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erience of overforty years; and when
ason, seldom fails to effect a speedy

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ding at the Lungs,
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success that has attended the applica-
tine in all cases of

ONARY COMPLAINTS

r physicians of high standing to employ
e, some of whom advise us of the fact
gnatures. We have space only for the
f these:—

M.D.	A. A. GIBBS, M.D.
D.	W. H. WEBB, M.D.
M.D.	W. B. LYSON, M.D.
D.	A. SKILLMAN, M.D.
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rs, M.D.	WM. A. SHAW, M.D.
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CHER, M.D.	S. G. FINLEY, M.D.

Such testimony

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e of evidence in our possession we select

, L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

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results from the use of Dr. Wistar's
Cherry, I am induced to express the
which I have in its efficacy. For nine
last cruelly afflicted with a severe and
, accompanied with acute pain in the
not leave me, summer or winter. The
swed alarmingly, and so reduced was I
alk but a few steps without resting to
he pain and fatigue which so slight an
used. At this juncture I commenced
m, from which I found *immediate relief*,
g, used four bottles I was completely
lth. I have used the Balsam in my fam-
ered it to my children, with the happiest
are that such Canadians as use the Bal-
peak in its favor. It is a preparation
to be tried to be acknowledged as the
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St. HYACINTHE, C.E., Aug. 21, 1868.

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ars of age, was taken with *Whooping*
aggravated form, and nothing we could
ed in any way to relieve her suffering.
ecided to try a bottle of *Dr. Wistar's*
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g it, she was greatly relieved, and in less
was entirely cured, and is now well.
ommended the Balsam to many of our
have used it, and in no case have I
effecting a speedy cure.
ety to make any use of the above you
If it shall induce anybody to use your
e glad, for I have great confidence in it.
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ese occupation requires an unusual exer-
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fully and instantaneously relieve their
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Poetry.

SHADOWS OF DEATH.

There's a feverish thrill in my veins,
There's a leaping pulse in my brow,
I feel that no refuge remains
Save one, for the weary One now;
I hear a voice in the breeze
That tells of a fairer home,
A murmur amidst the trees
That softly whispers "Come!"

I shall go down to the grave
Just when my Sun is clearest—
Down to Oblivion's wave,
Just when my fame is nearest;
Just when the light of Affection,
Longed for in vain so often,
Casts on life's path its reflection,
The rugged way to soften.

Weave a wreath for my head,
And weave it of faded roses;
See that ye make my bed
Where the first pale spring flower reposes.
Faded flowers are best
For the grave of the early perished;
And quiet shall be my rest
Where the worm is cherished. J. G.

Interesting Tale.

THE BLACK PROPHET.

I was quartered at Berhampore, in the —th native infantry, in the year 18—; the King's —th formed the garrison. A better set of men and officers were never collected together. The greatest harmony existed between us. The grand objects of our society seemed to amuse and be amused. In India the evenings always pass pleasantly enough, but the mornings often hang heavily on our hands. Racket and billiards are the only pastimes for idle persons. These, however, interesting at first, become dull by frequent repetition; and, as we have no books, as in Europe, to fly to, no power of walking, or of riding out under the broiling sun, the hours between breakfast and dinner time often seem so wearisome, as to force the person fond of excitement to seek out sources of enjoyment.

I was lolling on my cane couch, smoking my hookah, alternately glancing at the 'punkah' (an object about the size of the leaf of an English screen, which, being suspendeded to the ceiling by ropes, is swung to and fro by an attendant, in order to create an artificial breeze) over my head, and often read pages of an old "Gentleman's Magazine," when my head bearer walked in and requested leave to absent himself for one hour.

In England such a demand would not have surprised me; but in Bengal such a solicitation was novel, I could not help asking the man his reasons for wishing to go out, especially at the hour when he might be required to attend my palanquin.

'It is to go to the bazar, sahib,' replied the man.

'You wish to make purchases there; it so why not wait till a later hour?'

'Such is not my wish. I do not go there to buy anything, sahib.'

'To see your family, then?'

'No, sahib, I have no family there. My surviving relatives are at Moorshedabad.'

'What do you then, go to seek?'

The man hesitated a moment ere he replied,

'I wish to consult the Brahmin Jeserie Poore.'

