The Daily Crescent.

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The Daily Crescent.

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Of the Council of the Second Municipality.

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OFFICE.....No. 98 ST. CHARLES STREET.

MY MOTHER.....By GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

My mother, 'tis a long and weary time
Since last I looked upon thy sad, sweet face,
And listened to the gentle spirit-tones
Of thy dear voice of music. I was then
A child, a bright-haired child. The fearful thought
That thou wast passing from the earth away,
Was my young life's first sorrow. Through the long
And solemn watches of that awful night
Kind friends, who dearly loved us, gathered round
The dying couch, and in my agony,
My childish agony, I shrieked to them
To save thee, mother, but with streaming tears;
And in the tones of holy sympathy
They told me thou wouldst die.

Oh! then I bowed
My head to God, whose worship thy dear lips
Had taught me, and to Him, with burning heart,
I prayed that he would spare thee. And, as there
I knelt, a holy calm, as if from Heaven,
Came stealing o'er my spirit, and a voice,
As 'twere a melody from some star,
Crossed into my soul. It said that thou
Must leave me, that thy home was in the sky,
But that thou will would'st love and guard thy child.
And never could I see nothing else on thy angel's wings
In all his wanderings here.

My mother, then
I rose to more than childhood's strength, and watched
The fading of thy life. Dear friends still hung
Around thy pillow, but I saw them not.
Wild lamentations and deep sobs were breathed
From rows of anguish, but I heard them not.
A mist of God poured forth his soul in prayer
For thy soul's welfare, but I heard him not.
I saw how thy wan cheeks, thy pale lips,
Thy half-closed eyes, so meek and calm beneath
Their blue veined lids, thy bright dishevelled locks,
Thy pearly brow, damp with the dews of death,
And the faint heaving of thy breast, that oft
In happy hours had followed my young heart
To sweet and gentle slumber, and I heard
But the faint struggle of thy failing breath,
Thy stifling sighs, and the high, holy words
That seemed to fall like dew drops on my soul
From out the blessed skies. All suddenly
Thy blue eyes opened, and a moment looked
Upon thy child with one fixed, loving gaze,
In which the deep and hoarded love of years
Was all concentrated; a convulsive thrill
Shot through the fibres of my wounded frame;
And death was there—ay, thou wast mine and death's,
And then my tear again rushed wildly forth,
But not from heaven broke through them with a soft
Prismatic glory, as I gazed.
And saw thee mounting, like a new made star,
For up thy pathway in the heavens.

Long years,
Long years, my dear lost mother, have gone by
Since that will hour. My manhood and my youth
Have passed away, and now my childhood's prime
Is fading like a vision, for my years
Far, far outnumber thine upon the earth.
This cold, cold exile of the gentle heart
From the bright home to which it longs to fly,
And be at rest forever. I have seen
Much of joy and sorrow, I have felt
Life's storms and sunshine, but I ne'er have known
Such raptures as my full heart shared with thee
In childhood's fairy years. Now, time has no more
Pleasures fresh roses mock my brow, his hand
Lets fall upon my path but pale, torn flowers,
Dead blossoms, that the genial dews of eve,
The morning sun light and the moonlight rain
Can no'er revive again, for they are dust—
Ay, dust and ashes.

Even thine image now,
The image of thy young form as first thou wore
The starlight of my childhood, seems to fade
From memory's vision. 'Tis as some pale star
Upon the twilight wave, a broken fragment
Of something beautiful and dearly loved
In far gone years, a dim and tender dream,
That, like a faint bow on a shadowy way,
Lows on my clouded brain. But, oh! thy voice,
Its tones can never perish in my soul;
It visits me among the strife of men
In the dark city's spirit-vice. It comes,
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,
Upon my listening spirit like a strain
Of fairy music o'er the sea. And oft,
When at the eventide, and a hush
Deep as the sabbath stillness of a church,
I stray all lonely through the leafless woods,
And gaze upon the moon, that seems to mourn
Her sorrow in its heaven, or the trees,
That look like crowning Titans in the dim
And doubtful light, that outrageous voice
Swells on my ear like the low, mournful tone
Imaisioned in the sea-shell, or the sound,
The melancholy sound, of dying gales
Panting on the far off tree tops.

