now! The Lord have mercy! brated line of Pope-"A little learning is a We did so with anxious exactness, and Sol used to live down in the Smith settlement !- a dangerous thing." with his wing broke. Puff! puff! as he gal, she couldn't help it, I dare say. Well, tweedle-dee is this: One is written with dang it, here goes again"-and Sol disap- old man druv her away, and ahe was a powinto rather more than their legitimate number "My dear madam, I am in a harryof sylables. "Oh perfectly certain Sol, per- please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth lars weigh a pound or two. I did'nt mention with you and go on!" -let Mr Van Buren come"-(looking as that I did'ut remember it-but I know just I was a'savin', Sall's child, hit gittin' wass, for me, I'll hold his hat !'-Portland Argus.

and as we were in a hurry, we requested him

"To be sure, I will," said he-and his blue shook from the same cause.

"The "river ager" made Sol shake worse than that, that fall. But we left him diving for the pouch in-

destriously, and no doubt he would have got it, if it had been there! Once, as we were about to leave a house

but the old hag vowed that it should be done followed us to the fence, and the following ete-a-tele ensued. " Now, 'squire, they say y ... now, and I title."

want, you to tell me, el' you please-what will chickens be worth this fall ?" "How many have you?"

"The rise of seventy, and three hens a "Well, now, Miss Betsy," said we, " you know how much I set by the old man, your

daddy-and the old lady, you know how she and me always got along-and Jim and Dave you know we was always like brothers-and friend-and as its you, I'll tell you!" "Do 'squire, ef you please: they say Van

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you Buren's going to feed his big army on fowls; and I thought, in course, of he did pay for 'em, the price would rise."

"Well, the fact is -but don't say nothing about it-the army is to be fed on fowls; the I remember I had jest got up to git the nightroosters will be given to the officers to make 'em brave, and the hens to the common soldiers, because, you see, they aint as good." " In course !"

" So, you see, the hens will be worth about three bits, and the roosters a half a dollar, and ready sale at that."

She was perfectly delighted, and we do not modesty was the bright trait in our character. bit of something cold " in our saddle bags, in confidence" in our ability, invested us one Our next adventure was decidedly a dan- case we should reach town too late for dinner. Our next encounter was with an old lady

the men and women, children and chickens, covered with slimy green moss, when about knew no bounds; it was constant, unremit- says I --resident upon those nine hundred square two-thirds of the way across, we were hailed ting, interminable, and sometimes laughably miles of rough country, which constitute the by Sol Todd from the bank we were ap- silly. She was interested in quite a large county of Tallapoosa, Giorious sport! thought proaching. We stopped to hear him more Chancery suit which had been "dragging its slow length along" for several years, and fornished her with a conversational fund which she drew upon extensively, under the idea that its merits could never be sufficiently dis--"you better mind the holes in them ere cussed. Having been warned of her pro- swept old spect and all her gang, they went quizzed, laughed at, abused and nearly drown- rocks, if your horse's foot gits ketched in 'em pensity, and being somewhat burried when to work on tothers; and Bryant (that's one o' we called upon her, we were disposed to get he'll be after the taxes soon "-and the old good bottom down below that. Strike down without hearing her enumeration of the strong one holler, and Bryant he tuk the old musket women threatened if he came to enquire about that, outside that little riffle - and now cut points of her low case. Striding into the and went out, and sure enough there was

house, and drawing our papers, "Taking the census, ma'ain!" quoth we. "Ah! well! yes, bless your soul, honey, take a seat. Now do! Are you the gentle- you reckon, when Bryant fired !" man that Mr Van Buren has sent out to take the sensis? I wonder! well, good Lord look

We explained that we had never seen the "Well, now, thar agin! Love your soul

Well, I 'spose Mr Van Buren writ you a letroaring laughter of the said Solomon, at our ter, did he? No? Well, I suppose, some of his officers done it-bless my soul! Well, 'Morning,' said the widow gruffly.

One of his neighbors who gave us to underbut looks like people can't git their jest rights this."

