

## POLITICAL.



### THE FARMER.

Sweet is the farmer's sleep!  
Sweet if by toil he earns his bread;  
He knows not half the cares and dread,  
Which agitate the weak man's mind,  
And make him watch and weep;  
But casting sorrow to the wind,  
Sweet is the farmer's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams,  
No tantalizing scenes of wealth  
Mock him possessed of ease and health,  
He fears not murderers, storms, nor fire,  
The weak man's nightly terrors;  
But innocence and peace inspire  
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn,  
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,  
Light fly his slumbers, as a cloud,  
Reflected by the noon day sun,  
On wings of light is borne,  
No headach veils, in mantle dun,  
The farmer's happy morn.

O bless my sweet repose!  
When toil invites my limbs to rest,  
May no false horrors harm my rest,  
Breathe through my lids thy kindest dreams,  
My willing eyelids close,  
And as the farmer's seems,  
Besuch my sound repose.

ESQUIRE GAMBLER'S MARRIAGE GERMONY.  
You broomish now, you goot mane dare  
Vot stant upon de vloer,  
To hab dish Voman for your wife,  
And lub her ebmore,  
To feed her vell wid sourcrout,  
Peens, buttermilk, and cheese;  
And in all things to lend your aid  
Dat vill promote her ease;

Yes, and you voman stantin dare  
Do pledge your vord, dish tay,  
Dat you vill take vor your husband  
Dis mon, an him opey;  
Dat you vill ped and poard wid him,  
Wash, iron, and mend his cloze;  
Laugh when he shmdles, weep when he shighs;  
Drus share his choys and voes.

Vell den, I now, viden dese valls,  
Vid joy and not vid krief,  
Bronounce you bote to be von mint,  
Von name, von man, von beif;  
I pooblish, now, dese sacred bants,  
Dese matrimonial ties,  
Before mine vife, Got, Kate and Poll,  
And all dese gazing eyes.

Ant, as de sacred scripture say,  
Vot Got unites togedder  
Let no man dare asunder put,  
Let no man dare tem sever,  
Ant you britekroom dare, here you stop,  
I'll not let go you collar  
Before you answer me dis ting,  
Dat ish:—Vare ish mine dollar?

Saturday Courier.

### ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH; OR THE POST OFFICE.

All places have their peculiarities; now that of Dalton was the discourse, which Johnson's Dictionary entitles "conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves." Every body knew what every body did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half hour really passed quite pleasantly, for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A's pair of fowls, and Mrs. A's round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that, in the hurry of observing her neighbors' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger who took his abode at the White Hart: not that there was anything remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle aged, respectable looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the *Morning Herald*, (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was more extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There was no chalybeate spring, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighborhood, left expressly for antiquarians and picnic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short there was "nothing." It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge—shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspear, exhausted worlds, and then imagined new. Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested

that he had escaped from a mad house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel, but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was the twenty third day of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together—newspapers were slipped from their cover, and not an epistle, but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq. at the White Hart, Dalton." Eagerly it was compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith, of dinnerless memory—the fat landlady of the White Hart was on the tip-toe to peep, while the post mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand—suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence—the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words: "We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great." Not a syllable more could they make out, but what they had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart, and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

"I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

"I dare say," returned the post mistress, "Williams is not his real name."

"I don't know that," interrupted the landlady, "Williams is a good hanging name; there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who barked all those dear children: I dare say he is some relation of theirs: but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him; he shan't poison his wife in my house, out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself."

"Dear! dear! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we took a look into the letter," and the post-mistress tho't in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure—Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures, the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter, a gen-tleman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlady the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which like Tom Tough, had seen a little service, and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams, and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner table which was to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes, he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it, a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity rebounded—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old witch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of the broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer, but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!" All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. "I am happy, Madam," said the little bustling magistrate, "to have been under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, Madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected: but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner: but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentlemen, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till

it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

"I can explain it all," at last interrupted the visitor. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labors of genius: he is writing a melo-drama called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather object to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head and muttered something about theatres being very immoral.

"Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold: but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least of your indulgence."—*Keepsake.*

THE YANKEE WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ALONE.  
The following interesting narrative is from the London Service Journal. A correspondent of the New York Gazette says that Mr. Shackford, the hero of the story, resides in the western country, has a son now a ship master out of the harbour of New-York.

He built, or purchased a small vessel in which he embarked alone, for, and navigated to Great Britain. When he arrived in port, he was supposed to be a pirate—that he had murdered the crew of the vessel—and was arrested. He produced his shipping paper, which contained one name only, and other documents to prove his proper character, and it was not until some persons in England were found who knew him in this country, that he was set at liberty.

The Yankee's visit to Sir Joseph Banks.—Sir Joseph Banks, hearing that there was a man in London, who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone was desirous of seeing him, and got some Americans to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house. This was easily effected. Shackford in company with Capt. Folansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to Natural History. Shackford looked around and was placed to see many things that were real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared, now above; and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. "Is this Mr. Shackford, that crosses the Atlantic in an open boat?" inquired Sir Joseph. "Yes sir," was the reply, "I have done that, sir." What were your sensations in the middle of the ocean alone?" was the next enquiry.

"Why sir, I suppose you mean to ask how I felt on my voyage, I was sometimes dry, and I drank, I was sometimes hungry, and I ate, I was sometimes sleepy and I dozed a little, that was easy, for I had a nice cubby, and fixed a filler there and slept with my helm in my hand—and there was no great difficulty in that." "What mathematical instrument had you?" was the next inquiry.

"Why a compass and an axe, a pair of pistols, and a sword that General Pulaski gave me." "How were you sure you were right in your course?" "I was not sure but I guessed I was right, as I steered east when I got pretty well up to the north, and that I knew would take me to England, or somewhere thereabouts, and that was right enough for one whose time was his own, and who owned the craft he was in and had plenty of provisions on board the craft."

"You have, sir," said Shackford, "a fine omnium gatharium here: what are you going to do with the crocodile you got there?" "I am about preparing a paper to read before the Society, upon his habits and nature, which I shall read to-morrow. Do you know any thing about the animal Mr. Shackford?" "I lived three years in the West Indies, where they walk as thick as grasshoppers." Have you ever heard their moans to entice and allure travellers to come to them in order, as writers in natural history have mentioned, that they may secure them as their prey?" inquired the philosopher. "No, they never did any such thing, for a good reason, they have no tongue to make a clear sound with; and they cannot make a noise except one of bringing their jaws together. They move the upper jaw and somehow bring it down with great force, and a single sound proceeds from this: but how can a thing moan without a tongue? Look into his mouth and you will find that he has no more tongue than the great elephant I saw the other day in this city."

"Why," said Sir Joseph, "you do not mean to say that the elephant has no tongue?" "Yes I do, replied Shackford, "mean to say that he has no tongue and what does he want one for, as he has such a thing at the end of his nose, by which he can feel a thing as nicely as a lady's finger could, and then use it as a sledge hammer to knock one's brains out with?" "How do you know that to be the fact?" inquired Sir Joseph, "that he has no tongue?" "Why in the best way in the world: I looked into his mouth until I was satisfied of the fact; and then it stood to reason in my mind that he did not want one, with so fine a tool as he has, for the purpose of hands, tongue and sword." "Well," said Sir Joseph, "not a little mortified, 'The crocodiles are very ferocious and dangerous.'" "Why," said Shackford, "they have a good large mouth of their own, and an ugly looking set of teeth, but very seldom attack a man, a very slight splash in the water generally frightens them off. Once in a while they catch a young negro in the water, the old ones don't mind them any more than musketoes." Sir Joseph's paper would not do all his ornament of that wonderful moaning, and great fierceness at last had opponents. To end the conversation, and he off to the Tower, or to Exeter change, to see the elephant, was now evidently Sir Joseph's wish, but Shackford seemed in no hurry to go. Sir Joseph in trying to hide his impatience, made several hasty inquiries.

