How tender is woman! The watcher at night. Who leaves not the blo On account of the blight, An angel of mercy. She soothes us in pain. And smiles in her gladness When health comes again.

How lofty is woman! Deep, deep is her ire, When light words enkindle The spark on the pyre; Majestic she towers, Man quaits from her view, Will her wrath like a cloud, Soon diesulves into dew.

How loving is woman ! How fragile she clings To him she hath chosen, Whatever he brings ; Though all he can utter Are words to deceive, Confiding-she loves him, Though false-will believe.

How child-like is woman ! How winning her ways She strives for our pleasure Through long weary days; No ill can affright her, No shade can annoy : She seeks but to lead us To saushine and joy.

MISCELLANY.

The Two Letters; A Comedy of Errors.

My stay in New York had been prolonged far beyond my original intention when I visited that city, and I was pining to return to my native village, and to the arms of my dearest Julia, whom I hoped soon to make my bride. I had drank deep of the cup of serrow during my absence from her, and I looked forward with glowing anticipations to the time when we should meet to part no more.

At length my business took a favorable turn .-There was no longer anything to detain me in New York, and I made basty preparations for a departare to my native village. It was the evening before I designed to set out, that I wrote two hasty letters to prepare my friends for my reception.

The first of these epistles was to Julia. It ran

DEAREST GIRL: I shall leave New York in the three o'clock train to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from that time I shall be with you. I never knew how I loved you until my heart was tried by the test of absence; now I feel how devotedly, how truly, I am your own. Oh! what joy it will be to meet with you once more! That will be the happiest moment of my life, except when I can, for the first time, call you my bride.

Yours till death,

FREDERICK. The second letter was addressed to an old maid of my acquaintance, who had been like a sister to me, and to whom I was indebted for many little acts

My DEAR FRIEND: I write this in haste to inform you that I shall probably visit you some time to-morrow evening. You see I don't want to find you unprepared. And I want you to treat me well. Don't think my affection for you has in the least diminished, but you must know my affection for another has increased, and strong as are your claims upon me, hers are somewhat stronger. Now as true a friend to you as ever.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK.

Having finished both of these letters, I sealed them in the same haste in which they had been written, fearing that they would be too late for the mail. Superscribing them in a hurried hand, I sent them to the post office, where they arrived just

At three o'clock on the following day, I was at the depot, and in the cars. I was too imputient for steam itself. I even believe the telegraph couldn't have transported me to the arms of my Julia soon enough to satisfy my impatience. I thought the cars moved slower than a mule, and thought too at one time of getting out to run along ahead of them.

However, slow as I thought I was travelling, I arrived in good time in my native village. I did not stop to shake hands with a single soul, but arrived at her father's house. I expected to see her face at the window looking out for me, but it was not visible. However, I reflected that like all women, she was coquetish, and avoided showing her protty eyes at the window, just to tease me. Yet felt certain she would be looking out for me, and I have a distinct recollection of offering to bet fifty dollars with myself that she was peering through the blinds at me, or from behind a curtain.

I ran up to the door, and entered without knocking. I opened my arms expecting Julia to jump into them, and supposed of course the would, but I shot them up again quick enough, when I saw the a'd lady approaching, not her daughter. "Where's Julia ?" I cried.

"Oh, she's gone-"

"Gone !"

"Yee."

"For heaven's suke," I gasped, "tell me where?" "I was going to, but you interrupted me," said the old lady crustily. "She has gone to spend a fow days with her consins."

light-I felt that it would break my heart.

"Yes, I believe so," deswied the old indy. "I heard her say something about getting a note from | hold. you—that she expected you to call here to night." It was enough. My heart was a heap of ruius! she knew I was coming-and blame me not for giving vent to my feelings in such expressions as us these.

into the street, but whether I ran there, staggered hearty hat hat hat there, or was carried there by my friends, I could heard from myself, I was approaching the door of consent:

strange that 4 ucy threw herself into my arms, and lick !" offered me her lips to kiss. As it was, feeling the need of sympathy, I embraced her warmly exclaim-

"Dear Lucy, you are the only true friend I've

"Oh! I hope not" she replied. "But I am glad you think I am a true friend to you, for I am." "And you will always be?"

