The Provincial Wesleyan.

Poetry.

The Contented Man.

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth ?
It is enough for me
That heaven has given me strength and health
A spirit glad and free ;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some what floods of riches flow !
Houses, herds, and gold have they ;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase ;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair ;
It countless pleasures hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds on new fledged wing,
And insects, revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
In beauteous hues are clad ;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught up by echoes glad.
" Rise," sings the lark, " your task to ply ;"
The nightingale sings " lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears ;
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears ;
I think these glories that I see,
My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say, in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all he deigns to give.

Agriculture.

A Word to Farmers.

From an excellent article in the editorial columns of the *North Western Christian Advocate* under the above heading, we make the following extract which we commend to our agricultural readers :

Flushed with hope, rejoicing with glowing prospects, you are now in good nature and good spirits, and prepared to listen to a word of exhortation. Hard as has been the winter, and late as has been the spring, the grasses and spring crops never promised better, while never in the history of the West were markets higher, and promise so to continue. Farmers are our country's privileged class. Their calling, always honourable, is no longer honourable alone, but is the most lucrative business that is followed. The balance of trade is now in the farmer's favour. He controls the activity of exchange—at his bidding the pulse of Wall street beats fast or slow. It was not always so. But while this is the millennium of agriculturists generally, the farmer of the Nortwest has a paradise to plow in, in particular. But where " much is given, much will be required." To the Christian farmer we say be thankful, be liberal, be dutiful. Be thankful to Him who has promised that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and who exemplifies, in his providence, the truth of his word. Let the promising crops, the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the gorgeously robed old woods, preach to you.—Read sermons on his mercy in the steller dome, and lessons on his goodness in the verdant slopes and waving fields. " He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herds for the service of man, that food may be brought forth out of the earth." Be liberal. Alas, for human nature ! it too often becomes merciful just in proportion to its prosperity. Unfortunately for the Christian church, those who are the least able to be liberal are apt to possess that virtue in the greatest degree. We would not that these were less liberal, but we would that those who are more able would be proportionately liberal. Do not forget, that the heart that closes upon earthly treasures shuts out God. " Ye cannot serve God and mammon." What are you doing for the institutions of the church ? What for the pulpit, the press, and our institutions of learning ? Are you determined that your " preacher shall not go up to conference unpaid ?" Are you careful to superadd to his allowance, always almost too small, one of those offerings, which the right hand delights to bestow without letting the other know what it doeth ? Are you purposing to remember the pressing necessity of some of our literary institutions ? How important are our seminaries and colleges ! If our church does not do her part in educating the youth of the land, she cannot expect to rely on them as recruits for her forces. But for our seminaries and Sabbath-schools, our church would soon languish for resources.—resources in membership, we mean. What do you propose doing to supply the latter with books, and the former with teachers ? What are you doing for the heathen ? Millions are stretching out their hands to you with the language of sinking, on their lips, " Save, or we perish !"

The " Economical Manure."

For some time past there has been used to some extent in England and Scotland, an artificial manure, to which the above title has been given. If testimonials are to be relied upon at all, this manure *must* be possessed of very desirable properties. In the month of May last it was analyzed by a competent chemist in Edinburg, and found to be composed *mainly* of, 1st- protosulphate of iron, or green vitriol, about 35 per cent ; 2nd. of sulphate of lime, or gypsum, about 16 or 17 per cent ; and 3d. of chloride of sodium and other alkaline salts, about 26 to 34 per cent. In one specimen analyzed the chloride of sodium amounted to 16 31 and other alkaline salts to 10.66, or in all 25 97 per cent, and in other specimens to 17 43 and 16 88 respectively, or in all to 34.31 per cent.

Now as a manure of such a composition might be easily and cheaply got up by our agriculturists, we subjoin a specimen or two of the testimonials which have been given of its fertilizing properties. One testifies that on that portion of a field of barley on which this manure was sown broadest, mixed with ashes, the growth of the barley was wonderfully thick and luxuriant to what it was on the other portion of the field. Another testifies to its having most beneficial effects on his garden crops, and to his cattle being very partial to a part of a field of grass to which it had been applied. " Your manure," says one, " was sown with clover, and it is most luxuriant."

It is called the " economical manure," because ¼ to ½ cwt., per acre fully equals in effect 3 cwt., of the best Peruvian guano, and because the saving in cost is thus at least 50 per cent. It is applied with two or more times its bulk of light earth or peat-mud or ashes, or sawdust, or anything of that kind, broadcast. It has been also employed in solution. In this state we presume it was applied to some apple or pear trees, of which it is said to have improved both the foliage and the fruit. We may close by stating that it is sold in Great Britain at about or a little over the price of the best Peruvian guano, that is about £12 per ton. —*Country Gentleman.*

Planting and Hoeing Potatoes.

