

THE ORGAN OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

The Life and Adventures of Pete.

Georgetown, Kentucky, is certainly the most remarkable place in the world for birds! Who has not heard of Pete?—the illustrious Crow, which was raised and owned by Mr. John Adams of this town? Pete—that every body admired! This crow—without having had any thing done to his tongue, and with no other advantage, than that of being brought up in a hatter's shop, among the boys and journeymen, could undoubtedly talk better than any parrot in the world ever talked.

But, to begin with the history.—Pete, in his youth was once taken to the Bourbon Bridge, on a fishing party, where he got some very good minnows to eat, and always afterwards, to the day of his death, he was a devoted fisherman. The moment Pete saw the fishing poles brought out, he was as keen as a brier to go, and go he would; and he would help himself too, to the very first fish that was caught, big or little. If you scolded at him, or took up a switch and threatened to whip him, he was off. He would fly straight to his master's house, in Georgetown, where he knew he had friends, and where he was sure to be fed, like a gentleman. Mr. Adams has feelingly told me, "that if he had had but one piece of bread in the world, he would have halved it with Pete."

Among the earliest budlings of Pete's genius was his fondness for racing. He was taken to one or two races, in the first place; but after that, he was sure to attend as a volunteer; until, at length, becoming very much excited on the field, he mounted the stand, and in a fit of inspiration, he gave the word "go," to the horses! and this was the first word ever spoken by Pete. The speech met with the most unbounded applause—the beating of Henry by Eclipse was a fool to it.—From that moment Pete was a "made man." He was every where acknowledged, as principal manager of the turf—Pete knew every body and every body knew Pete. He was constantly seen in the thickest of the crowd—chief cook and bottle washer. He did not always know when to give the word "go," but he knew how to do it, as well as Uncle Ned or Capt. Burbridge, himself.

It should be remembered to the credit of Pete, that he was the staunch advocate of Temperance—many a bottle of new whiskey has Pete broken; and many a quarrel has he had, with Felty, for doing it. And here it is proper to notice a charge which has been brought against Pete—it has been said, that Pete was in the habit of drinking the whiskey and then breaking the bottle, by way of concealing the theft; upon the same principle, that a house is often burned down, after it has been robbed, in order to prevent discovery. But I do not believe a word of it. I consider the whole story, whether written or spoken, as a base slander upon Pete's reputation. What! Pete drink whiskey? 'Good new whiskey'? The thing is impossible! Pete was possessed of too much sagacity, and too much self respect. He was always sober as a judge. And besides, I do not believe that the silliest crow that ever croaked, would be stupid enough to taste one drop of whiskey, although it might roll in oceans at his feet. Had Pete been called on to drink, he would have risen on tiptoe, and with his accustomed eloquence, he would have replied: "No! gentlemen, no! Not one drop of whiskey will I drink! It is whiskey, and that alone, which fills the poor-house and the penitentiary throughout christendom, and from one extremity of the earth to the other." We are informed by Mr. Adams and two other gentlemen, that upon one occasion, a stupid waggoner, who had about a quart of new whiskey in him, at the time, and whose name happened to be Bill, was terribly alarmed by Pete.—The fellow it seems, was driving his team through the streets of Georgetown, when Pete took a seat upon the top of his wagon, and began to call out "Bill! Oh, Bill!! Oh, Bill!!"—The fellow looked up, and without waiting for explanations from Pete, he rolled off in the mud, flat of his back, and was very near run over by his own wagon.

The hero of our story had a perfect contempt for his wild brethren. He evidently avoided them; and upon one occasion, having been thrown into company with some of them, at a hog killing, which he was fond of attending, Pete actually retired to the inside of Mr. Barcock Offutt's porch, to avoid what he considered bad company—they could not talk—they were no company for Pete.

I have just been told, that Pete is charged with being a mongrel! Now, I take upon myself, as an ornithologist, and as the biographer of Pete, to say that the thing is false, out and out; that Pete was as genuine a crow as ever was seen; that he had not one drop of parrot blood in him; that he was as much superior to a parrot as a mocking-bird is to a sparrow; 'As Hyperion to a Satyr.'