"Always Frederick!" Oh! and we shall be so happy 17

"What does she mean?" thought I.

We shall be so happy, dear Frederick !" she repeated; "I know we shall. The truth is, my dear. I have loved you long-in secret-hopelessly; but after receiving such a dear, affectionate letter from "What !" I cried, staring at her in wonder.

"Why, after reciving such a dear good letter." said Lucy, "I am so happy that I must tell you all my heart. When we are married, Frederick-" "I'm dreaming," thought L.

"We will have this pleasant event to talk about, won't we? Why, you can't think how surprised and delighted I was to receive your letter. I laughed over it and cried over it; and if I have read it once, I have read it fifty times." Here she took my letter from her bosom

"Then it seems," she continued, so happy that I was provoked with her-"it seems that absence taught you how much you love me."

I was stupified; though I was insane; couldn't understand one word L. said. Meanwhile, she unfolded the letter. Then-then I understood it all ; I uttered a scream which was scarcely human, it was so wild; and eagerly snatched the letter. It was the letter I wrote to Julia!

Yes: then I understood it all! I had made a cy had been flattered with the hope and belief that I loved her, while Julia-poor girl !-believes I was about to marry another. This was the cause of Lucy's tenderness; this was the cause of Julia's visiting her cousins!

I laughed ; I danced ; I dare say I cut up every manner of silly capers which a man ought to be ashamed of. And Lucy all the time was staring at me as I before had stared at her. This brought

"A mistake." I stammered-"this letter-wrste in a hurry-put the wrong name on the back-

I shall never forget the old maid's consternation. She understood what I wished to say; she saw the error in its true light. I thought she don't be jealous: for after I am married, I shall be would sink through the floor, but she had hold of the door latch, and that probably sustained her. I was glad that the door-latch was strong. At that moment my conscience hit me a severe cut, and made me smart. How I cursed my carelessness which had been the cause of so much mischief. made a hurried apology, but I didn't stop to see if Lucy fainted, or to have the pleasure of holding a smelling bottle to her nose in case she should sink into that interesting state.

> I thought of Julia. I flew to make an explanation. It was three miles to her aunt's house, but I was there in a trifle over three minutes. Puffing like a steam engine, I asked to see her, and was shown into a room where she was alone. She regarded me with so cold a look that I am sure it would have chilled me through-made an icicle of me perhaps-if I hadn't been so hot with running. I threw myself at her feet. She started backit might have been in disgust, and it might have been because her hand touched my face which was burning like a coal.

"Dear Julia," I sighed. I panted, I suppose, but sighed is the better

"Well, sir," said she coldly.

"Don't scorn me, I'll make it all right; it's only mistake." "What 2"

"Why, that letter-"

"That letter, sir, was a very friendly one, I am sure. Indeed!" added Julia, bitterly, "I feel quite flattered by your confidence in me, in making known your intentions to marry. I hope you will get a good wife, sir; hope you will be happy." "Julia ! Julia !" I cried in a gony, "I say it's all

a mistake. That letter was not meant for you." Julia's assumed coldness and indifference had vanished in a moment. Then she looked at me, "It wasn't meant for you," I repeated.

"I wrote that to Lucy Mathews-put the wrong name on the back. Here's the letter I wrote to

"Go to her at once," said Julia," and make a full explanation and a suitable apology." I followed her advice. I met Lucy on the thres-

"Not a word" said she, hughing. "I don't need

Reader, I didn't marry Lucy, but I did make a

EDITORS LOOKING UP.

We extract the following paragraph from the Edenton (N. C.) Sentinel:

IF Being much Indisposed ourself this week, (having been again attacked with the gout,) -and our journey-man having seen proper to absent himself from our employment—provents us from ssuing but half a sheet this week

