The Provincial Wesleyan.

Poetry.

(Inserted by Request.)

Lines,

Composed by Capt. Peter S. Elder, on the death of his much respected friend, Captain Gordon Davison.

No well known-spot on native earth
Doth hide thy dear remains;
But low thy manly form doth lie
On Hermit's burial plains.

Not years thy manly form subdued,
Nor age wrought thy decay;
But God's high mandate from above
Hath summoned thee away.

No more thy partner's well-known voice,
Shall reach thy mortal ear;
But mourn in silence o'er thy fate,
And shed the flowing tear.

No more shall thy sweet cherubs cling
Around a father's knee;
Each in his turn exhaust his skill
To win a smile from thee.

No more a mother's anxious eye
Shall meet thy gladsome face;
Or give thee that undying pledge—
A mother's fond embrace.

No more in council with thy friends,
Project some great design;
Or skilful form some stately ship,
To plough the watery main.

No more surrounded by the crew,
To tempt the dangerous seas;
But sleep beneath the green-sward grave,
'Till God shall bid thee rise.

But we will mourn thy early doom,
And talk thy virtues o,er;
And think of all thy kindly ways,
As we ne'er thought before.

Thy partner and thy little ones
Shall long shed tears for thee;
Not time, nor place, nor age, shall turn
Their hearts from sorrow free.

But, may they learn from this sad stroke
That life's great business here
Should not be spent in idle grief,
But for their end prepare.

O, may they always live
As if this day was given,—
The only day allowed to them,
All to prepare for heaven.

Then let the time be long or short,
Or come death when it may;
Alike they'll be prepared to go—
Alike prepared to stay.

One only duty left thy friend,
To sooth his heartfelt pains,—
To raise the stone to mark the spot
Where thy dear dust remains.

This task performed—I gazing stand,
And seem to see thy face;
Then backward take my lonely road,
And strive to fill thy place.

Farewell, my Friend! gone, doubly dear;
Should thy lone fate be mine,
May some kind hand thus raise a stone,
To mark my earthly shrine.

But, may the God who rules the world,
In whom I put my trust,
Safe guide me to my native shore,
To rest in native dust.

Evening.

See! the shadows now are stealing
Slowly down the mountain's breast—
Hark! the turret bells are pealing
Cheerily the hour of rest.
Now the mellow daylight closes,
All the world from toil reposes,
Every breeze has sunk and died—
'Tis the peaceful eventide.

O'er the vale the mists are creeping;
Chanting hive-ward went the bee;
One by one the stars are peeping
Through the welkin tranquilly.
Murmuring, like a child dreaming,
Starlight on its ripples gleaming,
Through the mead the brook doth glide,
In the solemn eventide.

Oh! how sweet, at day's declining,
'Tis to rest from earth-born care;
Gazing on those far world shining,
Dreaming that our home is there.
Though the shadowy gates of even
Shut out earth, they open heaven,
Where the soul would fain abide
In the holy eventide.

—Dublin Univ. Magazine.

Agriculture.

Inquiry and Observation.

It is not expected that farmers should have an *exact* knowledge of the construction of the trees and plants which he cultivates with so much care; or of the anatomy and physiology of the animals which he rears. He cannot learn the precise habits of the insects which destroy his crops, their periods of coming and retiring, or the office which it is destined they shall fill in the economy of nature. Yet a general knowledge of the laws which govern them, and a constant observation of their habits, will divest us of much of the repugnance felt towards them, and lead us to a profound contemplation of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Architect of all.

We plant the seed, and behold the germ springs to the light and air. What wonderful operations are still carried on! The tree assumes the most stately as well as graceful forms—the buds, the leaves, blossoms, and fruit appear, surpassed in beauty all art of the most skillful hands. It furnishes fuel, shade, fragrance, sustenance often times protection against summer heats, or winter winds, and always beauty to the landscape.