Yes,
My dear mother, though mountains, hills and streams
Divide me from thy grave, where I so oft
In childhood laid my bosom on the turf
That covered thine, though the bleak winter-storms
Long long have cast o'er thee their spotless shroud,
And night her pall, and though thine image sweet,
The same dear picture cherished through my life,
Grows dim and dimmer in my brain, thy voice,
Is ever in my ear and my heart.
To teach me love and gentleness and truth,
And warn me from the perils that surround
The paths of pilgrims o'er the desert earth.

English and American Ladies.

THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR EDUCATION.—Mr. Downing, in one of his recent letters from England, opens a chapter in the education of English ladies, which can be read with special interest by American ladies—who generally take so little of out-door exercise, that they fade just when an English woman is in the prime of her health and vigor. Neither would physicians be so much needed, if our young ladies were educated to exercise out of doors every day of the year:

There are other guests in the house—Sir Chas. M., Lady P., some Irish ladies without titles, (but so rich in natural gifts as to make one feel the poverty of mere rank,) and a charming family of grown up daughters. It would be difficult, perhaps, to have a better opportunity to judge of the life of the educated middle classes of this country, than in such homes as these. A second impression do such examples make upon my mind, you will ask? I will tell you, (not without remembering how many fair young readers you have at home,) the young English woman is less conspicuously *accomplished* that our young women of the same position in America. There is, perhaps, a little less of that *je ne sais quoi*—that nameless grace which captivates at first sight—than with us, but a better and more solid education, including all the topics of the day, with so much of politics as makes a woman really a companion for an intelligent man in his serious thoughts; in history, language, and practical knowledge of the duties of social and domestic life, the English women have, I imagine, few superiors.

But what, perhaps, would strike one of our young women most, in English society, would be the thorough cultivation and refinement that exist here, along with the absence of all false delicacy. The fondness of English women, even in the highest rank, for out-of-door life, horses, dogs, fine cattle, animals of all kinds, for the pursuits, in short, of every thing that belongs to their homes, their real, unaffected knowledge of, and pleasure in these things, and the unreserved way in which they talk about them, would startle some of my young friends at home, who are educated in the fashionable boarding school of Madame———, to consider all such things "vulgar," and "unlady-like." I accompanied the young members of the family here this morning, in an exploration of the mysteries of the place. No sooner did we make our appearance out of doors, than we were saluted by dogs of all degrees, and each had the honor of an interview and personal reception, which seemed to be productive of pleasure on both sides. Then some of the horses were brought out of the stable, and a parley took place between them and their favorite mistresses, some favorite cows were to be petted and looked after, and their good points were descanted on with knowledge and discrimination; and there was the *basse cour*, with its various population, all discussed and shown with such lively unaffected interest, that I soon saw my fair companions were "born to love pigs and chickens." I have said nothing about the garden, because you know that it is especially the lady's province here.

An English woman with no taste for gardening, would be as great a marvel as an angel without wings. And now, were these fresh looking girls, who have so thoroughly entered into these rustic enjoyments, mere country lassies and dairy maids? By no means. They will converse with you in three or four languages; are thoroughly well grounded in modern literature; sketch from nature with the ease of professional artists, and will sit down to their piano forte and give you an old ballad, or the finest German or Italian music, as your taste may dictate. And yet many of my young countrywomen of their age, whose education—wholly intended for the drawing-room—is far below what I have described, would have half fainted with terror, and half blushed with false delicacy, twenty times within the course of the morning, with the discussions of the farm-yard, meadow and stables, which properly belongs to a wholesome country life, and are not in the slightest degree at variance with real delicacy and refinement. I very well know that there are many sensibly educated young women at home, who have the same breadth of cultivation, and the same variety of resources, that make the English women such truly agreeable companions; but alas, I also know that there are many whose bean ideal is bounded by a circle that contains the latest fashionable dance for the feet, the latest fashionable novels for the head, and the latest fashionable fancy work for the fingers.

