

Come, Invalids! and cheerful take a pair
Of boxes; pay for them and "don't despair!"
For, should ye ask "how old Parr ere could die?"
"Twas accident—of Pills a short supply!"
(Thus would the philanthropic agent speak.)
"So buy enough, or life may find a leak!"

Next where my eyes upon the Herald fall
I find another "absolute *Heal-all*!"
"Extracted agonies" its virtues prove
And scars discarded too, invite our love.
Those who would save life, money, torture, time,
Will find this salve at Comstock's* price one dime!
Have you a cough? Bartholomew's your man.†
His "Syrup" sure will save you if aught can!
Have you a cough? to-morrow 'tis too late;
To-day drink "Syrup" or you seal your fate!
"The old, the young—the lovely, and the gay,"
These coughs their hundreds murder day by day!
This syrup death of half its woes can strip
And soothe our souls on their ex-mundane trip!
Thus, through each daily press exhorting cry
Large types, that still implore us not to die!‡
Or if on such a suicidal deed
Our thoughts are bent, we still must syrup need!

"No every one that thirsteth! come ye here;"
"Drink 'Balm of life' instead of wine or beer!"
So from the pulpit cries, each Sabbath day,
The earnest priest, and shows the heav'nward way!
His Balm of Life is peace and sweet content;
Hope with religion, faith with meekness blent;
But in the "News" a reverend preacher's cry,
"For sake the pulpit! Here the true balm lies!"
My Balm to poor dyspeptics gives relief;
Prolongs the life consumption has made brief;
Acute disorders of the lungs can cure
And unlike pulpit balm, I warrant pure!"

O! age of pills, aperients, salve and balm,
How dost thou dally with us, and then damn!
Of old, the Alchymist, with wondrous lore,
Of Drugs and Chemicals prepared his store;
Then sought to find the Philosophic stone,
But sought in vain, for it from earth had flown!
Triumphant *Druggists*!—ye have won the palm;
The stone is found—and all its "gold" is "Balm!"
Pills in a deluge flood the earth amain;
Like pattering hail, that mingles with the rain
They fall! Elixir's vivifying flood
Pours o'er the land, and animates our blood
Celestial sure they are, for *Dr. Lin*§
Diam's cousin-german—Mandarin,
And Leech of Howqua's far famed chop-stick land,
Leaves the Celestial Empire, Pills in hand!
O! Heaven descended "blood pills" may ye give
Your name the lie—nor sanguinary live!
O! never ending Pills each page—each book
Ye fill, from Mister Norton's down to *Snook*! ¶

* A New York Druggist.

† Bartholomew's Expecto-rant Syrup see any news-paper in Canada.

‡ "Why will ye die?" say the advertisements. The whole of this passage is almost literally a copy of the advertisement, *poetic*.

§ Rev. J. Covert's Balm of Life. See advertisements as before.

¶ Those who would read an interesting account of these researches, dressed in the garb of Romance, may read Washington Irving's "Student of Salamanca."

¶ Dr. O. C. Lin's Blood Pills. See adv. as before.

¶ "Norton" and "Snook." See their advertisement in *Punch*, &c. &c.

Euphonious title! Most ambrosial name!
That doth itself the Pill-maker proclaim!
Faint not my muse, nor use thy *vinigrette*;
To Pills "Aperient Biscuits" follow yet!
Fresh from "Parisian Pharmacy" they come
And drabbled o'er by Dr. Drabble's* thumb!
Thou "Boston Cracker," † hide thy 'minished head!
Ye Bakers, knead us "medicated bread!"
No more inspectors shall your loaves condemn,
Nor man th' "aperient" madness strive to stem!
Thou "atrapulatory" ‡ die for Hair
Friction and Climate guaranteed to bear;
Thou "Pannuscorium" § or "Cloth calf Boot"
Like "Pilgrim's Progress" made for bunioned foot,
"Panthymian leaves" that fragrant odors shed,
And the foul air to richest perfumes wed:
"Perukes invisible" that "ventilate,"
And of a "Jasey" make a "real" pate;
Ye Pills of Halloway's; † that bold can shew
For Patrons, "Westminster" and "Portland" too;
Divinest compounds! Perfumes rich and rare!
And ye creator of *filice* "real" hair!
When shall my wearied muse a footing find,
Or ye forget the ills of human kind?
What dame with melancholy much oppressed,
With many woes but with no children blessed;
What "lazy fingered maid" love crossed and lorn.
What man to poverty, not fortune born;
What beggar fearful of a Doctor's bill,
Can ever want "Elixir," "Balm," or "Pill!"
O! Beattie Age! let me proclaim
Thy healthful virtues—though the Doctor's blame!
Ye shades of Pleading and of Smollet, hear!
No longer at the world of Doctors sneer!
For they are fallen—the Homicidal race!
But *anthropophagi* ¶ supply their place!

END OF CANTO I.

LOVE.—There is such a thing as love at first sight, deny it who may; and it is not necessarily a light or transitory feeling because it is sudden. Impressions are often made as indelibly by a glance, as some that grow from imperceptible beginnings till they become incorporated with our nature. Is not the fixed law of the universe, the needle to the pole, a sufficient guarantee for the existence of attraction? And who will say it is not of divine origin? The passion of love is so too, when of genuine kind. Reason and appreciation of character may, on longer acquaintance, deepen the impression, 'as streams their channels deeper wear,' but the seal is set by a higher power than human will, and gives the stamp of happiness or misery to a whole life.

* Dr. Drabble's Aperient Biscuits. See advertisement in *Pictorial Times*, &c. &c.

† There is a kind of Biscuit made in Boston held in very high repute.

‡ See adv. in *Punch*.

§ In almost all their writings they indulge in ludicrous descriptions of the faculty.

¶ A Statistical account of the persons annually killed by the Quack Medicines, would, we suspect, furnish food for reflection.