POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL

YESTERDAY.

BY CHARLES WESTON.

I am a year, though bygone years,
As plainly as of yore!
Though grief and age have worn life's page
And stained its snowy o'er,
That fifty hours of boyhood's time,
When the world was pure and gay,
Comes sweeping back o'er memory's track
As fresh as yesterday.

I see again the well-known scene—
I tread the path anew
Where lily, rose, and eglantine,
Commingling fragrance threw:
Yet cannot my I'm weak and old,
Or that my locks are gray—
I'm hale and young—I stand among
The scenes of yesterday.

Thou creeping vine, that lov'st to twine
Around the cottage door,
And weave thy slender, netty arms
My chamber lattice o'er—
I've clipped my little hands for glee,
And thought no vine so gay
As the vine that clustered leafs for me
In childhood's yesterday!

To-morrow's flowers of varied hue,
That fringe the walks along—
Ye modest plants that hide from view
Amidst the blooming throng—
I'll be viewing these your garden slope
With my long-fingered flower!
I've come to find the scene of Hope
You taught me yesterday!

Alas! alas! that boyish song,
For me, is hushed and still;
The blood that danced so light along
Creeps slowly now and chill;
My sight grows dim—my limbs grow old—
The years fadeo away;
Though bright it seems, 'tis but the dream
Of bygone yesterday!

THE CRYSTAL BELL.

It was a country tavern; and I sat in the bar-room for lack of something better to do. Heaven knows there was little enough to amuse one in that dreary temple of Bacchus. There were five newspapers, the newest a month old, lying on the table—I know every advertisement in them. There was a picture of the favorite Presidential candidate hanging over the fireplace, which, if it at all resembled the gentleman in question, entitled him to a glass-case in Barnum's Museum rather than to a chair in the White House. As for registering a name by one's self in a book in the corner, that mere arrival the pages, though dated, were devoid of a single name. Apple-jack, bad gin, and blazing brandy in bottles of eccentric colors, filled a glass press behind a counter, which was called by courtesy a bar; and behind this stood a wooden image called by courtesy a landlord.

When a man has no books, and no acquaintances at an country tavern, he is apt to fall back on the landlord. I have met in my time very amusing landlords—landlords who could talk about fishing, and shooting, and politics, and perhaps retail to you some of the gossip of the neighborhood; for it is wonderful how a man in the streit in which I was, will find amusement in the doings of people he has nothing about. But the landlord of the Hominy House was not to be relied upon in such an emergency. He was not to take any such liberties with me, Sir, let me tell you. He took you into his house, as it were, under protest. He gave you a bed with an air that seemed to say he regretted doing it, but still he did not like to refuse; and he ate your dinner before him in fear and trembling, lest you should reconsider his hospitality and order you out of the house.

Whether he was a natural inflexibility of joints, or whether it was a studied air of personal dignity, I do not know; but my friend General Dubbley, the landlord of the Hominy House in the village of Hopskotch, New Jersey, was the most dignified man I ever saw. The hale which he threw into a glass of whiskey and water was perfectly wonderful. You might have imagined you were drinking "green tea" to judge by the lofty expression of his countenance as he handed you the bottle. At the dinner-table he fairly spoiled the appetite out of one; and I shall never, as long as I live, forget the thunder-cloud which gathered on his brow one day, I unluckily asked to be helped to soup twice. When Lafayette passed through Hopskotch, General Dubbley was one of the committee that received him. I did not see him at that period, not having been born, but I have formed a theory that from this epoch may be dated his tremendous dignity. Whether this heaviness with the French patriot had any thing to do with turning the General's hair green, I cannot say; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that he was remarkable for possessing a lock of bright verdant olive on either side of his head. This eccentricity of color, I presume, must remain forever a mystery.