If I have unconsciously run into something like a sermon, it is from the feeling that among my own lovely countrywomen, is to be found the groundwork of the most perfectly attractive feminine character in the world. But of late, their education has been a little vitiated by the introduction of the flimsiest points of French social requirements—rather than the more solid and estimable qualities which belongs to English domestic life. The best social development in America will, doubtless, finally result from an internal improvement springing from the very bosom of our institutions; but, before that can happen, a great many traits and refinements will necessarily be borrowed from the other world—and the larger interests, healthier home tastes, and more thorough education of English women, seem to me hardly rated so highly by us as they deserve. Go to Paris, if you will, to see the most perfect taste in dress, and the finest charm of mere external manners, but make the acquaintance of English women if you wish to get a high idea of feminine character, as it should be, to command your sincerest and most lasting admiration and respect.

A GEM—*The Dying Wife to her Husband.* The following most touching fragment of a Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband, was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen.

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts was at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet dear G——, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone with the 'sure conviction' that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and leaning upon His arm 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting when looking well I know it upon you? Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death, and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G——, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll lower none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, 'I am not lost, but gone before!'"

Life of an Editor.

RATHER A KNIGHTLY WAY.—The following from the Paris correspondence of the St. Louis Republican describes the manner in which Monsieur Veron, the celebrated editor of the Constitutionnel, passes his time:

"Monsieur Veron has his petit levee, (which means reception in his dressing gown) during which the story writers of his paper submit their work to him. He is seated in a large easy chair, and the reader, who is often a member of the academy, stands before the mantelpiece. Veron criticises, approves, disapproves, with a look or a smile; points out here and there a correction; and when the reading is finished, a slight gesture of the hand informs the author that he may retire. At twelve o'clock Veron breakfasts, and converses with his head publisher, who brings him a copy of the morning's paper.

At two o'clock, if the weather is fine, he repairs to the garden of the Tuileries, where he has his linden tree, as St. Louis had his oak at Vincennes. About twenty chairs are ranged round his tree, which will be one day, perhaps, a place of pilgrimage. Gradually these chairs are occupied, until the illustrious editor has a complete court. Then is the time he becomes fascinating and charming by his wit and condescending humor. He talks about politics, the fine arts, literature, and has his jokes like Talleyrand. Sometimes he deigns even to rise to eloquence when the topic of the corruptions of the age is broached, for you know M. Veron is an austere philosopher, who took the direction of the opera, some time since, only for the laudable purpose of bringing back to the paths of virtue the *corps de ballet*.

At five o'clock he breaks up his levee, after inviting two or three of his intimates to dinner, gets into his carriage, drives through the Champs Elysees, smiling upon this pretty woman, nodding to that, and kissing his hand to another; after this he goes to the office of the Constitutionnel, and superintends an attack against Voltaire or Rousseau, or commands a charge upon M. Thiers. He then goes to dinner. The table is always spread for twelve persons, and during the repast, the most delightful liberty of speech is allowed. After coffee the guests disperse, and everybody goes about his business. Veron drops in for a moment either at the opera or the theatre, and then retires and for the rest of the evening, his life is a mystery, even to his most intimate friends, and no one has yet been able to lift the veil which covers it."

Eloquent and Effective Appeal.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied! You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.

"There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children.

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, does your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs, and the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataract—sleeping in the glaciers—dancing in the hail shower—folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths, and no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out my friends! Would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

The Monitor Republicano of Mexico, of the 17th March, states that during the year 1850, there were incarcerated in the different prisons of the city of Mexico, for various criminal offences, the enormous number of 24,723 persons! and of this number 7582 were women. Of the prisoners, 7459 men and 2941 women were sentenced to the national prisons, and 817 to the fortress of Santiago, to fulfil their sentences. Of these last 494 were liberated, 20 shot, 14 died of cholera, and 98 were reimprisoned.