As a distinguishing trait in the character of Pete; it deserves to be mentioned, that he had not the slightest aversion to gunpowder. On the contrary, he was particularly fond of mil-

itary tactics; and made it a point to attend all the musters in the neighborhood of Georgetown. Musters and races were his favorite pastimes—in a word, he was a Kentuckian—and to all intents and purposes, the very pink of chivalry.

It has long been doubted, whether Mr. Burke was greatest as a speaker or writer? But there is no such doubt in relation to Pete—oratory was unquestionably his strong suit: touch him on that, and he was always at home. He could say 'good morning' with perfect distinctness; and this was his favorite salutation; he would often use it forty times a day, and at all hours of the day. Mr. Forl informs me, that he met with Pete one morning, at market, and that he heard him say, "A cold, frosty morning," as plain as he ever heard any thing in his life. But his longest and best speech is this: "Oh Bill! Oh Bill!!—Tall George Sawyer to come here? This speech, long as it is, was pronounced with the utmost distinctness, twenty times a day, upon an average, and has been witnessed by hundreds and perhaps thousands, with the highest admiration. Gentlemen have been known to visit Georgetown, from a hundred miles, expressly to witness the power of Pete's eloquence.

As the writer of history, bound by all the sanctions of truth, I am compelled to say that Pete's morality was somewhat questionable! He has been heard to swear repeatedly! and upon one occasion (doubtless without reflection,) he went so far as to abuse a lady in her own house!! Pete it seems, was on a visit, and in the course of the evening, he amused himself, by pulling out the feathers of a hat which lay upon the bed, in one of the chambers. Pete was at length detected in the very act, or as a lawyer would say, 'he was taken with the mainor.' The lady informed him that she considered him an intruder, and that she would have him put out of her house!!—Pete's Irish was instantly up—he told the lady to her face—"curse your soul! I'll tell George Sawyer.—The lady, of course, retired; she could not possibly stand such language as this, and Pete strutted through the house for some time, and did exactly what he pleased,—who but Pete! As if he had said—

"Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed! And not a linker, nor Christopher Sly."

Now, this I admit, was all wrong and perfectly inexcusable; but then I would like to know, what crow in creation, or man either, is without a fault? and, besides, it should be known to posterity, that Pete's general character was good, and in such assemblage of perfections it will not be a matter of wonder, if some alloy of frailty was found intermingled. My deliberate opinion is, that the darkest shade of Pete's character was a tendency to profane swearing, when he considered himself insulted. Take that blot from Pete's escutcheon, and it will shine like the morning star.

Pete lived to the age of about three years, and was clearly progressive up to the moment of his death, in his knowledge and accomplishments. His lamented death took place just twenty years ago, in the ever memorable year—eighteen hundred thirty-two.—That year so fatal to genius: The same year in which more great souls departed, than in any other two years, in all the annals of history.—Mackintosh, Goethe, Crabbe, Tenterton, Perior, Carroll, of Carrollton, Sumpter, Walter Scott and Pete.

The distinguished subject of our history was unfortunately shot by a nephew of Mr. Ben Smith, of Edge Hill, a stranger who knew nothing of the standing and character of Pete. He fell in the suburbs of Georgetown, Ky., on the branch of the Royal spring, near Mr. Crawford's house. Upon the melancholy news of Pete's demise, it was at once determined to bury him with the highest respect. His remains were accordingly placed in a very handsome coffin, and interred in classic ground, near the College edifice; the bell was regularly tolled. The obsequies were attended by a large procession of boys: many a wet cheek was seen at the burial, and we are told that the children of Mr. Adams were not the only ones that shed tears. How easily might the life of Pete have been saved, if only moderate caution had been observed by the citizens of Georgetown. Still, it was not the want of regard, but the excess of it, that was fatal in this instance. Nobody ever dreamed that Pete could be shot through a mistake! Never did the advantage of stars and garters and ribbons strike me so forcibly, before; for the want of some such badge of distinction a crowd of genius has lost his life.