'And who is this Jesserie?'

'The great soothsayer, sahib. He who knows and foretells the destiny of every disciple of Nishoon?'

'And you believe in his power?'

'Sahib?' replied he interrogatively, as if doubting the possibility of the question I had put.

'Can he also predict the fate of Europeans?'

'No, sahib; nor will he ever hold converse with them. He is forbidden to do so by a vow.'

'Still I should like to go and see him.'

'Impossible.'

A thought suddenly struck me. I ordered my palanquin, which stood ready in my verandah.

'Take me to Jesserie's,' said I, as I jumped in.

My head bearer approached, and bowing his head, he lowly muttered, 'I have already said to my master that the Brahmin will not receive the white stranger.'

'I know it. Do hark ye, take me to the door of the place where this Jesserie lives, where I can see all that passes. On our way undo some of your scarlet and (every sashes) and turbans, close the doors of the palanquin, and set it down carelessly, as if it were empty; and, if asked, say you have left me at the racket court, and on your way home you have stopped to learn your future fortune. Say—not a word. There is a rupee for you; and mind, make him tell you your fate, and let me be near enough to hear it.' And so saying, to stop all further remonstrance, I closed the doors, and crying out 'Geldi' (go on), was soon en route for the Bazaar.

According to my orders, I was soon set down at the open entrance of the mud hovel in which the "wise man" sat, squatted on his calves, with half a dozen natives smoking their 'hubble bubbles' (the lowest grade of hookah,) round him. By peeping through the Venetian blinds in the panel of my palanquin, I was enabled to see and hear all that passed; so peeping out, I began eagerly to glance around me.

The Brahmin (or "holy man," for he was not, I believe, a regular priest) sat perfectly silent in the centre of the floor, with his eyes firmly fixed on an opening in the roof, as if mentally piercing the sky which was perceptible through the aperture. His right arm was fixed straight up, and the finger-nails of his doubled fist had grown through the back of it. This, I am aware may appear improbable to a European; but there are few who have been in India that have not seen similar self-inflicted tortures, the consequence of early religious views. The man before me had held up his his arm probably from his very earliest youth; it had now grown in that position. Unless it were broken, nothing could again bring it down. His clenched hand had probably been cotemporary with the other distortion; for he seemed to feel no pain, though, as I said before, the nails had grown actually through the flesh, and come out at the back of his hand. His cheeks showed the scars of many self-inflicted gashes. He was perfectly naked from head to foot, but wore a strange looking necklace and armlet, with a very large rough turquoise round his neck. He was evidently very tall, though in his present posture, I could not tell his height. His age was about sixty.

When my sedar-bear approached and made known his wishes, the holy man, ere he replied to him, muttered several prayers; then taking a small earthenware pot of water, he dipped his fingers in it, and sprinkled some on the ground, and some on the, for knowledge-seeker; then throwing some yellow powder into a few hot ashes which stood beside him, he began muttering extremely fast a number of adjurations, which were of course unintelligible to me, rolling his eyes about all the time like a furious maniac. The incantations complete, the following was about the substance of his queries and prognostics:

'You are unhappy?'

'I am.'

'You have lost your children.'

'I have.'

'Your wife is sick—your mind is sore—no riches accumulate beneath your roof.'

'None.'

'Yet your master is kind, and your own health good.'

'Yes.'

'What is your desire with me? I tell you the present—would you know more?'

'I would.'

'What seek you to know?'

'The cause and remedy of those evils which beset me.'

Here he dropped the rupee I had given him close to the Brahmin, who affected not to notice it, but began again muttering his incantations, and throwing his yellow powder around him. Suddenly he started up, twisting quickly round and round; at length he stopped with his face towards the east, and, after a few apparently painful convulsions, desired the sedar to propound such questions as he thought fit.

'How long have I to live?'

'Seven days,' unhesitatingly answered the sage.

'What cause will occasion my death?'

'Vengeance for the wrongs you now suffer.'

'By whom are those wrongs brought?'

'The evil eye of a stranger.'

'A native of Bengal?'

'No; a white man.'

'And when shall these persecutions cease?'

'Only when the evil eye is closed for ever.'

