

A Christmas party, high or low, throughout England, where there was more true love and kindness than in any other country.

After this day the course of this true love was so exceedingly smooth and sunny, that it certainly would have become monotonous, had not Mr. Joseph Hilyard insisted on a wedding by way of variety; so the wedding was held in May.

The young people lived in a small, but handsome house, not far from the angle's large square. Mrs. Trevelyan still kept on in the cottage, though she was not much there, for Kitty and her husband insisted on her being mostly with them.

Very often, too, Mr. Hilyard was there; and as he had of late grown so wise as not to care for what people might say when a good action was in question, he made up his mind to persuade the widow Trevelyan to give up her cottage altogether, and remove to his large, square house in the character of his wife.

The wedding dinner, and the Christmas dinner, were eaten together on the 25th of December, 1847.

AGENCIES. V. B. PALMER is duly authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper, in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston, and receipt therefor.

E. W. CARL, Philadelphia. JOHN H. WESTHAFFER, Lancaster City. WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Traveling Agent.

An apprentice to the printing business will be taken at this office, if application is made soon. None need apply but such as will give a guarantee that they will serve a specified time.

SPRING BUSINESS. Already do we see evidences of the commencement of Spring Business in Columbia. The very visages of our business men speak the fact, that they are tired of the monotony and dullness of the winter, and hail with joy the day when their duties shall call their energies into mental and physical activity.

All things seem to be ready for a fair start. The State has repaired the works over which she has control—the basin has undergone a thorough cleaning, locks have been repaired, wharfs built, &c., for the accommodation and convenience of those who patronize her improvements, while our forwarding and transportation men have left nothing undone, that would in any way enable them to be prepared to enter fully and heartily into business.

We observe that their boats and cars have all undergone repair, and they deck the boom of the canal, or the track of the railway, in all the colors of the rainbow. The boat yards of Messrs. Simpson and Flowers, have been a scene of activity during the whole winter, and we understand each of these gentlemen have now several of the largest class boats almost ready to launch.

But the evidences of business is not confined exclusively to the above branches. A walk along Front Street will convince the most unobservant, that the other branches of trade are alive to their interests. Several new houses have already opened their doors, and exposed for sale their different articles of merchandise.

Many removals are to take place, and those who are to change places are most anxiously awaiting the 1st of April, when they, too, will be able, with a replenished stock, to enter their new locations and names, as candidates for a share of public patronage.

The established houses throughout the town are waiting and ready for their time, and in fact it seems to us that the coming season is to be one of unusual briskness in Columbia. We hear of many new buildings in course of erection, and many more in contemplation.

Several new furnaces have sprung up within the last few months in the immediate vicinity of the town. With these improvements and business prospects of the town, in connection with our many other facilities, such as railroads, canals, telegraphs, &c., to assist us in all enterprises, we cannot see what is to prevent any, with proper management and exertion, from reaping that reward due to perseverance and energy.

THE SENATE.—This association, of whose proceedings we have kept our readers advised, adjourned in a very singular and unexpected manner, on Tuesday evening last, stopping one of its members in the midst of his speech, by a resolution for adjournment until November next.

We were sorry, on entering the hall, to find that the resolution had carried, and the body actually dissolved. We must say we have, on many occasions, enjoyed a "feast of reason" from their deliberations, and, on Tuesday evening, joined them, by invitation, after the adjournment, to enjoy, as we thought, the "flow of soul."

But our flow of soul was a little disturbed by hearing of the conduct of several of the members in relation to ourselves. Previous to adjournment, a member offered a resolution to the effect that a vote of thanks be given by that body to the editors of the Spy, for their flattering notices, from time to time, of the Senate, &c.

As a matter of course, the gentleman offering this resolution knew that we neither expected nor courted such an honor at their hands; but governed by the same spirit which prompted a majority of the members, viz: a joke—to vote for a resolution ordering the printing of 500 copies of a certain member's speech, he presented the one in question, but was not fortunate enough to have it carried through.

