Poetry.

The Flight of Time.

Rolling on, with march sublime,
Lo! I hear the wheels of time;
Twelve o'clock, I heard the bell;
'Tis the last year's funeral knell!

Seasons change, and as they pass;
Cry aloud, "All flesh is grass!"
Human pomp but blooms an hour,
Man is an ephemeral flower!

Where are now the mighty dead?
Names of olden ages fled!
Lights of Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Sleep in the oblivious tomb!

All the pale-horse'd King obey;
Ancient Fathers, "where are they,"
Prophets, who events foreshow,
Do they live forever?—No!

All the post-diluvian throng,
Sons of history and song,
Heroes, artists, poets, sages,
Sink into the gulph of ages!

Mighty cities, empires, states;
Babylon with brazen gates;
Thebes and the Assyrian's glory,
Flourish but in ancient story!

Stately temples, shrines of gold,
Perish like a story told!
Time unfaithful to his trust,
Writes their record in the dust!

City of the desert wide!
Where is now Palmyra's pride?
All thy mighty collonades
Desolating time pervades!

Ruins upon ruins rise,
When I backward turn mine eyes,
Only shades of what has been
Flit across the dreary scene.

Midst this mighty wreck of things,
What are heroes, warriors, kings?
What is man? Alas I sigh?
What a bubble, Lord am I?

Every moment brings me near
Vast eternity's frontier;
And the next may land me there?
Up my soul, this hour prepare!

Minutes roll, and pulses beat;
Teach me, sacred Paraclete,
While the flight of time I sing,
Round the bleeding Cross to cling!

O how short man's woe or bliss;
Life is a parenthesis;
Two eternities between;
One to come, and one has been.

From the birth-hour of this ball
To the final end of all,
Time is but a few short pages
In the tome of endless ages.

For should thousand ages run,
Measured by yon flaming sun;
Still they are but as a mite
In duration infinite!

Miscellaneous.

Remarkable Dreams—Warnings and Providences.

The proof of the truth of the following statement, taken from the *Courrier del' Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrative, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the Province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words.

As the junior partner of a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determined to begin very early in the morning my visit to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day instead of the evening, as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stood to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a bye-path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rugged and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well which stood, solitary and gloomy, in a distant corner, and looking down into it I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewed my forehead,—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing beside me; birds warbling cheerfully around the window; while a young clear voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtain.

I sprang from my bed, dressed myself, and as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolling along. The further I went the stronger became the confused recollections of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought, "I have never been here before, and I could swear that I have seen this house and the next, and that other on the left." On I went till I came to the corner of the street crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time I remembered my dream, but put away the idea as too absurd, still at every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming?" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?" Before long I reached the church with the same architectural featurest hat had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the bye-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn; and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments that science either denies or is unable to explain, but I confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment—and with Pascal's—words on my lips—"A continued dream would be equal to reality." I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this really was the case.

In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream.—Who then would wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point! I entered the garden and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible, but nowhere could I find any vestage of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel in a state of agitation difficult to describe; I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences—but how was any clue to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a by-road which I described to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man with his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them, but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late their very existence seems to be forgotten; and I believe sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned your steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out of the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object; but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden and the cottage preoccupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried—"I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw distinctly that he was much impressed by my statement.

"It is, indeed, very strange," said he, "what has happened, I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter to further enquiry. I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make important discovery."

I suffered but a few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting some time an old man opened the door.—He received us somewhat uncivily, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was his reply.

"Have you a well here?" I inquired.

"No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile, the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look and we at last left the cottage without anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more, and a number of idlers having by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men engaged in searching the premises, I made inquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about a well in that place. I could get no information at first, but a length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well!" cried she, "is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember as if it were only yesterday, how, many a time, when I was a young girl I used to amuse myself with throwing stones into it, an hearing the splash they used to make in the water"

"And could you tell me where that well used to be!" asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor it standing" said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it," thought I springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say that we set to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave to view some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was here," said the old woman. "What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have to go so far for water!"