Editors are certainly rising in the world. Seaton is Mayor of Wushington, Brooks and Greeley are or have been members of Congress, and the editor of the Nashville Union is Clerk of the Tennessee House of Representatives. But who ever heard before of an editor's having the gout; that complaint hitherto monopolised entirely by the wealthy and luxurious of the land? For our part, we never before heard of one who was afflicted with any complaint above the dignity of an old fashioned cholic. It must be a consolation to our excellent contemporary, to reflect, that since he is doorned to be sick, he has been spared the humilation of being prostrated by any less aristocratic complaint. We hope, for the honor of the fraternity, it may not, after all, turn out to be nothing more than a vulgar rheamatism.-Rich. Whig.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related: About the year 1690 one of those daugerous men, in whom crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another .mistake in a segrectibing the letters, and Julia had got Lucy's while Lucy had got Julia's. And Lurejected. Euraged at this, he studied how to be have studied the system and have been gainers revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanic arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the han- the roads, contrasting strongly with the deserted die of which was so constructed it could be tur- hamlets on the other routes, where high fares have ned round with difficulty. When turned, it disclos- not only driven people away, but kept others from ed a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle and directors has become proverbial along the route. fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried For our part, we care little or nothing about free

church in which the maiden whom he loved was tions to ride on a rail, which have been kindly extoo, even if I don't call on you the first of any ... sent yours to Julia-sent Julia's-this one-to about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the steel, paperceived, into the breast of the groom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lumentations of the bridal party. Vain was the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo then again demanded the hand of the maiden of her parents and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserably in a few days. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first month of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate. This she refused. Tebaldo beside himself with rage, determined to wound her through the gate, and at last succeeded. The obscurity of the place prevented his movements from being observed. The maiden soon felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain gradually increased, and the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but, immediately cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and thus saved the life of the young lady. The appearance of Tebaldo at the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. Accordingly his dwelling was carefully searched, and the invention was found in his possession. Tebuldo subsequently perished on the gibbet.

THE MOTHER.

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and even crime, set up no barracks between her and her Son. While his mother lives he has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he suffers; who will soothe him in his sorrows, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair, Her affections know no ebbing tide. They flow on from a pure fountain, and speak of happiness through this vale of tears, and cease only in the ocean of eternity.

LONG PRAYERS.

Couldn't help laughing the other day at an an-I was thurderstrock. I conscientiously believe that at that moment I was as white as a piece of parchment. At any rate, I could swear before any court that I felt very faint and sick.

"When did she go?" I faitered.

"Two hours ago! What! didn't she receive my letter?"

"Two hours ago! What! didn't she receive my letter?"

I was terribly excited. I felt that my eternal happiness depended upon the woman's answer. If Julia had gone off to rish her cousins when she she what on the she gos? What a latter prince what of the part is well fomented with torpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises and bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed who had over-persuaded a guest, greatly against this inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed who had over-persuaded a guest, greatly against the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises and bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began serious-bis inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impa

From the Boston Evening Post. FREE PASSES FOR EDITORS.

ON BAILBOADS, ETC. weeks alnce, by announcement made that Editors world that there is such a road in exist nee, refers will sober the gay-it will comfort the grieved. to its prospects, allodes to the beauties of Nature hich can be seen during a ride over the road, and establishes in the minds of the people a confireceived for this? An advertisement at a low This is what the newspaper does for railroads.-What should be the reward of those who spend time and money in improving the stock of railrouds? What does a free pass amount to? It costs the railroads no more to convey one hundred and one passengers than it does one hundred .-Editors are not generally migratory in their habits, but when an opportunity offers they sometimes avail themselves of it. An invitation is sent perhaps to an editor to pass over a road at his own convenience. A leisure day presents itself, and away he flies over the road, noticing everything he sees, and giving a sketch of his trip in his paextraordinary talent is only the fearful source of per which is read by thousands and thousands .-Perhaps a few only may be induced to follow his example. They go and see, and these few speak of it to others, and so the ball is set in motion .-What does the corporation lose?

There is a policy in few passes-there is economy in well directed liberality, and some roads while others have pursued a narrow contracted ishing villages which have sprung up on some of settling, and where the meanness of the president

itself there, without leaving any external trace, passes, we are tied to the oar, and cannot avail Tebaldo waited in disguise, at the door of the ourselves of complimentary and unsolicited invitawith some little respect, and if any class in the community deserve to travel without expense, in consideration of services rendered, it is that which belongs to the Press.

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.