'And how shall I recognise that eye?'

'Is the eye of the first white man you behold tomorrow after 'lope dugga' (guava tree)? I think it is a soldier's. Beware of it, and beg me.'

And the soothsayer fell flat on his face, and began uttering a string of prayers.

In a few moments my servant appeared plunged in profound meditation, as if arguing within his own mind the probability or improbability of the Brahmin's assertions; then suddenly turning round, he beckoned to his companion, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was again at home, puffing away at my hookah.

I spent a short time vainly endeavoring to point out to my sedar the folly of believing in a palpable impostor, the danger of giving ear to such folly and nonsense. He only shrugged his shoulders, bowed low, and held his tongue. I could elicit no answer from him; and I evidently perceived the words of the fortune-teller had taken deep root in his mind.

At mess that day I told the story to several of my brother officers, who agreed on a future day to accompany me, and try to induce the holy man to foretell our fate.

The next morning I was startled from my sleep by hearing the heavy volleys of infantry, caused by the troops, who on this day were to fire a "feu de joie" in honor of the royal birthday. Now, as I ought to have been present on the occasion, this loud notice that I was fully half an hour too late was anything but agreeable; so I started up in my bed, and began roaring loudly (for we have no bells in officers' bungalows) for my sedar, whose duty it was to awake me, with the kind intention of introducing my English horse whip to his Bengalee shoulders. After shouting at least a dozen times, my kidmutgar entered.

'Where is the sedar bearer?'

'I know not, sahib.'

'Desire him to come here directly.'

The man went out, and returned in a short time afterwards.

'Sahib, the sedar is nowhere to be found. I have vainly sought him everywhere: he has not been seen this morning.'

'Well, then, assist me to dress as quickly as you can. But mark me well—by the waters of Ganges, and the hundred arms of Vishnou, I'll horsewhip him, as an example to all idle, bad servants.'

My toilet completed, I called for my sash and sword, which in this hot climate we were allowed to wear with a white jacket and forage cap. The first was brought to me, but the second could nowhere be found; the belt and scabbard were in their regular places, but the sword itself was missing. This was indeed most strange; but fancying that some one had played me a trick, I borrowed that of my neighbor, who was on the sick list, and hastened off to make the best excuse I could to our commander, who, being a good-natured man, not only forgave me, but invited me to breakfast.

The colonel had a pretty daughter and an English billiard table, so I amused myself till late in the afternoon; when, just as I was leaving his house, I was horrified by the report being brought in of the murder of a European soldier—a circumstance almost unprecedented. The body had not been rifled: it could not have, therefore, been committed with any idea of robbery; and, as the deceased was known to be a most quiet, peaceable soldier, it was out of the question that the assassination could have arisen out of any quarrel or previous ill will. It seemed from the account given, that the poor fellow must have been quietly walking along the road to Moorshedabad, when some miscreant must have come behind him, and stabbed him to death.

The colonel desired me to accompany him to the spot where the barbarous act had taken place, in order to inquire into it; we therefore mounted our horses, and galloped off.

We had scarcely proceeded half a mile when we met a party of the —th, bearing the body of their murdered comrade on a rough bier made of the branches of trees. The dead man had received stabs in the back. A tear might be seen in the eye of more than one present, as we examined the corpse. A low murmured threat of vengeance, if the assassin was ever found, was fervently uttered by the bystanders.

We again remounted our horses, and went on, desirous of seeing the spot where the murder had been committed. Before we reached it, however, we perceived a crowd of English and natives. One of them, seeing us approach ran forward to meet us. He told us that they had found and seized the assassin still armed with the weapon of destruction, and were now bringing him into the cantonments.

The next person who came up to us brought with him the death-dealing blade. Imagine, readers, if you can, my horror on beholding the very sword I had lost in the morning—a loss I had related at breakfast to the colonel to whom I now turned to tell the fact of the identity of the weapon before us, when to my additional grief and amazement, I saw in the prisoner before me my long tried and attached sedar bearer!—his cumberband, his turban still smeared with the blood of his victim—My one valued and trusted servant stood before me as a convicted and confessed murderer!

'Ay, sahib.'

'And why?'

'You know, sahib.'

