The Provincial Wesleyan.

Father is Coming.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The night wind now is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold not, he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere;
For love hath readier will than fear!

And we'll do all that Father likes,
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,
The baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout! baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands!

Temperance.

The Passionate Father.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir?" said a strong, athletic man as he seized a delicate-looking boy by the shoulder. "You have been in the water again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No 'buts!'—hav'nt I forbidden it, hey!"

"Yes, sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hailstorm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for. I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older!"

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startingly transparent.—Laying her hands softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why did'nt you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye. "Did'nt he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother he's a tyrant to you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words?—Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say! He's a tyrant, mother!" said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth; and if it had not been for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child!—What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his foot-steps. I say 'tis brutal, mother!"

"Harry"—and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lids—"for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake,—yours and poor Nellie's,—or I should have been on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."

Late that night, Mary Lee stole to her boy's bed-side, before retiring to rest. "God be thankful, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then, kneeling at his bed-side, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for her husband.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will forgive him what he made you suffer. Don't pray for him,—at least, don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore, under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and, resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated, in a low sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will!" he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there."

There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head!

The passionate father's repentance came too late,—came with the word that his boy must die!

"Be kind to her!" said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dear-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse, Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now; when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty words spring to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angelic voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"—*Fanny Fern.*

The Liquor Traffic.

"Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and that which is to come; and can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone for the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo back—who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What if every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers—babblings and contentions, and vice, and groans, and shrieks, and wailing, were heard by day and by night!—What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls; and by perpetual art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building? What if at eventide and at midnight the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received the bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! who would attend such stores? who would labour in such distilleries? who would navigate such ships? O! when the sky over our heads, one great whispering gallery, brings down about us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates; and the firm earth, one sonorous medium of sound, sends up from beneath the wailing of those whom the commerce of rum has sent thither; these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall—as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about the stores and distilleries (and we may add breweries,) and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as it the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath."—*Rev. Dr Beecher.*

"SOMETHING TO DRINK."—A good story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me where I can get anything to drink?"

"Oh, yes," said the other; "follow me."

The man followed him through three or four streets, till he began to be discouraged.

"How much further must I go?" said he

"Only a few steps further," said the Washingtonian; "there is the pump."

The man turned about and "moved his boots."

Agriculture.

Plans for the Year.

An even distribution of labor is of much importance, and not unfrequently entirely overlooked. Hands hired for the season commonly come to understand the routine of work much better than day hands, and they work more cheaply. A farmer sows his fields with wheat, with the hope of realizing a fine sum of money; but after the wheat is sown, his men have but little to do that is profitable until the next harvest, when he may be compelled to pay triple wages, all of which trim down the profits, to say nothing about the "rough material." The appropriation of land to the production of some particular product exclusively, has been beautifully advocated by theorists; but in long practice it will not be found to compare with mixed husbandry, that is, with the judicious rotation of crops, combined with raising full herds of domestic animals for the production of manure. In other words, raise plenty of animals, to enrich the crops, which are to feed the animals again. This action and reaction is the very best way to create a plentiful surplus for sale, and at the same time preserve or increase the fertility of the farm.

There is no error more common than the imperfect execution of certain operations, when the farmer finds himself behind-hand, with a deficiency of hands. This error is the cause of the luxuriant growth of mullens and thistles so often seen in pastures; and of the heavy coating of weeds which overpower young root crops, and choke the free growth of corn and potatoes. These often consume all the nett profits of the crop, and a defective plan thus compels the farmer to labour for nothing. We have known a crop of oats so diminished by a few days delay in sowing in spring, and a large field of wheat by a similar delay in autumn, as barely to pay for seed and labour, which otherwise might have yielded a heavy return.

There is no remedy for these evils but a careful and accurate plan of operations at the commencement of the year. The course of cropping should be distinctly marked out beforehand, and the number of acres determined for the oats, barley, corn, potatoes, carrots, wheat, corn-fodder, &c; the amount of labour for each of these may be nearly estimated, and the time in the season, when each should be fully completed; and then, making allowances for interruptions, accidents, and rainy weather, the requisite force may be timely secured, and the whole machinery move on with regularity and without derangement. All these plans must be fully recorded in a book kept for the purpose—if the memory is depended on, confusion and failure will be the certain result. If possible, the year's plans should be so completely digested, that the operations of every week may be distinctly laid down on a page allotted for each; the necessary variation of a few days, according to the earliness or lateness of the season, may be easily made afterwards. On such a book as this notes may be made with the progress of the season, thus perfecting the plan for the second year. A few minutes daily devoted in this way will accomplish much that is valuable for the farmer, and prevent a great deal of anxiety and confusion.—*Country Gentleman.*

Frost as a Manure.