But the farmer too often stands in the midst of his trees, his plants, his flowers, of his corn, and grass, and grain, which he has caused to grow, and looks upon them as the result of mere mechanical operation. He overlooks that wonderful and mysterious agency which prepares the food, diversified as it is, and sends it to the fairherest bud and leaf of a monarch of the forest, or the minutest tendril of the tiny vine. He plows, because it is easier to plant and hoe in a loose soil, forgetting that, in the fine tilth, there are millions more mouths to receive the food which the plant requires than in a compact soil; that these open mouths catch fertilizing substances from every passing breeze, and drink them in from the cooling dews and genial showers. He forgets that the sand which he applied to the clay land, has found potash in the soil, become soluble, been taken up by the roots of the plant, carried to its utmost extremities, and now covers the straw of his wheat-field, with a delicate and beautiful coating of sand, or enamel, which gives it strength to stand erect, and thus present its seed to the influence of the sun and air, and bring them to perfection.

While he reaps, shall he not inquire how this came, and compare it with another field, which fell to the ground and failed to perfect its grain? Will he not investigate these causes and thus acquire more knowledge of the operations of nature, and more power over his crops?

By an accurate knowledge of the times when insects appear, and the kinds of plants on which they prefer to feed, the time of planting and sowing may be varied, so that it may be possible to escape their ravages in some degree in this manner; or as their period of existence is often very brief, we may learn their time of retiring to a winter home, and destroy them by late plowing or other means. The season of their coming and retiring, the food they require, and the length of time they remain, being accurately understood, will at least, give us a power over them that we do not now possess. But this is not all we gain. This knowledge admits us to some of the secrets of irrational life, and this leads us, by successive steps, "through nature up to nature's God."

The Rose Bug, for instance, has received its name from its annual appearance coinciding with the blossoming of that plant, and this fact may operate as a note of preparation against its ravages; and so it may aid us against the Catterpillar, Cankerworm, Curculio, and Beetles. This latter insect sometimes proves very destructive. The discovery was made by a gentleman, that they visited and defoliated his cherry trees in the night. When this habit was known, they were shaken down and destroyed in large numbers, and the trees afterwards saved. This fact was learned by reference to a work on insects, and will illustrate what has become too fashionable to condemn as *Book Farming*, as if facts recorded in a book or newspaper were not as valuable as though declared by the tongue.—To be consistent, the scoffer at *Book-Farming* should reject many of the best practices of the farmer now, because Virgil wrote of them; or Cato, or Columella, or Jethro Tell, commended them.

The insect race has its part to fill in the great plan, and that part is undoubtedly an important one. We accuse them of encroachment when they select, as their favorite food, the plants we are cultivating for our own pleasure or profit. It may be, that in *their deliberations and conventions*, if they *hold any*, they look upon *us* as the aggressors. They feed on the common bounty as well as ourselves, enjoy their brief existence and die. Our domestic animals do the same; but we make them subserve our purposes, and are content. We have not yoked the insect race to our implements for practical purposes; but having this decided advantage of them, the possession, it is the part of wisdom to study their habits with patient care, until we become as well convinced of their usefulness, as we are of that of the Ox and Cow, and that an intelligent Being placed them here for our good.

Many of the Beetles live on plants not only of little use to man, but some of them poisonous, and in state of decay very offensive; they are therefore to be reckoned among our friends. Some live on the juice of animals, and by this means destroy a great number of noxious insects. Others are of service in the arts, affording us the costly cochineal, scarlet grain, lac ahd manna. Draggon flies and some others subsist upon plant-lice, and thus become our active protectors.

Miscellaneous.

Washington Notables.

Diplomacy in Europe is a profession. In this country any man of eminence is thought to be fit for a foreign Minister. In Europe a man commences as a Secretary of Legation, or lower, and rises step by step until he is a full Minister or Embassador. Mr. Cramption the British Minister to this government, is an accomplished diplomatist. About sixty years of age, he has spent his life nearly in training for his present high position. As a man he is unostentatious and affable. He resides in Georgetown in a beautiful villa. The house is old fashioned, plainly but richly furnished. His salary is $30,000 per annum. When he rides, it is generally in a plain kind of a wagon or on horseback, and from his appearance he would be taken for a "forehanded" farmer. Although an Irishman, he may well be described as a fine old English gentleman. We were favoured with an introduction to him at his house by a friend with whom he is on very intimate terms and thus had an opportunity of seeing him at home informally.