What a nest of crime must be this capital of the Mexican Republic! When the fact, with the above, is taken into consideration that the population of the entire city does not exceed 200,000 souls, great and small, one would have no very great opinion of the city of the Aztecs. The same paper publishes a statistical statement of the increase of crime in New York, and fixes the number in 1850, out of a population of 517,800, at 3700. [Rio Grande Sentinel.

From the Louisville Journal.

Dreaming to Order.

My friend Maggie gave me a piece of cake left by Jenny Lind, and I promised her to dream over it. As bed-time approached, I said to myself: "Now, as I have some dreaming to do, I must try to get into a dreamy state. For Maggie's sake, I should like to do the job in the very best style." I looked into the fire, and soon began to see a number of forms, animate and inanimate, playing fantastic tricks in the grate. The boundary line between the real world and the dream world began to waver, and the two worlds seemed to run into each other. A beautiful haze spread itself around me, and for a time I could see nothing else. Then my body itself seemed to acquire a kind of hazy feeling, the particles retaining their form, but becoming etherealized. A sense of lightness and expansion pervaded my system. I raised my arm, and it did not seem willing to fall. I started to walk, and foun I that I acquired such an impetus by touching one foot to the ground, that I could scarcely get the other down. I felt myself becoming more and more ethereal. My soul seemed to expand from its seat in the brain, spreading itself till it filled every pore of my body. I floated along without being able to touch the ground. I felt uncomfortable, and wished for some one to steady me. I was too light for the earth, and too heavy for the air. Suddenly I felt a thrill of ineffable pleasure in every part of my system. The power of gravitation was overcome, and I shot away from the earth with the speed of lightning. I could no longer even see the planet I had left. I was in an atmosphere of glory—bright beyond all human imagination; but the most gorgeous colors were so blended and harmonized that there was nothing glaring. I breathed the atmosphere of ambrosia, and it seemed the appropriate food for my ethereal nature. There was an exquisite sense of harmony throughout my system. There was not merely a visible, but an *audible* adaptation of one part to the another. The arm seemed to be a musical accompaniment to the body; and even the fingers, and different parts of the fingers, were audibly harmonious with each other. Indeed, when I saw or heard it, I soon discovered that the glory around me was the harmony of the spheres. The colors were the sounds that the heavenly bodies make in their motion, as each of them "like as an angel sings, still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim." They literally "sang to my eye," as well as to my ear.

It is impossible to describe in the language of mortals the ecstatic delight of my whole being as I perceived the harmony of the spheres with two senses at the same time, and those senses in so heavenly a degree of refinement. I saw with my ear and heard with my eye, and "each lent to each a double charm. The pleasure was not merely doubled by being derived from two senses at the same time, but rendered a thousand-fold more intense by the harmony between the two senses. A heavenly tone would throw off a beautiful color, and it sounded as if all the beauties of music had been collected into one note. Again, it would hear a sweet note, and all beautiful colors would seem to be mingled together in the most enchanting glow. Then the harmony between the two manifestations of the same thing added intensely to the emotion.

Mortals may make some approximation to a conception of my idea by imagining the rose to sing out its colors, and the nightingale's notes to form a rainbow of song around it. But this is not all. The rainbow must be heard as well as seen, and the song of the rose must be seen as well as heard. Nor is even this all. The exquisite harmony between the visible and the audible manifestations must be *heard* and must be *seen*.

While my delighted spirit was looking and listening, seeming to be at the same time all eye and all ear, suddenly a tone more beautiful than any I had heard went sounding through the empyrean. I looked, and traced the brightness of its course as it floated through the sea of harmony. It had over me an irresistible power of fascination. I was obliged to follow, and away I flew. As I looked, the sound seemed to form itself into the features of a soul. On it flew as if earnestly seeking for some thing. A dim spot came in view, and I found we were rapidly approaching the earth. The Northern ocean was soon beneath us. The object I was following flew on rapidly and eagerly as ever till I saw it enter a cottage in Sweden. I saw it no more; but a Swedish maiden in the cottage opened her lips, and the sound was there.