The author of this sketch never saw Pete but once; he was then on the top of Mr. Geo. Brown's house, in Georgetown. The street below was full of gentlemen on horseback, and Pete supposing it to be a race, was engaged in giving the word "go." It was court day, but it seems that nobody had informed Pete of the fact; so that he was evidently acting under a mistake at the time.

Of one thing the public may be assured, that no fact stated has been exaggerated, in the slightest degree—that in the whole of this memoir, no single

incident is given, but upon the highest authority. The truth is, that most of the facts contained in this history, have been actually sworn to. Mike Algire, upon telling the story in New Orleans, and finding he was not believed, went before a Justice of the Peace, and solemnly swore to every word he had stated. After all the pains I have taken, there is very little doubt that the fate of Homer has been that of Pete, and that many of his best speeches have been lost to the world forever.

We have also had a robin which crowed very finely indeed! as much like a *bantam* as you could possibly imagine. He was here two seasons. Sometime in the spring of his first visit, he had the misfortune to lose a leg, which affected his spirits very much, and suspended his crowing operations for about two months. After that he was again heard to crow as usual, throughout the fall. During winter he was absent from Georgetown—probably on a visit to the South. The next spring he returned, and again, the very same one-legged robin-red-breast, and crowed as finely as ever. Whether he is now dead, or has only changed his residence, is quite uncertain. All we know, is that he had not the pleasure of seeing his *rebinship* for about two years. Wherever he may be, we regard him, if living, as our bird and will crow him against any chicken or "old dove" in the world for any amount. But I am likely to forget the apothegm of my old friend, Colonel Doherty, adopted from Fallstaff, I believe—that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and so I close.

T. C. F.

Fruit vs. Temperance.

The grand mission of the horticulturist, in subduing, cultivating, and embellishing the earth,—of rendering the outward world a Paradise,—a garden of beauty and delight, (as the word Paradise literally imports,) is as yet but little understood and appreciated in all its length, and breadth, and glory, by even its most distinguished apostles and earnest and enthusiastic devotees. For it shall be his office in the coming age, not only to transform the face of nature, and through the hints and suggestion everywhere given him by the Divine Creator, to deduce order and beauty from the surrounding chaos, but to have a very important and powerful influence upon the life and culture, the health and happiness of man. The civilization of man, and that of the earth, indeed, always go hand in hand, and each acts upon, and advances the other. By the greater abundance and improvement of grains and vegetables, and especially by the increase of various and luscious fruits, a very striking change is to be made for the better, in the manner of human living, in the regimen and nourishment of the human body, and hence, in the purity, activity and beautiful development of mind and soul. How much more poetical, how much more refined and elevated, as well as beautiful and exhilarating, is a table glowing with the various melting and luscious fruits in their season—the dewy, delicious strawberry, the fragrant raspberry, the ruby cherry, the tempting paradisaean nectar of peach and apricot, plum and pear, and the glorious clusters of the rich and juicy grape, with the cooling and refreshing waters of cantelope and melon, accompanied by simple farinaceous articles of diet, than a board covered with the flesh of beasts, however delicately cooked, and with various spiced, unnatural, and unhealthy mixtures of cake, pastry, &c. Think of father Adam slaughtering an ox in Paradise, or the delicate fingers of his fair and gentle partner, dripping with the fat of a roast spare-rib as her divine features became scorched and purpled over a blazing fire.

We believe, most fully, from personal experience, as well as observation, that an abundant use of fruits has a strikingly delightful and elevating influence upon the animal spirits, as well as upon the mind and soul; that the constant habit of employing fruits will cure many diseases, and have a most beneficial effect upon the health of the individual, and the race, and prove next to air and water, the greatest of all preventive medicaments. Indeed, as for ourselves personally, through spring and summer, autumn and winter, our breakfast is made almost exclusively of fruits. These we will have, and using no other luxury, we think we have a right to use them at any cost. At the same time, we feel it to be a high and holy duty, which we owe to the race, to do all in our power to render fruit so abundant and cheap, as to fall within the means of our poorest brother, and gladden, with its nutritious and exhilarating juices, every child in the land. We do not labor merely that this princely merchant, and that lordly nabob, should have his table loaded with 'choice specimens'; but that every man, woman, and child, month in and month out, should revel in these delicious and healthful luxuries, till they become the cheapest of common necessities. And let the true friend of our noble art but do his duty, and this can, and will be accomplished.

