

WAY'S PILLS. CURE OF LOSS OF BEALTH, MACH, INDIGESTION AND OF BLOOD TO THE READ. n Mr. John Lloyd, of Erw

farlech, Merionelhanire.

WAX.

BY AX.

BY AY.

BY AY.

Left of the first opportunity of ina very long period, I was afflicted
diness and frequent swimmings
by loss of appetite, disordered
y impaired health. Every means
so any permanent relief, and at
larming, that I was resulty afraid
at an attendant. In this melanited personally upon Mr. Hughes,
or the purpose of consulting him
or do; he kindly recommended
m without delay, and efter tatime I am happy to bear testiful efficacy. I am now restored
I onabled to resume my assal ful efficacy. I am now restore d enabled to resume my use liberty to publish this letter i

nk proper. your obedient Servant JOHN LLOYD.

CURE OF DROPSY. rom Edward Rowley . Esq. of ago, dated April 8th, 1852.

NAY,

in it a duty I owe to you and the
rm you of a most miraculous recadful disease, Dropsy, and
as effected by your invaluable
five times within eight months,
y two medical practitioners, but
ntil I had recourse to your rending all I had undergone, this
cured me in the course of six
EDWARD ROWLEY.

R COMPLAINT AND SPASS EFFECTUALLY CURED.

yne, dated July 31, 1852.

YAY,
a much pleasure in handing to
e efficacy of your Medicines. A
arrhood, with whom I am well
so for a long time with violent
stomach and liver, arising from
o of paint, and the effects of a
the was obliged to assume in
sams were of an alarming chaeff him in a weak and debilitath he heard of the salutary efpills, and was induced to give
t dose gave him considerable
g them up in accordance with
have acted so wonderfully in
d stomach, and strengthening
at the has been restored to the
th.

Sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM BOSTOCK.

OF A STOMACH COM-IGESTION AND VIOLENT D-ACHES.

tol. dated July 14th. 1899.

Av, requested by a Lady named from the West Indies, to scried of eight years herself and stinual bad health, arising from and Stomach, Indigestion, loss end-sches, pains in the side lebility, for which she consultant in the colony, but without last, she had recourse to your in a very short time effected the better, that she continued amily were restored to health she desires me to say, that she attraordinary virtues in those children, particularly in cases time, having effected positive with no other remedy.

S. GOWEN.

s. GOWEN. are wonderfully efficacious in ing complaints.

psy Inflammation entery Jaundice Liver Companie ties Lumbage ors of all kinds sentery sipelas male Irregulari-Retention of

d-ache
gestion
so and Gravel
Doloureux
Tamours
event Affections
kness, from
Linda ureal Affections Worms of all skness, from kinds Fuer cause, dec. ent of Professor Holloway, ple Bar.) London, and by all and dealers in Medicines at World, at the following

rrency each Box eiderable eaving by taking the the guidance of patients in each Box. ORGE T. HASZARD, ale Agent for P. E. feland.

nce Edward Island both years inclusive—2 vols.
a copious Index; published
onial Legislature, and careblidated, by Commissioners
e, may be had at the BookG. T. HASZARD

RIES' HALL

Established N, JANUARY, 1868.

IISA X & Co

per late arrivals from Lonted States and Halifax, their
comprising, in the whole, an

'aried Assortment of

GALS, PERFUMERY,
and other Lozenges: with
in repute, and every other
independence recommend
ity be considered, at as low,
they can be proceed to be 1810.

MASKARD'S ES GAZE

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

Established 1823.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, April 27, 1853.

Electrical Control of the control of

They are so bud they ought not to live. I don't feel a particle of sympathy for such cases. If they'd only behave themselves, it would not happen."

"But, mamma," said Eva, "the poor creature was unhappy; that's what made her dripk."