We know of no treatment so directly beneficial, for almost every class of soils, as that of throwing up land in narrow ridges in the fall or early winter. There are few soils worth cultivating at all, that do not contain more or less materials which can be made available to plants by the combined action of air and frost.

Take two plots of heavy soil, side by side, and let one lie unmoved till spring, while the other is *deeply* ploughed in autumn, and the result will be very visible in the spring crop. But the manner of ploughing is important. To secure the greatest advantage, a single furrow should be thrown up, and another back-furrowed directly upon it so as to produce a high ridge, and then another ridge is to be made in the same manner with a deep dead furrow between the two. The process is to be continued thus through the whole field, so that when finished it will present a surface of high ridges and deep dead furrows succeeding each other, about once in two or two and a half feet. If prepared in this way, the frost will penetrate far downward, loosening and disintegrating the soil below the furrows, while the ridges will crumble down, and as they will not hold water, the air will circulate freely through them, decomposing the mineral portions, and conveying in ammonia and other gases. This operation will be equal to ten or more loads of good manure upon clay or compact soils.

In the spring it will only be necessary to run a plough once or twce through the centre of each ridge, and then level the whole down with a heavy harrow.

Another advantage in this process, is that when land is thus prepared it dries out and warms several days earlier in the spring. Again there are some soils that are exhausted upon the surface, but which contain poisonous substances in the subsoil. If this sub-soil, is thrown up in contact with the air and frost during winter, these poisonous compounds (usually proto-sulphate of iron or maganese) will be destroyed, or changed to harmless form during the winter.

The above practice is especially to be recommended in the garden. One of the most successful cultivators of an acre of ground in our acquaintance, digs it up in the fall to the depth of three to four feet, making deep trenches and high ridges so that the whole acre appears to be covered with high winrows of hay placed closely together.

We strongly urge every farmer who has not tried this method, to lay out their plans now for experiments in this way, on a larger or smaller scale during the present season.—*Am Agriculturist.*

Butter.

Not one pound in five of the butter sold in market is fit for human food. Butter-makers should remember these few short rules:

The newer and sweeter the cream, the sweeter and higher flavoured will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the room or cellar where the milk is set.

The cream should not remain on the milk over 36 hours.

Keep the cream in the pails, or stone pots, into which put a spoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream lightly each morning and evening; this will prevent it from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning, add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it from the buttermilk and brine, before lumping and packing.

Be sure that it is entirely free from every particle of buttermilk or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet as long as desired.

In Scotland, a cyphon is sometimes used to separate the milk from the cream instead of skimming the pans.—*Granite Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

Facts in Natural History.

We sometimes feel that the innumerable facts continually presented to the mind of the observer by nature, are almost too lightly regarded.—The calm indifference with which men familiar to the external features of nature, are accustomed to regard facts as important as any extant, seems almost a species of stoical blasphemy—

The law of life is by far the most marvellous in natural science, and especially in that department where from the minuteness of forms, study has heretofore been very limited. We allude to Entomology. A little observation in this department will unfold to the student a series of wonders unsurpassed by the gigantic exhibition of phenomena presented in Niagara and Vesuvius.

Not the least astounding among these facts is the extraordinary multiplicity of species—innumerable diversity of forms connected with animate nature. The larger forms, such as are daily presented to us, seem comparatively limited, and we easily comprehend the reason; if they were very numerous so must be their means of subsistence. But as only a certain amount of subsistence can be gleaned from a square mile, under the most favourable conditions, and that amount is not large, the existence of the larger forms comprises extremely limited numbers. But when we descend to Entomology and Conchology, we are confused with the almost innumerable diversity of species and variety. Of the beetle alone there has been ascertained no less than thirteen thousand branches of this one family. When surveying these apparently disgusting insects, what an idea of creative power we might gather from a knowledge like this! The study of every branch of this insect creation presents the same fruitful reflection.

Lyonnet, a French naturalist, spent several years in examining the structure of a single insect, and left the work unfinished, thus showing the exceeding delicateness of the structure. In the body of an insect, about an inch in length, M Strauss has enumerated three hundred and six pieces, composing the structure of the outer envelope; four hundred and ninety-four muscles, for putting these in motion; twenty-four pairs of nerves to animate them, and forty-eight pairs of trachæ, or breathing organs, equally ramified and divided, to convey air and sustenance to this complicated issue.