This joke met with a most strenuous opposition from several of the members, which opposition must have had its foundation in something other than the contents of the resolution itself. They, it appears, did not consider themselves flattered by our notices; perhaps they felt they did not merit them; at all events the shoe pinched somewhere, and they were disposed to, and did, convert this joke, by their zealous opposition, into a personal thrust at ourselves.

We would be happy to relieve the gentlemen of any unfavorable impression they may have towards us, arising from our reports of the proceedings of the Senate, by a fair face to face explanation.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—We would inform "Tom Tuby, & Co." that we adhere to the rules of the "corps editorial," and consequently his anonymous communication cannot be admitted to our columns. We are not surprised that "Tom" should be opposed to the wearing of "shirt collars even one inch above the ear," for it would appear rather expensive for him to follow such a "spring fashion."

The attention of tradesmen is directed to our Philadelphia advertisements.

McMARR'S MODEL AMERICAN COURIER.—No. 1 of the eighteenth volume of the Saturday Courier, comes to us this week with a new head and enlarged dimensions. It is now a mammoth as well as a model sheet, and contains 36 columns of matter, mostly original, from the pens of some of the best authors.

In our Notice of the improvements in the neighborhood of the Basin, we omitted stating that the extension of the Railroad and the erection of the extensive warehouse of Leech & Co., were undertaken and completed by our enterprising friend and neighbor, Augustus M. Haines.

The cars manufactured by this gentleman, have already secured him an enviable reputation as a mechanic and the workmanlike and substantial manner in which he has performed this work, proves that his hands are as ready for a large as for a small undertaking.

THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION will be interested in the examination which takes place in Marietta, as noticed in another column.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.—The Democratic Convention of the 4th of March, at Harrisburg, has settled the long mooted question "who is Pennsylvania's favorite son?" by nominating the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph for the Presidency.

Mr. Painter was named for Canal Commissioner. THE NEWS BY THE BRITANNIA indicates a decline in bread stuffs, while cotton has advanced. The Irish are still starving.

We give the following, clipped from the Erie Gazette, as fully embodying our views on the subject to which it refers; and would assist our friend of the Gazette in his endeavors to secure simply "sheer justice" to country editors, and the interest of their journals, by urging upon them the necessity of raising their voices, and exerting their influence, against this uniform law for newspaper postage—the direct operation of which would be a death blow to their own circulation:

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—A letter has been exhibited to me from an authorized source which it is stated that the publishers of newspapers in the Atlantic cities have on foot a project for a uniform law regulating the postage on newspapers, by means of which they can send their sheets of trash thousands of miles at a cost no greater than the readers of country papers pay on those carried ten miles or less.

We had before seen intimations that the project referred to was contemplated. It is designed to injure country papers, and this it will most certainly do if successful. Immediate preventive measures should be adopted. We would suggest to country publishers the propriety of at once taking steps to ward off the blow thus aimed at their interests. They should endeavor to have the postage laws so arranged as to discriminate in their favor, instead of against them. This they are entitled to, as might be shown by a variety of arguments; and this, by a united voice, clearly and emphatically expressed, they can secure. Congress will heed and accede to their honestly entertained and strongly urged wishes. Let them be true to themselves. Let them speak promptly and decidedly upon the subject, through their papers and through petitions, upon no honorable efforts to defeat the greedy, unscrupulous longings of avaricious editors.

It appears to us the dictates of sheer justice to exempt country papers from postage, within the limits of their respective Congressional Districts, and charge the mammoth city weeklies, filled with old matter, according to weight and distance of transmission.

