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FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

CHEEVER'S LETTERS FROM THEBES.—No. 2.

THEBES, Upper Egypt, 1838.

Theban Temples and Colossi on the Eastern side of the Nile.

At sunrise our guide came, according to his promise, bringing with him milk and butter for our breakfast. We speedily got ready to start, and set off upon our donkeys, with four or five whippers in behind us, our guide with his long Arab spear trotting in front, one of our boatmen with a loaded gun upon his shoulder, another with a basket of bread, figs, hard boiled eggs, and Dutch cheese, (let all dyspeptics envy,) and a donkey laden with two water jars, besides Mustapha our Janissary, and Mohammed our ordinary servant and interpreter. It was quite a stately cavalcade, but one of our party being mounted on a long-tailed Rosinante, looked so much like Don Quixote, and two of us on our asses answered so well for illustrations of Sancho Panza, that we were more ludicrous than battalions in our aspect. Crossing a green field of wheat from the bank of the river, we enterred upon a region of undulating mounds of sandstone partially disintegrated, and crumbled into sand upon the surface, and containing numerous excavations, the tombs of ancient dead Egyptians, the habitations of modern living ones. Pursuing our way towards the south, we speedily came to the remains of a temple at Old Gornou, (or Qoornch, as it is sometimes written,) a ruined and deserted modern village, of which two heaps of crumbling, unburned bricks and mud hovels are lying within and around the ruins of the ancient edifice. Hard by is a small grove of palms, where part of the village was once pleasantly shaded, the inhabitants having been accustomed to retreat to the mountains during the period of the inundation of the Nile, and to come down again to the plain when its waters had subsided.

The temple has nothing in its appearance of peculiar interest, either for beauty or grandeur; indeed it disappoints the traveller's expectations entirely, until he is introduced to the other remains of antiquity before him. It fronts towards the south east, with a colonnade of ten columns, eight of which are entire, and from which three gateways of entrance lead into the temple. Proceeding through the central gateway, you find yourself in an oblong hall, supported by six columns, with three small chambers or cells opening from the sides on either hand. There are other lateral halls, chambers, and courts, covered with hieroglyphics, but in a state of rubbish and ruin. This temple was dedicated to Ammon, the Theban Jupiter, by Osirei, and completed by his son Remeses second, the supposed Sesostris of the Greeks. The reign of Osirei is placed 1385 years before Christ, so that this temple possesses an antiquity doubtless of more than three thousand years. A little distance to the westward of this temple we passed two broken statues of Remeses 2d, cut out of black granite, and another of Remeses 3d in sand-stone. A little farther to the southwest is the temple commonly called the Memnonium, built by Remeses 2d, who is supposed to have commenced his reign about 1355 years before Christ.

In this latter temple we first began to understand the grandeur of the Theban remains. Advancing from the east, you see before you a very lofty gateway in the centre of a long and lofty pyramidal massive wall, which on the eastern side has been pushed out into a vast heap of huge disjointed stones, piled one upon another as if by an earthquake, and towering into the sky. On the other side the surface of the wall is unbroken, though its pyramidal inclination is increased beyond its original line of direction. The impression was irresistible upon any mind, that no power but that of an earthquake could have thrown it into its present position. Its western side, that is, its inner side towards the temple, is covered with sculptures of many crowded figures and actions, which have been curiously and minutely delineated, and by Mr. Wilkinson in his book upon the Topography of Thebes interpreted, but which I found it very difficult to trace with satisfaction. This pyramidal Propylon is 180 feet in length, and fronts an area of about 66 paces in breadth, which brings you to the north wall of the temple. An area of 140 feet by 170 forms the first division or compartment of the temple, faced north and south by a range of square columns, with the front side sculptured into the representation of a statue of Osiris, with the lower part of the body in the shape of a mummy. Next after this court comes the grand hall of the temple, 100 feet by 133, with its roof originally supported by 48 columns; of which there are still 28 remaining. There are twelve gigantic central columns, bell-shaped at the top, and columns of a different order and rather shorter than those at the sides. This hall was roofed with beams of stone, and the ceiling covered with azure and studded with stars. Following this apartment, and divided from it by a wall covered with sculptures, is a succession of smaller rooms on the right and left. The perspective through the successive gateways of this temple is very grand, and the building in its original entireness must have been a noble monument of Egyptian architecture.