We even go so far as to believe, that such a blessed consummation would do more than aught beside to banish drinking, wine-bibbing, and intemperance, from the land. For these habits

are to be attributed, in the main, to a craving for the sparkling and exhilarating juices, the grateful and healthful acids contained in fruits. And the truth of this statement will be evident, if we consider that principally, from the juices of fruits, come all our various wines, exhilarating liquors, and intoxicating beverages. It was one of the methods early taken to lengthen out and perpetuate the season of fruitage. The less abundant of fruits were dried in ovens, or hung up in the solar rays, and the juices were expressed from the more prolific and plentiful varieties. As from the apple, elder; from the pear, perry; from the grape, wine and brandy; and hence, elder wine, current wine, &c. At first, indeed, this method was employed only on a limited scale, in the very season of fruits, and the juicy clusters of the grape were pressed into the crystal or golden goblet, as we now squeeze the orange and the lemon for our delicious orangeade, or the cooling sherbet of lemons. As we read in holy writ, 'I will eat grapes, and I will press them into wine.'

Gentleman, indeed in the constant habit of employing wine and liquors, say to us, 'Oh! with such fruits as these I should not care for wine, and should soon give up all relish for drinking.'—Let us make the various delicious fruits so plentiful, as to be within the reach of every man, even the poorest and the humblest, and we shall do more for the cause of temperance, and truly good living, than all the Maine liquor laws and temperance lectures in the world; for we shall thus destroy utterly, the corrupted and perverted tastes of men, and restore them to the original, beautiful and wholesome simplicity of nature.—[Horticulturist.]

And Still Another.
An Englishman, named Daws, committed suicide at J. Little's tavern in this city, on Monday morning, August 30th.

We understand that for a week before, he had been confined to his room with the *Delirium Tremens*, and had been constantly watched by some one of the family, or by his friends. On the morning of the suicide, the person watching him had fallen asleep, when Daws arose, opened the window, and plunged headlong on the pavement, breaking his skull, and mangleing his body in a most shocking manner. He was a member of the Odd Fellows' Lodge, and was buried by that fraternity. By the way, why is it that this society do not more strictly enforce their rules against intoxication?

This is the second instance of death caused in that society in this city, within a few days by intemperance, and several more of their members are fast walking in the same path. They should make them reform or expel them.—Indiana Chart.

A friend gives an amusing idea of "A Dutch Judge" in the following sketch:

"He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him found him playing at chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broad-cast personage, he thus addressed the jury:—"Misdere voreman, and 'odder juryman.—Der brisener, Hans Vlecker, is vanished his game mit der sheriff, and has peat him, but I shall dake gare he does not peat me. Hans has been dried for murder before you, and you must bring in der verdict, but must be 'cordin' to der law. Der man he kill't was't kill't at all, as it is was broved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep-stealing. Put dat is no madder. Der law says ven der isch a tou't you give 'em to der brisener—put in dish case dere ish no tou't; so you see der brisener is innocent. We ish a great loaser. I haf know'd him vifty year, and he hasn't done a s'ditch of work in all dat times; and dere ish no ones depending upon him for der livin', and ish no use to no body. I dink it would be good plans to hang him for de example. I dink, Mr. voremans, dat he petter be hung next Fourt' of July, as der militia is goin' to drain in anoder county, and dere would be no yun goin' on here!"

It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of "this learned and impartial charge," they acquitted the "brisoner," finding him "Not guilty if he would leave the State.—Knickerbocker.

"But we entered the temperance army for life, or during the war, and this is no time for deserting the ranks."

