

Following seem to have been some of the causes.—Women were confined to household toils; their minds had no adequate occupation; many young unmarried women, without duties, would lack objects of sufficient interest for their yearnings; many of the old ones, despised, ill-treated, proscribed with the world, rendered spiteful and vindictive, took even more readily to a resource which roused and gave employment to their imaginations, and promised to gratify their wishes. It is evident too, that the supposed sex of the devil helped him here. The old women had an idea of making much of him, and of coaxing, and getting round the black gentleman. But beside all this, there lies in the physical temperament of the other sex a peculiar susceptibility of derangement of the nervous system, a predisposition to all the varieties of trance, with the prolific sources of mental illusion—all tending, it is to be observed, to advance the belief and enlarge the pretensions of witchcraft.

The form of trance which specially dominated in witchcraft was trance-sleep with visions. The graduates and candidates in the faculty sought to fall into trances, in the dreams of which they realized their waking aspirations. They entertained no doubt, however, that their visits to the devil and their nocturnal exploits were genuine; and they seem to have willfully shut their eyes to the possibility of their having never left their beds. For, with a skill that should have betrayed to them the truth, they were used to prepare a witch-broth to promote in some way their nightly expiations. And this they composed not only of materials calculated to prick on the imagination, but of substantial narcotics, too—the medical effects of which they no doubt were acquainted with. They contemplated evidently producing a sort of stupor.

The professors of witchcraft had thus made the singular step of artificially producing a sort of trance, with the object of availing themselves of one of its attendant phenomena. The Thamsans in Siberia do the like to this day to obtain the gift of prophecy. And it is more than probably that the Egyptian and Delphic priests habitually availed themselves of some analogous procedure. Modern mesmerism is in part an effort in the same direction.

Without at all comprehending the real character of the power called into play, mankind seems to have found out by a "mera palpation," by instinctive experiment and lucky guessing in the dark, that in the stupor of trance the mind occasionally stumbles upon odds and ends of strange knowledge and presence. The phenomenon was never for an instant suspected of lying in the order of nature. It was construed, to suit the occasion and times, either into divine inspiration or diabolic whisperings.—But it was always supernatural. So the ignorant old leman-seller in Zschokke's *Selbstschau* thought his "hidden wisdom" a mystical wonder; while the enlightened and accomplished narrator of their united stories stands alone, in striking advance even of his own day, when he unassumingly and diffidently puts forward his gift as a simple contribution to physical knowledge. And thus, my proposed task accomplished, my dear Archy, finally yours, &c.,

THE SPY & COLUMBIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 13, 1847.

AGENCIES.
V. B. PALMER, North West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.
Tribune Buildings, (opposite City Hall), N. York.
South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, and
No. 12 State street, Boston.
JACOB M. WESTLAFFER, Lancaster city.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Travelling Agent.

ELEGANT TRUNK.—Mr. J. C. Pfahler has called our attention to a travelling trunk, the handiwork of Mr. Craven, which excels in every quality which can recommend a trunk, anything we have ever seen. It constitutes a port folio, a wardrobe, and a very ornamental piece of furniture. We shall not attempt to describe this beautiful production of Columbia skill; but would advise our friends to treat themselves to a sight—and Mr. Pfahler to the pleasure of showing it.

Our friend W. C. TOBEY of "John of York" memory, has started a new paper in the city of Mexico, called "The North American." Mr. Tobey is a popular writer and possesses talents of no ordinary kind. We wish him success in his enterprise.

DRESSING RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred on the Columbia Railroad, on Monday last, near the switches, about five miles below this place, by which Mr. Geo. Wilson, conductor of burthen cars, was severely injured as to render the amputation of his leg necessary. A rail a short distance ahead of the train was discovered to be out of its chair. The engineer immediately reversed the engine, and the break not being applied in time, the car to which Mr. W. was attached rushed up, and the bumper doubled under that of the car ahead, catching both legs of Mr. Wilson, and mutilating them in a horrible manner. He was brought home where his injuries were examined by Drs. Cochran and Clark, when it was found necessary to amputate one of his legs below the knee. The other foot is badly injured, but hopes are entertained that it will not be necessary to amputate it. Mr. W. is a Son of Temperance, and every attention is paid him by the Division to which he belongs.