But the most remarkable object of interest within its ruined precincts is the enormous colossal statue of Remeses which lies just outside the first columnar area of the temple; broken and shivered into fragments. It was doubtless the most gigantic statue in the world, the largest ever sculptured by human device, whether for idolatrous worship or the gratification of human vanity; and the means by which it was placed there, and the means by which it was shattered in pieces are almost equally wonderful; the mind pauses in amazement at the sight. For, in the first place, it is composed of Syenite, or the coarse grained granite from Syene, and must have been cut out from the quarry at once in all its prodigious proportions of body, limb, and feature, and then conveyed down the river and placed upon its pedestal; by mechanical powers of which we have no known example, or it must have been cut from the mountain in a square mass of still more prodigious dimensions, and brought to its present position, and there fashioned by the art of the sculptor into the form no man. One is utterly at a loss to conceive the nature of the machines by which this amazing work was effected, the statue being twenty-two feet four inches across the shoulders, and of proportional height and breadth every way, and seated originally on an enormous throne, with the hands resting on the knees. An approximation to its weight is between eight and nine hundred tons. In the second place it is broken in two at the waist, and the upper part has fallen backwards on the ground, where it now lies, consisting of the head and shoulders, while the lower limbs are shattered in large fragments, and the enormous pedestal itself is cracked and rent in such a manner as no conceivable instrumentality but that of gunpowder could have effected. Nor could even that agent, had it been known and employed, either by the Persians or any other invaders, have left the colossus in its present state. Lightning might have done it, and both this gigantic statue, and the gigantic poplyon in front of the temple seemed to me to exhibit the marks of some such convulsion of nature.

This temple, with that of Jupiter Ammon, is in a more ruinous condition than any other in this region. The multitudes of the foundations of columns, which are visible at regular intervals, show that its extent must originally have been far greater than its present appearance, at first sight, would indicate; and they seem in such positions that it is difficult to discover what the whole plan of the temple could have been. Behind and around it are the remains of brick vaults and subterranean passages, of which it is impossible to guess the purpose.

From the midst of these ruins we proceeded southeasterly across the desolate plain, to the two colossal statues, which rise huge, grim, mysterious and solitary in the midst of it, and one of which, under the appellation of Memnon, with lips vocal at the sun's first rays, has filled the world with the fame. They occupy the centre of the plain, in a sitting posture, looking in colossal grandeur and repose towards the east, and their effect upon the mind, alone, in the midst of such a region of wonders, like silent petrified, gigantic guardians over the remnants of a dim past world, is not without a degree of solemnity, and even an unacknowledged feeling of awe, as in the presence of some thing supernatural. "A spirit passed before my face: it stood still: an image was before my eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice." It seems as if some dreaded, mysterious intelligence were there. You think of "Death the skeleton, and Time the shadow," and the dominion and the very atmosphere around you are those of the shadowy past, and those dream-like silent statues become vocal to the soul with the melancholy voices of three thousand years.

They were not always alone, but formed once the front giants in the series of a long prodigious *dramos* course, or avenue, or sphinxes, and other colossi, which extended far back across the plain to the propylon, or gateway of a temple, probably of corresponding gigantic dimensions, the foundations of which, with the fragments of a colossus, which must have been almost as large as the two that remained, are still visible. The discovery of these hugh fragments and remains are like that of the mammoth creations of the Antediluvian world; the Theban temples and colossi are veritable Behemoths of the antiquity. Impressive indeed must have been the effect upon the supersitious minds of the Egyptians, of passing through such a portentous avenue of grim and motionless giants—grim, silent, and motionless, yet wondrous and majestic—to the entrance of the temples of their grotesque and hideous deities.