"Did you ever see a collection like this before?" "No," said Shackford, "the nearest to it is at my barber's shop, the other side of the water. He had a stuffed alligator, the skin of a dogfish, several handsome lizards and the head of a catamount, the last he set most store by, as that gives him an opportunity once a week to tell the story of that animal having jumped from tree to tree with a child in his mouth. I have heard the story a hundred times, and he never told it twice alike. I don't care much about seeing these altogether, but I love to see them in those parts where they are natural: and that is one reason why I rove round the world?" "Mr. Shackford, what books do you carry with you on your voyages and travels?" "The Bible sir, Watt's Palms and Hymns, and Robison Crusoe, not many others. I look around and read the book of nature and generally pick up something worth remembering," was the reply.

"I should think," said Sir Joseph, "that you would find many things that would puzzle you in your researches." "I do, said Shackford, and so does every man I ever saw. Now, Sir Joseph, let me make plain what I mean, can you tell me what animal that is of the Nile, which is born with a tail without legs, and dies if he comes to his growth, with four legs, without a tail?" Sir Joseph pondered.

"Why," said Shackford, "it is a frog. When a pollywog he has a tail, but when he becomes a frog he has four feet without a tail. I placed his birth in the Nile, which deceived you learned sir, but you know the frog is found in every

mud puddle in creation as well as the Nile.—"Now," said Shackford, "I have great love for learned men but they don't know every thing." Sir Joseph was glad to get rid of the man, who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat something more than his friend Cook had done when the navigator and the philosopher had quarrelled.

### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

This illustrious philosopher was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him—"Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton, looking round observed neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles when a storm suddenly arising wet him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather of which the wisest philosopher would be proud, he rode back as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly, 'Will ye, Sir? I will then," said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, Sir," having received the money, and pointing to the sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What?" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?" Yes, Sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery.

### GOOD OLD WAY.

I am one whom, in familiar phrase, they call an old fellow. I have seen something of life, have been an observer of the course and progress of things, and have painfully noted the inroad of false refinement, and the manifest departure from ancient simplicity. This reproach to modern manners, applies with peculiar justice, to affairs of courtship. Have at you, gentle reader, for a brief anecdote. Sometime in the last century, one of those clerical meetings, kept up, time immemorial, in New England, was held at my grandfather's W's, in Connecticut. One of the beings that composed the household at that time, was an elderly maiden aunt; a very starchy, staid character, with a body straight and uniform as an iron bar, a thin visage, and skin shrivelled up like a baked apple. Their Reverence were holding high discourses on topics theological, evangelical, and moral. Aunt Kitty, fitting hither and thither, on hospitable deeds intent, had her attention arrested by something that fell from one of the ministers, concerning the christian ordinances. She immediately seated herself among them. "Rev. gentlemen," said she, "I have a wish to ask you one question. If it would not be deemed obtrusive, I should like to ask you a question." "O certainly. Propose your question, madam, without further apology." "Well, Rev. gentlemen, what I would ask is, whether marriage is an ordinance?" "O yes, to be sure, marriage is an ordinance." "So I always thought; I always thought marriage was an ordinance. And as I wish to be found walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless, you cannot think Rev. gentlemen, how delighted I should be, to partake of that ordinance." A good, honest deacon present, had been a widower for years. He gravely rose from his seat and concisely premised, that he himself had a moving desire to partake of the same ordinance. This prompt comparing of notes, led to a happy, though somewhat hasty result. The parties were united in Hymen's bands at the close of the convocation. Now, I ask whether, if the maidens of our day, were to kick out of doors their prudery, and coquetry, and the rest of their idle flummery, and show out the honest, candid, simplicity of my elderly aunt—I ask, whether we should have so many gruffy, grumpy, grumbling, graceless old bachelors hanging as dead weights on society;—and all this, in the enchanting vision of hills and vales innumerable, teeming and glowing with plenty, and beauty, that seem crying out, 'come and people us'.