ACCIDENT.—Albert Gray, son of Justice Gray, residing near this place, had his leg broken on Thursday by being run over by an ore wagon. He was applying the break to the wheel when he missed his hold and fell and the wheel passed over his leg breaking the bone. The leg was set, and we understand he is doing well.

WAGGON.—In New Orleans, a few days since some waggish fellow cut from an old paper of 1836 a notice of the arrival of Santa Anna in the Crescent city, which notice he stuck up on a bulletin board. Though it was taken down in five minutes, it had been up long enough to set the whole city in quite a stir.

LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

The following letters received this week have been kindly furnished us for publication. They contain much of general and local interest, and will amply repay an attentive perusal; and the more so, as the writer is personally known to most of our readers. Lieut. T. D. COCHRAN has proved himself a brave soldier, and his open hearted generosity is as proverbial in the army as in civil life. Well and bravely does he fill the place rendered vacant by the untimely death of his lamented brother.

Castle of Perote, June 23, 1847.
Having a little leisure this morning I embrace the opportunity of writing to you again. Although I have much to say of what I have seen and endured, this letter will not be very interesting from the fact, that I cannot communicate all that I have to say at this time.

An express arrived at Vera Cruz on the 5th of this month, informing Gen. Cadwallader, that Col. McIntosh's command, which was escorting a train of specie, ammunition, &c., to heard quarters, had been attacked by the Rancheros some twenty miles from that city, and that a reinforcement was required. One section of our mountain howitzer battery was at once ordered to march, with a company of dragoons and some five hundred infantry of our regiment, commanded by Capt. Edwards. I volunteered to accompany the howitzers, and Col. Andrews kindly allowed me to go after hanging back five or six hours and refusing to do so. We have been cutting our way to this place through hordes of thieving guerrilla rancheros, who stand behind the chapparal and shoot down horses and men and then run away. We had a night battle at the National Bridge, (Puente Nacional), on the 12th, I believe. It is one of the strongest positions in Mexico—two forts commanding the road and Bridge, or rather one fort on a hill and a breast work on another. We were in the advance, and fired into a barricade which they had erected on the bridge. Both hills then opened their fire on us, and the bullets flew thicker from the Mexicans' escopets than ever hail fell in our country. One third of the howitzer detachment was placed *hors du combat* and one third of our horses were killed. Lieut. J. M. Blakey was also wounded of our small party, and indeed we suffered dreadfully—much more so than any other company or regiment in proportion to our strength. I escaped, thank God, with only a scratch, on the shin from the shoe of one of our ammunition horses, which was killed, and with my hands torn and scratched by the briars in tearing away the barricade in order to get our guns through. This we did under the thickest of the enemy's fire. But I cannot explain all now. We whipped them in a little time.

At the La Hoja pass, on the 10th, we had another fight. Some of our men and officers were wounded, but although the enemy appeared in force, in a strong position, they ran away like frightened deer before the resistless charge of dragoons and infantry, with a few shots from the big guns. I again escaped, though constantly exposed to the enemy. From the National Bridge to the town of Los Vegas, this side of the La Hoja pass, we have been fired on every day—sometimes they killed a horse sometimes a man. But they would not stand before us. At the La Hoja pass we did off a lot of them, for their heads were strewn throughout the chapparal.

We have to leave to-morrow for Puebla, I understand. Whenever I get time I will write you a long history of this expedition, always provided that I am spared. When this war will end, no man knows. There does not appear to me to be the first glimmer of peace among the Mexicans. They hate us with a cordial hatred. This is a strong place. It is situated in a cold, bleak prairie, near the top of the mountains, and here on the 29th of June it is as cold at evening as on a December day with you. The castle is as strongly built as San Juan de Ulloa. Jalappa where we staid a day or two is a beautiful city, quite the reverse of this place.

My general health remains excellent, in spite of privations, exposure and fatigue of which you have little idea. It is astonishing how a man's better feelings become blunted, and all that makes a man at all a man is cast aside during a war. I have seen enough to make me blush for mankind—from those too, whom I knew to be the kindest and best usually. God help them, it cannot be avoided; selfishness reigns paramount here, and every one seems wholly wrapped up in self. I never believed these things could be so before.