Drawing our blanks from their case, we stand that the ducking we had just received, in this country; and the law is all for the rich "I

proceeded-"I am the man, madam, that take | was but the fulfilment of a threat of Sol's, to | and none for the poor, praise the Lord. Did | "I'll let you see for yourself," said the widthe census, and,"——
"The mischief you are!" said the old termagaut—"yes I've hearn of you; Parson W. was out the londing of a threat of Sots, to make the "chicken-man" take a swim in the got agin old Simpson?—Looks like they magaut—"yes I've hearn of you; Parson W. on the opposite side of the river, the night never will git to the eend on it; glory to His ling off a handful, she commenced scattering told me you was coming, and I told him jist previous, and learning our intention to ford name! The children will suffer, I'm mighti- the grain, all the while screaming, or rather previous, and learning our intention to tord just where we did, fixed himself on the bank to ensure our finding the way into the "Buck Hole."

This information brought our nap right up, say what he was against the chicked will suffer the chicked and requesting Bill Splawn to stay where he case agin Simpson? No! good Lord! cackling, chirping; fluttering and flying over was till we returned, we galloped back to Sol's and found that worthy, rod on shoulder, ready to leave on a fishing excursion.

Well, squire, will you ax him the next time beds, chairs and tables; alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, fluttering against him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widsavage, "them's the severest dogs in this to leave on a fishing excursion.

Sol, old fellow," said we, "that was a ow, and my boys has got no larnin', and old a din and confusion altogether indiscribable. most unfortunate lunge I made into that hole Simpson's tuk 'em in. It's a mighty hard The old lady seemed delighted, thus to exhibhole, for I selt my pocket get light while I God bless you, that old man has used 'em up nice passel!" But she never would say what was scuffling about in there. The money tell they aint able to buy a creetur to plough they were worth; no persuasion could bring was tied up tight in a buckskin pouch, and I with. It's a mighty hard case, and the will her to the point; and our papers at Washing-

"How many yards of cotton cloth did you

precise spot at which our pocket grew light. Less see! You know Sally Higgins that dangerous thing," read it, "A little tareyer is soon denuded himself and went under the poor thing her daddy druv her off on the 'count | water in the Buck Hole, like a shuffler eack of her havia' a little 'un, poor creetur !--poor rose to the surface. "Got it Sol?" "No Sally she come to stay 'long wi' me when the more case (ee's) than the other. peared a second time. Puff! puff! and a erful good hand to weave, and I thought she'd

river, because I was so scared and confused a thought you'd a bin so snappish! Well, as forth, "but if any one in the cowd will speak as well when the pouch broke through my coat and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' it the vearb tea tell at last the child hit looked like Thus re-assured, Sol took the water again, it would die any how. And bout the time the child was at its wast, old Daddy Sykes he it is said, sprang out of the berth and jumped to bring the pouch and half the money to come along, and he said if we'd git some overboard, on hearing the captain, during a Dadeville, if his diving should prove success- night-shed berries and stew 'em with a little storm, order the crew to haul down the sheets. cream and some hog's lard-now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man and he gin lips quivered with cold and his whole frame the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about do von go-

"In God's vame, old lady," said we, "tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and at which we had put up the night previous,

last year. Good! we'll go on to the next ar

and turn yaller, and hit kept a wallin' its eyes out of town."

and a moanin', and I knowed-"Never mind about the child-just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year."

"Oh, well - ves-the chickens you mean. -Why, the lord love your pore soul, I reckon you never in your born days seen a poor creetur have the luck that I did-and looks like we never shall have good luck agin; for let you out." yourself, Miss Betsy, I consider my particular ever sence old Simpson tuk that case up to the Chancery Court-"

"Never mind the case; let's hear about the chickens, if you please."

"God bless you, honey, the owls destroyed in and about the best half of what I did raise. - Every blessed night the Lord sent they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and hee-hoo-hoe-reah, and one night partiklar, shed sale to 'nint the little gal with-

" Well, well, what was the value of what you did raise?"