So speaks the G. W. P. of Indiana, in his Report. The sentiment warmly mingles with our own. Our cause has suffered from its summer weather friends. In spasmodic zeal they rush to the onset and fail. They then leave the field and fight no more.

Now, it is glorious to live and die in the service of a cause like ours—to fall in a well worn harness, and leave the record of a life of unwavering toil. Over the calm slumbers of the tried soldier's grave, thencebroken columns still sweep on. We should say, as did the dying soldier, "I die, comrades, but stand by your colors."—Cayuga Chief.

WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!

REEDER'S BUILDING,
Third Street, next door to the City Bank
between Vine and Walnut,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Incorporated by the State of Ohio—Charter Perpetual
Capital \$1,500,000.

Which can by their Charter be increased to Half a Million.

Has two distinct Departments, Joint Stock and Mutual.

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This Company effect Insurance on lives, confer endowments, grant annuities, and make all other contracts pertaining to Life Insurance, on the most favorable terms.

All the advantages which can be secured by insurance in any office in this country, may be had in this Company. The capital is large and well secured, and the character and standing of those who compose the Board, is a guaranty that the affairs of the Company will be honestly and judiciously managed, and the interests of the insured protected.

In addition to the usual terms of insurance, this Company have made arrangements to insure those who do not use intoxicating liquors, at lower rates than other persons. Also insure the amount of the Sum of Temperance. A Division of fifty members, by paying the small annual premium of six-and-a-half dollars, may insure Five Thousand Dollars on the life of their members, the rate of One Hundred Dollars being paid by the Company on the death of each member.

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Rates reduced thirty-three and one-half per cent. Those who insure on this plan anticipate the profit of a Mutual Company (to the amount of 23 1/2 per cent.) in the reduction of the premium. If a person wishes to leave a definite sum to his heirs, not subject to the contingencies of death, this system of insurance is preferable. Or if he wishes to insure for a period less than life.

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In this department, when the premium amounts to Forty dollars and upwards, but one half is required in cash, the balance of the premium being secured by the whole capital of the Company, (i. e.) \$1,500,000 and its accumulations.

By combining in one office the Joint Stock and Mutual System of Insurance, we offer advantages to insurers which cannot be obtained in any other plan. Our Mutual insurers we give the security of the Joint Stock Capital of \$1,500,000 and its accumulations, and lessen the expenses of this department one half (which is equivalent to 37 1/2 per cent.) thereby enabling our members to declare larger dividends.

The directors of this Company are personally interested in its property.

There are no Directors but what are Stockholders, which fact will induce a great degree of caution in taking none but good lives, in the judicious investment of its funds, right economy in incurring expenses, and in the general management of its business.

It has been the policy of some companies to divide the entire amount of their surplus, utterly regardless of the smaller the surplus, the smaller the system of business. But it is not a *discretion*, to divide, but a *certainty* of future losses, to which every Life Insurance Company is liable, renders it absolutely necessary that a large reserve fund should form a permanent investment for the payment of such losses.

It will be the policy of the Washington Life Insurance Company always to have a reserve fund securely invested proportionate to its amount of business.

This is the only method by which adequate security can at all times be furnished to the insured and placed the Company in a position in which no amount of future losses can impair its solvency.

The charter of the Washington Life Insurance Company provides that a wife may insure the life of her husband for her benefit, and for her children, and at his death receive the amount of the policy, without regard to the debts of the husband. Creditors cannot reach it. This privilege cannot be obtained in a foreign company.

The advantages of Life Insurance commands itself to the favorable consideration of every class of person, in community. *Dallas Fire & Marine Insurance* which there is no data for the calculation of premiums, it is founded on the immutable laws of nature, fixed and inevitable. The rates or premiums are deduced from the bills of mortality, and are verified by the experience of more than a century.

There is no mode of investment more sure, more certain, or more easily attainable, or more profitable to the insured, than Life Insurance. It is the only species of investment that has stood the test of time, and it yet remains to be recorded, the fact of the first purely Life Insurance Company that has failed to satisfy its obligations during the lapse of nearly a century and a half.