After partaking of a cup of coffee with our Irish John Bull in preference to the stronger beverage with which he was just making his evening meal, we left to call upon the French Minister, who also resides in Georgetown.

The Count de Sartiges is a man but little past thirty, and of very moderate talents. He married Miss Thorndike, a Boston girl. They are mutual aids to each other in speaking their respective languages. She corrects his bad English, and he her imperfect French. Like the British Minister, the Count makes no show in his style of living. The salary of the French Minister is about one half that of his British compeer. His house, surrounded by a beautiful garden, is a very simple cottage, small and commonplace. Here we meet Edmund La Fayette, the son of George Washington La Fayette, and the grandson of the good Marquis La Fayette. He is a young man of very engaging qualities, intelligent, frank and sociable. He was, before the usurpation of the present Emperor, one of the members of the House of Deputies of his native country. He is a zealous republican; the Count is a Bonapartist of course—Young La Fayette is a man of superior mind, and possessed of much more intelligence than the French Minister.

The Count was just at this time particularly happy in having procured from Governor Seymour the pardon of DeCorn, a Frenchman who killed one of his countrymen in the city of New York about two years ago, as his friends contend in self-defence. The company being mostly New Yorkers, the French Minister could talk of nothing but the goodness of our Governor in pardoning his countrymen.

We met young La Fayette subsequently at a small dinner party, and our first impressions of him were fully confirmed. I learned from him that the princely estates of his grandfather, both at La Grange and Auvargne, are still retained in the family, and are as beautiful as in the days of his venerated ancestor.—How different with the once splendid estates of Washington and Jefferson—one gone to ruin and decay, and the other sold into strange hands to pay the debts of its owner. The La Fayette family have also considerable property in this country, to look after the interests of which brings Monsier Edmund here.

Mr. Sibbern, the Swedish charge, is of all the representatives of the Governments of Europe, the most deservedly popular. A young man, scarcely thirty, he evinces a knowledge of this country which do honor to much older heads. It is pleasant to find so worthy a representative of the land of Frederika Bremer and Jenny Lind. We confess a warm partiality for brave old Sweden.

But to turn to the dignitaries of our own Government. Let us enter the Supreme Court. There sit eight Judges on the bench of the highest tribunal in the land. Each Judge wears a gown here, but not a wig as in the English Courts.

Chief Justice Taney, now seventy-eight years of age, appears hardly sixty. He is a small spare man, with no indication of great talent. He has, nevertheless, we believe made an unexceptionable Judge. He was born in Maryland and educated in Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania. As is generally known Mr. Taney is a Roman Catholic, like most of the eminent men of his native State. He was a devoted follower of General Jackson, and received from him the appointment of Chief Justice in 1836, succeeding the illustrious Marshall. It was Mr. Taney, who, as Secretery of the Treasury, removed the deposits from the United States Bank in 1834.

The other Judges, if we except perhaps, Judge McLean, are not particularly distinguished in any way.

Judge McLean is the best looking man on the bench. He is now seventy years old. His hair is still dark, but his head is nearly bald. His frame is large and brawney. He was born in New Jersey, and after residing in Virginia and Kentucky, finally settled in Ohio, where he now resides, near Cincinnati. He greatly disappointed his Northern friends by a late decision in a case under the fugitive slave act. Judge McLean is a member of the Methodist Church. His private life is unsullied.—*Cor. of Chr. Intel.*

The Lost Purse.

"What are you going to do with it?—What are you going to do with it?" exclaimed half-a-dozen-ragged urchins, to a bright-eyed, thinly-clad news-boy, who was holding a splendid purse in one of his purple, cold hands, that he had taken but a few moments previous, from the sidewalk.