J. T. Buckingham, Esq., in his series of reniniscences in course of publication in the Boston Courier, speaks of the importance of the printer to the author as follows:

"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius through the colimns of a newspaper, little think of the lot of a printer, who, almost suffocated by the smoke of a amp, sits up till midnight to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. 1 have seen the argument of lawyers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own handwriting-many words, and especially technical and foreign terms, abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points, and these few, if there were any, entirely out of place. I have seen the sermons of minent 'divines' sent to the presa without points or capitals to designate the division of the sentences-sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would disgrace the priner's devil if he were the author. Suppose they had been treated with scorn and contempt as an illiterate blockhead-as a fellow better fitted to be woodsawyer than a printer. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance or careleseness of the author. And no one but the practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts that the writers themselves would be puzzled to read."

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

We recommend the following recipe, which will follows: be found spon trial to be a simple, still an invaluable remedy for rheumatism .- Wright's Casket, RECEIPE,-Take a pint of the spirits of turper tine, to which add half an ounce of camphor; let it stand till the camphor is dissolved, then rub it on the part affected, and it will never fail of removing the complaint. Flannel should be applied after the part is well fomented with torpentine. Repeat

There is something in the wildness and sublim ity of mountain scenery that tends to remind us The community were somewhat startled, a few rather of eternity than decay; the perishable works of man are no where to be seen. No city any apology from you; you hav'en't done any were not allowed to pass over a certain Railroad lies in gloomy ruins, to show the outlines of faded Oh! the faithlesness, the fickleness, the heartless- particular damage to my old maid's heart. You free-and still more so, when some heroic gentle- greatness; no worship that has passed away. We ness of woman? All that has been said of her has see, I knew there was some mistake when I re- men started up at that meeting and with courage stand upon the mountain, and we scarcely know been but flattery; she is a serpent in an angel's ceived your letter; I was not so foolish as to think exclaimed:-"Glad of it." For our part we see that man exists upon the earth. This is not the form! Oh deception! oh misery! Judge of my you meant all those pretty, tender things for me .- no particular cause for rejoicing, and the gentle- land where arts have died, or science has been disappointment-my despair-my unuiterable woe, But I meant to punish you for your carelessness, men who thus spoke out must look deeper into the forgot; those rocks never echoed the elonnence of when I learned that Julis was gone-gone when by making you think you had done a world of subject than we have as yet. Elizur Wright at orators or the songs of poets; the waters never I was willing that Lucy should laugh at me, it free passes, and concluded by promising not only never yielded to man the fruit of his industry. It made me feel more easy, for I knew that I deserved to rice over the rails and pay his fare, but to be- is not that the finger of time can be recognised.-I think I should be very scrupulous about sweet- it. I pouted a little, however, and strove to look come a stockholder, if the companies would pay a In vain would be set his mark on snows that neving to anything that took place the next half hour dismal, until she repeated what she had said about fair price for the hundreds of articles which direct- er fail to disturb the fast bound form of adamanafter my heart received that heavy blow. Only our being "so happy when we were married," ly or indirectly tend to improve railroad stock, and time ice. In vain he stretches out his hand where one thing I am sure of. I left the house, and got which caused me to echo back her laugh with a which editors insert daily and weekly, gratuitous- the rushing torrent and the wavering water-fall, ly. Let us look for a moment into this subject, blest with an eternity of youth, dash on their headand see how much newspapers have to do with long course, regardless of the blighting power that not conscientiously venture to affirm the first I bride of Julia as soon as I could get her parents' the formation of railroads. A few men meet and withers strength, or lulls to rest the creation of talk over a route for a railroad. The resources of the creature of mortality. Here we may pause my friend, the old maid, and she was running out to On the very evening of my marriage, the old the country looked at, the amount of travel is reck- and say that time has lost its power. Here may meet me. This probably brought me to my senses. maid whispered in my car, with a saucy laugh, oned, and then the public pulse is touched through we view the faint efforts of time overthrown in an I was past being surprised at anything that and a mischievous twinkle of her eyes, "How the medium of the newspaper The editor is called instant. Changes there are, but the work of an might happen, else I should have thought it a little happy we shall be when we are married, Freder-upon and becomes interested in the plan, and his hour has defeated the slow progress of decay. The pen is employed to portray the advantages which lightning of the thunder-storm, the blowing tem must accrue. Other editors copy the articles, the post, the engulphing flood, the overspreading avacommunity is awakened, and then comes a call lanch, have efficed from the surface of nature the for a public meeting, and the newspaper again impress of time, and left naught in the changes to lends gratuitously its services to induce the people romind us of age. Surely there are scenes in life to be present. The work goes on! the newspaper which seem created to awaken in mankind the records its progress. The annual meeting is hol- recollection that even time can lose its power.den-a reporter is sent off, and the absent stock. Who will not feel the acthingness of the pleasures, holders, ere twenty-four hours have clapsed, are the cares, nay even the sorrows of our petty span, posted up; and finally comes the opening, when when for a moment he dwells with his heart and we columns in the newspaper amounce to the soul upon the thoughts of an eteraity? Yes, it