We regard the common house fly as a contemptible insect—but how important an object of study its structure may be, can be learned from the fact that its eye is one of the most singular and curiously constructed mirrors that science has yet invented, or study discovered. The number of lenses in its eye is numbered at six or seven thousand in the eye of a dragon fly, twelve thousand—the eye of a butterfly, seventeen thousand. The house fly's wing has a power of six hundred strokes in a single second, which can propel it thirty-five feet, while the speed of the swiftest race horse is but ninety feet per second—more than a mile per minute. The beauty of the butterfly is proverbial; but how much more intense should be our admiration when we learn that it is a thing of 34,000 eyes, and that in a single wing there have been found 100,000 scales. The wings of many insects are of such extreme tenuity that 50,000 of them, placed over each other, would compose the thickness of a quarter of an inch; and yet, thin as they are, each is double, so that the actual laminæ here would be 100,000.

We often see in pools of water small bits of elongated straw and wood, seemingly having the power of motion. With what interest has science invested these, when we find that each elongated tube is the home of a cadis-worm which is ultimately to become a worm or fly, such as the ephermon fly, whose peculiar characteristics we have before noticed. These worms are exposed to the ravages of birds and fishes, and hence they glue together small bits of wood and straw to make a house for shelter; and when the frail castle is too buoyant, they add a piece of gravel to preserve the balance, in order that the castle shall not be burdensome nor too buoyant. We regard the web of a common spider as the trifling excrescence of a digusting insect—but it is an object of intense curiosity when we reflect that each thread is composed of 4,000 threads, and that 4,000,000 of these small threads would not make a chord thicker than a single hair from a man's head! There is one species of spider that lives in water, in a house of air, like a diving bell; and another builds a house in the ground, with a door upon elastic hinges, which keeps constantly shut.

Goldsmith's Strange Want of Conversational Power.

His address, until he warmed into good-humour which was natural to him, strengthened the untavourable impression produced by his appearance "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman."—"His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language was unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering on rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' He was a fool, sir."—Dr. Beattie said that the silliness he exhibited was so great that it almost seemed affected; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a peculiar regard for him, adopted the same improbable theory. Chamier, after talking with him, came, saying, "Well, I do believe he wrote the *Traveller* himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in old age, "very true;" and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have no sort of force unless it has possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnston, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; and that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant. "If he were with two founders," said the Doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the art of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made off" To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was ended what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking. With his slender store of facts, his inability to arrange his thoughts on a sudden, his hasty rashness of assertion, his incoherent, provincial style of expression, it is manifest that he would do very slender justice to the better genius which he poured at leisure into his books. But a man of his talent must, in spite of this deficiency of tact and quickness, have often been visited with bright ideas; and Boswell relates that he was sometimes very happy in his wit-combats with Johnson, and records the instances of it.—*Quart. Rev.*

Kossuth's Eloquence.

From the few speeches already delivered by his excellency since the hour of his landing on the British shores at Southampton, might be culled passages such as it would be difficult to find any where surpassed by the grandeur of expression, for irresistable pathos, or for oratorial beauty. Could anything, we ask, for example, be more conspicuous in these respects, than the sentences, in which, on Wednesday, he recounted his famous appeal to the Diet, where four hundred representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arms towards God, dedicated themselves by an oath to "Freedom or death!" According to the interjectional remark of the reporter, the solemnity of gesture and voice with which this narration was given, produced as might have been expected, a powerful effect upon the Assembly. Then, continuing his relation of events, said Kossuth:

"Thus they spoke, and thus they swore, in calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing wave of sentiments benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips, and bowing low before the majority of my people, as I bow now before you, gentlemen, I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

Again the short hand writer interrupts his record to remark that the orator here paused a few moments, overpowered by his emotion, with which the company deeply sympathized. Then resuming:

"Pardon my emotions," said he, with a sublime solemnity—"the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes—I heard the million of my native land once more shouting "liberty or death!"

Than this we know nothing more touchingly beautiful in the whole range of oratory. It has been in language thus elevated and persuasive that Kossuth has opened his heart to his sympathisers in England—speaking to them in words of burning eloquence, though with the accent and pronounciation of a foreigner.—*London Sun.*

A Frenchman in a Free Country.

When I live in la belle France, Sare zey used to say to me, "You should go to Amerique. Dat one great countree where everybody do just as zey like."

Zat please me, so I pack up my box and go on board ze sheep, and pretty soon after a long time I landed in ze Amerique.