"Return it to the owner," answered the little honest fellow, in a firm tone.

"A fool! a fool!" shouted the boys—"wouldn't catch us returning a purse that looked as though it had lots of money in it, as that does, let's see how much there is," spoke the eldest of the group, and made an attempt to wrest it from the boy's hand.

"It shan't be opened. It is none of your business what it contains, it is none of ours, and if you don't loose your grasp upon it I will call the police," returned honest Johnny in a commanding tone.

The boys knew that Johnny would do as he said; hence, they not only ceased tormenting him but stole away as if the police were already upon their track.

When alone Johnny began to consider what it was best to do. There was no way, that he saw, by which the owner could be indentified by him. A thought struck him—he would deliver it to the office of the chief of police. But he should lose the sale of his papers if he attended to it then, and if he did his mother and little sister must go without bread that night; for they had nothing to eat save that which the daily sale of the newspapers brought. What should he do? He paused awhile, and then said: 'Mother, you had rather go hungry, to night, I am sure, I would rather, too, than keep the purse until to-morrow morning. Let's see! he put his hand into his pocket, and after fumbling a short time, drew forth three cents; I've got money enough to buy a loaf of bread for little sister's supper and breakfast, and I will go without; so I will go at once and carry the purse where the owner can obtain it.' Thus saying, he trudged off, withthe purse in one hand and a large bundle of newspapers in the other. He whistled as he went; for although pinched with cold and hunger, he felt happy because he was doing good.

After disposing of the purse, and being called an 'honest little fellow,' by the police he returned home, and related to his mother how he had acted. She praised him for so doing, and said he must do right if he perished in the attempt.

The next morning, Johnny went from his home a little bluer and colder than usual, for he had no supper or breakfast to fill up his stomach, thereby keeping the cold out.

At nightfall he was going home with a light heart, for he had sold papers enough to buy bread enough to last his mother, sister and himself one day! when he was met by the gentleman to whom he had delivered the purse on the previous day.

"My little fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, patting him on the shoulder; the purse you left with me has been returned to the owner, who, by the way, is an intimate friend of mine and to reward you he has offered to take you into his employ, and see what he can make of you.

"Will he give me wages enough to buy mother and sister bread?" anxiouly inquired the lad.

"Yes," returned the gentleman, "and more than that. Come!" he added, "we'll soon see what he'll do for you." Thus saying, he led the way to a large brick dwelling, nearly opposite to where they had been talking.

A slight ring at the door-bell brought the owner of the purse to the door. He was informed by his friend that the lad before him was the one to whom he was indebted for the recovery of his lost property. Johnny met with a warm and hearty welcome from his new-found friend who not only promised to take the honest boy into his employ, but that his mother and sister should be made comfortable and happy.—Tears of joy filled the little fellow's eyes as he hastened to inform his mother of his good fortune. His mother was overjoyed at the pleasing tidings of her son, and she and Johnny never after had occasion to regret the latter's conduct respecting the Lost Purse.

A Bold and Humane Indian.

The following facts of a young chief of the Pawnee nation, and a son of Old Knife, one of the Indians who visited the city of Washington a few years ago, from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, are highly creditable to his generosity and his benevolence. This young warrior when those events occurred, was about twenty-five years old.—At the age of twenty-one his heroic deeds had acquired for him, among his people, the rank of "Bravest among the Brave."

The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war with the Paducah nation, was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim, far from home and her friends, was fastened to the stake; the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain, to witness the awful scene. Just as the wood was about to be kindled, and the spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composedly among the chiefs, having before prepared two fleet horses, with the neccessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosed the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed toward the nation and friends of the captive.

The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the act of their deity, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released was accompanied through the wilderness toward her home till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the neccessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and parted from her. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no enquiry was made into his conduct, no censure was passed on it, and, since the transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!

