POETRY.

A Legal Ballad.

BY J. G. SAXE.

An attorney was 'taking a turn,'
In shabby habiliments dressed;
His coat was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown to his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus, he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself.

"Most unfortunate man that I am,
My only client is grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I have ne'er had a 'brief.'

"The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession,
That a modest young man like myself
Can't make the smallest impression.

"They grant I'm acquainted with grants,
Can devise a 'devise,' or a plea,
Can make a good deed in 'fee simple,'
But I can't get the simplest 'fee.'"

"I've waited, and waited in vain;
Expected an opening to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind."

While he thus wandered along,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, 'It is WELL!'

To curb his emotion, he sat
On the curb stone, the space of a minute,
Then cried, 'Here's an opening at last!'
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next day twelve citizens came,
The 'coroner's' inquest to attend;
To the end that it might be determined
How that man had determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, it seems,"
Said the foreman, who opened of course;
"A lawyer! alas!" sighed another,
"He undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said "he knew the deceased—
An attorney, well versed in the laws;
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for want of a 'cause.'"

The 'crowners' at length gave a verdict,
Which finally settled the matter;
"That the young man was drown-ded, because
He could not keep his head above water."

Popu'ar Readings.

From the Symbol and Odd Fellow's Magazine.

THE STRAW HAT;
OR
THE FRUIT OF BENEVOLENCE.

In one of the morning papers, not long since, there appeared the following singular advertisement.

"A lady is desirous of obtaining for a short time the sum of one thousand dollars. Any gentleman who would be willing to advance this sum without security, will oblige the advertiser by addressing L. L. M., through the post office. Circumstances of an extraordinary and peculiar nature have compelled the advertiser to resort to this step."

This advertisement created no little sensation among the monied bachelors with generous temperaments. Many a confirmed Cælebes began to think of bright eyes and matrimony. That the advertiser was young and pretty, there could be no doubt, thought they all. For what plain lady would presume to ask such a preposterous favor of a man as one thousand dollars without security! Pretty ladies—a handsome widow, for instance—might do it, but no one else!

No one was more profoundly moved by this advertisement than Neal Nelville, Esq., though not exactly in the same way and from the same motives. This gentleman was a bachelor of forty; well preserved, and without a grey hair; for every morning he carefully extracted such untimely intrucers from his dark brown locks and silky whiskers with a pair of tweezers. He was a man of cheerful temper, and his face, therefore, had few wrinkles. He might have been taken for no more than two and thirty. His person was well made and compact, somewhat tall, and inclined, the least in the world, to corpulency. He was handsome—that is, the ladies called him so—with a clear, florid complexion, fine teeth, and an agreeable smile and voice. He was a lawyer by profession, but having inherited from an aunt a good fortune, he gave himself little trouble about briefs and fees, constitutionally a lover of ease, and a great pattern of indolence, loungers, and cigars.—His "sign," nevertheless, kept its place among the host of signs of the living and dead that crowd the facade of the black granite law buildings in Court street.

Neal Nelville, though endowed with every quality of mind and person to win the female heart, unaccountably to his friends and to numerous fair aspirants for his hand, remained single until he had got a full lustre past the half way stone of his three score and ten years. He was, nevertheless, what is called a 'lady's man.' He had leisure, and this he devoted to the sex. At an opera he was seen ushering into the boxes the brightest beauties of the town. If there was a concert, Neal Nelville was present with a smiling belle on either arm. In Washington street he never walked alone, and at every third step he raised his hat to some beautiful girl or dashing widow. Yet he had never proposed. Nobody had ever heard of his ever having been in love; and the ladies at length despaired! But so long as neither of them caught the butterfly, there was no envy or cold looks, and his presence always brought smiles to the lips of those who no longer thought of him except as a friend and gallant for the street, concert or drive.

Thus the happy, handsome, rich, young old bachelor, fully realized the desire contained in the well known song—

I'll be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Living where roses and violets meet—
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty & sweet.