As I was saying, I sat in the bar-room. General Dubbley stood behind the bar counting the contents of the till with Olympian dignity. Quarter-dollars seemed to become thunder-bolts in his hands. I was very weary. Weary of Hopskotch, weary of Dubbley, weary of the Presidential candidate over the mantle-piece, who seemed to have been born with a patch of strawberries on each cheek; weary of the old newspapers; weary of every thing in fact, except the memory of my dear Annie to whom I was engaged, and on whose account I had left New York and immured myself, in mid-winter, at the Hominy House, in order, before our marriage, to settle some matters connected with my property, which lay near Hopskotch. I gawned in the very teeth of General Dubbley.

The door opened ere my teeth closed again, and a man entered, and, shaking off the snow that lay in thick flakes on his coat, advanced to the wood fire that blazed and crackled on the broad hearth, and spread out his hands to the cheering warmth. He was a very seedy-looking man. He had but one coat on—an old, threadbare evening coat—which was tenderly buttoned across a rib-at which seemed afraid to breathe too lustily lest it should burst the frail buttons. His shoes were old and cracked, looking as if he had found them after they had been hurled [illegible] trowsers were very scanty, and shrank from contact with the shoes as if they had been as sensitively constituted as the wearer. Poor fellow! he looked as if he had not dined for dinner in his stomach, or a cent in his pocket for a very long time.

As he entered, the General raised his head from the till and looked at him severely. I saw the poor man shrink a little, but presently he seemed to muster up sufficient courage to go up to the bar.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" he asked in a timid voice.

"Full, Sir, full!" said the General, frowning until his eyebrows fairly crashed; "besides, we seldom have accommodation for strangers."

The poor man gave a glance at his threadbare coat, and sighed. But, oh! how sad the smile was! Patient, but full of sorrowful!

"It is a very bad night," said the stranger, pleadingly: "and I am not particular as to where I sleep. Any where will do for me."

Useful unpolished stranger! A worse method than a couple of bed-blankets of comfort could not have been adopted to win the General's favor. If he had blustered up to the bar and shouted for a bed of rose-leaves with every leaf turned out, the majestic Dubbley might have overlooked the insult; but not to care where he slept! that settled him. "Sorry, Sir, but can't accommodate you;" and with this brief intimation the Lord of Hopskotch commenced once more to make quarter-dollars look like thunder-bolts.

The stranger sighed; looked wistfully at the bright fire; gave another hopeless glance at the wooden Dubbley, and then moved slowly to the door. It was more than I could stand. Olympus had no terrors for me at the moment.

"Stay!" I cried, advancing from the obscure corner in which I had been seated; "stay, Sir, for a moment. This weather is too inclement for any human being to wander in at night. I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but there are two beds in my room, and I esteem it my duty to offer you one of them. Ring [illegible] in."

I shall not list the murmured thanks with which the needy stranger expressed his gratitude for my offer, in the consideration of my own disinterestedness. I don't think I ever behaved with more unmitigated dignity. My heart smote me for my conduct to the poor fellow; for really I expected nothing less than to find myself and, what is more to the point, my money gone. To my surprise, however, [illegible] my guest was perfectly satisfied."

For the first time the truth burst upon me that the General was not so awful as he looked, and that by the aid of a little resolution he might even be reduced to the position of a landlord. I plucked up courage from this supposed discovery, and having opened the branch, pushed on.

"I want some supper, General Dubbley," said I, peremptorily.

"Sir, you have had your supper," answered the General, clutching madly at the last rag of his importance that was being torn so ruthlessly from him.

"No matter; I wish to sup again. I sometimes sup frequently during an evening."

I was reckless with victory, and began to talk wildly.

"You shall be served, Sir."

And the General abdicated his thunder-bolts and disappeared into the kitchen. I had conquered. A hand was laid very gently on me, and the stranger now spoke audibly to me for the first time.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," he said, "for all this kindness; but if in getting this supper you put yourself to inconvenience on my account, may I beg that you will countermand it?"

"Not at all," I replied, diplomatically; "but as you have reminded me of it, perhaps you will favor me by supping with me—that is, if you have not supped?"