The Yorkers here with Capt. Small's company of Pennsylvania volunteers, viz:—Burt Welsh, Eurich, Ziegler, and Patterson are well and go with us to-morrow. The Cameron Guards are all well, with a few exceptions.
Yours, &c., T. D. COCHRAN.

Village of Misio, four miles west from }
the city of Mexico, August 25, 1847. }
Since writing to you from Puebla, I have traversed the intermediate country between that city and this place, and have seen and done a variety of things new and strange to me, to some extent.—We left Puebla with Gen. Pillow in command of the division, and Gen's Cadwallader and Pierce commanding the two brigades of which it is composed, on the 10th of this month, and marched 12 miles to our camping ground, where we were drenched with a torrent of rain during the entire night. Gen. Cadwallader's brigade, to which our regiment is attached, being the last to leave Puebla of Gen. Scott's army intended for the forward movement. The next day we marched 15 miles to St. Martins—a town as large as Columbia—through a highly cultivated country, and as lovely a plain as I have yet seen, as it was the day previous. The next day our march was 22 miles to Rio Frio, near the region of eternal snow, and with Popocatepetl and another snow mountain but a few miles from us. We spent a cold night, I tell you, there, and left the next morning at a very early hour, and for two or three hours kept on the ascent. Then we began to descend into this splendid basin between the mountains, and caught glimpses occasionally of the beautiful valley, until at length the whole glorious prospect burst upon the view. We marched 30 miles this day and encamped, in the advance, at 4 o'clock P. M., at the town of Chalco, some twenty-one miles by the direct route, to the city of the Aztecs. We were quartered with Major Gen.

Pillow at the Hacienda of Gen. Zemel, the Mexican minister of war and marine, and feasted "some" on his turkeys, chickens, pigeons, etc., during the time we were there. The Mexicans were strongly fortified at El Venon, and Gen. Scott deemed it advisable to leave that to its glory and pass round to the westward of the city. This was accordingly done. Our first day's march from Chalco was 12 miles over a villainous volcanic rock road—something like feathered lane—where our wagons broke down frequently, and every thing was cheerless and gloomy.

At night (we were the van guard) we encamped in the loveliest grove composed of Olive trees which you can conceive of well. The soft luxuriant green sward carpeted the whole ground, and the spreading branches of the largest Olive trees in the world rendered this the most beautiful place I have ever seen. The next day, over the same narrow, infamous road, we marched some 15 miles, I believe, and found the road trampled, filled with stones and every other conceivable device of the Mexicans to retard our progress. Gen. Worth, in our advance, soon got his pioneers to work, and what with corn stalk bridges and stones, we soon got along. Gen. Worth's advanced guard had a brush with the enemy on this day, but they soon gave it up. The next day we marched and were quartered in San Augustine, some six or eight miles from this village of Misio, and within three miles of San Antonio, where the enemy's works commenced. Captain Thornton of Worth's dragoon advance was killed this day whilst approaching San Antonio. On the 19th the ball commenced, but not on the San Antonio side. Our brigade took possession of a hill to the westward of San Augustine, and covered the operations of our pioneers in making a road towards a fort commanded by Gen. Valencia, on a hill called Pedregal de Contreras. Our artillery soon opened on the Mexicans in the fort, and they returned the fire with spirit, directing many of their shots at our regiment on the hill. We soon after took up our line of march over a mass of lava rock (volcanic formation), of a mile or two in breadth, which extended to the Mexican works at San Antonio, and was almost impossible for footmen, even, to gain a position to the right and rear of Contreras. By the time we had crossed the lava rock, and a deep ravine in our front, Santa Anna, with some ten thousand men, made his appearance in our front and on the Mexican road. Col. Riley with the 2d and 3rd infantry was already over and formed.—Our regiment came up gallantly and formed to receive Santa Anna's party, without reference to Col. Riley. Soon after we fell back on Riley's position. The enemy formed line of battle on the slope of the hill in our front, and with seven thousand infantry, three thousand lancers and some artillery, threatened us with an attack. Our position, (Gen. Cadwallader in command) was as well chosen as could be, in the rear of a corn field—with an apple orchard in the rear of us, or rather with corn fields, apple orchards and maguay plants to protect us from their cavalry. We remained in this position all night, during which time we were reinforced—and such a night. It rained torrents, and we laid down in the mud and filth, without a blanket to cover us, or a bite to eat, and slept. At three o'clock, A. M. we rose from our *sojourn*, and, silent as the grave, marched from this position, (San Magdalena), and with the astonished Mexicans on the hill looked for us at San Magdalena, we were preparing to storm Valencia's fort at Pedregal de Contreras.—There were seven thousand Mexicans there. About fifteen hundred men, weary, worn, hungry, wet, and bedaubed with mud, drove them from their position in fifteen minutes or less, with a loss on their part of 500 killed, and with but few on our part.—There were 27 pieces of heavy artillery in this work—yet we took it without having a single piece of artillery to assist us, or without a mounted man. Our regiment, and the rifles on foot, were the supporting regiments, and we marched up the hill under a shower of grape and escopette balls, which killed some of our men, in the most perfect veteran order. Our dragoons and light artillery now got over the volcanic formation, and we soon took up our line of march for the enemy under Gen. Rincon, at and near San Antonio, the rear of whose position we had now gained.