The apartments occupied by our butterfly of forty years' experience, were at the Tremont. It is not, therefore, needful to say that he was lodged very luxuriously, and that his rooms were in every respect well appointed. Mirrors and sofas, a velvet divan, and voluptuous easy chairs on rockers, were but part of the means assembled to make him comfortable, and yet he never felt at home. There was something wanting, and his conscience told him it was a wife. He would lay late of mornings, read newspapers an hour over his coffee, linger long at his dinner, and plunge into every variety of amusemens in the afternoon and evening, to keep from feeling the loneliness of his bachelor chambers. He never liked to be in them unless he had a friend; and when that friend got up to go, he would take his hat to go with him! He felt the need of a wife, and therefore he sought and was only happy in ladies' society. Why, then, possessing all marrying advantages, did he not take to himself a daughter of Eve and end his misery?—That is a question a great many beautiful girls and handsome young widows of his acquaintance put to themselves, but which they were not able to answer. Fortunately, it is in our power to reply to it.

Up to Mr. Nelville's thirty-fourth year he had got along without much solicitude about marrying. He felt himself still young, and that there was time enough; nevertheless, he kept his eyes about him, and was on the look out for some one with whom he might unite his destiny. But being fastidious, and requiring a high order of perfection, he was not easily satisfied. One was a little too short, another a little too tall, another talked too fast, another too slow; one was too lively, another too sober; one had a nose with a high bridge on it, another without any bridge at all, and a third had a saucy turn up at the end. One laced too tight, and he feared she would die on his hands of consumption; and another was too fat, and he apprehended apoplexy! We might go on with the enumeration without end. Neal Nelville, Esq., seemed destined never to marry.

But when he had, as we have said, reached his thirty-fourth year, chance threw in his way a piece of perfection of woman kind. She seemed faultless in his eye and taste; not that he kissed her as the butterfly in the song did the flower! He was at Nahant lazily lying on a rock, fishing for gudgeon or any other fish that might be foolish enough to bite, when he was startled by seeing a straw hat and ribbons flying directly over his eyes, and after a guyration or two through the air, alighted gently upon the water and there floated. It was a lady's hat, and a lady must be near. Up he sprang and looked around him, for the place was somewhat retired, and he saw two young ladies, one of them bonnetless, and both running towards the spot where the hat was cradled upon the waves. The one that had lost the hat run like a fawn, bounding lightly from rock to rock, laughing as she flew, her golden brown tresses dancing in the wind, and her countenance flushing with health and excitement.

Our bachelor stood entranced. Such a beautiful creature had never before met his eyes.

"My hat, sir, my hat," she cried in a voice of music, like a silver trumpet sounding down the winds. Her voice recalled him to himself. With characteristic gallantry he bounded down the steep rock, and with his long fishing pole fished up, just in time, the sinking straw hat, heavy with the briny fluid, which dropped from it as from a sieve.

"What a condition," said she merrily, as she took it from the pole, for she stood several feet above on the rock, and he had to reach it up to her. "Sir, I am very grateful to you. The rude, saucy wind took it off and bore it away without ceremony; indeed, sir, if you had not been so good as to fish it out for me, I should have had my complexion spoiled. Have you caught any fish, sir? I hope my hat has not scared the fishes away."

"No, I assure you. It would have an attractive power. I have caught no fish; I am satisfied with having caught so fair a prize as your hat."

"You are very gallant, sir. Come Julia, our party will think we have fallen from the cliff.—Good morning, sir."