JOTHAN.

### A TRIAL OF MEMORY.

A person was boasting, in Foote's presence of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he would not be able to repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, popped its head into the shop. What no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pickininnies, and the Jobillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied memory, and the wit won his wager.

A la Trollope.—A genuine Jonathan who had long been paying attention to farmer C—'s daughter Sally, invited his dearly beloved to ride to the store with him. They arrived and after looking at all the pretty things, said Jock—"Mr.—draw me a glass of gin, and sweeten it well with lasses." It was done and Jonathan swallowed it at a draught, then, smacking his lips, he turned round and thus addressed his gal—"I say Sal, that was darn good, why dont you buy a glass for yourself?"

Singular Effect of Music.—At the Cheethamhill glue-club, on Monday evening last, during the performance of "Non Nobis Domine," which was sung in fine style by about forty voices, a tumbler glass, which stood upon a table in the room, broke into a thousand pieces, as if it had been shattered by an explosion of gunpowder.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Kitten Pie.—The New Bedford Gazette states that one evening last week a lady in that town made up a fine batch of dough in a trough, and left it on the hearth before the embers in order that it might rise before the morning, when it was to be transformed into plump "dough bats." On going into the kitchen in the morning, the lady found a batch of seven "young infant" kittens, all snugly bedded in the warm dough, and the old cat sitting by, watching with Turk like gravity, this unlooked for addition to the morning breakfast.

## THE BOQUET;

### FLOWERS OF POLITE LITERATURE.

Devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Legends, and Essays, Travelling and Historical Sketches, American Biography, General Miscellany and Poetry. Embellished monthly with a piece of fashionable music for the Piano-Forte. Edited by Melzar Gardner. Published semi-monthly at Hartford, Connecticut.

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### CONDITIONS.

THE BOUQUET: FLOWERS OF POLITE LITERATURE, will be published every other Saturday, at Hartford, Conn. monthly with a piece of fashionable music for the Piano-Forte. Each number will contain Eight large quarto pages of valuable and interesting matter, on a super-royal sheet of fine paper, and will be pressed and stretched in a printed cover, by which it may be better preserved for binding. A handsome Title page and Index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautifully printed volume of Two Hundred and Eight pages. It will be done up in strong wrappers and forwarded by the earliest mails. The first number will be issued on the 16th of June.

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Hartford, Connecticut, May 1 1832.

### AMERICAN FARMER.

A new weekly paper in quarto form, edited by Gideon B. Smith, is published in Baltimore by Irvine Hitchcock, at Five dollars per annum.

This work is devoted exclusively to the interest of the American cultivator of the soil. It treats of practical Agriculture, Horticulture, and Rural and Domestic Economy. Its contents consist mainly of original articles, written expressly for it, by intelligent practical farmers residing in all parts of the Union, detailing not speculations and theories, but THEIR PRACTICE in every department of husbandry. It contains also a great number of useful recipes; so much of the news as relates to the foreign and domestic markets for Agricultural products, and a correct statement of their prices current in both, at the time of publication; but nothing connected with party politics is at any time permitted to appear in its columns. Farms, Agricultural Stock, productions, machines, and implements, are advertised, noticed, or described, many of which are illustrated by expensive engravings.

The American Farmer is very neatly printed on fine paper, in quarto form, with a direct view to being bound. The numbers for a year make a handsome volume of 416 pages, and the last one is accompanied by a title page and a copious and minute index. When a number fails of reaching a subscriber, or becomes damaged in the mail, another shall be sent, if requested. This completion of files should not, however, be deferred much beyond the ending of the volume.

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