On the publication of this anecdote at Washington, the young ladies of a female seminary in that city, presented the brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, on which was engraved an appropriate inscription, accompanied by an address of which the following is the close:—"Brother, accept this token of our esteem, and when you have again the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her rescue!"

Notes and News.

EUPATORIA.—The Montieur contains a letter, dated Eupatoria, 9th inst., from which we extract tho following:—"Eupatoria is the chief town of one of the four districts into which the Crimea is divided. It is inhabited by farmers and shepherds, who possess an immense number of oxen and sheep, and fertile lands, part of which only are cultivated. The population, which is 9000 souls in ordinary times, amounts to-day to 35,000—a great number of inhabitants of the country ravaged by the Russians have sought refuge within its walls under the protection of the Allied Powers. The place is now in a perfect state of defence. On the 9th December, the first Turkish troops of Omar Pasha's army began to arrive. The movement has since continued, and to-day the first corps, under the command of Mehemet Ferik Pasha, general of divison, is quartered in the town, which, independently of the 25,000 Tartar refugees, can shelter 15,000 men and upwards of 1200 horses. The remainder of the Ottaman army, which it is said, will consist of 50,000 men, is to encamp outside the town, in very good positions. The place is perfectly fortified, and able to resist any attack. Our men a e now completing a number of closed and isolated redoubts on the line of hills above mentioned, and I may venture to say that Eupatoria will soon be one of the strongest and most useful towns to the Allies in the Crimea."

HOW THE TURKS KEEP ACCOUNTS.—The Turks have a curious way of accounting for dead horses. It is oriental, but satisfactory. One of the men left in charge at Varna, came down to Scutari, to render up his accounts to the Commissariat officer of the department. The first thing he did was to produce a large sack, which was borne into the apartment of the functionary by two men. "Two hundred of your horses have died," said the Turk. Behold! 'what I say is the truth,' and, at the wave of his hand, the men tumbled out the contents on the floor, and lo! 400 horse-ears long and short, and of all sizes and shapes were piled in a heap before the astonished officer.

ORDER TO HUT.—The following has been well designated by the Examiner a model letter from the Crimea. The writer is a captain of Calvary:—"At last we have received orders to hut ourselves. The horses are to be hatted by the Government, so afterwards are the men; but the officers are left without any means, such as wood, or proper tools, and yet recommended to hut themselves. Yesterday morning I got one of the few spades belonging to the regiment, and manfully set to work at a hole some twelve by eighteen to form the foundation of a hut, when down comes an orderly to say that Lord Lucan, who is setting his house to rights, wants every spade and pickaxe in the brigade. So farewell for some time to my hut! Did I not tell you of the two turkeys I am fattening for Christmas? I have built them a hut, and stuff them with biscuit and barley. I suppose we ought to kill one soon. I intend to make a plum pudding myself—I wonder what it will be like."

POPERY AMONG THE CHINESE.—We do not mean the Chinese in the Central empire, but the Chinese in our own country. There are Chinese papists it seems in California, and the priesthood is making provisions for them. The Sacramento Union speaks of the arrival in that city of a Chinese priest, a Romish priest not a Buddhist, ycleped, Father Thomas. He has been travelling among his brethren in the interior, and returned to the city from Marysville, where he succeeded in making some fifteen converts. He has adopted the American costume of a clerical cast; is highly educated, eminently proficient in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French, although but slightly acquainted with the English tongue. He comes from the interior of China, and is assiduously endeavouring to procure among his countrymen the means to erect a church in San Francisco. If such a fact as this does not stir the Missionary blood of American Protestants it must be cold indeed.—*Southern Chn. Advt.*

MISTAKE IN A WILL.—A rich merchant of Amsterdam, one Myuheer Van der B——, has been too clever in managing his affairs. He was adverse to letting any one know the extent of his vast wealth, and would not even let a lawyer draw up his will. He executed it himself, and then deposited it with a notary. At last he died. On his death-bed, he stated that he had left 250 florins to every Catholic priest in Amsterdam; but on opening the will it was found that the testator had omitted the word "priest," and had really left 250 florins to '*every Catholic* in Amsterdam!' This involves a disbursement of 12,000,000 florins; but there will still be forty or fifty millions for the relatives—if the Dutchman was really possessed of such a gigantic estates, which may be doubted.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
AMERICAN AND WEST INDIA GOODS.
Teas, Provisions and Nova Scotia Produce
No. 12, Duke Street, Halifax, N.S.
W. D. CUTLIP,
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March 9.