In the culture of potatoes, after the land is thoroughly plowed and harrowed smooth, I plant with the spade. Thus train a line, if convenient, north and south, a man puts in his spade spit deep, say seven inches.—The first earth he scatters ; he then steps back, and at about twenty inches he puts in his spade to the same depth. The soil thus raised covers the first planted ; the third covers the second, etc. A boy to drop the cut potatoes, two eyes to a hole, will attend very well to three lines. Thus you will perceive they are sure to be of equal depth, and equal width, about three feet and in perfect line. The field planted, a light harrow is passed over it, and again in the course of ten days, , disturbing the first growth of weeds and keeping the surface mellow. After the plants are up, run a cultivator through once in ten days, till they are in blossom, when, after that, they should not be disturbed. With such culture I have had great success, and the cost has not exceeded $6 per acre, exclusive of seed, and yielding from 100 to 150 bushels of fine sized, sound, pink-eyed potatoes, most of which were marketed last year at eight to ten shillings per bushel.

I would here mention a palpable error, so common with us in the cultivation of hoed crops, especially corn and potatoes—I mean, the careful hilling up. This practice like many others, is an imported one. English gardening has been adopted into this country with marked injury. The humidity of the atmosphere and the almost constant rains render it necessary to get rid of the superabundant moisture, by hilling up plants,, and raising and crowning garden beds, while here, during the growing season, we are subject to drouth, and require all the moisture we can husband for the sustenance of the plant. Hence we require plat culture, and flat or sunken garden beds, with a deep and permeable soil that shall catch and oblige to pass through it every summer shower.—*Ib.*

POULTRY DUNG.—Have this regulary swept up every Saturday, packed away in barrels and sprinkled over with plaster. Dans, with force and truth, says : " The strongest of all manures is found in the droppings of the poultry yard." Next year each barrel of it will manure half an acre of land ; save it, then, and add to the productive energies of your soil. Don't look upon it as too trifling a matter for your attention ; but recollect that the globe itself is an aggregate of small matters.

OIL FOR MACHINERY, WAGGON-WHEELS &c.—Add one part of India rubber to fifty parts of Rape oil, and boil till the rubber is nearly all dissolved. It is not only more unctuous and less affected by friction than other oils, but remains liquid below the freezing point of water. In this respect it is most valuable in cold winters.

Miscellaneous.

A French Officer's Opinion of the British Army.

A French officer of high rank, who has seen a great deal of service, has, in a letter to an English officer, given his opinion as to the state of the army before Sebastopol. After praising our engineers and artillery in the highest possible terms, the writer proceeds—" You may think me, perhaps, too severe in the opinion I give of the English cavalry, but where you out here you would yourself be still more severe. The cavalry of an army on field service should be the eyes and ears of the force. In the English army that arm is neither the one or the other, and this with perhaps the very best material in the world to form an excellent cavalry. The superior officers (*les officiers superieurs*) of the dragoons know knothing whatever of their duty, beyond how to turn a regiment out of the stables and the barrack yard in good order. But I must do them the justice to say, that the general officers commanding their divisions (*leur corps d'armees*) really don't know how to use the cavalry put under their command. After the battle of Alma, an effective cavalry would never have lost sight of the enemy, and every movement of the latter would have been communicated forthwith to Lord Raglan. But it was not so. An hour after the first shot was fired at Inkermann the English general was perfectly ignorant of a single Russian being near him. In point of fact, the Russian army at Inkermann fell upon the English force just as much as if the latter had no out-posts, no guards, and no cavalry. Even at Alma, he English cavalry might very well have followed the Russians, cut them up to a considerable extent, or, at any rate, have prevented their retiring as they did. But what did the English cavalry effect on that occasion ? Nothing whatever. The Russians went away in as good order as if they were returning from a parade ; the only molestation they suffered was from the guns of the English artillery. The cavalry of Lord Raglan's army did not annoy them in the least. This, combined with their uselessness at Inkermann, caused the English cavalry to be much laughed at (*d'etre bien meprise*) by the infantry of that army. Their leader's name was made the subject of a pun." (The writer here alludes, I imagine, to Lord Lucan being called Lord " Lookon" after Alma and Inkermann.) " This leads me to the desperate folly of the charge at Balaklava. Much has been said of that charge, but in our army there is but one opinion as to the extreme bravery of those who obeyed the order and rode to certain death, and of the utter madness and culpable throwing away of life on the part of those who gave the order. The order was caused by a sort of desperation on the part of the cavalry leaders, who preferred death to being sneered at by their comrades in the infantry."

