The Provincial Wesleyan.

Poetry.

Perseverance.

We do not know who is the author of this sweet little poem, containing so excellent a moral, but any one might not only be willing to have written it, but really proud to claim its paternity. It is full of simplicity, and illustrates a noble truth. We have seen it several times floating, an unregarded waif, through columns where the beautiful and indifferent mingle indiscriminately, and any thing is considered poetry that jingles in consecutive or alternate lines, and every line of which commences with a capital letter. We rescue it from such oblivion, even at the risk of repeating a twice told tale. The moral is one that should be treasured, and it could not be illustrated more faithfully, or more sweetly:

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Assayed to make a nest, and there did bring,
Wet mud, and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crown'd
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands or chance again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again—and last night, hearing calls,
I look'd and lo! three little swallows slept
Within its earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man;
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'er cast thy purpose, trust or plan?
HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON!

—*Portland Tranrcript.*

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 day-light 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;
Chaunting hive-ward went the bee;
One by one the stars are peeping
Through the welkin tranquilly,
Murmuring like a child dreaming,
Star-light on its ripples gleaming,
Through the mean 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's shining,
Dreaming that our home is there.
Through the shadowy gates of even
Shut out earth, they open heaven,
Where the soul would fain abide
In the holy eventide.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Agriculture.

Nutrition in Various Grains.

Wheat is one of the most important of all crops. The grain contains from fifty to seventy per cent. of starch, and from ten to twenty per cent. of gluten, and from three to five per cent of fatty matter. The proportion of gluten is said to be the largest in the grain of quite warm countries.

It is a singular fact, that in all the seed of wheat and other grains, the principal part of the oil lies near or in the skin, as also does a large portion of the gluten. The bran owes to this much of its nutritive qualities. Thus in refining our flour to the utmost extent we diminish somewhat its value for food. The phosphates of the ash, also, lie to a great degree in the skin. The best fine flour contains about seventy pounds of starch to each hundred. The residue of the hundred pounds consists of ten or twelve pounds of gluten, six to eight pounds of sugar and gum, and ten to fourteen pounds of water and a little oil.

Rye flour more nearly resembles wheaten flour in its composition, than any other; it has, however, more of certain gummy and sugary substances which make it tenacious, and also impart a sweetish tast.

In baking all kinds of roots which have much starch in them, a certain change takes place in chemical composition. By baking, flour becomes nutritious, and more easily digested, because more soluble.

Barley contains rather more starch than wheat also less sugar and gum. There is little gluten, but a substance somewhat like it and containing about the same amount of nitrogen.

Oatmeal is little used as food in this country, but it is equal, if not superior, in its nutritious qualities, to flour from any of the other grains—superior, I have no doubt, to most of the fine wheaten flour of the northern latitudes. It contains from ten to eighteen per cent. of a body having about the same amount of nitrogen of gluten. Beside, there is a considerable quantity of sugar and gum, and from five to six per cent. of oil or fatty matter, which may be obtained in the form of a clear fragrant liquid

Buckwheat is less nutritious than the other grains which we have mentioned. Its flour has from six to ten per cent. of nitrogenous compounds, about fifty per cent. of sugar and gum. In speaking of buckwheat or of oats, we, of course, mean without the husks.

Rice was formerly supposed to contain little nitrogen, but recent examinations have shown that there is a considerable portion, some six or eight per cent. of a substance like gluten. The per centage of fatty matter, and of sugar, is quite small, but that of starch is much larger than any grain yet mentioned, being between eighty and ninety per cent. usually about eighty-two per cent.

Indian corn is the last of the grains we shall notice. This contains about sixty per cent. of starch, nearly the same as in oats. The proportion of oil and gum is large—about ten per cent; this explains the fattening properties of Indian meal, so well known to practical men. There is, besides, a good portion of sugar. The nitrogenous substances are also considerable in quantity—some twelve to sixteen per cent

Sweet corn differs from all other varieties, containing only about eighteen per cent of starch. The amount of sugar, is of course, very large; the nitrogenous substances amount to the very large proportion of twenty-five per cent.; of gum, to thirteen or fourteen; and of oil, to about eleven. This from the above results, is one of the most nourishing crops grown. If it can be made to yield as much per acre as the hardier crops, it is well worth a trial on a large scale.