"The Lord above look down! They got so bad -the owls did-they tok the old hens, as well as the young chickens. The night I was telling bout I hearn something squall! Among which may be found-Superfine black squall! and says I, I'il be that's old Speck that hesitate to say, would have rewarded us, with masty undacious owl's got, for I seen her go a kiss, if we had asked it; but in those days, to roost with her chickens, up in the plum tree, forneust the smoke house. So I went to whar As it was, she only insisted on our taking "a old Miss Stringer was sleepin', and says I, Miss Stringer! Oh! Miss Stringer! shore's vou're born, that stinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree; well, old Miss Stringer, notorious in her neighborhood for her garruli- she turned over 'pon her side-like, and says blanks, sent us forth to count the noses of all formed of masses of tock full of fissures and ty and simple-mindedness. Her loquacity she, what did you say, Miss Stokes? and

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly without circumlocu-

"The Lord Almighty love your dear heart houey, I'm telliu' you as fast as I kin. The owls they got wass and wass, and after they'd my boys) he 'lowed he'd shoot the pestersome through business as soon as possible, and creeturs-and so one night arter that, we hearn owley (as he thought) a settin' on the comb of the house; and he blazed away, and down come --- what on airth did come down, do

"The owl, I suppose." " No sich a thing, no sich a thing! the owl warn't thar. 'Twas my old house-cat come a tumblin' down, spittin', sputterin' and scratchin', and the for a flyin' every time she President; didn't "know him from a side of jumpt, like you'd a busted a feather bed open ! cat instood o' the owl, he seed something

> "For Heaven's sake, Mrs Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not! Do one thing or the other.'

"Then tell me how many dollars' worth you have now, and the thing's settled."

oughtn't never to have been broke, but --- 'ton contain no estimate of the widow Stokes' Here we interposed and told the old lady poultry, though as she said herself she had

> An American, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with, "They even fight returned the Yankee, why, I have seen them."

A schoolboy, coming one day to that cele-

The difference between tweedle-dum, and

KILTS .- "I shall be off to the highlands considerable rattle of teeth as Sol once more help me a power. Well, arter she'd bin here this fall; but, cuss 'em, they hante got no rose into upper air. "What lack, ole horse?" awhile, her baby hit tak sick and old Miss woods there; nothin' but heather, and that's By jings, I felt it that time, but some how it Stringer she undertak to help it-she's a pow- only high enough to tear your clothes. That's slid out of my fingers." Down went Sol erful good hand, old Miss Stringer, on roots the reason the Scotch don't wear no breeches: again, and up he came after the lapse of a and yearbs and sich like! She made a sort they don't like to get 'em ragged up that way minute, still without the pouch. "Are you of tea, as I was a saying, and she gin it to Sal- for everlastinly; they can't afford it; so they right sure squire, that you lost it in this hole," ly's baby, but it got wuss-the poor creetur- let 'em scratch and tear their skiu, for that said Sol getting out upon a large rock, while and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and looked will grow agin, and trousers went."-Same Stick in England.

SHORT AND SWEET .- "I can't speak in-q tectly certain. You know \$25 in hard dol- you wove in 1840! I want to get through pu lic-never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public the circumstance when I first came out of the "Well! well! the Lord a mercy! who'd meeting, who had been called upon to hold

> THE LATEST CASE. - A very modest lady who was a passenger on hoard a packet ship,

COMPLIMENTARY -- An old clergyman and rather an eccentric one withal, whose field of that case-boys, says be, I'lt tell you what you labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday at the close of his services gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys and mission to the heathen. The members of his the law-suit go to the devil. I'm in a burry," church were struck with alarm and sorrow at "Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git the sudden and unexpected ennouncement of aggrawated, I was jest a tellin' you how it the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed: "Oh! well, you didn't weave any cloth "Why, my dear sit, you have never told us •Ob, brother C-," said the parson, with "Yea! you see the child hit begun to swell the greagest sang froid, "I don't expect to go

> Curran said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter." "Why?" said the priest, "because then you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in ' "I had better have the keys," said Father O'Leary, "of another place, and then I could

A person was remarking the other day, ·How cheap every thing is got.' 'Not every thing,' said his friend, woman is always dear.