" And now I come to the consideration of the English infantry. Of this arm of their service I will say that for the battle-field, in hand-to-hand encounters, they are certainly the bravest men in the world ; but for guarding themselves, whether on picket or in the trenches, from the surprise of the enemy, they are by no means good soldiers—very far from it. The English infantry, as at present constituted, should be kept for fighting, and for that alone. The work of guarding them in the trenches should be performed by other troops. This defect is not the fault of the officers, who seem to urge as much as possible upon the men how necessary it is to keep a vigilant watch at all times ; but with the soldiers themselves there is a want of thought, an utter recklessness as to consequences, provided the present hour can be enjoyed, which is to us Frenchmen most marvellous. But this is a fault throughout the English army. From Lord Raglan down to the private sentinel, no one seems for a moment to give a thought as to what the morrow may bring forth ; and precedent appears to them sufficient excuse for any amount of blunders. Then, again, the infantry of the English army are dressed and accoutred in a manner the most absurd. They still wear the stiff leather stock which we discarded long ago. The white leather belts, which, in our army gave way to black belts five years since, still find favour in their eyes. In place of a single waist-belt, with moveable pouch upon it, the English foot soldier still has his chest confined by the abominable belt across it, which must in a great measure confine his lungs. Although very fine and very muscular men, they are not trained in any way to walk, run, fence, or make the best use of their limbs, as is the case in our infantry. They are merely taught to hold themselves erect, march with precision, and handle their arms together and as ordered. Individual intelligence or personal perfection in their profession is never thought of. To sum up, the men are as fine, or perhaps finer, than any infantry in the world, but the system is the worst it is possible to conceive. Their own officers, or at any rate such amongst them as are lovers of their profession, see the truth of this, and lament greatly the defects of their army. But what can they do to bring about a better state of things ? Nothing. The seniors are so wedded to all that is old-fashioned as to look upon every change as a sort of military revolution."

The Little Peddlers.

One rainy afternoon in the earliest part of Autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it found a peddler. Now peddlers are a great vexation to me ; they leave the gates open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet and looked so cold I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire and not did wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detined him to enquire why he was out in the rain. He replied :

" I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain ; besides most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

" How much do you earn a day ?"

" Sometimes two shillings, sometimes, one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then ma'am, I am very tired."

Here he gave quick, dry cough, which startled me.

" How long have you had that cough ?"

" I don't know, ma'am."

" Does it hurt you ?"

" Yes, ma'am."

" Where does your mother live ?"

" In heaven, ma'am," said he unmoved.

" Have you a father ?"

" Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

" Have you any brothers or sisters ?"

" I have a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

" What ailed her ?"

" She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so."

" Where do you live ?"

" With Mrs. Brown, on N——street."

" Does she give you any medicine for your cough ?"

" Not doctors' medicine—she is too poor but she makes something for me to take."

" Will you take something if I give it to you ?"

" No ma'am I thank you ; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go ; it would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."

" Wait a minute," I said, " I want to see what you carry.'

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed like people—human, soul filled beings before. How thankful he was, and how his great, sunken, blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

" You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he after hesitating a minute, I think you must be very rich."

" Oh, no," I replied ; " I am far from that ; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again ?"

" Yes, ma'am, if I dont go to mother soon."

" Are you hungry ?"

" No ma,am, I never feel hungry now ; I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don t remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died '

" Did you feel very sad then ?"

" I felt very big in my throat, and thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while ; but I'm glad she's up there now "

" Who told you, your were going to die ?"

" Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good luck he had met with—He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into cold rain, while I could only say,

" God be with you my child !"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length about New Year's I went to the place he called home. Mrs Brown was there, but the little pilgrim his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot the necessity and stern want that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than anoying to us.

Effects of the Passions.

Every one knows the influence of the depressing passions on the human frame. A beaten army has always more sick—exclusive of the wounded—than a victorious one ; and in civil life the effects of losses and disappointments in destroying the digestion and wasting the strongest constitutions, are but too familiar to the commonest observer. But the picture has a bright side.