I recoiled, with mingled surprise. The bystanders looked on me, as if demanding an explanation. The criminal saw my astonishment; he continued:—

'You alone were present when the holy Jesserie told me of the evil eye. The soldier I saw was the first white person I beheld after you fired this morning. I had filched from your quarters, that he might not fall on you, my dear master. I took with me your sword, and being convinced that the soldier I first met possessed the evil eye, which Jesserie told me was the loss of all my cares. I slew him.—My family may now be at ease, and in happiness: the spell is removed. As to me, I know my fate—I seek not to avoid it. The holy man foretold it: you heard him sahib.

I confess the man's sincerity filled me with superstitious awe, and made me for a moment almost believe in the tenets of predestination.

The soothsayer's predictions were literally fulfilled. My unfortunate sedar bearer was hanged on a gibbet near Berhampore, on the seventh day from that on which his fate had been foretold by the Black Prophet!

CAPTAIN LOYD'S LEGACY.

I tell the story as it was told me. There is no reason to doubt it's truth. I fancy it a navigator well known on Lake Erie and in the port of New York twenty years ago whose name, despite the pseudonym used, will be recalled by many readers.

I was a passenger on board the steamer —, then five days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. We were running at fourteen knots an hour strong. It was past eleven P. M. The passengers had all turned in, and beside the man at the wheel, two or three sailors near the forecastle, and second officer, who was pacing the deck with me, no one was visable—we were taking advantage of the improvements a few years had made in steam navigation, when I asked:

"By the way, Lieutenant, what become of Lloyd with whom you sailed in the Washington ten years ago?"

"Dead, Sir, now more than five years gone, by a pistol ball shot by his own hands. It's a lough story and not a pleasant one to dream upon, but its nearly eight bells, and you have just lighted a fresh cigar, I don't mind telling it."

"You see sir," continued the Lieutenant, "that after we left the Washington, I signed articles as first mate of the Dalhousie, of which Captain Lloyd had been appointed master, a London ship employed generally on the Australian and New Zealand line. On this occasion she was bound to Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, with a miscellaneous cargo, which included a great number of iron buildings, in detached pieces, for churches or schools, or some such edifices, which the owners had sent out by the way of speculation. They were not bad ballast and could not catch fire, so we were pretty well satisfied with freight. The ship was not built for passenger traffic; but, as we had a spare cabin, some five or six passengers were embarked at first class rates. Altogether we had a fair promise of as pleasant a passage as one could wish expect.

We cleared the Channel with a fine easterly wind, and in a short time made the line.—The first and only inconvenience which we suffered was from want of water. However, we managed to catch a sufficient quantity of rain to last us a few days, and Captain Lloyd promised to put into St. Helena to get a fresh supply. We had got down to within a hundred miles of the island, and expected to make it the next day.

That night it was my first watch, and when eight bells had struck I was right glad to go below and turn in. Blow high or blow low, an officer who keeps watch seldom remains long awake when the time comes for a snore, and in less than five minutes I was fast asleep.

It must have been about five bells in the middle watch when I was awakened by the opening of the cabin door. It was the second mate who begged me to come on deck directly. Supposing that something serious had occurred, I hastily dressed myself, and running up the gangway, was in a moment by his side, on the poop. Observing nothing wrong, I somewhat peremptorily demanded why I had been aroused.

The reason is sir, he replied, that I am afraid something is wrong with Capt Lloyd. He has altered the course; and though there is a heavy squall coming up from the nor'west, he won't allow me to shorten sail; and he's going on in his cabin in the queerest way imaginable. When I went below to report that it was coming dark over yonder he told me to leave the cabin instantly, and followed me on deck. Giving orders to the helmsman to put the rudder down, he nearly brought us five aback, and if I hadn't rounded in the after braces we should have been in a pretty fix. Then he made me try and wear ship, saying he wouldn't going to chase a runaway island forever; and at last after box hauling about the decks, he ordered me to make her course nor'west and keep her so. You can see through the skylight what he's about below!

I glanced through the wire covered glass and saw that Captain Lloyd was engaged in what, to say the best of it, was an extraordinary proceeding. A chart of the South Atlantic lay before him, he was endeavoring with a penknife to erase from it the Island of St. Helena. Wondering at what I saw I said to the second mate. Shorten sail instantly, Mr. Jarvis, and I'll go below and tell the Captain. So the watch was called up and I left the poop and walked aft into the cabin.