S. L. CRANE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Successor to his late Brother-in-Law, Dr. Sawyer and late of her Majesty's Hospital Ship Tenedos, Bermuda
60 Hollis Street.
☞ REFERENCE—DR. JAS. F. AVERY Feby. 9.

MEDICINAL
COD LIVER OIL.
TWENTY Casks Medicinal Cod Liver OIL, in Shipping Order, for sale by
ROBT. G. FRASER.
November 30. 189 Granville Street

Bonus Declared.
"STAR"
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
THE following table gives the Scale of Bonus allocated to the Holders of Policies of ten years duration.

Age at Entrance.	Sum ass'd.	Bonuses added to the sum assured at the death in ten years.	Total am't now payable of the Ass'd.
30	£1,000	£147 10 0	£1,147 10 0
35	1,000	156 3 4	1,156 3 4
40	1,000	168 10 0	1,168 10 0
45	1,000	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

The Bonus now declared, is upwards of 50 per cent on the amount paid, in the five years ending December, 1853. The result will be made known to each Policy-Holder as soon as the calculations to be made will allow.
The advantages this Society offers to Assurers, include all the benefits which have been developed during the progress of the system of Life Assurance; but the following deserve especial notice:—
Nine tenths of the Profits, ascertained every five years divided among Policy-Holders having paid three annua Premiums.
Thirty days are allowed for the payment of the Premium, from the date of its becoming due.
Credit may be given for one-half of the Premium, upon whole Life Policies, for five years.
No claim disputed, except in case of palpable fraud; an unintentional error will not vitiate a Policy.
No stamps, entrance money, or fees of any kind, nor any charge made for Policies.
Halifax Agency, 21, Upper Water Street.
R. S. BLACK, M. D., M. G. BLACK, Js.,
Medical Referee, Agent
Granville Street.
April 22 y 250