The height of these colossi is stated at fifty-three feet above the present level of the plain, which has increased upon the pedestal nearly seven feet, making sixty in all, for the pedestal and statue taken together; without the pedestal, the measurement is forty-seven. They are called singularly enough by the Arabs *Shammah* and *Tammah*, appellations of man and woman, perhaps generic, as has been suggested, not improbably, and signifying to their minds the first man, the first woman. That one of the statues, to which belongs the story of the Lyre of Memnon, is still called by the modern native Thebans, the Arabs of the region, *salamaat* or *salutations*, referring to its supposed mysterious property of saluting the sun at his rising; but whether this, with them, be merely information, or a continued relic of the antique tradition, an unconscious heir-loom from generation to generation in the meagre intellectual furniture of its inhabitants, it is hard to say. The miraculous sound was doubtless an artifice of the priests by means of a stone in the lap of the statues, giving, when struck, a metallic ring to the ear of the spectators. The dimensions of the statue are such, that there was plenty of room for a priest to be hidden from the sight in order to produce the supernatural sound, and the fact that other parts of the statue give out the same sort of metallic ring when struck, adds to the certainty that such must have been the trick played upon the credulous world. Mr. Wilkinson, in 1830, got up by means of ladders into the lap of the statue, having posted some peasants below to listen. "*You are striking brass,*" they exclaimed—an answer that convinced him that it was the same sound which deceived the Romans, and led Strabo to speak of it as similar to that which might have been produced by a slight blow. When Strabo visited it, it was in a mutilated state, the upper part having been broken in the fury of some barbarous invasion, and not then restored,—and he says the noise was made from the remaining part in the base. It was afterwards repaired with blocks of sand-stone in five layers, but at what period is not known. The material of which both the statues are composed, is a very hard sand-stone, mingled with quartz and iron.—The invasion in which the Lyre of Memnon was broken, and of which, or of some other, as ruthless, so many of the temples, bear the ferocious ravages, might have been that of Sennacherib mentioned probably by Nahum and prophesied by Isaiah, or that of Nebuchadnezzar in Ezekiel, or that fierce one of Cambyses with the Persians. The base of the storied statue is covered with inscriptions of Greek and Roman names, among which are those of emperors and nobles, attesting the same passion for immortality which, in modern times, every travelled fool, scratching his unknown patronymic on piller, post, and pyramid, exhibits.

From the fact that the illuvial deposit of the Nile is six feet ten inches above the surface of the pavement of the dromos in this plain, and the highest water mark at present 7 feet above the same pavement, Mr. Wilkinson concludes that the Nile at this day overflows a great portion of land formerly above the reach of its inundation. Taking these measurements as correct, they show an accumulation of nearly seven feet of land in this part of the Egyptian valley, since the period when their Colossi were erected, an era about 1430 years before Christ. In a period of 3268 years, therefore, eighty-two inches of soil have been produced in Upper Egypt by the inundation of the river; a little more than the thirty-ninth part of an inch every year. If the bed of the river had not risen along with this accumulation of the soil upon the land, the consequence must have been a gradual but certain failure in the inundation, which would at length have narrowed the limits of possible cultivation far more than they have been increased, giving over to the dominion of the desert a greater space than has ever been preserved or redeemed from its incursions. And this is just the result which some writers, omitting the important fact of the increase of the channel of the Nile, have predicted.