"I have not dined," said the stranger, with a feeble smile. "I see through your kind ruse," he added; "and to a gentleman who can act so feelingly as you have done, I have little shame in confessing that if I have not dined, it was because I had no money."

"Come, come!" said I, trying to bluster away those confounded tears that always *will* get in my eyes when I hear such things. "Come, we will have a jolly good supper together, and then we will talk of business matters afterward. Let us sit by the fire until it is ready, and, meanwhile, drink this."

So saying, I invaded the General's Olympian domain, and pouring out a stiff horn of applejack, forced it upon my new friend. It did him good, I am certain, for I saw his dim eyes brighten and the dim cheek flush; and it was not the fire-light that did it, cheery as it was.

I never met a more delightful man than this seedy stranger. He had been every where, seen every thing, had every body. He was a finished scholar, an original critic, a delightful singer, an epitome of wit. He so fascinated me that we sat up in my room until almost twelve—an unearthly hour in Hopskotch, where the people go to roost with the chickens—and it never once entered my head to ask him who he was, what he was called, or how it was that he was wandering about in the snow without any money. I even went to bed without locking my door, or putting my watch under my pillow.

It was the gray dawn of the morning when some one waking on my bedside awoke me suddenly. I started upright in an instant, and beheld my friend. He was completely dressed, and in the dim light seemed like a departing ghost. For a moment, in the incoherence of my ideas, I had a confused idea that he was about to rob me, and seized him instinctively by the arm.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, with a smile. "I intended to wake you, and before I went—for I am going immediately—I wished to thank you for your extreme kindness to me. God bless you for it! I have but little to offer you in the way of return, but what I have is yours. Here is a crystal bell," and he drew a tiny glass bell from his pocket, "a thing like a child's toy. "It was forged in distant lands, and the tone it was makes the rocks resist, and the snakes cower over it in the fastness the spirits known only to the children of the East. It is the touchstone of truth. Whoever utters a falsehood to him who bears it about, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate. Scoff at the story now, if you will, but try the talisman—it will never betray you. Farewell!"

And lying the little bell upon the counterpane, before I could sufficiently collect my scattered senses he glided to the door and went out, closing it softly after him.

I took up the bell mechanically, and examined it. It was entirely formed of what seemed to be the purest crystal. The tongue was also of crystal, but flexible as the finest watch-spring. I tried to ring it, but although the ball at the end of the pendant tongue visibly struck the clear sides of the bell, it did not emit the slightest sound. I tried it again and again, and always with the same result.

I got up and looked for my watch. It was safe. My pockets were untouched; my drawers intact. My needy friend, therefore, was not an impostor. Again I returned to the mysterious bell, and agitated its crystal tongue in vain. Not even a muffled tinkling was to be drawn from it. Had the pendulum been a feather it could not have been more silent.

All day long I felt wretchedly uncomfortable with the crystal bell in my pocket. I scarcely answered the many inquiries after my seedy friend with which General Dubbley assailed me. I scarcely took the trouble to inform him that I had not been robbed. I was indifferent to the display which he made of his counting his spoons in my presence. The last words of my mysterious guest continually rang in my ears—"Whoever utters a falsehood to him who bears it, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate."

Annie Gray! sweet, truthful, pure-eyed Annie Gray! why was it that your face continually rose up before me whenever I touched the magic bell? Whenever I drew it forth, and looked through its crystal walls, why was it that your fair countenance seemed dimly visible within, but clouded with some horrible shadow? And when I thought of you, why did the name of that hateful Aubyn always flicker in big letters before my mind's eye?