"Oh fiddlestick! as if that were any excuse! I'm unhappy, very often. I persume," she said, pensively, "that I've had greater trink than ever she had. It's just because they are so had. There's some of them that you cannot break in by any kind. of severity. I rennember father had a man that was so lazy he would run sway just to get rid of work, and lie round in the swamps, stealing and doing all sorts of horrid things. That man was caught and whipped, time and again, and it never did him any good: and the last time he crawled off, though he couldn't but just go, he died in the swamp. There was no aort of reason for it, for father's hands were always treated kindly."

"I broke a fellow in, once," said St. Clare, "that ad the overseers and masters had tried their hands on in vain."

"You!" said Marie; "well, I'd be glad to know when you ever did anything of the sort."

"Well, he was a powerful, gigantic fellow—a nutive-horn African; and he appeared to have the rude instinct of freedom in him to an uncommon degree. He was a regular African lion. They called him Scipio. Nobody could do anything with him; and he was sold round from overseer it of overseer, till at last Affred bought him, because he though he could manage him. Well, one day he knowled down the overseer, und was fairly off into the swmaps. I was on a visit to Aff'a plantition, for it we after we he dissolved partnership. Affred was grately exasperated, but I told him that it was his own fault, and hold him any wager that I could brake the man; and finally it was agreed that, if I caught him, I should have him to experiment on. So they mustered out a party of some six or seven, with guns and day, for the hunt. People, you know, can get up just as much outhusiasm in hunting a man as a deer, of it is only custom ry; in fact

"What in the world did you do to him!" and Marie,
"Well, it was quite a simple process. I took him to my own room, had a good bed made for him, dressed his wounds, and tended him my self, until he got fairly on his feet again. And in process of time I had free papers made out for him, and told him he might go where he liked!"

for him, and told him he might go where he liked."

"And did he go?" said Miss Ophelia.

"No. The foolish fellow tore the paper in two, and absolutely refused to leave me. I a wer had a braver, better fellow—trusty and true as steel. He embraced Christianity afterwards, and became as gentle as a child. He used to oversee my place on the lake, and did it appitally, too. I hat him the first cholera season. In fact, he laid down his life for me. For I was sick, almost to death; and when, through the panic, everybody else fled, Scipio worked for me like a giant, and actually brought me back into life again. But, poor fellow! he was taken, right after, and there was no saving him. I never felt anybody's loss more."

Eva had come gradually nearer and nearer to her father, as he told the story—her lips apart, her eyes wide and carnest with absorbing interest.

As he finished, she suddenly throw her arms.

As he finished, she suddenly throw her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively. "Bva, dear child! what is the matter!" said

"Eva, dear child! what is the matter?" said St. Clare, as the child's ama'l frame trembled and shook with the violence of her feelings. "This child," he added, "ought not to hear any of this kind of thing—she s nervous."
"No, papa, I'm not nervous." said Eva, controlling herself suddenly with a strength of resolution singular in such a child; "I'm not nervous, but these things sink into my heart."
"What do you mean Eva!"
"I can't tell you, papa. I think a great many thoughts. Perhays some day I shall tell you."
"Well, think away done only it in the control of the contro

ny thoughts. Perhays some day I shall tell you."

"Well, think away, dear—only don't cry and worsy your papa," said St. Clare. "Look here—see what a beautiful peach I have got for you!"

Eva took it, and smiled, though there was still a nervous twitching about the corners of her mouth.

"Come, look at the gold-fish," said St. Clare, taking her hand and stepping on to the vena-dah. A few moments, and merry laughs were heard through the sitken curtains, as Eva and St. Clare were politing each other with roses, and chasing each other among the alleys of the court.