A friend in Robeson informs us, that Mr. Aaron dence in the stock. What peconiary reward is Oliver, of Ashpole, Robeson County, gathered and measured, with the assistance of two of his neighprice is obtained, and the money received for this bers, forty-five bushels of shelled corn from half an is paid out in recording the success of the road .- acre of land. The adjoining land was fully as good as the part measured, and the entire day was consumed in gathering and measuring the half acre, so that the remainder could not be accurately tested, but there was no doubt that the acre vielded 90 bushels. The land was cleared since the 1st of March last, and was not manured .- Observer

From the London Punch. IN FOR IT-HOW TO GET OUT OF IT. Once on a time, there was a gentleman who wor n elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance. But the gentleman had no place to put it in. Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it. He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose nto the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve. He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to gentleman with moderate means, a small house amon feelings of humanity, and-an elephant. France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back the Pope. She is at her wit's end what to do with him. She can't ubet the Pope and the Cardinals, be cause she interfered in the cause of liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the cardinals. She can't act with Austria, because Austria is ab-

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful. She can't continue her army in Rome, because

it is not treated with respect. She can't withdraw her army from Rome, be-

cause that would be to stultify herself. She can't go forward, because she insisted on the

Roman people going backward. She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own disonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchaffer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the higher and more whirligig species of political etymology. Poor France-will nobody take her precious bar-

gain off her hands? Rome is her bottle imp. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it "at any

A YANKEE ANSWER,

A wager was laid, that it was a Yanken peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To sustain the assertion a downeaster was interro-

"I want you," said the better, "to give me straight forward answer to a plain question. "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then, why is it New Englanders always an wer a question by asking one in return? "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

. PRIZE WIT.

We learn from the Richmond Republican, that at the farewell concert of the Nightingale Screnaders, in that city, they off-red prizes for the worst and best conundrums. The two that won were as

"Why is a rose like a nose? Because it won't stay blown." "Why is the Richmond Enquirer like John

Jacob Astor ? Because both are renowned for their riches (Ritchies)," A third was, "Why is the king of Russia striving to spoil a

good dinner? Because he wants to take hungry (Hungary) men from Turkey." A JOKE-One of our imps, who had been surfering with the tooth-ache for a week, screwed up

his courage to have it extracted, whereupon he per petrated the following: " However agonizing the thought, yet we mus-

part," exid the mouth to the tooth. "Good riddance and spare your feelings; in fuof an acre of land, with a lazariant growth of the ture I'll have no more of your jose!" was the prompt reply of the toeth.

Sedgwick Female Seminary,

RALEIGH, N. C. THE winth accessor of this Institution of July. Punetuml attendance is desirable. Expenses of Pupils for Beard and English Tuition, \$50 per season of five months. For ornamental branches, an eatte charge. For particulars, address

J. J. FINCH. Raleigh, June 15, 1849.

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES. PRIME Brown, Clarified, Powdered, Crushed, and Loaf Sugars; Porto Rico, Laguira and Old Java Coffice; very superior fresh Imperial, Gunpowder and Black Tea; Vinegar, Lamp Old, &c. &c. &c. JAMES M. TOWLES. Raleigh, May 25, 1849.

To Printers and Others.

12 REAMS Pearl Foolscap, unruled, and 10 Reams Rice Flat Foolscap, expressly for printing, a new article in this market. Also, a few reams of superior ruled letter paper, for sale by P. F. PESCO. Raleigh, August 5, 1849.

MOLASSES,-Just received prime MOLASSES, new crop. For sale by
JAMES LITCHFORD.
Next door above Mrs. Hardie's.