I suffered positive torture. Here was I, engaged to be married to one of the sweetest girls in New York, beloved by her to my heart's content, and rich enough to satisfy her every wish, when in comes a stranger, who pulls out from a calls a talisman for testing truth into my hands, and straightway I begin to doubt the dear girl whom I had never doubted before. Did she really love me, or was it only for my wealth that she became mine? Did she not rather prefer that horrible Harry Aubyn, who danced so well, and who talked so charmingly about nothing? The more I tried to conquer this abominable fantasy of jealousy the more positive it became, until at last I had worked myself into such a fever of excitement that I could bear one hour no longer. Yes! I would instantly hurry to New York and [illegible] wondrous gift! It was folly—madness; I knew that well enough, but still I could not resist it—it was all the more willfully, for I had such faith in [illegible] that I knew [illegible] up that empty dandy, Harry Aubyn!

In less than two hours I was in New York, ringing madly at Annie Gray's door.

As I entered the drawing-room hastily, out walked Mr. Aubyn. We saluted coldly, but I could have strangled him at the moment, if such things were permissible in this century. I must have been rather pale and disordered-looking, for I had scarce entered the room when Annie's first words were,

"[illegible] stopped?"

Oh! how could any but a madman doubt that anxious, fond look—that quivering lip! I kissed her forehead, and reassured her.

"Annie, dear, why do you have that Mr. Aubyn here in my absence? You know I don't like him."

"Why, Gerald, I really can't help it if he calls. I don't care about his visits, I assure you; but I cannot be rude to him. I have known him so long."

Gracious heavens! was it fancy? or did I hear a faint, crystalline tinkling in my pocket? A cold shiver ran through my frame; but I endeavored to dissemble my agony, and, with a forced smile, went on.

"So You don't like him really, you little puss! Come now, confess that he—he—[illegible] you did care a little—a very little—for Aubyn, your old—"

"Why, what ails you, Gerald?"

"Whist a fool you are, Gerald! Of course I do," and she kissed me gently on the forehead.

Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. Plain, clear, distinct. Every vibration of the crystal bell thrilled through my frame. If the bells of every cathedral, headed by Tom of Lincoln, had pealed altogether at my ear they could not have moved me half so much as that sharp, shrill crystal tintinnabulation from that horrible bell.

I could bear it no longer.

"Traitress!" I shouted, flinging away the tender arms that wound around my neck. "Hypocrite! I despise you! Yes, madam, the eyes of your dupe were opened in time. You shall not laugh at the credulous Gerald Massey."

"Gerald! are you mad?"

"Not quite; though a week after our marriage I would have been, impostor that you are!" But I knew you. Know that you don't love me. Know that you have lied to me three times within this last half hour."

She tried to embrace me; but I flung her off. She wrung her hands, and the big tears rolled over her cheeks, and her gentle head was bent, as if stricken with some great blow. She acted her part excellently well.

"What can you mean, Gerald? I have never deceived you in thought or word. If you have proofs of my hypocrisy advance them, but do not storm me down with assertions."

"My proofs are here!" I cried, holding up the bell triumphantly—the triumph of delirium. "Here! look on this talisman, falsest of women, and tremble!"

"But, Gerald, are you sane? I see nothing but this bell."

"And this bell, as you call it, has told me within the last half hour that you are a worthless woman."

One tigress-like leap, and she caught it from my hand. With flaming eyes she held it aloft, and then dashed it on the ground. A crash, like the bursting of a thousand hand-grenades—a thundering of cathedral bells, that seemed to shake the world; and, looking up, I saw General Dubbley standing over me in a dignified attitude.

"Mr. Massy," said he, "the dinner-bell has been ringing these ten minutes; but you appear to have been sleeping so soundly that you have not heard it. Dinner waits."

And so it was a dream. No seedy friend—no talisman—no falsehood to sweet Annie Gray. I rubbed my eyes and went into dinner; but as I ate my soup under the awful eye of the General, I confess I regretted the non-reality of that portion of my dream in which I had subdued the Thunderer of the tavern.

I never told Annie Gray that I had ever doubted her even in a dream, until we had been a month married.—*Harper's Magazine.*

MISCELLANY.