LIME WILL DESTROY SORREL.—Edmund Ruffin gives, in the last number of the Southern Planter, the experience of thirty-four farmers on the subject of lime as a remedy against sorrel. Their experience is from nine to thirty-six years, and their unanimous opinion is, that marling or liming, in proper manner and quality, will entirely destroy the growth of sorrel, and prevent its return.

ASHES IN AGRICULTURE.—Wood ashes is one of the most important fertilizers. It is easily obtained in any quantity, and at little or no expense. Take them carefully from your hearths and save them until your corn and potatoes have risen two or three inches from the ground, and then take a basket on your arm, and from it a small handful of ashes, and cast it at the root of your plants and hoe them soon, so as to cover over the ashes.

Ashes contain all the inorganic substance of the wood or plants which are consumed; part of these are soluble, and part insoluble. But the soluble substances, mixed with water, will dissolve the insoluble. Thus potash will dissolve silica and prepare it for glazing the stalks of cane, corn, wheat, &c.

Not a particle of ashes should go to waste. Leached ashes has parted with most of its potash, but still retains its phosphoric acid and most of its lime.

Ashes neutralize acids in the soil; they warm cold, mossy, wet places; they are very destructive to insects; they assist to break down and dissolve the coarse fibres and stalks in compost heaps; render hard, clayey soils open, loamy and fertile.

The potash, so material to most crops, can be obtained here only from ashes. In granite regions potash is obtained from the dissolution of the feldspar, but we none in this region of country.

Wheat contains a large proportion of potash. Fifty-nine per cent. of the ash of corn is potash; one half of the earthy portion of Irish potatoes is pure potash.

Save your ashes, therefore, as carefully as you do your five and ten-cent pieces, apply them to your crops with care, and you will find them of a rich deep green color while growing and heavy with nutriment at harvest.—*Ancient City.*

ON CURING CLOVER HAY.—Whether the grass be clover alone or clover and timothy, it should be cut when from one-half to two-thirds of the clover blossoms have a brown appearance. Let it be cut only in good hay weather. From eleven to twelve o'clock spread all the hay which has been mowed since the previous noon over the ground. Between one and five o'clock rake it up and put it in cocks. It may now stand from two to five days, as may be most convenient, when, if the weather be favourable, it will be in good order to put in the barn or stack. Roll the cocks bottom side up, an hour or two before hauling, so that the dampness rising from the earth may dry off. Sprinkle over about four quarts of salt to the tun, whether it be put in the mow or sack.

When properly cured and stacked in this manner, cattle and horses will leave good grass pasture for this hay. It is better not to tramp it much in the mow, and it will come out in the winter as bright and sweet as when it was put in. Try it and see.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TO DESTROY THE WHEAT FLY.—Take orpiment—which can be procured at any druggist's and with lighted charcoal burn the orpiment close to the wheat any time after sunset or before sunrise, at the time when the plant commences to flower. It should be repeated while the fly is found to exist. One ounce is found to be sufficient for six acres. Another, and perhaps equally efficacious, remedy is, as soon as the fly is discovered, or the plant shows a disposition to open its flowerets, to carry round the patch of wheat strong lights at night, the darker the better. The flys will all rush to the fires and destroy themselves.

TO KEEP BUGS FROM VINES.—Take the feathers from a hen's wing, and dip them in spirits of turpentine, and stick one or two in a hill, and after every shower they will want to be dipped over again.

Miscellaneous.

Sleeping with a Rattlesnake.

It was, I think, for I have not my memorandum book of the day before me, in the month of August, 1836, that I found myself wandering through the great inland seas that begirt our western country—if it is not western *now, it used to be*, some time or other, and that too since the great rain-storm in Noah's time—till I brought up at Fort Crawford, Green Bay.

At this point, Captain E. B. Birdsall, of the Third United States Infantry—poor fellow, he has "fought his last battle," and now slumbers with the dead of a thousand years ago—procured Mackinaw boats, a sufficient number for the whole detachment, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty United States Dragoons, on their way to Fort Des Moines, on the Mississippi river—each boat accommodating some twelve or fifteen soldiers, with the necessary camp equipage, provisions, etc.