After marching eight or ten miles we halted to rest awhile. Soon after, we heard Worth engaged with the enemy on the San Antonio road, but, in spite of artillery, entrenched forts, stone walls, corn fields, etc., we whipped them badly. Our loss in the two engagements is said to be about 900 men. This is severe—but nowhere in Mexico did they make the stand which they did here. Cerro Gordo was no touch to it, those officers say who were there.

Allison, Stout, Duck, Andrew Hays, J. S. Dentlinger, and others, of Columbia, behaved like brave men throughout. They are fighting *b'hoys*, and can stand hardships like books. John Murphy, Jacob Suydam, Sam. Wade, Jack Buchanan, and others, were in the fight, but not under my eye.—They fought well, I am informed. Murphy is "one of 'em." Patrick Morris was left sick at Puebla, and was consequently not in the fight. So was John Gillen, of Washington.
Yours, &c., T. D. COCHRAN.

City of Mexico, SEPTEMBER 20, 1847.
From the ancient city of the Aztecs and the much talked of "Halls of the Montezumas," I am spared to write to you, to let you know that through God's blessing, I am in the land of the living, and in fine health and spirits. After a series of the most desperate and harassing conflicts ever witnessed in this country or on this continent, our gallant little army has fought its way through fields of glory glory into the famous Capital. Commencing on the 17th of last month with skirmishing near San Augustine, up to the 14th instant (with the slight interruption of the armistice,) we have fought them continually, and with fearful odds in their favor. The battles of Contreras, San Augustine, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the gates of San Cosme and

Zacabuya, will long be remembered by our people, and the gallant spirit of the gallant army which have fought them be honored at home and abroad. I have not time to-night to write much, for the conveyance by which I hope to send this will be off for Vera Cruz directly, and I must not miss it. In all these fights, Allison, Stout, Andrew Hays, Geo. W. Duck and the rest of our Columbians fought well and bravely, doing honor to the borough. Jack Buchanan, poor fellow, was torn literally to atoms at Molino del Rey, on the 8th of Sept., by the bursting of a shell thrown from Chapultepec by the Mexicans. Whatever were his faults, he was a brave soldier and a valuable one. Geo. Gilmore, of York, sergeant in Capt. Waddell's company from Philadelphia, lost his arm in a similar manner at Molino del Rey, and died in the hospital at Zacabuya, a few days afterwards. He leaves a wife at York. He was of the bravest, and a gallant soldier never died. Col. Wm. W. Graham, (poor Richard's old Captain,) met his death, also, at Molino del Rey. He did not know what fear was—he was all soldier, and all man—brave to indiseretion. I escaped without a scratch in all these conflicts, but such a wizzing of bullets from 20,000 muskets and such showers of grape and bursting of shells, and glittering of steel, I had never imagined, hardly. Capt. James Caldwell, I have just learned, died to-day from lock-jaw caused by being struck on the foot by a fragment of shell at the storming of Chapultepec on the 14th inst. He was J. F. Cottrell's partner, and an old resident of our town. "Pretty Bill" Westhoven was his orderly sergeant, and is here now. Capt. Caldwell's company (volunteers,) arrived at Puebla a day or two before we left, and came up with the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, Gen. Quitman's division.