DISCOVERY OF THE TOWER OF BABEL!—The Syrian Correspondent of the *Traveller* writes that M. Place, the French Consul at Mosul, has discovered what he believes to be the veritable remains of the tower of Babel! Their local ity is the field of Arbela, a few days' journey from Mosul. M. Place was engaged in exploring the field, or plain, which is famous as having been the scene of a decisive battle fought between Darius and Alexander. The ruin is thus described:

"This proud tower, which was built in defiance of Heaven, and aimed to pierce the very skies, has lost in the course of ages its cloud reaching elevation. Six of its eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain are so high that they may be seen for fifty or sixty miles around. The base of the tower is quadrangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint. Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors which set the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the brick had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing master. Near the top of the letter the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the heads of nails. All was neat, regular and severe: and, indeed those who saw these specimens of ancient calligraphy affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children.

Another curious fact arrested the attention of the exploring party. The sacred record runs thus: "And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the valley of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another—'Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly; and they had brick for stone, (or instead of stone) and *slime* had they for mortar." Modern skeptics may ask—where could these builders obtain all this bitumen? for a vast quantity must have been demanded to meet the wants of so many trowels. It is a singular coincidence that M. Place discovered a fountain at a small distance from the tower, whose waters flow in such abundance as almost to form a river. The stream would force its way into a river in the vicinity, did not the people hasten to stop it by setting the bituminous flood on fire, when they tranquilly wait till the fire is extinguished for want of aliment. Thus the old fountain still pours out inexhaustible quantities of bitumen or slime, which supplied these old builders in their vast enterprise. Bitumen also adds to the durability of the bricks as well as firmly consolidates them in masonary. Could anything be added to the marvel of the coincidence? Thus travels and expeditions in Assyria become biblical corollaries, and new proofs are never wanting of old truths."

ARCTIC PERILS.—Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze suddenly sprung up from the west, and increased in less than half an hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little party remained fast on our ice-island, which was tossed to and fro by the waves; we gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled against a large field of ice; the shock was terrific, and that on beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that fearful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the instinct of self-preservation implanted in every living being moved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed. They flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, which were several hummocks, and when the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved; we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation in such imminent peril.—*Northern Siberia.*

SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA.—During a lecture delivered lately by Professor Faraday, at the Royal Institution of Science, a piece of pure iron peculiarly prepared, so that its pores might present a large surface to the action of the oxygen in the atmosphere, was ignited, and continued to burn like tinder. The ready combustion of iron, compared to gunpowder, was shown by a very simple experiment. A few iron filings and gunpowder were mixed together and sprinkled into the flame of spirits of wine burning on a plate. As the iron filings caught fire and burnt in bright sparks, so that the gunpowder passed through the flame without ignition; and the quantity that fell on the plate was afterwards fired and exploded. Lead prepared in a similar way was shown to be still more inflammable, for it caught fire in a beautiful flame when exposed to the air. The Professor said that lead is nearly as inflammable as phosphorus, and explained the cause of this not burning in ordinary circumstances, to be that the solid product of combustion forms a film that prevents contact with the oxygen and the protecting power of the other parts of the metal draws off and dissipates the heat. He pointed out the admirable arrangements by which these combustible properties of the metals are kept in proper control, and bodies that are really so inflammable are made to serve as strong resistors of combustion.

[illegible] a recent time a boy from the woods was at the depot when the train was on the track, and as he was gazing in stupid wonder at it fixing, and wandering in the cars, the whistle shrieked its unearthly sound, and in a moment more the whole thing was driving on at the rate of "two-forty."

"Oo, lordy!" screamed the boy, "stop it, stop it! I ain't gwine!" and bursting open the door, he stood on the platform between the cars. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle-work, and seeing the trees and rocks far below him, the frightened booby fell on the floor and fainted away. Presently he came to, and looking at the conductor, who stood by him, he cried with horror, "Say, mister, tell me, oh lordy! *has the thing fell?*"

A Mr. Flanigan, in a Dublin Paper, puts his name to the following genuine Irish announcement,—"I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanigan, on my account—as I'm not married to her!"