Thus provided and fully provisioned for the journey, the oars were let fall, and we threaded our way up the Fox river, a portion of the way quite a rapid stream, with many formidable rapids, with grand and lesser *chutes* to pass over, till we arrived at Fort Winnebago, a post at that time considered beyond the reach of civilization. A portage of half a mile from the Fox to the Wisconsin river, and our boats were again launched, and we pursued our way down the last named river till we struck the Mississippi, some few miles below Prarie du Chien.

I should, perhaps, have stated, ere this, that it was our invariable custom to sleep beneath our tents on shore every night.

Soon after striking the Mississippi, our tents were pitched one night, as usual. It was not long before the camp-fires gave token that the evening meal was in process of prepartion. In due time the guards were set, silence reigned in the little army, and naught was to be heard save the regular tread of the night watch, as he paced his silent round.

I had no idea when I turned *in* that night that I was to be unceremoniously turned *out* before morning. But I was mistaken. During the night our camp was visited by a most furious rain storm. The water descended in torrents, and disturbed in his lurking place an enormous rattlesnake, who, it would seem, took up his line of march with, I presume no very correct idea of his destination, but with a commendable desire, I doubt not, to provide himself with shelter from the pitiless storm that was raging about, and invading his dominions, the broad forest, of which he had probably been an undisturbed occupant for many years.

I can not for one moment imagine that his snakeship had any particular *penchant* for my quarters, but it so happened that about one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he brought up at my tent, and, acting upon the old proverb—p rhaps it is not a proverb, only a saying—of "any port in a storm," he pitched in, without as much as saying, "By your leave, sir," and the first intimation afforded me that I was to be honored with his distinguished presence, was the fact that he was insinuating his, cold, wet and horrid carcass directly across my legs, just above the knee-joints. Having obtruded himself thus far into good society, he seemed to be entirely satisfied with himself, with me, and, for aught I knew, with the rest of mankind, and the comfortable quarters into which he had thus thrust himself unforbidden; for I am very certain, had I been permitted to make choice of a companion for the night, my tendencies would not have been in that direction. But here he was, warm, quiet and free from the storm, and seemed mightily inclined, so far as I could discover, to tarry for a while. But by this time I began fully to realize my own position. I had assumed, in the first place, as all the indications were that way, that it was a *snake*, and my imagination, in the second place, led me to suppose that it was a rattlesnake. Of course I had no positive knowledge on the subject, for his entrance had been unannounced; but I thought I had a right to make that assumption, and to govern myself accordingly.

But the thought of such a companion was horrible! A sleeping partner, too—a snake, so forbidding in every aspect, that even now, although about nineteen years have rolled over the incident, it makes me shudder through every limb to think of it. But that was not the question uppermost in my mind at *that* time. The question was, "How am I to get rid of him?" And it was a nice question, too—one more easily conceived than executed. I knew the fix I was in, I was fully aware of my position; for my presence of mind had not for one moment deserted me.

Although an intruder—although he had presumed to poach upon my manor without a licence—still I was aware that this king of his species was to be treated with great respect and consideration, till I had got, at least beyond the reach of his murderous fangs. I commenced therefore, the process of sliding my legs out from under him—not, to be sure, at a pace of two-forty—but imitating more the speed of the snail, and almost holding my breath during the operation. I was fully aware that my only safety lay in this. Perhaps I might have got rid of him in a more summary way, but in doing it, *perhaps* I might have placed him in a position unsuited to his dignity, and contrary to his ideas of propriety, and most probably retaliation on his part would have followed, and I should have come out of the contest second best. But I found my plan working well, and persevered in its execution. By dint of great patience, I finally, after a labour of some ten minutes or more, succeeded in finding myself free from my disgusting companion. I at once threw off the musketo-bar that surrounded my ground bed, stepped over my blankets, drew on my boots as a matter of precaution, not knowing the precise locality of my pleasing and amiable companion at this time. I now seized my shillaly that I knew was standing in a corner of my tent, for it was as dark as Egyptian darkness itself, and commenced flailing my scanty bed with an earnestness that would have been highly amusing to a looker-on. I continued this healthful exercise for some fifteen minutes, in the fond hope that some of my random blows, although given in the dark, and without any knowledge of the locality of his snakeship, might be so fortunately directed as to finish the career of my enemy. But I was in total ignorance of the result, and had no means at hand by which I could bring my *light* on the subject. True, I had candles, but what use were they to me without matches? and of them I had none.