From these colossal statues we passed across the plain to a temple more extensive than any other on the western side of the river, but almost entirely buried beneath the ruined village of Medinet Habou, whose walls and hovels of half baked brick, in piles of fragments, or hillocks of sand and dust, surround and encumber the ancient Egyptian edifice to the summit, the Arabs having built their houses upon its roof. Although the temple is thus rendered almost subterranean, you can still trace it on the northern side nearly in its whole length,—the beautiful projecting cornice at the top being quite unbroken for several hundred feet. On the same side a large portion of the wall that borders the largest area or court of the temple, has been partially laid open from the ruins, and being covered with historical sculptures possesses great interest for the student of Egyptian antiquities. The subjects are principally battle scenes, and although the figures, separately considered, are rudely drawn, and engraven apparently without any knowledge of the perspective, in the whole together there is a great deal of fire and life. A sea fight, among other things, is exhibited, but with boats and men in such confusion that it is extremely difficult to trace intelligent details, as it is, indeed, in almost all these extensive surfaces of sculpture: so that one admires the ingenuity and patient observation, joined with a thorough previous study of hieroglyphics, which could have enabled any man to make a detailed intelligent description. Mr. Wilkinson, however, has given such a description, in his work on the Topography of Ancient Thebes, having qualified himself for the task as no other man has done, by several years of life spent amidst Egyptian tombs of ruins. But even with his book in one's hands, it is a difficult matter to make out the interpretation; nor can I find that skill developed in these sculptures, which has been described and praised by some travellers in such exaggerated terms. They reminded me strongly of the Mexican paintings, but seemed hardly so far advanced in art. The tameness and similarity of the countenances, under all circumstances, is noticeable. In the battle piece above referred to, for example, the hero is represented as standing on the shore upon the heads of his prostrate enemies, and shooting arrows among the occupants of the boats in the water; but his face is as mild as if he were pronouncing a benediction, instead of breathing fury and death. However, the general vigor and energy of the warlike scenes delineated is so great, that it was not wholly without reason to say that even Homer might have gathered from their study ideas for the composition of his Iliad. The Sesostries of the Egyptians, whose exploits are engraven and celebrated in sculpture upon these stupendous temples, was almost as great a warrior and hero in real life as the Achilles of the Greeks in the poetry of Homer.

The buildings at Medinet Habou consist of two separate temples, one of which is as modern in its date as the time of the Romans in the kingdom; the other is of true Egyptian antiquity and extent, being more than 500 feet in length, and must have formed when disencumbered of its rubbish, an object of exceeding grandeur. Only two of its courts are visible to advantage, but these, with their magnificent gateways, fill the mind with admiration. The first, 110 feet by 135 in its dimensions, has on one side a row of seven *Osiride* or mummy-shaped pillars, and on the other, eight circular columns with bell-shaped capitals. The second, into which you pass from this, is one of the noblest in all the temples. It is 123 feet by 133, surrounded on the east and west sides by a row of massive columns, and on the north and south by a row of gigantic *Osiride* pillars, and behind these another row of colossal columns, forming a corridor of very grand effect. A circuit of paltry columns, which once formed part of a Coptic Christian church erected within this court, rather increases the sence of its magnificence to the mind. Every part of it is covered with sculptures, the pillars, the columns, the roof, the gateways, and the walls. The remaining part of the temple is completely filled and enclosed with rubish, so that you can only trace the beautiful external cornice of the northern wall.

Yours truly, G. B. C.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.—One bitter night, he sunk down on a door step, in Piccadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb. And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life, crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy, cheerful home; and of those who peopled it, and flocked about it then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him: so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more—voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells; but it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him, and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart. * * * * He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected the outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night these dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard, many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife, to plunge into his own heart: preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side. He crept softly down the steep stone steps that led from the commencement of Waterloo-bridge, to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life, half so eagerly, as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and, after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that formed the landing-place from the river. The tide was in and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, and all was for the moment still and quiet—so quiet, that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation; while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces—took a short run—a desperate leap—and plunged into the river. Not five seconds had elapsed when he rose to the water's surface: but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life,—life in any form,—poverty, misery, starvation, any thing but death! He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom. Again; he rose and struggled for life; for one instant, for one brief instant; the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the barges through which the current had borne him, the black water and the black flying clouds, were distinctly visible: once more he sunk, and once again he rose; bright flames of fire shot up from the earth to heaven and reeled before his eyes; while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.—*Sketches.*

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE.—Every man is writing a history of his life;—we do not mean with pen, ink and paper,—but still in characters as imperishable as the human soul. A history too, which must be read and re-read again and again while the soul exists, and at each review will give pleasure or pain as it tells of innocence or guilt—of duties performed or conscience violated.