A porter seize my trunk wheder I want him or no, and carry him off. So I have to run after him, and try to get it away. Tell him I report him to ze gens d'armes. "Zis be a free country," said he, "and I want a quarter dollar."

I gave it to him, for I very much afraid I lose my box. As I go along ze street, a man spit tobacco juice, and it fall on my coat, and I say to him, "Sare, you have spoil my coat. You should take out your mouchoir and wipe him off." But he only laugh and say "Zis is a free country."

I see a man cruelly beat his leetle boy wit a poker, so my heart fill with compassion and I say to him, "Sare, you are one bad man to hurt zat leetle enfant, so, with ze poker." "Go about your business, you rascal," sez he, "I guess zis is a free country."

A leetle while after I meet a great big Irish Paddy wiz what you call a shillelah in his hand. He come up to me, point at a little ribbon which I wear in my waistcoat and said, "Be japers, are you one of zem bloody know-nothings? "Sare said I, "I here shall tell you I not bloody at all." "Are you know-nothing?" said he. I not know what it mean, so I say, "I don't know." "Ah," he exclaim, "you don't know, you know-nothing. I will make you know that this is a free country, as free for me as for you," and with zat he raise his shillelah and lay it on my head.

I run away very much frighten. Mon! that I should ever have come into a free country where everybody do just as they like, and nobody to stop zem. I sail in de next sheep for France. I don't want to live no more in a free country.

50,000 Cures without Medicine!

DU BARRY'S Delicious REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD is the natural remedy which has obtained 50,000 testimonials of cures from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies, Archdeacon Stuart of Ross, and other parties of indigestion (dyspepsia,) constipation, and diarrhœa, nervousness, biliousness, liver complaint, flatulency, distention, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache deafness, noises in the head and ears, excruciating pains in almost every part of the body, chronic inflamation and ulceration of the stomach, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, gravel, stone, stricture, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, incipient consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, hearburn, nausea, and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, cramps, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, asthma, cough, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, and many other complaints. It is, moreover the best food for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculties of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

BARRY, DUBARRY & Co., 77 Regent-street, London.

A FEW OUT OF 50,000 TESTIMONIALS OF CURES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

Analysis by the Celebrated Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemist. Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., &c. *London, 24, Bloomsbury Square, June 8, 1849.*—I hereby certify, that having examined DUBARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA, I find it to be a pure vegetable Farina, perfectly wholesome, easily digestible, likely to promote a healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby to counteract dyspepsia, constipation and their nervous consequences.

ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S. &c., Analytical Chemist

Dr. Harvey presents his compliments to Messrs BARRY, DUBARRY & Co., and has pleasure in recommending their "Revalenta Arabica Food;" it has been singularly useful in many obstinate cases of diarrhœa, as also of the opposite condition of the bowels and their nervous consequences. London, Aug. 1st, 1849.

2, Sidney Terrace, Reading, Berks, Dec 3, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to inform you, that the person for whom the former quantity was procured, has derived very great benefit from its use, distressing symptoms of dropsy of long standing having been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in so doing whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c. I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regt.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. GATTIKER.

Zurich, 3 Sept 1855.—I have tried DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica for a complaint which had hitherto resisted all other remedies—viz.: CANCER OF THE STOMACH; and I am happy to say, with the most successful result. This soothing remedy has the effect not only of arresting the progress of this painfully distressing in Cancer of the Stomach, but also of restoring perfect digestion and assimilation. The same satisfactory influence of this excellent remedy I have found in all complaints of the digestive organs, it has also proved effectual in a most obstinate case of habitual flatulence and colic of many years standing. I look upon this delicious Food as the most excellent restorative gift of nature

DR. GRATTIKER.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF DR GRIEB IN CONSUMPTION

Magdebourg, 16th Sept, 1853.—My wife, having suffered for years from a pulmonary complaint, became so seriously ill at the beginning of this year, that I looked daily for her dissolution. The remedies which hitherto had relieved her remained now without effect, and the ulcerations of the lungs and night sweats debilitated her fearfully. It was in this, evidently the last and hopeless stage of pulmonary consumption, when every medicine remained powerless in even affording temporary relief—that I was induced by a medical brother from Hanover, who makes pulmonary consumption his special study, to try and treat it with DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica, to try this strengthening and restorative food, and I am happy to be able to express my astonishment at its effects. My wife is now in as perfect state of health as ever she was, attending to her household affairs and quite happy. I tis with pleasure and the most sincere gratitude to God for the restoration of my wife, that I fulfil my duty making the extraordinary efficacy of DuBarry's Revalenta, in so fearful a complaint, known; and to recommend it to all other sufferers.