I started—there was a bright fire in the grate—the teakettle which had been left on the fire was singing and spouting steam. The vapor seemed to be the sound showing itself to the eye. "Have I been dreaming with my eyes open?" said I to myself, "and is my music of the spheres nothing but the music of this sphere of a teakettle? In one way or the other, however, I have fulfilled my promise to Maggie." THE DREAMER.

Mr. Webster and the Boston Councils.

The letter of the Hon. Daniel Webster, in reply to the invitation of the Common Council of the city of Boston to meet the people, and address them in Faneuil Hall, was received and read before the Council on the evening of the 24th ult., and is published in the papers. His reply to the joint invitation of the Board of Aldermen and Common Council, made subsequently, has not yet been received. The following letter was written before the retrograde action of the Board of Aldermen:

MARSHFIELD, April 19, 1851.

To Francis Brinley, Esq., President of the Common Council of the City of Boston:

My Dear Sir—I have received your communication transmitting copies of the preamble and resolutions adopted on the 17th instant, by the unanimous vote of the body over which you preside, and I should be incapable of all just emotion if I delayed for a moment to express my heartfelt thanks for a proceeding on your part so friendly and honorable to myself. I wish my stay in this vicinity could be such as to afford me the opportunity of calling individually upon you, and all the members, and paying to each of you my personal regards. There are, I know, members of the Common Council who entertain political opinions different from my own, and this fact makes me the more anxious to signify to them, in an emphatic manner, my deep sense, not only of their kindness and courtesy, but also of the manliness and independence which has characterized their votes.

But I shall not have the pleasure, during my present visit, of meeting the citizens of Boston. What I have done during the last year to maintain the Union and to preserve the relations of peace, friendly intercourse, commerce and business among all the States, has not been done in a corner, and I shall not go into a corner to perform what may remain to be done. Nor shall I enter Faneuil Hall until its gates shall be thrown open wide, not "with impetuous recoil, grating harsh thunder," but with the harmonious sound, on golden hinges moving, to let in, and that freely and to overflowing, you and your fellow citizens, and all men, of all parties, who are true to the Union and true to liberty—men who can look around on the faces of the patriots adorning the walls of that sacred temple, draw in with their deepest breath the inspiration of its hallowing remembrances, and standing upright and erect upon its pavements, in mind and heart elate, in the consciousness that they too are Americans, lovers of their country, and of their whole country, and not unworthy to tread in the footsteps of their great forefathers. It Providence shall be pleased to spare my life and health until that hour comes, I shall meet the citizens of Boston, and my voice shall be heard once more in the cradle of American liberty. Until then, again thanking you and the members of the Council, I bid you and them farewell.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

THE subscriber offers his professional services to Railroad Companies and others who may desire them. He has been engaged since 1829 in the survey, location and construction of Railroads in the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and has therefore a practical experience in the management of such works, which, he flatters himself, will enable him to give entire satisfaction to those whom he may serve. Letters addressed at Mansfield or Logansport, DeSoto Parish, La., will be promptly attended to. Satisfactory references of character and capacity will be given. m3 1mos JOHN L. COLE.

THE undersigned continue to make liberal cash advances upon approved consignments to their friends in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. feb1 tf FERR. KENNETT & CO. 93 Magazine st.

DOCTOR S. P. *Townsend's Sarsaparilla.*

WONDER AND BLESSING OF THE AGE.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine on the Wide THIS EXTRACT IS PUT UP IN QUART BOTTLES IN SIX IMES CHEAPER AND PLEASANTER, AND WAS RANTED SUPERIOR TO ANY SOLD—IT CURES WITHOUT VOMITING, PURGING, SICKENING OR DEBILITATING THE PATIENT.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES

Ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last five years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 5000 Children during the two past seasons.

10,000 CASES OF GENERAL DEBILITY AND WANT OF NERVOUS ENERGY.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on a general physical prostration of the nervous system, insufficient ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay &c. decline, hastening towards that fatal disease, Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. The Sarsaparilla is far superior to

INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

As it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the mind, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness of the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, etc. have been and can be cured.

