

I'll never sigh to be worshipped and wealthy,
 Wishing to show you diplomas well signed;
 Let me but show many patients made healthy
 Proving I've learned to be good to mankind.
 I'll be a doctor curing, &c.

Oh! could I gain but the skill of my master,
 How I might bless this disease covered isle,
 Snatching ten thousand from death and disaster—
 Change sickness and sorrow to health and a smile.
 Awake! for the sun of true science is rising,
 It soon shall arise to meridian day;
 It may appear doubtful, it may seem surprising;
 But soon it will drive errors clouds far away.

I'll be a doctor curing, &c. G. C.

"I say, Tom; were you at church yesterday?" "Yes, and Parson Pomp was at 'em about the pomp and vanity of this wicked world; but I'm blessed! hasn't his daughter got enough of it, to say nothing of the congregation?" "That's so, Tom; if you want to see pomp and vanity, go to church."

Millers convert their best wheat into fine flour (which is cursing thousands), and their worst into cracked wheat. If you use cracked wheat, buy it and crack it yourselves.

Herbs, used as designed, have an unapproachable superiority over all chemical extracts, when used for healing purposes.

THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

Let the world only know that you have lots of money and you will get lots of friends, good friends, great friends, well dressed friends. (*Whisper.*)—Even if they kill you to get it. Let the world know you have none, and your friends, and even your relations, will discard you and say all manner of evil against you.

Medical Botanic Vitalogists and Medical Botanic Abortionists are different people, *not alike in any particular*:

The medical science of the nineteenth century is a delusion; chemistry, to inanimate substances, is constructive; to living beings, *destructive*.

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