You remember Captain Lloyd, sir? A kind hearted man in his better moods, but terrible in his anger when thwarted or disobeyed. He meant to be master of his ship, he was. When I entered the cabin he paused in his singular employment and looked up. Seeing that it was I, he hastily dropped his penknife and asked me in his usual tone—Do you want me?

I replied that I had come to inform him that we were shortening sail, and truly expected an explanation of anger at this contradiction of his orders, but I was mistaken.

Sit down Windham said he; I wish to consult you on a delicate point.

Wondering what he could mean, I obeyed, and seated myself at some little distance. I observed that he seemed to avoid the steady gaze I fixed upon him, and glanced uneasily about the cabin as if he feared some kind of interruption.

"You must know, began the Captain, that some years ago my grandmother died and left me by her will an estate in Scotland and the entire island of St. Helena.

If ever I opened my eyes wildly in my life I did on hearing Captain Lloyd, in the gravest way imaginable repeat the above words. I immediately saw that I had to deal with a man in one of the most dangerous forms of lunacy—mad on one point, but sane on every other. The full dangers of my position flashed across my mind on the instant, and I perceived the necessity of showing apparent acquiescence in whatever he might say. So I repressed the exclamation on my lips and merely nodded in affirmation. The Captain went on:

I perceive that you are astonished that so undistinguished an individual should have been left so large a legacy; but when you take into account that I am at the present moment the rightful heir to the crown, you will see less cause to be surprised. However, it is needless to enter into these little family affairs, so I will come to the matter I wish to consult you upon. A few days ago I received a communication from my grandmother—

But I thought you said she was dead, Captain Lloyd?

Exactly so. She however thought fit, as I tell you, to visit me last night and to inform me that the island has been removed. That her words were true is evident. For two days I have carefully worked the reckoning, and find that we have actually passed twice over the former site of the Island of St Helena.

I listened attentively to this most extraordinary speech, and at once resolved how to act.

I quite sympathize with you, Captain. We must settle the question. Let me see your day's work!"

Certainly, replied Captain Lloyd, there it is.

I ran my eye over the figures and found a stupendous blunder. He had passed us to the southward of our real position nearly two hundred miles. To argue the point would have been useless, so I said—

If you intend to keep the morning watch, sir, you had better turn in for an hour. It is best not to alarm the passengers.

Very true, replied the Captain. I will not. Perhaps, as you say, it will be as well to have a nap before I go on deck. Good night.

I left the cabin and again joined the second mate on the poop. He looked at me as much as to say, Well?

You can go below, if you like, Mr. Jarvis. I will keep watch.

He did so, and I immediately shortened sail. To dispossess a superior officer of his authority is a dangerous matter at sea. Fortunately the Captain did not appear again on deck. At eight o'clock I sat down to breakfast with the passengers. As the Captain had not even then made his appearance, I desired the steward to go to his cabin and see if he was awake.

Presently the man returned, and with alarm depicted on his countenance said, Please, sir, the Captain's dead.

It was true. He had blown out his brains with a pistol.

To say that I did not experience a feeling of relief at the announcement, terrible as the deed was would be untrue. Better the loss of one life than the jeopardy of passengers and seamen, ship and cargo. We buried him on the island of St Helena and pursued our voyage.

I bade the Lieutenant good night and turned into my berth.—Lakeside Monthly.

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.—Electricity has achieved a new triumph. Already employed to restore vigor and nimbleness to the gouty limbs of decrepit bons vivants, the recent discoveries of Dr Bernier, a French physician, show electricity to be an efficient remedy for the evil effects of excessive drinking on the human nose. The doctor maintains that, by the application of an electric current to noses even of the most Bacchanalian hue, the flesh may be made "to come again as the flesh of a little child;" and he supports his assertion by a cure performed on a female patient of his own, a woman of high rank.

At a gathering in Australia not long since four people met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep farm. One of those had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep his own accounts.

—The fine Iroman Steamer "City of Brussels," is the fastest ~~so an strong ship afloat.~~

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