SPITTING BLOOD.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—I verily believe that your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, and was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has a wonderful change been wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your old servant,

WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine street.

RHEUMATISM.

This is only one of more than four thousand cases of Rheumatism that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla has cured. The most severe and chronic cases are weekly eradicated by its extraordinary virtues.

James Cummings, Esq., one of the assistants in the Lunatic Asylum, Blackwell's Island, is the gentleman spoken of in the following letter:

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, Sept. 14, 1.47.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have suffered terribly for nine years with the Rheumatism; considerable of the time I could not walk, stoop or walk. I had the most violent pains, and my limbs were terribly swollen. I have used four bottles of your Sarsaparilla, and they have done me more than one thousand dollars my good. I am now free from pain, and my limbs are entirely relieved. You are at liberty to use this for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours, respectfully,

JAMES CUMMINGS

FEVER AND AGUE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is unequalled in cases of Chills and Fever and Ague. The following is but one of the hundreds that we have received from the South and West of like character:

OSWEGO, Michigan, Oct. 22, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I purchased for my wife two bottles of Sarsaparilla of your agent, Mr. McNair, of Kalamazoo, to try it for the Fever and Ague. Before I had finished the first bottle, it appeared to warm the blood, and every other day, when the chills and fever appeared, they were less violent; and before she had finished the bottle, she was entirely relieved, and she much better than she had been before she took the ague. A lady that had been very sick with chills and fever, but had broke them with alumne and was left in a very weak and distressed state, and improving exceedingly with the ague cake, seeing the effect that it had on my wife, she sent and procured a few bottles, and it restored her in a few weeks to complete health. Your Sarsaparilla is, without doubt, unequalled in diseases incident to the West, and if you think that this communication will be of use, you are at liberty to use it as you choose.

Yours, respectfully, CHARLES H. SWAIN.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Dr. Townsend, not having tested his Sarsaparilla in cases of Fits, of course never recommended it, and was surprised to receive the following from an intelligent and respectable Farmer of Westchester county:

FORDHAM, August 18, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have a little girl nine years of age, who has been several times afflicted with Fits; we tried almost everything for her, but without success; at last, although we could find no recommendation in our circular for such disease, we thought, as a last resort, we would give her some of your Sarsaparilla, and, as every good we did, for it not only restored her strength, but it has had no return of the Fits, so far, which is now two months ago. She is fast becoming rugged and hearty, for which we feel grateful. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN BUTLER, Jr.

FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a sovereign and speedy cure for Impotent Consumption, Barrenness, Profuse Uterine Flow, or Falling of the Womb, Costiveness, Piles, Leucorrhœa, or Whites, obstructed or difficult Menstruation, Incontinence of Urine or involuntary discharge, and for all those painful diseases, prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent constitutional causes, produced by the indiscretions of youth, or from other causes, produced by the excesses of the sexes, and which cannot be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons, all weakness and languid, from taking it at once become lively and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervousness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness. It will not be expected of us, to publish the hundreds of cases performed, but we can assure the afflicted, that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Thousands of cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blessed with a fine, healthy offspring.

TO MOTHERS AND MARRIED LADIES.

This extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared to relieve female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is suffering from internal ulceration, or the Fallopian Tube, should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventive for any of the numerous horrible diseases to which females are subject, at the time of life. This article has been used for several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable for those who are approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature, by cleansing the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed, this medicine is invaluable for all the delicate diseases to which women are subject. It brings the blush of health into the countenance, it invigorates, by removing the impurities of the body, so far stimulating as to produce subsequent relaxation, which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease. By using a few bottles of this medicine, many severe and painful surgical operations may be prevented.

GREAT BLESSING TO MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon child birth; it strengthens both the mother and the child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth: in costiveness, piles, cramps, swelling of the feet, despondency, hesitation, vomiting, pain in the back and pants, false pains, hemorrhages, and in regulating the secretions and equalizing the circulation it has no equal. The great virtue of this medicine is, it never does harm in any case, or under any circumstances