Let those who know something of the pleasure of editing a paper read the following from the pen of Maryatt. It is one of the truest things that great author ever wrote, and we are surprised that even he should know so much of the labor and slavery attending the vocation:

THE TOIL OF A NEWSPAPER.—Newspaper literature is a link in the great chain of miracles which prove the greatness of England, and every support should be given to newspapers. The editors of papers must have a most enormous task. It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every week, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to the task, remaining in one spot. It is something like the walking of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow feeling, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's exertions. In the end it appears nothing. The labor is not manifest, nor is it severe—it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One week is no sooner corrected, and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits—demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.—Maryatt.

GENERAL SCOTT AND WORTH.—The New Orleans Delta has published, in a supplementary sheet, the correspondence, some of which has been previously published, of Generals Scott and Worth, relative to the late difficulties in the army, subsequent to the publication of the army orders, censuring severely certain letters written to the United States. It is briefly as follows:

Gen. Worth addressed a letter to Gen. Scott, stating that he learned with astonishment that the opinion of the army that the imputation of scandalous conduct, mentioned in a general order, referred to him, and asking if such was the intention of the Commander-in-chief.

Gen. Scott replied that the order clearly expressed that he meant to apply the imputation to the author of the letter addressed "Leonidas."

Gen. Worth rejoined, and said that he did not consider the answer satisfactory. Gen. Scott replied that he could not be more explicit. He had nothing to do with the suspicions of others, and, if he had valid information of the authorship, he would prosecute the parties before a court martial.

Gen. Worth rejoined that he supposed the Commander regarded it as not deserving a satisfactory answer, and, feeling himself aggrieved, he should appeal to the President. He concluded by accusing Scott of acting in a manner unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Gen. Scott then ordered Worth under arrest, for behaving with contempt and disrespect towards the Commander-in-Chief.

SCOTT IN CHESTNUT STREET.—Two ragged urchins were playing at marbles opposite the Custom House, on Monday, when one of them, looking up at some passers by, exclaimed: "I saw Bill, long in the hair, and see a gentleman making a cigar while he's walkin' with a lady."

"A-walkin' with a what, Jake?" "With a lady, Bill."

"Not as you knows on—she can't be a decent 'oman if she's a-walkin' with a feller a smokin' a cigar."

Bill knuckled down without saying another word.—American Courier.

For the Columbia Spy. FREDERICK, March 7, 1848.

MESSRS. WESTBROOK & SPANGLER.—Your spicy, useful, and highly entertaining sheet, is before us, and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we can over its interesting contents, more especially, as we have the happiness of recognizing in one of its proprietors, an old acquaintance and valued friend, unto whose mirth provoking propensities, we are indebted for many a hearty laugh and pleasant hour.

The "Fair"—of which we spoke in a former epistle—has been in successful operation during the two past weeks. The sale was so arranged in order to avail them of the "Court Term," a very judicious course to pursue, by the way—as strangers, and those from the country particularly, always bleed more freely, and submit themselves to be plucked with a better grace than native citizens. From an elevated position we could overlook the whole transaction; secure alike from harm's reach, and the ladies' importunities. But although secure ourselves, we could not refrain from commiserating the fate of each unlucky wight, that "Harkend to the Syren's song." Manifest were the trials unto which unmarried gentlemen on the wrong side of the "Rubicon," were subjected. Poor fellows! They have no sweet little wives, and chubby faced prattling "responsibilities," to enliven their desolate firesides, and form the happy family circle, so they must needs seek the pleasure of refined and gentle society elsewhere. When such gentlemen are reckless enough to venture within the precincts of a "Fair," they should esteem themselves fortunate if they escape with life and liberty, and should not indulge in vain regrets, for what their own follies have occasioned—as did an individual, who, when he came to discover the extent of his expenditures—was almost petrified with astonishment and regret, and invoked the bitterest anathemas upon such "Gull Traps." True, it is, and we say it "more in sorrow than in anger," that the ladies are at times most unreasonable in their demands, and in other respects, manifest an entire absence of conscience, especially when they hook an "old Bachelor," and as long as the finances ensue, so long will the dear creature continue to wreathe and entwine their sweetest smiles and bright glances, with gentle words, until the victim has immolated his heart as well as his last penny at the shrine of Beauty. This we do enjoy, greatly, for it serves them right. What business have they to be single?