And before the fisher could speak to say, he hardly knew what, but with one idea of desiring to have her always present, she was far away, bounding like a sylph along the ridge of rocks, and was the next moment hid from his sight. He had been bewitched by the bewitching girl, and stood a while with his fishing rod in one hand, and his cap in the other, like a—we won't say "fool" exactly, but looking very foolish. As soon as he recovered his senses, he started in pursuit, resolved to ascertain who she was. But no where could he discover her. All day he was in pursuit, and he could not see or hear any thing from her. From that time there was a change very perceptible to his friends in Neal Nelville, Esq. He was sentimental, wrote poetry for the magazines, and stayed about of moonlight nights.

But this wore off in time, and he become himself again; but the face of the beautiful unknown was so indelibly impressed upon his heart and memory, that there was no place there for any other.

The world knew not the secret and many a fair maiden secretly accused him of being cold and hollow hearted, when unknown to her, the purest fire of devotion to one of her sex burned on the altar of his heart.

Having now acquitted Neal Nelville, Esq. of this serious charge, we will proceed to our story. He was a generous man. Liberal to a fault, he gave to the poor and needy, and blessed with his benevolent donations many a roof of poverty. He delighted in seeking out worthy young men and placing them in business; and he was a public benefactor of the poor and industrious sewing girl. Such an advertisement, therefore, as that with which we have prefaced our tale, could not fail to attract his eye and move his benevolent feelings, ever alive to any calls of misfortune. He was lounging on a divan, taking his coffee and reading his newspaper together, as was his custom; now a sip of coffee, now a paragraph, then a bit of toast, then a dozen lines. In this manner he came upon the advertisement. It at once dissipated all his ennui, for he felt particularly dull that morning, and an opportunity of doing good always made him better and happier. He read it over three times, and then seemed to dwell upon it, and endeavor to be guessing at the circumstances which could have produced such an advertisement in the public gazette.

'No matter what they are; it is plain that a cloud hangs over some one's head and heart; it is in my power to remove it; she is a woman too; this is appeal enough. She may be young and beautiful. She may be old and infirm; and in this case much more is needed. I will respond to the advertisement, and see the issue.'

With that noble sentiment he took a pen and wrote as follows:

'MADAM—Your advertisement has met the eye of one who is able to serve you, if you can show that the circumstances of which you speak are such as to render his assistance judicious.—A reply addressed to Box No. —, informing me where I can have an interview with you, will receive prompt attention.

To L. L. M.'

This note he at once despatched to the Post Office. In the afternoon of the same day he found in his letter box the following note:

'SIR—Your kindness commands my gratitude. If, as I cannot but believe, you are sincere in your feelings, you can have the interview you request, by calling at No. — Sudbury street. L. L. M.'

Mr. Nelville knew this street to be a retired and by no means a fashionable one, though none the less respectable. But he did not expect to find in fashionable life, a person advertising thus for a loan. He took his way to the street and found the house to be an antiquated mansion of the last century, with a bronzed lion's head for a door knocker. Its appearance was very respectable and was evidently once the residence of an old and distinguished colonial family.—He knocked, and a woman that seemed in the condition of a servant, opened the door. On asking for the lady who had advertised, she showed him into a small wainscoted room on the left. A patchwork carpet covered the floor; old highbacked chairs stood stiffly around the room; a black beaufet was in one corner, and one or two portraits of gentlemen of a former age, in queues and ruffs, hung on the wall. The air of every thing was genteel and respectable. He had just time to make these observations, when the door opened and a female entered, in mourning and deeply veiled. She gracefully courtesied, and said with a silvery voice, that strangely thrilled his soul:

'Pardon me, sir, if I do not unveil? If you decline to grant my wishes, I do not desire you to know whose request you have refused, lest we meet again! My object in advertising as I have done, I will briefly explain to you. I am a southerner. I married the son of the lady who dwells here. He was descended from one of the crown Governors of the province, but was not rich. He went south and became unfortunate and lost all my property with his own. We came north. He dwelt here with his mother, and here we lived retired from society. He prevailed on her to make him over the house and all she was worth. I shrink from the exposure of this act, but it is needful you should know the circumstances, sir. He got the property unknown to me and lost it all in a few weeks by gambling. He then became desperate, and giving himself up to intemperance he soon died.—This was about a year since. I was left destitute and remained here, my mother-in-law giving me an asylum. She, as well as myself, were ignorant until yesterday, that he had mortgaged the whole property obtained from his mother.'