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked the Dutch justice.

"Dat's nefer to you what you do want here? Go about mit your business."

"What do you drive such a heavy looking carcase as that for? Why don't you put a heavy looking carcase as that for? Why don't you put a heavy coat of flesh! By the powers, lad, on him?"

"A heavy coat of flesh! By the powers, lad, on him?" I can hardly carry what there is on him."

Is it not reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap?

"One hears an immense deal about "legal tenders," said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion; but upon my word, I never heard of anything legal yet that was not very hard instead of *tender*."

An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement, a copy of a fresco by Raphael, wrote, "A Fresh Cow by Raffle."

"I love the silent watches of the night," as the nocturnal thief said when he was robbing the jeweller's shop.

A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the pavement, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over it," said coachy. "Oh no, I'm too heavy," said she. "Why then, my morer, I'm used to lifting barrels," replied Jehu.

The ancient Greeks [illegible] and it pure. Hence the origin of the expression [illegible]

There is a [illegible] they see her [illegible]

LET US REASON TOGETHER!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

WHY ARE WE SICK? It has been the lot of the human race to be weighed down by disease and suffering. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are especially adapted to the relief of the WEAK, the NERVOUS, the DELICATE, and the INFIRM, of all climes, ages, sexes and constitutions. Professor Holloway personally superintends the manufacture of his medicines, and offers them to a free and enlightened people, as the best remedy the world ever saw for the removal of disease.

THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs the skin, and the bowels, correcting any derangement in their functions, purifying the blood, the very fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Nearly half the human race have taken these Pills. It has been proved in all parts of the world, that nothing has been found equal to them in cases of disorders of the liver, dyspepsia, and stomach complaints generally. They soon give a healthy tone to those organs, however much deranged, and when all other means have failed.

GENERAL DEBILITY.—ILL HEALTH.

Many of the most despotic Governments have opened their Custom Houses to the introduction of these Pills, that they may become the medicine of the masses. Learned Colleges admit, that this medicine is the best remedy ever known for persons of delicate health, or where the system has been impaired, as its invigorating properties never fail to afford relief.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

No Female, young or old, should be without this celebrated medicine. It corrects and regulates the monthly courses at all periods, acting in many cases like a charm. It is also the best and safest medicine that can be given to children of all ages, and for any complaint; consequently no family should be with out it. *Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following Diseases:—*

Ague	Female Irregularities	Secondary Symptoms
Asthma	Fevers of all kinds	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bilious Complaints	Fits	Sore Throats
Blotches on the skin	Gout	Stone and Gravel
Bowel Complaints	Head-ache	The Dolourous
Cholics	Indigestion	Tumours
Constipation of the Bowels	Inflammation	Ulcers
Consumption	Jaundice	Venereal Affections
Debility	Liver Complaints	Weakness, from what ever cause, &c.
Dropsy	Lumbago	Worms of all kinds
Dysentery	Piles	
Erysipelas	Retention of Urine	
	Rheumatism	

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and 80, Maiden Lane, New York; also by all respectable Druggists and dealers in Medicine throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices:—

2s. 3d. 8s. and 20s. Currency each Box.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder affixed to each Box.

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DR. A. JOHNSON'S
AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA,

Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Sides or Breast, Rheumatism, Cramp in the Stomach, Spitting of blood, and all Lung Complaints. Manufactured by I. S. JOHNSON, Bangor, Maine. DR. A. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT, an entirely vegetable preparation, prepared and intended for Internal and External application.

The Inventor of this Article was in the constant practice of medicine for 20 years and by a long course of experiments upon the various diseases for which this Liniment is recommended, he became perfectly satisfied of its efficacy, and offers it with full confidence to the afflicted, as the result of his long experience and best efforts.

This has long been a standard medicine, and enjoys the singular privilege of being known and patronized by a large portion of the medical Faculty, wherever it has been introduced.