This is a great city. It is built on the same principle as Spanish towns generally; but the public buildings are much more magnificent than any I have yet seen in this country. I hope that communication with the sea board will be open soon, when I hope to be able to write you a long letter, giving you a glimpse of all the strange and wonderful things I have seen, and a full history of the terribly glorious fights which have taken place in the valley of Mexico.
Yours &c., T. D. COCHRAN.

THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.—As a curiosity which may interest our readers, considering who is now Prime Minister of England, we sit the origin of the illustrious house of Russell, from a work just issued from the London press, entitled: "The Right of Aristocracy to the Soil Considered." John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favorable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Arch-Duke, Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighborhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the Arch-Duke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the King, Henry VII, who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favor that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell, of Cheshyney. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favorite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles the Second's time, William, the Fifth Earl, was made Duke of Bedford.

Such is the history of this powerful family; most of the aristocracy may be traced to origins not greatly dissimilar. They have obtained their wealth by continuous appropriations of the land, and throw the taxes on the industrious classes by the various fiscal machineries of customs, excise, and stamps, none of which would ever have been required had the sovereign retained the crown lands, and had the feudal dues been levied.

MAGNETIC MIRROR.—Baron Dupotet, the Great Paris Magnetist, has invented a Magic Mirror, which he supposes to be the same that was among the professors of the "black art" in former times. It is a small instrument, made of a substance resembling dull white metal. The Baron explains its effects as being produced by the transmission of the matter animante of his own body into the metal. Many people have been thrown into convulsions by the bare approach of the mirror, while others declare amid the transports of grief, or the stupefaction of surprise, that they behold reflected on its surface various scenes of their past lives, or see themselves engaged in acts which they remembered not, therefore suppose that they must be anticipations of the future. Wonderful, if true.

"The Queen was drunk with all the honors, repeated Mrs. Partington to herself, while reading an account of the De Key dinner at Cork. "Well, if that isn't the best! I'm afraid her ministers don't preach very good morals to her—and what an example to set her children, even allowing she is a queen!"

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—We have been frequently annoyed by a soap vendor in Philadelphia named Haul, who mealy copies our advertisements and applies the same to his own use. Now what principle can a man possess who will condescend to make use of such mean artifices to insure his success, and make his articles sell. A man's composition of or his stereotyped matter, is as much his property as his stock in business, or goods, and what else; if, then, another man merely adopts such composition, or property for his own use, what better is he than a rogue who will make illegal use of your goods? In a little hand bill of ours which we wrap around our Chinese Medicated Soap, we have at the head of the bills a small paragraph which reads thus:

"In an evil hour the serpent entered Paradise, and beauty lost its charm, but the All-Wise gave man power over all animal and vegetable matter, and the mysterious secret of restoring unto woman her former pure, clear and beautiful complexion is combined in *Radey's Chinese Medicated Soap*." On looking over the Philadelphia Ledger on Monday, the 18th ult., we were surprised to see our matter made use of for dressing up another man's article, and that, man of the name of Haul, in business for the purpose of appropriating our respective articles. We offer to the public *Radey's Chinese Medicated Soap* as a sure exterminator of all excrescences of the cuticle and a certain cure for all eruptions of the skin. As a Toilet Soap we candidly believe it to be the most superior Soap extant. As a Medicated Soap we sincerely believe it to possess qualities which no other Soap possesses. For the cure of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erythema, Chapped, Cracked, and repulsive skin, we know it is certain in its effects, and is superior to all others ever invented. Lastly, we never condescend to make use of other men's composition to make our articles sell. We furthermore warn this man, Jules Haul, not to infringe on our rights or make use in any manner whatever of our stereotyped composition. With these few remarks, we leave the public to judge the merits of our Chinese Medicated Soap, and the merits of an article clothed in false colors to make it sell.

Sold for 12 1/2 small, and 25 cents for large cakes, by Zalus & Jackson, George A. Miller, and John F. Long, Lancaster; Bell & Son, Harrisburg; Morris & Co. York; R. Williams, Columbia.
J. & R. G. RADWAY,
No. 9 Courtland street, N. Y.