I finally put on part of my clothes, threw my cloak around me, took my umbrella, for it was still raining in torrent, and sallied forth into the camp. But here I was no better off. The rain had distinguished the camp-fires, and darkness reigned supreme. The sentinel was at his post, but it was useless to trouble him with my story. My umbrella soon became useless as a protection against the drenching storm, and I was forced back to my tent for shelter. But here all was doubt and uncertainty. What had become of the snake? There was a possibility that I had killed him, but there was an uncertainty about it. But I ventured back, and drawing out my rifle-case, which had served me for a pillow, I sat down on it, near the entrance of the tent, resolutely determined to watch the waning hours till daylight should reveal to me the result of my labours. The reader may imagine my thoughts, but it would be difficult to describe them. At length, it seemed almost like an eternity, the dawn broke upon another day. It was like a new life, a new being, a new existience. Again the life blood began to course freely through my veins, my heart had gone back to its usual resting place, and was again performing its accustomed functions. The first rosy tints of morning satisfied me my enemy was not in sight. Where was he? Was he lurking in some sly corner, ready to strike whenever I should approach him? Certain it was he had not coiled himself about my legs, nor had he wreathed himself about my neck! Where was he, then? Perhaps I had killed him. Lucky thought! Why had not that occurred to me before? Again I seized my stick, the same indentical one with which I had performed such wonderful deeds in the dark the night before, and with this I raised the blankets up, and there lay my companion, my bed-fellow, now sleeping the sleep of death!

After this occurrence, I slept in my boat, and there was an additional tent for the use of the soldiers. But the reason for this was to them a mystery.—*Corr. Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Report of the Sebastopol Committee.

This document (which occupies upwards of seven columns of the daily journals) commenced by stating, that the nature of the inquiry, rendered expedient by national exigences, together with the number of subjects it embraced, had rendered the task imposed upon the Committee no easy matter. These difficulties had also been much increased by many witnesses whose testimony they could not procure. There had been other parties left under imputation which the Committee regretted they could not find it proper to remove; while, on the other hand, there were reasons of State policy against their proceeding with the inquiry as they could have wished, so that it had been left by them unsatisfactory and incomplete. The inquiry of the Committee was limited to two heads—the conduct of the army, and the conduct of the Home Government respecting the management of it. In the first place as to the conduct of the army. That army was employed on an expedition in a distant country, 3,000 miles distant from this, in besieging a fortress which they had been unable to invest, and the fatigue and hardships they had endured had been immense. These were increased by insufficient clothing and want of hospital accommodation. In arriving at that conclusion, the Committee had made allowance for the storm on the 14th of November, and all the difficulties attendant upon a new campaign after so long a period of peace.

From the landing in the Crimea, up to the end of October, while there might have been many difficulties to contend with, those were not of such consequence as to warrant any remark. But as the campaign went on, the difficulties and hardships seemed to have increased. Throughout the month of November the army was totally insufficient for the work it had to perform, while it was otherwise suffering great distress though not unprovided with food. It was in the want of clothing and all the comforts which could render it efficient. As the season advanced, the army became reduced to a condition melancholy to contemplate. The number of men became still more disproportioned to the amount of work they had to do. They were exposed under single canvass, to rain and the inclemency of the weather, while they were without sufficient supplies for in any way contributing to their own comfort or health, or which could have enabled them to carry on the work they were called upon to perform,—under all these sufferings, unparalleled in the annals of war, the Committee considered the conduct of the army unparallelled for endurance and noble bearing, as were the sufferings to which they were subjected. Then, as to the conduct of the Home Government.—The Committee considered that the expedition to the Crimea rested with the Government at home. So early as the 10th of April, 1854, the Duke of Newcastle wrote a despatch to Lord Raglan to endeavour to ascertain the force of the Russian army in the Crimea, while in another despatch of the 29th of June, he repeated his opinion on that point, and referred to the capture of Sebastopol as the only means of bringing Russia to terms. The Cabinet then, in fact, appeared confident of the success of the expedition, and of its results. Lord Aberdeen seemed to entertain the opinion that Sebastopol would fall almost immediately on its being attacked, and that their army could either then winter in the Crimea, or return to the shores of the Bosphorus.—Sir James Graham said that the expedition had been undertaken at the right time, and executed in a proper manner. On hearing that, the Committee were led to enquire what was the information Government possessed which induced them to undertake the expedition; and all they could make out on that point was, that the amount of the force of the enemy ascertained was 70,000 men, 8,000 of which was cavalry; 40,000 of that force being in Sebastopol, and 30,000 in the Crimea. The expedition was there-fore, undertaken by Lord Raglan out of courtesy to the Home Government, and its responsibility did not therefore, rest on him. The Committee also considered the Cabinet much to blame in leaving town at the end of the session of 1854 without making any proper arrangement for the vigorous prosecution of the war. The Report went on to state that, with respect to clothing, hospital accomodation, the Ordnance Department, the Surveyor-General's Department, the Sea Transport Service and Land Transport Service, the Commissariat Department, and depots, there was gross mismanagement and signal failure. The Report closed as follows:—