With the firm conviction that it is the best remedy of the present age for all diseases for which it is recommended, the proprietor offers his Liniment to the Public, not doubting that it will sustain the high reputation it has already acquired. We do not affirm that this article is a cure for the ten thousand ills humanity is heir to; but let those who are afflicted with the following diseases, try it, and we can assure them, they will find relief.

Inflammation of the Bronchia or Bronchitis, Rose Cold, Catarrh, Hard dry Cough, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness and common Cold, Pain and Soreness in the Lungs, Stomach and Sides, caused by lifting or otherwise, Asthma, influenza, for Sore Throat and Weak Lungs, for Chronic Diarrhœa, caused by Rheumatism in the bowels, for Cramp in the Stomach, for Stoangury, Gravel and Stone, filled Piles, &c.

Externally it will have the most happy effects, in all cases where any other Liniment would be used, especially for Rheumatic Affections, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Sore Lips; it is a sovereign remedy for the bites of flies and other insects. There is nothing of equal efficacy to this for Horses and Oxen where they are carked, cut, bruised, strained or chafed by the harness, and it possesses more than double the power of any other Liniment.

Inflammation of the Bronchia or Bronchitis, for the cure of this disease it has been wonderfully successful. Those who had cases of long continuance have found permanent relief. S. D. Ward, Esq., (No. 10 Court Street, Boston) who had a case of three years' standing has kindly permitted us to refer to him in proof of the efficacy of this valuable medicine; also in the case of a Rose-Cold. This cold comes on when the flowers bloom in the spring, and continues till the leaves fall in Autumn—if this disease is not attended to in season, it ends in consumption. Take of the Liniment according to directions, and a cure will result.

Catarrh, and noise or confusion in the head may be cured by a faithful trial of this Liniment; drop one or two drops in each ear at night before going to bed, and take it internally according to directions.

In all Coughs, this Anodyne Liniment is a well known remedy, particularly for Whooping Cough. The first symptoms should be checked, and not the least difficulty will occur in the cure of this complaint. For children, half a teaspoon full of Liniment night and morning.

This Anodyne Liniment for sore throat and weak lungs, that complaint so common in all countries, especially in this climate, stands unrivalled, and in every case, a complete trial will be marked by the most complete success.

The Blind Piles. The Anodyne Liniment has in a great number of instances of this distressing disease, made permanent cures. In connection with taking the Liniment internally, external application should be made.

The sale of this invaluable medicine is rapidly increasing, and the Proprietor can say with confidence that he has been, the favored instrument of giving relief to thousands of the afflicted and suffering. He earnestly solicits all who may be afflicted to give this Anodyne Liniment a fair trial, satisfied that if taken with a full determination to test its utility, they will find relief.

JOHNSON'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Sugar Coated, in Glass Bottles.

For the Cure of a great variety of Diseases, arising from the impurities of the Blood, and Obstructions in the Organs of Digestion.

These Pills may be used in all forms of Diseases, with the most decided benefit, and without fear of injury. Being of Vegetable nature, they do not cramp or rack the delicate frame or weak the constitution, but will be found particularly useful, by stimulating the vessels into healthy action.

The most delicate female, pregnant or nursing, and children of the tenderest age, can take these Pills with safety, and the most salutary results will follow. Being coated with sugar White Sugar, prevents that general aversion which most people have to ordinary Medicines, for nothing but the taste of sugar is present when administered.

Married Ladies, under all circumstances, will find these Pills a safe, and in small doses, a mild cathartic.

The best time to administer these Pills is on going to bed at night, though they can be taken at any time beneficially; at night, however, they have a more general and universal influence over the whole body; the mind, body and nervous system at that time being in a quiet state, gives the Pills an opportunity to operate with the fullest effect upon the whole system.

They are an excellent article to be taken

In the Spring of the Year,

To Invigorate and give Tone to the System.