'Mortgaged it!' exclaimed Mr. Nelville, deeply interested.

'Yes, sir. Yesterday morning the mortgagee came to say that one thousand dollars were due upon it, and unless paid within three days, the whole should be sold. I did not feel much for myself, as I did for the venerable lady who was thus to be turned into the street. In the impulse of the moment I sat down, wrote and sent the advertisement to the Gazette, hoping against hope, that it might meet the eye of some benevolent person, through whose aid this calamity might be averted.'

She ceased, weeping and trembling with the deepest embarrassment.

'I will advance the money madam. The mortgage I myself assume for the present. Let your fears be allayed. Will you do me the kindness to raise your veil? All the while you have been speaking your voice has seemed familiar.'

She gracefully yet modestly obeyed, and he beheld the loved features of the unknown.

'Can it be possible!' he exclaimed. "This is a moment of happiness I did not anticipate.—Do you recognise me?'

'Yes, sir. You rescued my straw hat from the water with your fishing pole. I have never forgotten you!'

'Oh that we had met before you were married. But I trust—'

He blushed, and with an embarrassed air, said:'

'Pardon me. I have long remembered you, and have daily hoped to meet you again.'

The lovely widow hung her beautiful head, gently smiled, and suffered him to take her hand and press it to his lips.

That day, three months, to the surprise of every lady of his acquaintance, Neal Neville, Esq., became the happy husband of the fair advertiser.

True benevolence never goes unrewarded.

NEW FALL GOODS!
At the Corner Store.

STORRS & LANGDONS,

ARE receiving a full supply of merchandise adapted to the Fall Trade, to which they invite the attention of purchasers. They have a great variety of rich and fashionable DRESS GOODS, such as,

Choice CAMELEON SILKS, new and beautiful styles,
Do Black and Blue Black, plain, fig'd, striped & worsted do.
Silk & worsted EOLIENES and CALEINX LUSTRES
Real Affghan and Fancy SATINS, rich colors.
Pure, all wool CASHMERE, a splendid article,
Do all wool MUSLIN DE LAINES, new and elegant patterns.
Real CASHMERE DE ECOSSE, of rich and beautiful colors. Imitation do do do do
Superior REP CASSIMERES, new and beautiful article
Fine CASHMERE DE SUE, new styles,
Light and dark, plain and striped MUSLIN DE LAINES,
Changeable LUSTRES, new & rich style of dress goods,
New styles of PRINTS, GINGHAMS, etc.
Real ROB ROY, GALA and LINCT PLAIDS, for Children.
CLOAK GOODS, in great variety, and of extra quality.
Real silk warped INDIANA ALPACCAS and ALPINES.
do Linen do do do
Changeable and black, striped and figured do
Shawls, CASHMERE, KABYLE, SILK, and all Wool.
Do HIGHLAND, MUSLIN DE LAINE, all sizes.
GLOVES, HOISERY, MITTS, &c.
Linen and Cotton HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS, all kinds.
New CROCKERY & GLASS WARE, TABLE CUTLERY.
Bleach'd and brown COTTON, TICKING and BATTING.
GROCERIES in abundance, and cheap enough.

Oct. 1. 1844. 40

BROWN'S FIT DROPS!

IF you have Fits, Gravel, or any disease of the Kidneys, Worms, Bowel complaint, or any Nervous disease, buy a bottle of **Brown's Fit Drops**, and you will find immediate relief and permanent cure. They are also an excellent external application for Bruises, cuts, sprains, burns, &c., also an effectual cure for Piles. Although his medicine has been known and used by some few in this country for nearly a century, owing to a want of exertion or the part of the several proprietors during the time, it has not had that general circulation and estimation which so valuable an article deserves, and will command, whenever it is fairly tested. In order to induce people to try this remedy for Fits, and the other above-named diseases, we annex a few of the many certificates which we have of the efficacy of the medicine.