Would that you were with us now, to mark a group of "clods," who is very evident, never had a "peep at the Elephant," and "is now in town with a pocket full of rocks," on a regular swell, arrayed in all their Sunday finery, and have even taken a clean pocket-handkerchief on this important occasion. Their visit will be an impressive one, for they will regret it 'till the end of life. The girls have designs upon them already, and they are bound to be deceiv'd. But the lesson will prove salutary, and the recital of which, will serve to entertain their sweethearts when they go "sparkin'," who will most assuredly question their veracity, and find it almost impossible to believe, that they expended such a profusion of money, and in return, only obtained so comparatively trifling an equivalent, as "value received."

One of the above mentioned, a youth somewhat past the years of discretion, whose head was covered with long, straight, carrot colored hair, with broad shoulders, hands that were large enough to fill an ox, and trotters that must have been formed under geometrical calculations, combining, as they did, a vast degree of "circum-bendibus," as Neale hath it, in every respect admirably adapted for heading sleep in a narrow lane, but, nevertheless, could not prevent the "juveniles" from creeping through, which they did more for pastime, than because no other mode of egress presented itself. This familiarity was not to be borne by any man of spirit, as you may suppose, so the youth became highly incensed and indignant at the base use to which his legs were subjected—and to prevent repetition, sought refuge close beside one of the tables. But he soon discovered, to his sorrow, that he had fled from a "bear, only to meet a lion." For the fair occupants were down on him like a shower-bath, assailing him on all sides, something after this fashion: "Why, Mr. —, we are indeed delighted to see you—now do busy this beautiful cap, and this fancy box for your wife—we know she will be delighted, and this would be such a sweet present." &c. "He, he, he! I haint got nary wife, marm," replied the sapient and witty Mr. —. "Oh, well," rejoined the ladies, "You surely have a Lady-Love—do purchase this bead-bag, it is so very pretty, and only cost five dollars."— "Lady-Love," says Clod sorely puzzled, "what's them?" "Why a sweetheart, certainly," replied the ladies. "We know you have one, and this beautiful reticule as a present, will make her love you more than ever—you know you have a sweetheart." "No I haint none nuther," persisted the unfortunate, but notwithstanding his repeated assertions to the contrary, that he had neither wife nor sweetheart, they succeeded in causing him of all the available funds in his possession, and when he rejoined his companions, we overheard him whisper to them, that "them gals was all-fired purty gals, but he be blind'd to hlamenation, if they ever ketch him agin;" and after laying their heads together, they concluded to leave forthwith for home, where we trust they arrived in safety, after their perils, wiser men, at least, if not better.

The Blues' Band, of Baltimore, gave several concerts last week to full houses. This is a treat we seldom have the pleasure of enjoying, and this sweet voiced and talented vocalist, Mrs. Beard, of Baltimore, accompanied them, and won golden opinions, and enthusiastic applause from a delighted audience. Apropos of music. We are nightly almost stunned by horns, trumpets, tamborines, and all the incidentals connected with serenaders; our city seems to have grown quite musical of late. But we would most willingly and cheerfully dispense with their friendly endeavors, or at least try and submit to it, provided we only knew what they were "trying to play," and then the singing, oh, dear! We were alarmed from a quiet sleep, "the other night," by screams and yells most terrific, and we were on the point of flying, as we thought, to the aid of some distressed neighbor, when a gentle censure in the sound, arrested our haste, and we discovered that somebody was trying to sing (I) Now, this was the worst of all bad singing, no mistake,

a complete "Thomas cat caterwauling." There can certainly be no regular system for such demonstrations, but if you musicians have any such terms as "dambaddo" voice, set down in musical phrase, this must have been of that kind, most emphatically, and the strongest kind of one that. We raised the window, and expressed our high appreciation of the intended kind favor, desiring them to reserve the balance for a future occasion, as too much of it might be injurious to the chickens—they decamped.