Life is like a blank book. Every day we turn over a new leaf in the volume and fill up the page. The record once made,—it is not in the power of man or angel to blot it out. A good or a bad act once done, can never be undone. We do not mean to say that the wanderer may not return, or that sin cannot be forgiven, and its effects prevented by repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,—but we do not mean that time once lost, is lost forever—words once uttered can never be recalled—and every crime unless repented of, will sooner or later find out its guilty perpetrator and the end will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

The record of Eighteen Hundred and thirty eight is finished and beyond our control. We can only lament our errors, and from the experience of the past learn lessons of wisdom for the future. The blank leaves of Eighteen Hundred and thirty nine are yet to be filled up by every one of us who shall live to see its close. If we wickedly disregard the dictates of conscience and the precept of Religion, its history will only furnish the fuel of unavailing remorse. But by the blessing of God on our sincere and persevering endeavors to do good, we *may* make it a pleasant record. If we will but catch the spirit and imitate the example of Jesus,— If we seek conscientiously to do to others as we would that others should do unto us,—if we strive to diffuse happiness wherever we go and habitually cherish the feelings of love to God and love to man, we shall find at the close of Eighteen Hundred and thirty-nine in the record we have made of it.

"Few lines which dying we should wish to blot."

Watchtower.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way.

2. Allow him free use of money.

3. Suffer him to rove on the Sabbath where he pleases.

4. Give him full access to wicked companions.

5. Call him to no account for his evenings.

6. Furnish him with no steady employment.

Pursue either of these ways and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realised the sad result, and gone mourning to the grave.—*Philadelphia Observer.*

Napoleon's Lost Manuscripts Found.—A large mass of letters and documents, written by Napoleon, when between the ages of fifteen and twenty one, have been recently discovered in Corsica, containing much curious matter, and are preparing for publication. Napoleon's "History of the Revolution in Corsica," alluded to by Lucien Bonaparte, in his memoirs of himself, is doubtless among this collection. These manuscripts were supposed to have been destroyed when Madame Bonaparte's house was burnt by the troops of Paoli.

Sir James Anderson, an Irish Baronet, has completed a steam locomotive to travel on common roads, which was to be placed on one of the London roads in about ten days, and which was warranted to travel fifteen miles an hour. It is said that he has expended upwards of £30,000 in his experiments for the completion of this machine.

Severe.—The New Orleans American of a late date says—"Smith, the young man who, about two weeks since, robbed the post office in this city, by calling for a letter not his own, and extracting its contents, (a $100 bill,) has been found guilty, and sentenced, we understand, by Judge Lawrence, of the United States District Court, to *ten years imprisonment at hard labor.*"

Gigantic Steamer.—Steam navigation seems to be advancing with rapid strides. An iron steam ship, to be called the Queen of the East, is now building in England, to ply between London and Calcutta. She will be of gigantic dimensions, viz: 2000 tons burthen, and 600 horse power!

From the United States Gazette.

MISSOURI IRON MOUNTAIN.

We have been much interested by an inspection of specimens of ore from the renowned Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob of Missouri, and of samples of cutlery manufactured from the steel derived from those ores.

About two years ago a company was formed, who obtained from the Legislature of Missouri a charter of most liberal character, and with ample powers for prosecuting the mining and manfacturing of iron, or any "other materials whereby the interest of the company may be promoted."

The crisis of monetary affairs through which the country has since passed came at unpropitious moment for the immediate commencement of the operations. But we are glad to learn that in the mean time the company has not been unmindful of the rich resources within its control, or of the means of rendering them useful to the Public.—Instead of 5,000 acres of land, originally designed to form the domain of the company, it has been increased to 27,000 acres, of which 3,500 are situated on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and the remainder, embracing the Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, about forty miles to the westward.

On the river tract, a site has been selected for the establishment of a manufacturing town on a large scale, upon a high and commodious portion of the bank, not subject to inundation or undermining, and consequently requiring no costly embankments, levees, or other defences. This site is one hundred miles, by the course of the Mississippi, above the Ohio river, ten miles below St. Genevieve, eighty miles below St. Louis, and below the most difficult and dangerous part of the navigation between the latter city and New Orleans.