VALUABLE VEGETABLE REMEDY.—Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, is mild and pleasant to the taste, perfectly safe and harmless in its operation, and yet it is one of the most powerful and certain remedies for Consumption of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Side or Breast, and general Debility of the Constitution, that was ever invented by the skill of a human being. If such suffering public. Certificates and evidences of its wonderful curative powers are daily received from all quarters. It is impossible to conceive the aggregate of suffering and misery that has been relieved or banished by it; nor can we calculate the immense benefit that shall accrue from it hereafter.—All ages, sexes, and constitutions are alike benefited by it, and it is calculated to cure the most obstinate and the most inveterate, and health restored by the use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry. How many sufferers do we daily behold approaching to an untimely grave, wrasted in the bloom of youth, from their relatives and friends, afflicted with that fatal malady, CONSUMPTION, which wastes the miserable sufferer until he is beyond the power of human skill. If such suffering would only make trial of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, they would find themselves sooner relieved than by gulping the various ineffective remedies with which our newspapers abound; the "Vegetable Remedy" heals the ulcerated lungs, stopping profuse night sweats, at the same time inducing a natural and healthy expectoration, and the patient will soon find himself in the enjoyment of comfortable health. The public should bear in mind that Dr. Swayne is a regular practicing physician, who has had years of experience in diseases of the Lungs, Chest, &c. (The original and only genuine article is only prepared by DR. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.)

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry is put up in square bottles, enveloped with a handsome steel engraving, bearing the signature of DR. SWAYNE, and is sold by agents in all the principal towns throughout the United States.
Sold by Wm. A. Leader, Columbia, and Dr. A. H. Barnitz, York. no13/47-1m.

All the following articles which have obtained unbounded popularity, are sold by W. A. Leader, the only agent for the genuine articles in Columbia, and by James Smith, Lancaster, and John A. Libhart, Marietta, Ga. Ten—1/2 only of the above persons as all others are counterfeit.

AN UNPARALLELED REMEDY. And an Almanac for 1848. *Crisis*—1st—For Colds and Febrile feelings, and preventing Fevers. 2d—For Asthma, Liver complaint and Rheumatic affections. 3d—For Constipation in females and males. 4th—For Stomach affections, Dyspepsia, &c. The Great Points, is not hard to take, never gives pain and never lessens one's appetite.
The medicine is *LOVELEY'S GREAT WESTERN INDIAN PANACEA*. Fuller description in an Almanac for 1848, gratis.

Balm of Columbia Hair-Tonic.—To the Bald and Grey.—If you wish a rich luxuriant head of hair, free from dandruff and scurf, do not fail to procure the genuine Balm of Columbia. In cases of baldness it is more than exceeded your expectations. Many who have lost their hair for twenty years have had it restored to its original profusion by the use of this Balm. Also, it cures the Itch, and appears to be no obstacle whatever—it also causes the hair to flow with which the delicate hair-veil is filled, by which means the hair is renewed and grows as fast as the Asiatic eagle had his hair restored to its natural color by the use of this invaluable remedy. In all cases of fever the hair will be the most precious which can be used. A few applications only are necessary to keep the hair from falling out. It strengthens the roots and never fails to give a glossy appearance to the hair. It is as perfumery for the toilet it is unequalled—it holds three times as much as other essential hair restoratives and is more effective. This is the only medicine made by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland street, New York.

Connet's Improved Pain Extractor.—It is now conceded by medical men that *Connet's Improved Pain Extractor*, manufactured by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland st., New York, is the greatest wonder of the 19th century. Its effects are truly marvellous. All kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, &c., and all external sores in a few minutes after its application, healing the same on the most delicate skin, leaving no scar. It is equally beneficial in all kinds of inflammatory diseases, such as sore nipples and eyes, Sprains, Rheumatism, &c., to swelling and Ulcers, Bruises, Chlors, Erysipelas, &c. It is equally beneficial to all kinds of phlegm which you use in their practice, and many hundreds of others who prefer it to their own. It is a parent kept constantly on hand, in cases of accident by the life may be without it, but by its use all burns and scalds are cured. It is the only medicine that is subject to its control. It is the only medicine that is subject to its control. Remember and ask for *Connet's Improved Pain Extractor*, manufactured by Comstock & Co., New York.

Dr. J. S. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.—Those who suffer from infantile colic receive their relief in a most marvellous manner by the use of this oil. It has the effect to restore the tension and bring into the natural action of the parts as to restore the system when lost or impaired. This will be done in all cases of recent deafness, and many of long standing. All deaf persons should use this oil. It is sold by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland st., New York. Price \$1 per flask.