A few inches of snow has completely eradicated all the evidence of an early spring, and has rendered the walking exceedingly unpleasant during the day, but at night, when frozen, the going is very slick, "especially if you are going down." Many a hard bump did the ground receive, in the vicinity of Dr. Lachareas' church, a few evenings since, after the Fair was dismissed—not a few took lessons, and impressive one's too, in "ground and lefty tumbling"—but still, bad weather cannot last long at this season of the year, and we cannot complain, for the winter has been an unusually mild and pleasant one. Truly yours, L.

From the Batavia Times. GREAT WESTERN'S HORSE TRADE. There is a certain individual in this State who rejoices in the name of the "Western Railroad Jockey," or more commonly, the "Great Western" man, who is half horse and whole Yankee. He was the keenest chap in trading nags that was ever raised in New England, and "canny Yorkshire" would not produce his match at "taking in the flats." The fame of this excellent man at length reached the ears of another adept in the same profession, living somewhere up on the Vermont line, equally skilled in horse-flesh and the tricks of trade, but not ("curses on partial fortune!") equally renowned. "When the Northern Nimrod—for he was quite a sporting character, heard of his rival's reputation, and particularly of his boast that he could 'pick up any man living,' his pride was seriously hurt, and hearing that the 'Great Western' was to be at a particular spot, on a particular day, for the purpose of trading horses, he determined to do there with a nag of his to measure strength with the redoubtable jockey.

Accordingly, in anticipation of the 'meet' he began training and feeding a worthless horse of his that he had bought in the States some—if not more, and by dint of careful grooming and a generous stable diet, succeeded in making the animal look as 'fine as a lily bird on a plum tree,' as the 'Corinthian' would say. So he determined to take the 'critter' down by easy stages to the place of rendezvous. When near the village our friend dismounted, went into the bushes, and there occupied some time in changing his toilet. He went into the 'cover' looking like a slip up sporting gent; he came out of it, the most verdant looking juvenile that ever ate gingerbread at country muster. His hair was combed smooth behind his ears; he had donned a genuine white wool bell top; the great power-doll buttons on his coat-waist were near up to his shoulder blades, and his home-spun blue trousers were tucked in the tubes of a pair of astounding cow-hide boots.

Reaching the village tavern, he dismounted and hitched his horse in the shed near a huge wood pile, laid in for winter's consumption. In the bar room he found the 'Great Western' and a mixed company indulging in horse talk rum and molasses. Our hero gaped and listened and put in a word occasionally, which attracted the attention of the 'Great Western' to him as a fitting subject whereon to exercise his transcendent commercial talents. He accordingly offered to treat the 'Green Un' to the beverage the company was imbibing.

At first the 'Green Un' didn't drink nothing but cider—'cept 'd July and muster'; but he was prevailed on to 'try a little New England,' and commenced a 'course of sprouts' very fairly.

But the operation of the third hour, he let on 'that he'd come down on business for the old man and he'd rode the old man's horse—a dreadful nice critter.

"The 'Great Western' wanted to see him, and the pair adjourned to the woodshed. The 'Great Western' was much pleased with the appearance of the horse, and after satisfactory examination, asked 'Green Un' what he'd take for him.

"He ain't for sale, mister," answered Greeny.—"The old man sets all creation by him. Raised him himself. The critter was foaled eight years next grass."

"Supposing I was to give you a 'wonderful nice' horse of mine, and thirty dollars for it?" "I doesn't look at it, cap'n. I fob was to sell that critter—I shouldn't never 'dip to go hum agin. Let's go into the house, cap'n, its cold as Jerusalem out here. How much did you say?" "That black horse there—and forty dollars?" "That black of yours is a poaty good old horse—that's a fact—I was lookin' at him 'fore I cum in. Can he use a talkin' 'bout it, though—I can't do it—no how."