There is danger that our humble friend Tom be neglected amid the adventures of the higher horn; but if our readers will accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may, perhape, learn a little of his affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small, rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and dynm-book; and where he sits at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

The fact was, that Tum's bome gearnings had become so strong, that he had begged a sheet of writing-paper of Eva; and mustering ap all his small stock of literary attainment acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, be conceived the bold idea of writing a letter; and he was busy now, on his slate, gatting out his first draught. Tom was in a good deal of trouble, for the forms of some of the letters he had forgotten entirely, and of what he did remember he did not know exactly which to use. And while he was working, and breathing very hard in his carnestness, Eva alighted like a bird on the round of his chair benind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

"O Uncle Tom! what funny things you ere making there!"

"I m trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little chil n," said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes; but, somehow, I'm feared, I shan't make it out."

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I've learn't to write some. Last yoar I could make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

So Eva put her little golden head close to his, and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion, each one equally carnest, and about equally ignorant; and, with a deal of consulting and advising over every word the composition began, as they both felt very sanguine, to look quite like writing.

"Yes, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delighted on it. "How pleased your wife II be, and the poor little children! Oh, it s a shame you ever had to go away from them. I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time."

"Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could got it together," said Tom. "I'm 'spectin' she will. Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me; and he gave me this yer dollar as a sign; 'and Tom drew from under his clothes the precious dollar.

"Oh, he'll certainly come, then!" said Eva.

"Oh, it's Tom's said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate.

"Oh, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva.

"I'm so glad!"

Tom's letter was written in due form for him that evening, and safely lodged in the post-office.

Miss Ophelia still persovered in her labour in the house-keeping line. It was universally agreed among all the househould, from Dinah down to the youngest urchin, that Miss Ophelia was decidedly "euris"—a term by which a southern servant implies that his or her betters don't exactly sait them.

The higher circle in the family—to wit, Adolph, Jane, and Rosa—agreed that she was no lady; ladies never kept working ahout as she did; that she had no sir at all; and they were surprised that she should be any relation of the St. Clares. Even Marie declared that it was absolutely fatiguing to see Cousin Ophelia always so busy. And, in fact, Miss Ophelia's industry was so incessant as to lay some founalways so busy. And, in fact, Miss Opnelia's industry was so incessant as to lay some foundation for the complaint. She sewed and stitched away from daylight to dark, with the energy of one who is pressed on by some immediate urgency; and then, when the light fadde, and the work was folded away, with one turn out came the ever-ready knitting-work, and there she was again, going on as briskly as ever. It really was a labour to see her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY AT CUMA.

(From the European Times.)

A friend visiting Naples has sent us some interesting particulars of the opening of a Roman tomb, one among the many which, together with the ruins of a Grecian temple, have been lately discovered at the uncient city of Cuma. A labourer, going to plant trees, struck on stone work, and so it came to light. The king's brother, the Count of Syracuse, on whose estate it was, set men to work, and is still prosecuting the search with interest and engeness. The writer goes on to say that one hundred men are at work on it, and the afair is making a noise here. Asking leave of the prince to attend, we were invited to his palace to see what he had of it there, and next day by appointment, we met him at the vineyard at Cuma, where the tombs are found, and spent four hours with him overlooking the worknes. After examining the site of the temple, called of Diana—a statue of the goddess having been found there—we saw various other ruins of houses, tombs, unshapen large masses of of Roman brickwork which lie about the ground, remains of the ancient city of Cuma. After some down into one tomb in which ground, remains of the ancient city of tuma. After going down into one tomb, in which are columbaria or small niches all round, to hold cinerary mans with the burnt bones, we took up our station near the secre or