I have used the above Fit Drops in many of the above diseases, and I hereby certify that I have seen many very happy effects from their use. I am happy to be able to recommend them to any one afflicted with any of the above named diseases, and in particular Fits, in which they act like a charm. E. BREWSTER, M. D.

Craftsbury, Sept. 26, 1844.

I hereby certify that for the first part of my life up to 1832, (a period of nearly 30 years,) I was afflicted with Fits, at which time I procured of Miss Brown, (the present proprietress) one bottle of Brown's Drops, which I used according to the directions, and have had no fits since.
Barnet, Oct. 19, 1842. WM. S. BROCK.

We have used Brown's Drops for four years, for Gravel and Fits, and also for sprains, burns and bruises, and galled and corked horses, and we have found it a sure remedy, and recommend it to others.
ELIPHALET CARTER,
Craftsbury, Vt. ORLINDA CARTER.

☞ Sold, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietress, Craftsbury, Vt., and by her general agent, S. P. Redfield, Montpelier, Vt.; also by Peck & Spear, Burlington; Dr. Brewster, Craftsbury; E C Brown, John Martin, & Isaac Watts, Peacham.

N. B. All genuine Fit Drops will be signed by Mary Brown in her own hand writing. 47:1y

Millinery Goods!

RICH Velvets—Silks—Ribbons—Flowers—Tabs—&c., just received by BALDWIN, SCOTT & Co.

The Great REMEDY for CONSUMPTION and Extract of Lungwort!

LIVER COMPLAINTS!!

TO THE PUBLIC.

There is not room in a newspaper advertisement to publish the numerous certificates of cures, but the invalid is referred to a medical pamphlet to be had of any of the agents gratis. Such proof as we are constantly laying before the public must convince all that

DR. LARBOR'S EXTRACT OF LUNGWORT

is the only medicine in the world that will cure all who are predisposed to Consumption, Liver Complaints, or troubled with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, pain in the side and chest, difficulty of breathing, tightness across the chest, palpitation of the heart, Bronchitis, throat complaints, and all affections of the pulmonary organs. If this is not sufficient, he will refer any one to others, who, at the date above, are now using this article in a variety of protracted Lung and Liver complaints.

All the certificates shown to the public prove conclusively one thing—that the VEGETABLE EXTRACT OF LUNGWORT is possessed of certain powers in healing the lungs and restoring energy to those who were supposed to be fast sinking into the grave, over every other remedy ancient or modern.

And why not! It is a medicine that is not the work of, a day—the compound of a drug shop, having only for its object a sale. It is a remedy that owes its existence from nature's source, a certain cure for complaints of the lungs and all the premonitory symptoms of consumption.—Quackery would probably put new life into a skeleton, provided you would believe it—at least, the inventors of some of the seeming popular remedies would induce you to believe so, if possible. It is to put in the place of such stuff a remedy really of use to mankind, that the Vegetable Extract of Lungwort was made.

The study of years—the proper proportion of ingredients—their effect upon the different systems, and the stage of disease in the patients—all these were in the "mind's eye" of the physician who formed this medicine. He knew that to make something really useful as a remedy, study and observation were necessary, and he failed not to devote all his attention to the purpose. He has succeeded—the VEGETABLE EXTRACT OF LUNGWORT has taken its stand, and beyond the leading medicines of the present time, as the only true eradicator of pulmonary CONSUMPTION extant. This is true and certain—true, because susceptible of proof—certain, because its power and usefulness in saving hundreds from death cannot be controverted. J. C. ROOSEVELT.

Sole proprietor, 27 Broadway, Albany; S. P. Redfield, Montpelier; Goss & Hutchins Waterbury. 44:1y

Important to All!