"Does he draw well?" "Seen him trot up hill before a load of wood—just as easy!" "Well," said the Great Western, "what do you say to my horse and sixty dollars boot?" "Lead us not into temptation; as the Deacon says—'Gee-whittaker. Darn if I haint most a mind to take the risk. Darn if I haint 'em' he added firmly.

"But look here, my friend," said the Great Western, "you must first satisfy me of his soundness. Hitch your critter to that big log," pointing to the largest of the pile, "and if he can draw it round the woodpile, I'll stand my offer."

The 'Green Un' accepted the challenge, and the horse was put to the test. Now he knew very well that if the 'critter' would round the pile with a steady pull, the 'heaven' would soon show themselves, and nothing but exquisite tact could enable him to 'pick up' the rival. Accordingly, after pulling a few feet, he stopped the horse and began patting him.

"He is a dreadful nice horse, and he knows it. —Jerusalem! If the old man was to see this here critter, I wouldn't catch it!" "All right! go ahead!" said the Great Western.

Another pull—another halt—and another speech from the 'Green Un.

"Just look at him! He can haul logs just as easy. Can haul lumber all day—and carry a feller a courin' fourteen miles at the tail 'f that, and then stop to rest!"

And thus by easy stages he got round the pile. The Great Western handed out his pocket book, counted off six X's, and unhitched his black. The saddles and bridles were changed before the 'Green Un' seemed to come to his senses.

"Hellow! mister!" "What's the matter—any thing broke?" "Take your tangle money back I feel like I'd been kicked in my grony. The old man wont move. Good bye, Greeny, I can't have the critter."

"You're too late, my boy," said Great Western, throwing his right leg over the pig-skin. "He's mine, and d—d cheap too!"

"Don't you holler till you get out of the woods!" returned the other, in his natural manner, as he mounted in turn. You didn't get 'em half cheap as I did. He was a gift horse—don't look in his mouth. Good bye, Great Western—when you buy a stranger's horse, always ask him a warranty. I wish you joy of your bargain old fellow—and you will make money out of it, if you've found out a remedy for the Heaves—I haven't."

And he put spurs to the gallant black. "Just wait till I overhaul you!" shouted the discomfited jockey, as he started in pursuit. But the log pulling had done the business for his bargain, and he hadn't ridden a quarter of a mile, before the animal he bought was swelling and colic-lapping like a black smith's bellows, while far away

the Green Un was stroking it along the road, going free and easy at ten miles the hour. "Picked up, by thunder!" muttered the Great Western, after fruitlessly digging his galls into the panting sides of the 'old man's horse.' 'Tis a great mind to take a horn of Pease acid. There's a white man living that can boast of picking up the Great Western. He's a scroacher, though, and no mistake, he added with professional enthusiasm—"he's won the stakes fair, and if the story don't get in the Spirit of the Times, curse me, if ever I say a word about it!"

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—An alarming fact in the history of Chloroform has occurred in Cincinnati which will result in far greater caution in the use of this powerful agent than has up to this time been the case. We give below the full particulars, as far as they have reached us, as all the details of the case should be known:

Mrs. Simonds, the deceased, had consulted some four or five physicians, and been advised by them all to use chloroform in having her teeth drawn.—She accordingly went with a female friend to her dentist.

"Twenty-five drops were put into the inhaler, administered, and took immediate effect. Dr. Sexton commenced removing the teeth, which were mere stumps, and not difficult of extraction. As he attempted to draw the fourth one, she put up her hand and seized his arm. He requested her to put her hand down, saying that the remaining ones would hurt but little, and she removed her hand.—He judged that she had partially passed from the influence of the Chloroform, and knew what was going on. He applied the instrument again and drew the tooth. Just as it came out, she drew back her head, made a convulsive movement with her hands, slid forward on the seat of the chair, and expired. The time from her first inhaling the Chloroform to this sad result, did not, the dentist says, exceed a minute and a half.