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, strictures, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, incipient consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, heartburn, nausea, and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, cramps, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, asthma, coughs, 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., &c. *London, 24, Bloomsbury Square, June 8, 1849.*—I hereby certify, that having examined DUBARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, I find it to be a pure 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, disarressing 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, 9 Sept 1853.—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 vomiting, which is so fearfully 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. GRIES 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 even affording temporary relief—that I was induced by a medical brother from Hanover, who makes pulmonary consumption his special study and treats 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 poor wife is now in a 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 of making the extraordinary efficacy of DuBarry's Revalenta, in so fearful a complaint, known; and to recommend it to all other sufferers. GRIES, 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 Ling, near Diss, Norfolk.
Cure, No. 47,421.—"Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham-cross, Herts: a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."
Cure No. 48,314.—"Miss Elizabeth Yeoman Gateacre, 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. You are quite at liberty to make my testimonial public. JOSH. 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, having a great deal of heartburn, and 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, had 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.
Bonn, 19th July, 1853.—This light and pleasant Farina is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative remedies, and supersedes in many cases, all kinds of medicines. It is particularly useful in confined habit of body, as also in diarrhœa, bowel complaints, affections of the kidneys and bladder, such as stone or gravel; inflammatory irritation and cramp of the urethra, cramp of the kidney and bladder strictures, and hæmorrhoids. This really invaluable remedy is employed with the most satisfactory result, not only in bronchial and pulmonary and bronchial consumption, in which it counteracts effectually the troublesome cough; and I am enabled with perfect truth to express the conviction that DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica is adapted to the cure of incipient hectic complaints and consumption.
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Counsel of Milcine and practical M. D. in Bonn.
In canisters, suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions—½ lb 1s. 9d.; 1 lb 3s. 6d.; 2 lb 5s 6d.; 5 lbs 13s 9d., 12 lbs 27s. 6d.
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"My head with scented oil shall shine
The Rose shall deck this brow of mine"
ATKINSONS'S Purified Bears Grease
" Hair Dye.
Azor's Turkish Balm.
Balm of Columbia.
Barry's Tricopherous.
Beck & Co's marrow and Rosmary.
Bogle's Hyperion Fluid.
Cleaver's perfumed Bears Grease.
" Castorine and marrow Pomatum.
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" Exquisite Pomade.
" Rosmary and Castor Oil.
Frampton's nursery Pomatum.
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" Mixture for Baldness.
Hendrie's Moelline.
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Seasonable Remedies received by the Subscribers.
DAILEY'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.
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Keating's Cough Lozenges.
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" Castile Sand Tablets,
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Copy of a Letter from Geo. Sinclair, Esq., of Paris, Canada, dated the 18th July, 1854.
TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,
Sir,—I feel a pleasure and a pride in bearing witness to the wonderful benefit I have derived by the use of your inestimable Ointment and Pills. For eight years I have suffered unceasingly from attacks of erysipelas; large purple blotches came all over my body; in addition to the unpleasant feeling of itching and burning, which effected me both night and day, rendering life a misery to me, as well as to all around,—so severe was the attack. I used several reputed remedies without deriving the least cessation to my misery. At last, I determined to try your Ointment and Pills; after taking them for a few weeks, a visible improvement took place, and I feel considerably better;—in three months, by continuing your medicines, I was completely cured, and now enjoy the best of health. The truth of this statement is well known here, hence there is no necessity for my to request secrecy
I am, Sir, yours respectfully
(Signed) GEO. SINCLAIR.
ULCERS IN THE LEG,—REMARKAALE CURE!
Copy of a Letter of a Letter from Mr. Edward Tomkinson, of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, dated the 4th May, 1854.
TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,
Sir,—My sister, Miss Jane Tomkinson, suffered for a great number of years from a bad leg, in which there were several deeply seated and old wounds, defying the skill of some of the most eminent of the medical faculty; a variety of remedies were also used unsuccessfully; and it seemed to me that there was not anything capable of mitigating the agonies she endured. At length she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and after using them for about five weeks, she was completely cured, after all other means had failed to afford her the slightest relief. I have no objection to these facts being published, if you feel disposed to make them known.
I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant.
(Signed) EWD. TOMKINSON.
A BAD BREAST CURED WHEN AT DEATH'S DOOR!!
Copy of a Letter from Mr. Henry Malden, of Three Rivers, Canada West, dated July 4th, 1854.
TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,
Sir,—My wife suffered most severely after the birth of our last child with a bad breast. There were several holes in it, one as large as a hand; all the devices and stratagems I tried would not heal them, but assumed an aspect more frightful than before, and horrible to behold. As a last resource I tried your Ointment and Pills which she persevered with for seven weeks, at the expiration of that time her breast was almost well; by continuing with your remedies for two more weeks she was entirely cured, and we offer you our united thanks for the cure effected. I am, Sir, yours truly
(Signed) HENRY MALDEN.
The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts.	Contracted and	Sore Nipples,
Burns,	Stiff Joints,	Sore throats,
Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Biteed Moschetoes	Sciatias,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Tumours,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Wounds,
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Corns (Soft)		

January 18.
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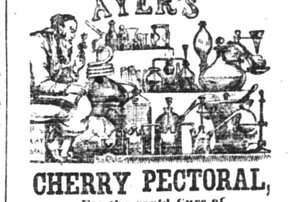
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For the rapid Cure of
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TO CURE A COLD AND COUGH, take it morning, noon and evening, according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of a good, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is offered to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.
From its agreeable effects in these cases, many find them so free unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.
TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable as by its action on