"Your committee, in conclusion, cannot but remark, that the first real improvements in the lamentable condition of the hospitals at Scutari, are to be attributed to private suggestions, private exertions, and private benevolence. A fund, raised by public subscription, was administered by the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper, through Mr. MacDonald, an intelligent and zealous agen. At the suggestion of the Secretary of War, Miss Nightingale, with admirable devotion, organised a band of nurses, and undertook the care of the sick and wounded. The Hon. Joceyln Percy, the Hon. and Revd. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, and Mr. Augustus Stafford, after a personal inspection of the hospitals, furnished valuable reports and suggestions to the government. By these means much suffering was alleviated, the spirits of the men were raised, and many lives were saved.

"Your committee have now adverted to the chief points contained in the replies to above 21,000 questions; and in noticing these various subjects they have divided them under distinct heads, in order fairly to apportion the responsibility.

"Your committee report that the suffering of the army resulted mainly from the circumstances under which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken and executed. The administration which ordered that expedition had no adequate information as to the amount of the forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful, and as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle they made no provision for a winter campaign.

"The patience and fortitude of this army demand the admiration and gratitude of the nation on whose behalf they have fought, bled, and suffered. Their heroic valour, and equally heroic patience under sufferings and privations, have given them claims upon their country which will doubtless be gratefully acknowledged.

"Your committee will now close their report with a hope that every British army may in future display the valour which this noble army has displayed, and that none may hereafter be exposed to such sufferings as are recorded in these pages.

SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y Times, states that a gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled with cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of extract of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs had gone, but the whole outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bed side, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout serving wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years.—He got up in a great fright and looked after his clothing—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he easily got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried of to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, and dogs like rats. Every thing was Lilliputian and Cinderalla.—Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brobdignag returned bringing back the cobwebs and spots. This phenomen, called *miccopie*, does not seem to have occurred more than half a dozen times, though it may be brought on at will by the employment of certain substances.

BE ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You may always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads, our steamboats, our machine-shops, and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live, they work—do something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. It is better that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire.

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 diarrhoea, 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 inflammation and ulceration of the stomach, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, gravel, Stone, strictures, erysipilas, 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, cramp, hypipetic 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 on 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 DU BARRY'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 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

Magdeburg, 16th Sept, 1853.—My wife, 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 proved to be 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 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 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 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. 48,832.—"Fifty years' inexpressible 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, Northam Ling, 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 Gatacre, 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 now enjoy my 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, 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

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FOR THE CURE OF Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Indigestion Gout, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Erysipelas, and all diseases of the Skin, Eruptive, Typhoid and Inflamatory Fevers, Sick-Headache, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side, Back and Limbs, Palpitation of the Heart. Female Complaints, and all Diseases arising from an Impure state of the Blood.

These invaluable Pills have been used with unparalled success for private practice for more than thirty years, and are now offered to the public, with the fullest conviction that they will prove themselves a public benefit.

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THIS is a truly wonderful remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Constipation and Debility; Curing after Nature's own Method, by Nature's own agent, the Gastric Juice

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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 me to request secrecy

I am, Sir, yours respectfully
(Signed) GEO. SINCLAIR.

ULCERS IN THE LEG,—REMARKABLE CURE.

Copy 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 severe 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 hurrie 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,
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Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Bite of Moschetoes	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swelling,	Tumours,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
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The venerable Chancellor WARDLAW, writes from Baltimore, 15th April, 1854:

"DR. J. C. AYER—Sir: I have taken your