CIGARS.

Ruleigh, August 5, 1849.

A FRESH supply of those celebrated Spatish Cic-gars, just received, to which we invite the at-cution of our customers. P. F. PESCUD.

PLOUGHS AND PLOUGH CASTINGS 11

A COMPLETE assortment of Richmond's cele-brated Self-Sharpeoing Ploughe and Castings; also Two Horse Ploughs for turning over stubble JAMES M. TOWLES. Ruleigh, August 3, 1849.

Cheltenham Salts.

A supply of the above Salts on kand, and for the by P. F. PESCUD.

Sal. Soda. THE attention of Soap Makers is respectfully

rvited to the above article; a large supply of which may be found at Apothecary Store. Congress Water. DHERE may be found a supply of Congress Wa.

I ter at my Establishment, fresh from the Springs, and I will keep it on Ice, (as heretofore,) for the ac-commodation of my customers. P. F. PESCUD.

Ra eigh, June 8, 1849. TURNIP SEEDS.

ARGE Norfolk, Ruta Bags, Flat Dutch, and Bennehan's, just received and for sale by

Raleigh, August 5, 1840. SOAPS.

A CASE eld English Scaps—long since celebrated for their parity, this day opened and for sale by P. F. PESCUD. Raleigh, August 5, 1849. Comstock's Sarsaparilla,

A first rate preparation for all diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood. For sale at the low price of 50 cents per bottle, or 4 dollars

P. F. PESCUD.

Bruised and carefully selected HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, just received and for sule by P. F. PESCUD, Tricopherous, Cologne & Milk of Roses.

THE Subscriber would be pleased to introduce to the notice of the Ladies a more extended acquaintane with his superior TRICOPHEROUS, Cologne Wa ter and Milk of Roses-which he is now preparing and which is pronounced as good as the best. R. F. PESCUD. Sep. 28.

Yeast Powders.

A SUPPLY of Westerfield's Yeast Powdors of hand. If you want Good Bread, send and get Box at PESCUD'S Drug Store. Sept. 28. Box at PESCUD'S Drug Store. Bath Brick.

1F you want bright Knives and Forks, send and get a Bath Brick. Price 10 cents. Polishing Powders and Brushes, For Silver and Brass. On hand and for sale. For Silver and Jerus.

ALSO, Tamarinds.—One Jar very nice.

AT PESCUD'S.

Sponges.

A LARGE supply of splendid Sponges some fin up and aval shaped—just received at Oct. 12, P. P. PESCUD's Drug Store. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, and

Barthelomow's Pink Expectorant, are first rate at icles for Colds, Coughs, and Diseases of the Ches A supply on hand at
Oct. 12. P. F. PESCUD'S Drug Store.

Head Ache.

IF you are subject to a Nervous Head Achesend to PESCUD'S Drug Store, and get a best of Spohn's Head Ache Elixer—or if you are Ben get a bottle of McNair's Acoustic Oil and be re lieved.

P. F. PESCUD

Chloride of Lime. A FRESH supply just received at PESCI D'S. Ruleigh, August 5, 1849.

Congress Water. QIX dozen, "free5 and prime," just at hand, and for Raleigh, August 5, 1849.

CHOCOLATE Drops and Lezenges of all kind just opened, and for sale by Ruleigh, March 8, 1849.

Lamp Chimneys and Wicks. Also Lamp Oil and Gus; kept ed and for sale by P. F. PESCUD. Oct 19.

Balsam Copaiba. One case run: Balsam Copaiba. Also, Capsul of Copaiba, Cubebs, Cod Laver Oil, and Camphor chand, and for sale by P. F. PESCUD.

Husband's Magnesia. A very superior article, equal to Henry's, and tearly suc-linif the price.

Oct. 12. For sale by P. P. PESCHD.

Radway's Chinese Medicated Soa FOR removing Pimples, Tay, and other Cutanes isones. Just received, and for unle by Oct. 12. P. F. PESCUD.

Neapolitan Shaving Liquid, Rowell's Cream, and Oleophane, Walnet Oil, a Old Brown Windsor Soap for Shaving, just to have and for sale by P. F. PESCUD. Oct. 12.