Hope and success are finer tonics than any to be found in the apothecaries' shop, and even fear may boast its cures. A German physician, so runs the tale, succeeded in curing an epidemic convulsion among the children of a poor-house, by the fear of a red hot poker. The fits had spread by sympathy and irritation ; and this great physician, mistrusting the ordinary remedies in so grave a case, heated his instrument, and threatened to burn the first one who should fall into a fit. The convulsions did not return

A celebrated scholar was once attacked with fever at a country inn. He was visited by two physicians ; one of them, supposing from the poverty of his appearance, that he would not understand a foreign language, said to the other, in Latin, " Let's try an experiment on this poor fellow." As soon as they were gone the patient got out of bed, hurried on his clothes, scampered off as fast as possible, and was cured of his fever by the fright.

In England, quite recently, a girl being attacked by typhus fever, was sent to the hospital. A week afterwards her brother was seized with the same disease and was sent to the same institution. The nurses were helping him up the stairs at the hospital. On the way he was met by some persons who were descending with a coffin on their shoulders. The sick man inquired whose body they were removing, when one of the bearers inadvertently mentioned the girl's name. *It was his sister.* The brother, horror-struck, sprang from his conductors, dashed down stairs, out of the hospital gate, and never stopped running until he had reached home—a distance of twelve miles ! He flung himself on the bed immediately, fell into a sound sleep, and awoke next morning entirely cured of his illness.

The most beautiful instance, however, that we have met with, is one in which the cure depended on the combination of the pleasures of hope and memory.—Dr. Rush, when quite a young man, was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent Rush afterwards left the school and settled in Philadelpnia, where he found his former associate a married woman.

Many years after, she had an attack of typhus fever, in which she lay in a complete state of insensibility, apparently lost to all surrounding objects. In this state, Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, " The Eagle's Nest !" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly.—*Am. Union.*

Capital Literary Hoax.

Yesterday week the *Morning Herald* perpetrated an elaborate pleasantry, in which it was followed by the *Standard*. The idea with which our merry friends amused themselves was the forging of a series of papers professing to be despatches from Sir George Brown to Lord Raglan and from Lord Raglan to Lord Panmure. It was clearly not intended to conceal the fact that these publications were purely funny. The object of the expedition to Kertch was described as being to capture a piece of the sea in a certain latitude, and annex the same to the dominion of the allied powers." Samples of the sand, &c., brought from the bottom of the sea by the sounding line, were received by Lord Raglan, for transmission to the authorities. The force was placed under the command of Sir George Brown, who is spoken of as a " promising young officer," who had reported himself greatly pleased with the manner in which the men wore their stocks and shakos The highland regiments, it was said, were selected for the service in the hope that their costume " would excite novel emotions among the Russian Soldiers, and tend to consolidate our alliance with any Circassians who might meet them on the coast." A number of the ships which through inadvertence, had started without orders, were said to have returned to Balaklava, and reported " that they observed no appearance of the enemy, though they, no doubt, would have done so, had they been at all aware in which direction to look." Considerable difficulty had been experienced in preventing several of the vessels making sail for Kertch in spite of the signal of recall : and it was added with fine irony :—That they would have captured the place cannot be doubted for a moment ; but its reduction could only have been effected at such a loss, and at such a derangement of the commercial and domestic relations of the towns-people, as I know it is your lordship's most anxious wish to avoid." In conclusion, the facetious author appended a formal return of casualties, including no more serious item than " one horse, very slightly wounded, while being disembarked." Now see to what this kind of thing leads. The *Patrie* and the *Presse*, of Wednesday, published this farago of rubbish with all conceivable gravity, as a report from the *London Gazette ;* and the latter journal called attention to the valuable document in a leading article ! All the Paris journals " followed suit," with the sole exception of the *Constitutionel.*—*English Paper.*

Anecdote of Napoleon.

One day the First Consul, on dismounting from his horse, and traversing the gallery adjoining the centre saloon at Malmaison, stopped to examine a portfolio of engravings which had been placed on a table at the park end of the gallery. Isabey, is said to have entered at the end next the court. The First Consul was then slim, and wore the uniform of the *guides* or *horse chasseurs*, of the Guard—that beloved uniform, the very sight of which makes the heart beat. Eugene Beauharnais, as I have observed before, was Colonel of that fine Regiment. Isabey, who had not heard the First Consul return from his ride, seeing a small slender figure in the uniform of the *chasseurs*, and observing the two epaulettes, supposed it to be Eugene, with whom he was extremely intimate, and determined to take him by surprise. Dexterous, light, active and supple as a cat in his movements, he advanced softly without the slightest sound upon the First Consul, and slighted in a straddle on his neck. Napoleon imagined the house was falling or that the *old gentleman* was come to strangle him. Rising up, he disengaged himself by main force from his new-fashioned collar, and threw poor Isabey in his turn upon the ground, and, presenting to his dismayed view a countenance for which he was certainly little prepared, demanded in a severe tone : " What is the meaning of this buffoonery ?