THE Constitution, the 'vis vitæ' of our wonderful bodies, constantly require and *alternative*, or regenerating influence, to create and retain a healthy existence. Air, light, and some other elements are brought to this requisition, and for a time prove sufficient for the requirements of the system. But when from imprudence, and a violation of the laws of the animal economy, morbid humors arise, acrid and vitiatia or juices are collected, the system requires assistance from some other source, or it sinks in disease, decay and death. How wonderful and salutary at this period, are the effects of an appropriate *alterative* medicine, taken in season? *Thousands* have been saved from *death*, and *millions* from sufferings indescribable, and again restored to health, by the timely use of PHILLPS' TOMATO PILLS, which are so efficacious and potent, in cleansing the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood, and renovating the glandular system by altering the secretions of the liver, and other glands, and carrying off the morbid juices and humors:—that at the south they have acquired the name of "Fever bane," because they invariably prevent or break up bilious, remittent, yellow, intermittent, and lung fevers.

Five years extensive use, have proven them the best and only *sure* and *safe* remedy for all the numerous chronic diseases, where the system requires something that will operate on the Blood, Liver, and various systems of vessels, giving them a healthy action, at the same time expel the morbid and poisonous juices and humors, which it separates from them.

In this class of diseases, are Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Liver Complaints, Bilious stomach, scrofula, gravel, worms, tumors, and eruptions of the skin of various kinds; permanent weakness about the loins and limbs, King's Evil, constitutional or hereditary feebleness of the whole or part of the system, etc.

Thousands of cases of the above diseases have been cured by the Tomato Pills; and thousands of deaths would have been prevented had these Pills been used, instead of some irresponsible, baneful, quack pill—a remedy with which the country is flooded. There is no mystery or charlatanism about this universal remedy.

They are prepared of valuable vegetable remedies, that are known to be both safe and effectual, and are used very extensively by physicians in their private practice, because as hundreds have said, they are the most pleasant, effectual and safe medicine we have ever used.

The above Pills are for sale by agents in all the country towns. Agents are cautioned not to buy of Pedlars. "*One* word to the wise is sufficient."

G. R. PHELPS, M. D., Proprietor, Hartford, Ct., without whose signature none are genuine.

For sale by S. P. REDFIELD and CLARK & COLLINS, Montpelier; Goss and Hutchins, Waterbury; O. French, Barre; R. and M. Hammett, E. Montpelier; A. T. Bancroft, Plainfield. 40:eow6m

GREAT STOCK OF
DRY GOODS!
Baldwin, Scott & Co.,

HAVE just received, and are now selling, one of the best assortments of every description of

FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS,

ever offered in Montpelier.

☞CALL and SEE.☜

CONANT'S BRANDON STOVES!

Z. & C. R. WOOD,

HAVE on hand a complete assortment of *Cooking, Box, Parlor & Air-Tight* STOVES,

some large enough for meeting-houses. They are constantly receiving additions from Brandon Furnace. Also Scotch Box Stoves, Troy Parlors and Parlor Cook stoves. Russia and English iron Stove Pipe—Copper, Tin, and Sheet-iron Furniture—Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Copper Pumps, Flatirons, Tailor's Press irons; also, Fairbanks' Side hill and Common *PLOUGHS*, &c., &c., all of which they offer at prices comformable to the times.
Montpelier, Oct. 7, 1844. 41

To Families and Invalids.

THE following indispensable FAMILY REMEDIES may be found at the Drug stores, and soon at every country store in the Province. Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of COMSTOCK & Co. on the wrappers, as all others by the same names are base impositions and counterfeits. If the merchant nearest you has them not, urge him to procure them the next time he visits New York, or to write for them. *No family should be a week without these remedies.*

BALDNESS. Balm of Columbia, for the HAIR, which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald places; and on children make it grow rapidly, or on those who have lost the hair from any cause.