It is the prop which the dying husband leans to support the wife of his bosom. It is the unseen hand of the prudent father reaching forth from the grave, and still nourishing his offspring and keeping together the family group. By it, the faithful son protects his aged parents, even when he has preceded them into eternity; through it the honest creditor satisfies his credulous creditor, where fate seemed less propitious. In a moral and worldly sense, it is one great weapon by which to rob death of his sting.

There is a danger in delay. Life is uncertain; we know not what a day may bring forth.

A man has no guaranty for health or existence beyond the present moment. If he has made no provision for those who look up to him for support, it is his duty to do so, and to do it immediately. If he loses his health, or is hurried to an untimely grave, he leaves a charge in delay. Life is uncertain; we know not what a day may bring forth.

Tell it not that the man loves his wife and children, who having the means and opportunity, makes no effort to provide against the contingencies of premature death.

California risks taken on the most favorable terms.

January 15, 1852.

DEPOT FOR TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

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17 Row and 3rd street, keep constantly on hand ladies' and gentlemen's lines, misses and children's clothes of all descriptions. Also—an intelligence office for procuring help.

The House of Employment, although under the management of the D. of T., is not for the purpose of aiding that society, as has been frequently stated; and a half dozen members of the Order have received employment since its institution; but its object is to give employment indiscriminately, to all worthy, destitute females.

January 15, 1852.

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Price lower than any credit house in the United States.

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THIS invaluable remedy for all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Our Expectorant has shown themselves palliative, and sometimes effected notable cures, but now has so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of Physicians, patients, and the public at large.

Read the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

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This letter is from the well known Druggist at Hillsdale, Michigan, one of the largest dealers in the State; and this case is from his own observation.

HILLSDALE, Mich., Dec. 10, 1848.

Dear Sir: Immediately on receipt of your CHERRY PECTORAL, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance a person who was thought to be near his end with a quick consumption. He was then coughing, and was very ill, and was extremely feeble. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I intended to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street, on my way home from the city, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his usual trade of blacksmith.

There are other cases which I know, where the CHERRY PECTORAL has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this. Very truly yours,
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Beef 10
Chicken 10
Mutton 10
Turkey 10
Dessert 10

ROAST.

Beef 10
Chicken 10
Turkey 10
Lamb 10

Boiled.

Mutton, with Caper 10
Beef and Veal 10
Chicken 10
Cold Ham 10

Cooked to Order.

Beef Steak 10
Pork Chop 10
Mutton Chop 10
Veal Cutlet 10
Fried Ham and Eggs 10
Fried Sausages 10

Fuddings.

Bread 5
Pie 5
Rice 5

Mince 5
Apple 5
Cranberry 5

Sauces.

Yeast Pie 10
Chicken Pie 10
Figs' Feet 10
Fried Fish 10
Crackers and Milk 10

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

Hot Biscuits 5
Cold Mince 10
Cream Toast 10
Indian Cakes 10
Griddle Cakes 10
Buckwheat Cakes 10

WM. H. YALE, PROPRIETOR.

Jan 15, 1852.—17

SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN OHIO.

Office of this Grand Society,
D. BRETHREN, is located at the corner of Third and
Washington streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. It is constantly supplied with letters from every part of the State. The publications of the Order are kept on hand at this office, and sent to Divisions upon the receipt of orders signed by proper officers, under the seal of the Division, and including funds, at the following rates:—

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Officers' cards each 12 cts. per set. 75
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Your attention is especially called to these tracts. They have been examined and approved by the Central Executive Committee, and Divisions are urged to send orders for them a once, and scatter them broadcast over the State.

Orders for tracts will receive equal attention, whether addressed to C. Clark, Ben Franklin Office, Cincinnati, or to the undersigned at Dayton.

Persons ordering tracts, etc., should always specify what mode of conveyance they should be sent by.

February 6, 1852.

BEERS' TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

Third Street, North of Pennsylvania Avenue
WASHINGTON CITY.

Prices to suit the times.

January 15, 1852.

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