GRIEB, M. D.

Cure No 71, of dyspepsia from the Right Hon the Lord Stuart de Decies.—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies.

Cure, No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food.—Maria Jolly, Wortham Long, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No 47,121.—"Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham-cross, Herts: a case of extreme nervousness indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."

Cure No. 48,314.—"Miss Elizabeth Yeoman Gatenacre, near Liverpool: a cure of ten years' dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability."

Plymouth, May 9th 1851.—For the last ten years I have been suffering from dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness, low spirits, sleeplessness, and delusions, and swallowed an incredible amount of medicine without relief. I am now enjoying better health than I have had for many years past. You are quite at liberty to make my testimonial public. J. S. NEWTON.

Devon Cottage, Bromley, Middlesex, March 31, 1849

GENTLEMEN,—The lady for whom I ordered your food is six months advanced in pregnancy, and was suffering severely from indigestion, constipation, throwing up her meals shortly after eating them, and a great deal of heartburn, being constantly obliged to physic or the enema, and sometimes to both. I am happy to inform you that your food produced immediate relief. She has never been sick since, and little heartburn, and the functions are more regular, &c.

You are liberty to publish this letter if you think it will tend to the benefit of other sufferers. I remain, gentlemen, yours sincerely THOMAS WOODHOUSE

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SIR,—Your Pills have been the means under providence, of restoring me to sound health after five years of severe affliction. During the whole of that period, I suffered the most dreadful attacks of Asthma, frequently of several weeks' duration, attended with a violent cough, and could in all spitting of phlegm intermixed with blood. This so shook my constitution that I was unfitted for any of the active duties of life. I was attended by some of the most eminent medical men of this town, but they failed to give me the slightest relief. As a last remedy I tried your Pills, and in about three months they effected a perfect cure of the disease, totally eradicated the cough, and restored tone and vigour to the chest and digestive organs

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dated Jan 1st, 1853. (Signed) H. MIDDLETON.

A PERMANENT CURE OF A DISEASED LIVER OF MANY YEARS' DURATION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Gamis, Chemist, Yeovil, to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir,—In this district your Pills command a more extensive sale than any other proprietary medicine before the public. As a proof of their efficacy in Liver and Bilious Complaints I may mention the following case. A lady of this town with whom I am personally acquainted, for years was a severe sufferer from disease of the liver and digestive organs; her medical attendant assured her that he could do nothing to relieve her sufferings, and it was not likely she could survive many months. This announcement naturally caused great alarm among her friends and relations, and they induced her to make a trial of your Pills, which so improved her general health that she was induced to continue them until she received a perfect cure. This is twelve months ago, and she has not experienced any symptoms of relapse, and often declares that your Pills have been the means of saving her life. I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly.

November 23rd, 1852. (Signed) J. GAMIS.

AN ASTONISHING CURE OF CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFTER BEING DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, INCURABLE.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. Moon, of the Square, Winchester.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I beg to inform you that for years I was a sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism, and was often laid up for weeks together by its severe and painful attacks. I tried every thing that was recommended, and was attended by one of the most eminent Surgeons in this town; but received no relief whatever, and fearing that my health would be entirely broken up, I was induced to go into our County Hospital, where I had the best medical treatment the institution afforded, all of which proved of no avail, and I came out no better than I went in. I was then advised to try your Pills, and by persevering with them was perfectly cured, and enabled to resume my occupation, and although a considerable period has elapsed I have felt no return of the complaint.

I am, Sir, your obliged Servant,

October 8th, 1852. (Signed) W. MOON.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF DROPSY, AFTER SUFFERING FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. G. Briggs, Chemis. Goole, dated February 15th, 1853.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you of a most surprising cure of Dropsy, recently effected by your valuable medicines. CAPTAIN JACKSON, of this place, was afflicted with Dropsy for upwards of eighteen months, to such an extent that it caused his body and limbs to be much swollen, and water oozed as it were from his skin, so that a daily change of apparrel became necessary, notwithstanding the various remedies tried, and the different medical men consulted, all was of no avail, until he commenced using your Pills, by which, and a strict attention to the printed directions, he was effectually cured, and his health perfectly re-established. If you deem this worthy of publicity, you are at liberty to use it.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

(Signed) G. BRIGGS.

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Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the skin, Bowel complaints, Colics, Costipation of the bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headaches, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, scrofula or King evil, Sore throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Doloreux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms, all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c.

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