These Pills have a great advantage over other Sugar-coated Pills, in that they [illegible] 250 BOTTLES, well packed; consequently [illegible] much of time without injury.

[illegible] the public, and he does not doubt they will, when known, take a stand beside his well known and extensively appreciated AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT.

They are purely Vegetable in their composition, are peculiarly mild, give no pain, yet efficient in their operation, and require no change of diet or confinement while taking them. They require only a trial, and need no puffing to recommend them. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

For sale at the Apothecaries' Hall, and at the Drug Stores of W. R. Watson and M. W. Skinner, and sold at all the Stores throughout the Island. Persons wishing supplies of the above Medicines, can be furnished at Proprietor's prices at the Drug Store of

M. W. SKINNER,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

Nov. 5, 1856.

FALL SUPPLIES.

BEGINNING TO ARRIVE AT the CITY DRUG STORE, *No.* 14 *Queen Street.*

100 TINS white, black, red, blue and yellow PAINTS, 2 casks Linseed Oil, 1 bbl. Sperm, do., 1 bbl. Olive do., 1 bbl. machinery do., 1 bbl. Copal Varnish, (sold at 2, 3, and 4s. a pint), paint and varnish Brushes, Dye-woods, Indigo, Madder, Cudbear, Bluestone, Copperas, Alum, Starch, Blue, Soda, Potash, Baking Soda, Baking Powder, Chocolate, Cocoa, Farina, Sago, and Corn Starch.

ALSO, IN STORE, a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, patent do., Perfumery, Brushes, Soaps, &c., &c.,

W. R. WATSON.

Equitable Fire Insurance Company of London

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR P. E. Island.—*Hon. T. H. Haviland, Hon. Charles Heasley, Francis Longworth, Esq., Robert Hutchison, Esq., Thomas Dawson, Esq.*

Detached Risks taken at low Premiums. No charge for Policies. Forms of Application, and any other information may be obtained from the Subscriber, at the Office of C. W. Deblois Esq. Charlottetown.

H. J. CUNDALL,
Agent for P. E. I.

April 7th, 1854

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills,
(SUGAR COATED,)
ARE MADE TO

CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.

Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, read their Effects, and judge of their Virtues.

FOR THE CURE OF

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. SIR: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to strike from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once. If they will cure others as they do me, the list is worth knowing.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of bilious disease to obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.

Fraternally yours, ALONZO HALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Relax, and Worms.

POST OFFICE, HARTLAND, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 16, 1855.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and pining away for months. Went off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms (dead) from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with two doses of your Pills, while others around us paid from five to twenty dollars doctors' bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here.

GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.

From a Practicing Brother of St. Louis, Mo. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MORGRIDGE.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawley, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PLEASANT HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 6, 1855.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your cured agent sent out in Baltimore, Dr. Blackwood, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them I am entirely well.

EDWARD CUTHBERT, Ravine Degree, A. L., 9 Dec., 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that has afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy.

For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Dinner Pill, they are agreeable and effectual.

Fits, Suppressions, Paralysis, Inflammation, and even Deafness, and Partial Blindness, have been cured by the alterative action of these Pills.

Most of the pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is, when taken by a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it strongly known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities any where which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed by children and young persons. Parents should keep it in store against the insidious assaults that render such fatality among their little ones the winter and spring months. We have abundant proofs to show the Cherry Pectoral cures more lives by the consumption it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, or suppress them, and no human skill can master the inveterate disease that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. Why suffer the wasting inanity of hectic disorders, and all they know to the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it ever has been. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our abilities furnish for their cure.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
AND SOLD BY
T. DESBRISAY, & Co.
General Agents.

And by
Mr. LEMUEL OWEN, Georgetown,
" EDWARD GOFF, Grand River,
" EDWARD NEEDHAM, St. Peter's Bay,
" J. J. FRASER, St. Eleanor's,
" GEORGE WIGGINTON, Crapaud,
" [illegible] LAMAR, St. Eleanor's,
" [illegible] GORDON, New London.