Her feet were immediately bathed, and frictions applied, and Dr. Baker called in. Artificial inflation of the lungs was used, and by the assistance of Prof. Locke, who was immediately called in by Dr. Baker, electricity was applied. A short time after Drs. Mussey and Lawrence were called in. All efforts to resuscitate her were in vain.—Her husband arrived while these efforts were being made, her family physician, Dr. Mulford, was also present during part of the time.

"A post mortem examination is intended, but is as yet deferred in a faint hope that life may not be entirely gone. Fourteen or fifteen hours after the time of her (supposed) death, she was yet warm; but whether that resulted from remaining life, or from the fact that in hope of a resuscitation she had been kept in a warm bed in a warm room, is not determined.

Subsequently, being well satisfied that the vital spark was extinct, a post mortem examination was made. The system of the deceased was found in a healthy state, and showed no indications of any disease that could have caused her death.

The Cincinnati Inquirer says, in speaking of this examination:

"The committee, we understand, are satisfied that her death was caused by the administration of chloroform. It was supposed that she had given too concentrated a quantity, and that insensibility was thus caused too rapidly. It was given by an inhaler, (air tight) a sponge saturated with chloroform being first deposited within it. We are told that the usual, and safest way, in its administration, is by dropping it upon a handkerchief, and then permitting it to be inhaled by the patient."

All the following articles which have obtained unusual popularity, 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. Cause true.—Buy only of the above persons as all others are counterfeit.

AN UNQUALIFIED REMEDY, AND AN ALMANSAC FOR 1848. Contains—1st—For Colds and Feverish feelings, and prevents Fevers, Rheumatism, and all the other ailments of the season. 2nd—For Diarrhoea, Indigestion, and Loss of Appetite. 3rd—For Constiveness in Infants and Males. 4th—For all the other ailments of the season. The Great Testimony. It is not bad to take, never gives pain and never leaves one costive.

For all the above ailments requested, and all who do not find it so may return the bottle and get their money back.

This medicine is LONGLEY'S GREAT WESTERN INDIAN PANACEA. Fuller description in Almanac for 1848, gratis.

Bain de Columbia Hair-Tonic.—To the Bald and Grey—If you have a rich luxuriant head of hair, free from dandruff and scurf, do not fail to procure the genuine Bain de Columbia. It cures all the itching humors, and restores your hair to its original color, and will restore it to its original perfection by the use of this tonic. Age, state or condition of the hair, or the nature of the humors, will not prevent it from doing what the delicate hair tonic is filled, by which means thousands (whose hair was as grey as the Arctic eagle) have recovered their hair to its natural color by the use of this invaluable remedy. In case of fever it will be found the most pleasant wash that can be used, and it cures all the itching humors, and restores the hair from falling out. It strengthens the hair, and never fails to impart a rich glossy appearance, and is as perfumery as it is medicinal—it holds three times as much as other medicinal hair restoratives, and is more effective. The genuine manufactured only by Comstock's Medical Patent, New York.

Comstock's Medical Patent. It is now manufactured by Comstock & Co., 21, Courtland St., New York, is the greatest remedy for all the ailments of the season, and is truly miraculous. All pains are removed from the system, and the humors are expelled, and the skin is purified, and all the ailments of the season are cured, and the system is restored to its original health, and the hair is restored to its natural color, and will restore it to its original perfection by the use of this tonic. Age, state or condition of the hair, or the nature of the humors, will not prevent it from doing what the delicate hair tonic is filled, by which means thousands (whose hair was as grey as the Arctic eagle) have recovered their hair to its natural color by the use of this invaluable remedy. In case of fever it will be found the most pleasant wash that can be used, and it cures all the itching humors, and restores the hair from falling out. It strengthens the hair, and never fails to impart a rich glossy appearance, and is as perfumery as it is medicinal—it holds three times as much as other medicinal hair restoratives, and is more effective. The genuine manufactured only by Comstock's Medical Patent, New York.

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