Piles, Sores, &c.—The Genuine Holy's Lintment is an article which has been used for centuries, and is now being used by all others. Its cures are almost innumerable, and it is only necessary to let those who know the article and use it with such success, to let the world know of it. Beware of all unwise the name is spelled *Kilmetch*, the old Dutch name of the inventor. Price 25 cents per bottle. It is sold by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland street, New York, and by all the drug stores.

Dr. Swayne's Sore Throat Remedy.—Why will you suffer with this distressing complaint when a remedy is at hand that will not fail to cure you? This remedy will effectually destroy any attack of hoarseness, either nervous or bilious. It has cured cases of twenty years' standing. **Mother's Relief—Indian Discovery.**—All expecting to become mothers and anxious to avoid the pains, Dangers and Disasters of child-bearing, are earnestly entreated to calm their fears, ally their nervousness and soothe their souls, by the use of this most extraordinary vegetable production. Those who will candidly observe its virtues, must approve of it in their hearts—every kind and affectionate husband will feel that his wife's pains, Dangers and Disasters of child-bearing, are exposed to, by a safe and certain method which is the use of this mother's relief. Further particulars and complete instructions for the female use, are to be had gratis where this humane cordial is to be found. The Mother's Relief is prepared only by the sole proprietors, Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland st., New York.

For Worms—Kalmack's Penicilline will eradicate and destroy all kinds of worms in the human system, and by its use all ulcers the name is spelled *Kalmack*, the old Dutch name of the inventor. Price 25 cents per bottle. It is sold by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland street, New York, and by all the drug stores.

Expectorator Syrup—Haw's Cough—Do not neglect—thousands have met a premature death for the want of attention to a common cold. Here you can cure it. Dr. Bartholomew's Expectorator Syrup, a safe medical prescription, containing no poisonous drugs, and used in an extensive practice for several years, will most positively give relief, and save you from that most awful disease, Pulmonary Consumption, which usually sweeps into the grave hundreds of the young, the old, the lovely and the gay.

All the above articles are sold by W. A. Leader, the only agent for the genuine articles in Columbia, and by James Smith, Lancaster, and John J. Libhart, Marietta, Ga. Ten—1/2 only of the above persons as all others are counterfeit.

TOOTHACHE. MILLER'S celebrated Ointment Drops will cure the most inveterate tooth ache in one minute. Warranted not to injure the teeth in the least degree. For sale by W. A. LEADER. no20/47-1f

LILLY WHITE. NOT prepared chalk. But Jones's Spanish Lilly White, Glenn's Lilly White, Rowand's Alabaster Powder, Edmenda's Pearl Powder, Powder Balls all of superior quality, together with Toilet Powder and Puffs. For sale by W. A. LEADER. no20/47-1f

Cars for Sale or to Hire. ONE four wheel House Car, with heavy Baltimore wheels and axles—has been used only a few weeks. One do. Open Box Car, both in perfect order, may be seen by applying to Benjamin Newlin, at West Chester, Chester county, and will be sold or hired on accommodating terms by ISAAC C. PRICE, N. E. cor. of 12th and Willow st. Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1847.—5t

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley in a considerably large party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, against his sister whose talents were not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said:—"I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God." "Yes," she replied mildly, "it cried, crucify him, crucify him!" A more admirable answer perhaps was never given.

COLDS, COUGHS, COSTIVESS, &c.—It should be remembered that a cough is always an evidence that some impurity is lodged in the lungs, which if not speedily removed, will so irritate those delicate organs as to produce inflammation of the lungs, a disease which we all know is the high road to consumption. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a safe, easy, and certain cure for colds and coughs, because they carry off by the stomach and bowels, those morbid humors which, if deposited upon the lungs, are the cause of the above dangerous complaints. A single twenty-five cent box of said Indian Vegetable Pills is generally sufficient to make a perfect cure of the most obstinate cold; and in the course of time the digestion is improved, and the blood so completely purified, that new life and vigor are given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits! The only original and genuine Indian Vegetable Pills have the signature of William Wright written with a pen on the top label of each box. None other is genuine, and to counterfeit this is Forgery. The genuine for sale by FLY & SPANGLER, who are the only authorized Agents for Columbia. Also, by agents advertised in another column. Principal Office, 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

J. ZEIGLER Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has on hand offers for sale at his FANCY, VARIETY AND CONFECTORY STORE, in North street, a few doors above the Town Hall, the finest, a select assortment of fresh goods, viz:

CANDIES Of every sort; Bordeaux, Lisbon, and Malaga Almonds; Filberts, Greenoble Walnuts, Peanut Chestnuts, &c. FRENCH FRUIT: Raisins, Prunes, Zante-Currants, Citron, Lemons, Dates, &c. CRANBERRIES, clean picked, and ready for use.