The company owning the Iron Mountains have procured a charter for a railroad from the above site to the great mineral deposites, which is represented to be of easy construction. They have commenced the formation of a settlement at the latter point, having marked out the sight of "Missouri city," on a scale commensurate with the high importance of the object with which it is associated.

We have been struck, in looking over the plan of this city, with the judicious arrangements made for promoting health and enjoyment, by a liberal allowance of space for public squares, some of which are expressly devoted to the purposes of literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, and others purely for ornamental promenades.

We have seen letters from gentlemen in England, fully conversant with the iron business, making particular inquiries as to the terms on which the ore of the Iron Mountain can be obtained *for shipment to that market.* On the Continent of Europe, too, a lively interest has been created on the subject; but we hope soon to hear that the works are in operation on *American account.*

The articles of cutlery above referred to, were a common table knife and a hunter's knife, both of cast steel, finely polished, and apparently of good temper.

The absence of foreign ingredients from the ore appears to favor the preservation of the metal, whether in the form of pig or bar iron, or of cast steel, from any considerable influence by the atmosphere. The same cause has probably maintained the fine steel-gray color of the ore itself from tarnishing by all the exposure of centuries.

The Mississippi Valley is one of the best iron markets of the world, and Nature, has, it appears, placed in it a homogeneous mineral mass of the best character, unsurpassed in magnitude by all the formations of the globe. Wood is in abundance directly contiguous, and bituminous coal in Illinois, just opposite to the town site of the company.

Governor's Salaries.—The salary of the Governor of Louisiana, is $7,500; of the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, 4,000; of Massachusetts, 3,666; of South Carolina, 3,500; of Virginia, 3,333; of Georgia, 3,000; of Maryland, 3,066; of Mississippi and Kentucky, 2,500 each; of New Jersey, North Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee, 2,000 each; Maine and Missouri, 1,500 each; Delaware, 1,333; Ohio, 1,200; Connecticut and New Hampshire, 1,100 each; Indiana and Illinois, 1,000 each; Indiana and Illinois, 1,000 each; Vermont 750; Rhode Island 400.

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.—THOMAS PURSELL has just imported per ship John Marshall, from Liverpool, (direct,) and from other sources, a large assortment of the above articles, of the newest patterns and shapes, and expects in a few days ten packages of India, French, and English China Dinner and Tea Sets, &c. which, with his former stock, make his assortment extensive and complete. All of which will be sold wholesale and retail at the Alexandria and Northern prices.

He solicits a call from his friends and the Public generally, assuring them that nothing on his part shall be wanting to give satisfaction.

A good assortment of Common Ware, suitable for groceries, &c.

P. S.—First quality Stone-ware, at the factory prices, Pipes in boxes, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Waiters, Britannia Ware, German Silver, &c. Lamps of almost all descriptions, and Lampwicks and Glasses.

Nov. 24—

NOTICE.—COPARTNERSHIP.—R. W. BATES, Merchant Tailor, would inform the public that he has this day associated himself with THOMAS F. HARKNESS, for the purpose of carrying on the Tailoring business in all its various branches, at his old stand Pennsylvania avenue, First Ward, next door to Dr. Howard's Pharmacy, where they would respectfully invite the public to call and examine their choice selection of goods, of the latest importation, which they will make up to order in the most fashionable style.

Nov 10—6t BATES & HARKNESS.

GENUINE BUFFALO OIL.

THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!

THE greatest ornament to the human body is a splendid head of hair. It has recently been discovered that the genuine Buffalo's Oil is a sovereign remedy for baldness, prevents the hair from coming off, promotes the growth, continues the luxuriance, and improves the beauty. It is far superior to any other animal or vegetable oil, and in case of fever, where the hair becomes dry and begins to fall off, there is no application more effectual in restoring its beauty and rendering it in a healthy state.

It is put up at a low price, (37 1-2 cents) that all classes can have access to it. None genuine unless put up in flat bottles, with HAIR OIL impressed in the glass. Also, to prevent imposition, it will be signed by the Proprietor, Wm. Brown, 431 Washington, corner of Eliot Street, Boston.

For sale at TODD'S Drug Store, Washington City.

Nov. 24.