New Series, No. 28

more of men who were digging where there was reason to expect a tomb. Experience guiding, them they demolished a tree, and showelling off the soil we presently came to stonework that sounded hollow. This proved to be the mouth of the tomb, and clearing fast away, and picking and breaking through one of the large tofo stones that formed it, we made a hole big chough to creep through. First letting down a candle to see that the air was fit for respiration, in bowled three or four workmen, the prince's attendant, who is a zealous antiquaryour party of five, included your humble servant and my friend and eventually the prince himself. Conceive my interest at the moment; we found ourselves in a dry arched chamber or vault, constructed of solid and

chamber or vault, constructed of solid and large pieces of stone say 12 feet by 10 feet, an arched doorway of entrance on one side walled up; round the other three sides, partitions of strong stone-work, raised above the floor of length and width to receive the bod-ies. Raking up the loose sand usually found ies. Raking up the loose sand usually found in such receptacles, and the stucco that had fallen down from the walls and roof, which had been thickly plastered with it, we soon came to human bones, ivory combs (one precisely shaped and made like those in prsent use), parts of an ivory flute, alabaster smelling-bottle, lucernse, streaked glass and terra-cotta buttons, small elegant vases of glass and terra-cotta, but no money, though they found in the menth of one skeletch glass and terra cotta, but no money, though they found in the mouth of one skeleton lately a coin of Diocletian, proving that the tomb was used down to his reign. We had not time, though four hours there, to investigate closely; they have to riddle the sand &c., for the smaller objects. We came away at 4, p. m., much delighted at this authentic actual revelation of the funeral vaults of such buscon times. hygone I may say of such bygone times—bygone, I may say, for Cuma was founded 3000 years ago, was once larger than Naples, and now there is nothing above ground but vineyards, in which rise bramble-covered mounds, hiding Roman brickwork, masses still uncovered, walls, &c. In one of the tombs were found skele-tors with waxen heads! the antiquaries are to:: with waxen heads! the antiquaries are greatly puzzled therent; no such thing was ever before seen, nor can they give any, explanation of it; some say one thing, some another; secundum more on nigariorum. It is thought by many of the learned that they were the bodies of victims to Diocletian's persecution, decapitated for being Christian's persecution, decapitated for being Christians.

persecution, decapitated for being Chris-tians, and re-capitated, as well as they could be, by their friends after death, and interred in the Pagan family vault. I must repeat my thanks to the prince for his oblig-ing conduct. "In England," said he, "a man is a man.—Correspondent of The Builder. Whilst engaged in watching the sea, neither the eye nor the mind ever becomes weary. Each successive wave, as it curves its silver foum and dashes on the shore, has its silver four and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it. There is no monotony in the motion of the waves, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and form, finding in all an idexhaustible fund for amusement, excitement, pleasure, and wonder, it is no less true than remarkable that the ocean is the only substance which, in its movements, has not a measuring officit your the grace. All other wearying effect upon the gazer. All other

forms, animate or inanimate, may smule for a moment, a minute, or an hour; but their charm is quickly gone. It is only Principles and Truth that the true and wise Progressive will never give up or compromise. These are God's, The life of mankind is in Principles. Truths are the arteries in which the world's blood circulates. He who yields the truth betrays his age.

THE MAINSPRING .- Continual regard to the will of God should be the regulating principle of every Christian, and not the conduct of others. Of him who is regulated by any other principle than regard to the will of God, it may be said, "that man's religion is used." is vain.'

Knowledge is not wisdom. A person may know, and yet have no claim to be called wise. Wisdom is the practical application of knowledge.

Old men are usually conservatives. Some there are that can carry the lite of youth up to old age, but the cases are rare. But yet all are needed, the young and the old, the warm hearted and the cool headed, the progressive and the conservative.

gressive and the consequative.

From conservatism aprings aristocracy; conservatism is often caused by laziness. Lounging sluggards are always conservatives, and persons of too keen sensibilities are also of the same character, as all advancements are fleught with imperfection, and therefore they cannot bear any innovations,—Rev. H. Ward Beecker.

vations,—seev. M. Frore Beecher.

Always have a book at a paper within your reach at hich you may earch up at your old minutes. Resolve to edge in a fittle mading every day, if it is but a sentence. If you can give fibre a minutes at day in, will, be felt, at the end of the year.—Thoughts take up no trem. Meen they are right they afford a penable pleasure, it is a hick one may travel, or labor without any treatle of encombrance.