" I thought it was Eugene," stammered out the luckless youth.

" And suppose it was Eugene," replied the First Consul, " must you need break his shoulder-bones ?" and walked out of the gallery.

This story, though carefully cancealed, was soon bruited about. The first Consul had too much tact not to perceive that his was the ridiculous share of the adventure ; Isabey unserstood it too, full as well, and both would willingly have kept the secret. But whether the one in the first moment of his terror, related the whole to Eugene himself, or the other in his resentment could not withhold it from Madame Bonaparte, the affair got wind. I know that a short time afterward the truth was denied. At all events, if it caused the departure of Isabey and his loss to our company, I must call it injustice, and an act of useless injustice, for truly one must be linually descended, and without any mixture of inferior blood, from Timon or Heraclitus, to think of the First Consul escaladed in this fashion, without laughing.—*Mme Junot.*

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Age at Birthday	Sum assured.	Am't paid to Office.	Bonuses added to the sum assured in ten years	Total am't now payable at the death of the Assured.
30	£1,000	£243 15 0	£147 10 0	£1,147 10 0
35	1,000	279 11 8	156 3 4	1,156 3 4
40	1,000	324 11 8	198 10 0	1,198 10 0
45	1,000	377 1 8	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

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R. S. BLACK, M. D. Medical Referee, April 25. 7

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

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

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 it, the 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.

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DR. GATTIKER.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF DR. GRIZE IN CONSUMPTION.

Mulhausen, 16th Sept, 1853.—My wife, having suffered for years from a pulmonary complaint, became 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 and treats it with Duffarry's Revalenta Arabica, to try this strengthening and restorative food, and I am happy to enable its excellent inventor to add another effective proof pile is now in as perfect state of health as ever she was, attending to her household affairs and quite happy—I do with pleasure and the 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 as fearful a complaint, known ; and to recommend it to all other sufferers.

GRIZE, 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 myself and to the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies.

Cure, No. 49,832.—" 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, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk

Cure, No. 42,314.—" Miss Elizabeth Yeoman Gatesacre, near Liverpool? a cure of ten years' dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous debility ?

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, 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 WOODCOCK.

Bonn, 19th July, 1853.—This light and pleasant Farina is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative remedies, and superseded 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 Duffarray's Revalenta Arabica is adapted to the cure of incipient hectic complaints and consumption.

DR. RUD. WURZER.

Counsel of Mdicine 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 8d ; 5 lbs 13s 9d., ; 12 lbs 27s. 6d.

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Spring Vetches or Tares.

French and English Beans, fine Tuscarora, sweet and Canadian Corn, Hemp and Flax. Also, a great variety of Flower Seeds, the whole of which have been selected with great care, and can be recommended as fresh and true to their names.

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THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY !

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

ERYSIPELAS OF EIGHT YEARS DURATION CURED :

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 rendered life a misery to me, as well as to all around,—so severe was the attack. I used several repeated 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 several holes in it, one as large as a hand ; all the devices and stratagems, I tried would not heal them, but assumed so aspect more frightful than before, and horrid 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,
Bites of Moschetoes	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Tumours,
Chlegoe foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Wounds,
Chapped-hands,	Rheumatism,	Yaws.
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Are curing the Sick to an extent never before known of any Medicine.

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JULES HAUEL, Esq., the well known perfumer, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, whose choice products are found at almost every toilet, says :

I am happy to say of your CATHARTIC PILLS, that I have found them a better family medicine, on more occasions of use, than any other within my knowledge. Many of my friends have realized marked benefits from them and coincide with me in believing that they possess extraordinary virtues for driving out diseases and curing the sick. They are not only effectual but safe and pleasant to be taken, qualities which must make them valued by the public, when they are known."

The venerable Chancellor WARDLAW, writes from Baltimore, 15th April, 1854 :

" DR. J. C. AYER—Sir : I have taken your Pills with great benefit, for the listlessness, languor, loss of appetite, and Bilious headache, which has of late years overtaken me in the spring. A few doses of your Pills cured me. I have used your Cherry Pectoral many times in my family for coughs and colds with unfailing success. You make medicines which *cure*, and I feel it a pleasure to commend you for the good you have done and are doing."

JOHN F. BEATTY, Esq., Sec. of the Penn. Railroad Co., says :

" *Pa. R. R. Office, Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1853.*

" Sir : I take pleasure in adding my testimony to the efficacy of your medicines, having derived very material benefit from the use of both your Pectoral and Cathartic P