An assortment of TOYS and FANCY articles. Fancy Boxes, Dolls, (kid and jointed,) Emories, Waiters, Mirrors, Pencils, &c.

PERFUMERY; And articles for the Toilet; Cologne, Pomade, Lilly White, Teeth and Hair Brushes, Fancy and Castle Soaps; Italian Violin Strings and Bridges, Clarionet Reeds. A small assortment of STATIONERY and SCHOOL BOOKS, Matte Seals, Wafers, fancy and plain Sealing Wax, Steel Pens and quills, Excellent TOBACCO, SNUFF and SEGARS. Also offers for sale CORDWAINERS' KIT and SHOE FINDINGS of the very best quality. Pure and freshly ground Spices, Mustard in neat Containers for family use, Soda, Sugar and Butter, Discuit, and in fact a little of everything, besides odds and ends. He will sell at very moderate rates, and most respectfully solicits a share of patronage. Columbia, Nov. 20, 1847.—1f

STEEL BEAD PURSES AND BAGS. JUST received a most splendid assortment of Bead Purse and Bags, and other articles. Also Steel Brads, Tassels, Rings, Tassels and Rings in sets, Clasps, and Twist of different shades. For sale by W. A. LEADER. no20/47-1f

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FOR SALE. THE subscriber offers at private sale three houses, two in Front street, in possession at present of Mr. Wm. Powers, and Mr. Jno. Ziegler, and one in Perry street, occupied by Mr. John Pelen. If not sold by the first of next January, will be for rent. For terms apply to JAMES GIVEN. Columbia, Nov. 20th, 1847.—4f

FOR SALE. THE following lumber was returned to M. G. Marple, Esq., of East Donegal township, by Christian Bucher, viz: 8 heavy logs of various lengths, from 20 to 78 feet long, and squared about 8 by 10 inches, without any particular mark observed. No. 20, 1847. M. G. MARPLE.

\$500.00 REWARD!! THE public are hereby cautioned against receiving from JESSE ROBERTS (our former agent,) any of HOBENACK'S MEDICATED WORM SYRUP, as he has been DISCHARGED from our employ. No medicine is genuine without the written signature of J. N. & G. S. Hobenack on the label of each bottle. The above reward will be paid upon the conviction of any person counterfeiting said signature, of which the public have notice; and are further cautioned against paying the above named JESSE ROBERTS any money on our account, as he has no authority to receive the same. Read the following Certificate from a highly respectable Physician:

Messrs. Hobenack:—I take great pleasure in informing you of the great efficacy of your Worm Syrup. My daughter being afflicted for a long time, I tried all the remedies for her but she was heir to, without receiving any benefit, and gave the case up as hopeless, when I was induced, by one of my family, to try your Worm Syrup, and I must say, much against my will, but surprising to tell, before taking the whole of one bottle, it brought the largest quantity of worms I have ever seen brought from a child, in all my practice, and almost instantly restored the child to health. Respectfully yours, &c. JOSEPH ELKINTON, M. D. Vincentown, N. J.

Prepared only by J. N. & G. S. Hobenack, 2nd and Coats st., Phila., and for sale by all respectable storekeepers in this and adjoining counties, who have authorized to pay back the money in every case, should it fail in giving satisfaction—Price 25 cts. Also, Hobenack's Hyena Tooth Ache Drops, a certain cure for tooth ache—Price 12 1/2 cts. Hobenack's Rheumatic Lintment—Price 25 cts. Hobenack's CURB ALL SALVE, for weak backs, sprains, fresh and old sores, burns, &c.—Price 12 1/2 cts. Hobenack's Tetter Ointment—Price 25 cts. one box warranted to cure all eruptions of the skin. For sale as above. Philadelphia, November 20, 1847.—1y