All Vermin that infest the heads of children in schools, are prevented or killed by it at once. Find the name of *Comstock & Co.* on it, or never try it. Remember this always!

Rheumatism and Lameness positively cured, and all *rhriveled muscles* and *limbs* are restored, in the old or young, by the "Indian Vegetable Elixir and Nerve and Bone Liniment"—but never without the name of *Comstock and Co.* on it.

PILES, &c. are wholly prevented, or governed if the attack has come on, if you use the *only* true 'Hay's Liniment,' from Comstock & Co. *All Sores*, and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

Horses that have Ring-bone, spavin, wind-galls, *&c.*, are cured by *Roofs' Specific;* and Foundered Horses entirely cured by 'Roofs' Founder Ointment.' Mark this, all horsemen.

Magical Pain Extractor Salve.—The most extraordinary remedy ever invented for all new or old *Burns & Scalds*, and *sores* and *sore-eyes*. It has delighted thousands. It will take out all pain in ten minutes, and no failure. It will cure the *Piles*.

Lin's spread Plasters. A better and more nice and useful article was never made. All should wear them regularly.

Lin's Temperance Bitters: on the principle of substituting the *tonic* in place of the *stimulant* principle, which has reformed so many drunkards. To be used with *Lin's Blood Pills*, superior to all others for cleansing the system and the humors affecting the blood, and for all irregularities of the bowels, and the general health.

HEADACHE. Dr. Spohn's Headache Remedy, will effectually cure sick headache, either from the nerves or bilious. Hundreds of families are using it with great joy.

Dr. Spohn's Elixir of Health, for the certain prevention of Fevers, or any general sickness; keeping the stomach in most perfect order, the bowels regular, and a determination to the surface. Colds, coughs pains in the bones, hoarseness, and Dropsy, are quickly cured by it. Know this by trying.

Corns. The French Plaster is a sure cure.

The India Hair Dye colours the hair any shade you wish, but will not color the skin.

Sarsaparilla.—Comstock's compound Extract. There is no other preparation of Sarsaparilla that can exceed or equal this. If you are sure to get Comstock's, you will find it superior to all others. It does not require puffing.

Dr. Lin's Celestial Balm of China. A positive cure for the Piles, and all external ailings—all internal irritations brought to the surface by friction with this Balm—so in coughs, swelled or sore throats, tightness of the chest, this Balm, applied on a flannel, will relieve and cure at once. Fresh wounds or old sores are rapidly cured by it.

Dr. Bartholomew's Expectorant, will prevent or cure all incipient consumption, coughs, and colds, taken in time, and is a delightful remedy. Remember the name, and get *Comstock's*.

Kolmstock's Vermifuge, will eradicate all Worms in children or adults with a certainty quite astonishing.—It sells with a rapidity almost incredible, by Comstock & Co. New York.

Tooth Drops. Kline's cure effectually.

Entered according to act of congress, in the year 1844, by *Comstock & Co.* in the clerk's office of the southern district of New York.

By applying to our agents in each town and village, papers may be had free, showing the most respectable names in the country for these facts, so that no one can fail to believe them.

☞ Be sure you call for our articles, and not be put off with any stories that others are as good. Have *these* or *none*, should be your motto—*and these never can be true and genuine without our signatures.* All these articles to be had wholesale and retail only of us.

Comstock & Co., Wholesale Druggists,
New York, and of our agents.
J. M. GROVER, agent for Colborne, C. W.
☞ For sale by S P REDFIELD, Montpelier, Vt. 42

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE *great and only remedy* for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and *CONSUMPTION, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE,* discovered by the celebrated Dr. Buchan of London, England, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The extraordinary success of this medicine, in the cure of Pulmonary diseases, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the *worst possible cases*, that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians, as *confirmed and incurable.* The Hungarian Balsam has cured and will cure, the Most Desperate cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

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