NEW AND CHEAP CASHSTORE

THE Subscribes as taken the newly built Store on Person Street, next door to Cal. S. T. Hawley's and i amediately opposite Mr P. Taylor's Store, where he is now receiving and opening from New York and Philadelpha, A NEW STOCK of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRI GOODS.

and have B ordel the, Cassimeres and Sattinetts; super. English black Satin and other Vestings black and blue black Silks; figured and fancy colored ditto; black and colored A paras, some very handsome; French and English Challys and Me rinos; French, English, and Ameri in Prints, a good assortment of the newest styles, (very cheap;) Muslim and Crape-de-Lains; B one Crapes; Lades' fancy Silk Cravats; Woollen and other Shawis, super. B aver Charl; French Cassimere; black Silk and Alpaca Cravats; Stocks; Irish Linens and Lawns; Linen Cambric Hankerchiels; ditto Hem-stitched, some very fine; Linen Cambrie; Musins and Cambries; Laces, Edaing and Inserting; Patent and Spool Thread; Sewing Silk and Twist; Coat Cord and Binding; Velve and other buttons; Silk Velvet extra; Flo ence, plain Straw, Willow, and Cypress Bonnets; fancy Silk and single and double she'l Albert duto; bonnet cap and nees Ribbons, newest styles; artificial Sprigs and Wreaths , scarlet and white Flannels ; Kenicky Jeans; Kersevs; B'ankets; Fur and Wool Hats; Men's, Boys', Youths', and Chi'dren's Cloth, Fur, and G azed Caps, some fine Fur, Seal and Muskrat ditto; Shoes, all sizes; Umbrellas; Hosiery; Ladies' fine white cotton Stockings; colored ditto; superior Cashmere Prossian black titto; Gentlemen's and Ladles' black Hoskin and Kid Gloves; colored ditto; Silk and Cotton ditto; tog-ther with many other articles not mentioned. As I am determined to sell for the lowest Cash prices, and for CASH only, persons may rely upon good bargains. Call and examine for yourselves. C. CAISON.

NOTICE.

September 20, 1843.

ALL persons are cautioned against purchasing any part of the Lands known as the Big Leroy, containing 3000 acres, and bounded as follows: Begin ning at Cole Camp Bridge, and runs with the County line to Big Rockfish, then up said Creek to near Davis' Bridge, then North to Bones Creek. then to Buckhead, then down said Creek to Little Rockfish, following Little Rockfish to McNeill's Bridge where the Lumberton road crosses the same then with said Road to the beginning. The under sing on the above named Lands will be prosecute by J. C. DAVIS. by Sept. 20, 1843.--239-1f.

TO FAMILIES & INVALIDS

The following indispensable family remedies may be found at the village drug stores. and soon at every country store in the state Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of

Comstatestes on the wrappers, as all others by the same names are base impositions and country feits. If the merchant nearest you has them nor urge him to procure them next time he visits New York, or to write for them No family should be a week without these remedies

BALDNESS

BALM OF COLUMBIA, FOR THE HAIR which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on ba'd places; and on children make it grow rapidly, er on hose who have lost the hair from any cause.

ALL VERMIN that infest the heads of children n schools, are prevented or killed by it at once-Find the name of Comstochister on it, or never try it. Remember this always.

RHEUMATISM, and LAMENESS positively cured, and all shrivelled muscles and limb

are restored, in the old or young, by the INBLE VEGETABLE CLIXIE AND NERVE AND BONE LININENTbut never without the name of Coinstock & Co. on it.

come on, if you use the only true Havs' LINIMENT from Comotock & Co. ALISORES

ward application. It acts like a charm. Use it. HORSES that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind Galls, &c., are cured by Roors' Specific; and Foundered horses entirely cured by Roofs'

and every thing relieved by it that admirs of an out.

counder Cintment. Mark this, all horsemen. Magical Pain Ex-

tractor Salve .- The mest extraordine temedy ever invented for all new or old

BURNS & SCALDS and sores, and sore SYES It has delighted

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