A sounding-line furnished with hooks was let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times without result. At length, penetrating below the mud the hooks caught in an old chest, upon top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort, we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it, and we found within it what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police who had accompanied me, now rushed into the house, and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife—no one could, at first, tell what had become of her; after some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of faggots.

By this time nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot, and now that this fact had come to light, everybody had some crime to tell of which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event are numerous.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and privately and seperately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed, that in concert with her husband she had once, a very long time ago, murdered a pedler whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, the inducted to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue to strangle him, his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no enquiry; there was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow men; they thought they beheld wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime, to fly to some distant land, but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim.

Terrified by the deposition of the wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at last made a similar confession, and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse.

They died penitent.

The well was once more shut up, and the cottage levelled to the around; it was not, however, until fifty years had in some measure deadened the memory of the terrible transaction, that the ground was cultivated. It is now a field of corn.

Such was the dream and it result.

I never had the courage to re-visit the town where I had been an actor in such a tragedy. The story was told again by me last winter in acompany where it gave rise to a long and animated discussion upon the credibility to be attached to dreams. Ancient and modern history was ransacked to find arguments on both sides. Plutarch was quoted in what he says of a certain Lysimachus, grandson of Aristides, who embraced the profession of interpreter, of dreams, and realized wealth by the trade. Cicero states that a dream of Cecilia, daughter of Barbaricus, appeared of sufficient importance to be a subject of a decree of the Senate. One of the most indefatigable commentators of the sixteenth century, Cœlius Rhodizinus, when labouring to correct the text of Pliny which he had singularly obscured, was stopped by the word *ectrapelis*. In vain did he work at the meaning for a whole week—he ended by falling asleep—and in a dream the solution of the difficulty came into his head. It was during sleep that Henricus ab Heeres, a Dutch writer, very celebrated in his day, but very obscure in ours, composed all his works; once awake, he had but to transcribe from memory.

Two rather rare works published in 1690 and 1706, had for subject, the dreams of Louis XIV.

The following occurrence is well know in Scotland:—

A gentleman residing some miles from Edinburgh, had occasion to pass the night in that city. In the middle of the night, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and that one of his children was in the midst of the flames. He awoke, and so strong was the impression upon his mind, that he instantly got out of his bed, saddled his horse and galloped home. In accordance with his dream, he found his house in flames, and thus arriving, saved his little girl, about ten months old, who had been forgotten, in a room which the devouring element had just reached.

Another fact we borrow from a recent work by a physician:—

A mother, who was uneasy about the health of a child who was out at nurse, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The horrid thought woke her; and she determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival she learned that after a sudden and short illness, the child had died, and had just then been buried. Half frantic from this intelligence, she insisted on the grave being opened, and the moment the coffin lid was raised she carried off the child in her arms. He still breathed, and maternal care restored him to life. The truth of this anecdote has been warranted—we have seen the child so wonderfully rescued—he is now, in 1843, a man in the prime of life, and fills an important post.

The Jesuit Malvanda, the author of a Commentary on the Bible, says, one night in his sleep, a man laid his hand upon his chest, and announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but soon after being seized by a pulmonary disorder, was carried off. This is told by sceptic Bayle, who relates it a fact too well authenticated even for the apostle of Pyrrhonism to doubt.

We will conclude this present paper by the following which is not merely given on the authority of the most illustrious of our modern chemists, but which is related as occurring to himself:

Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed one night that he was in Italy, where he had fallen ill. The room in which he seemed to lie struck him in a very particular manner, and he particularly noticed all the details of the furniture, &c., remarking in his dream how unlike anything English they were. In his dream he appeared to be carefully nursed by a young girl, whose fair and delicate features were imprinted upon his memory. After some years Davy travelled in Italy, and being taken ill there, actually found himself in the very room of which he had dreamed, attended upon by the very same young woman whose features had made such a deep impression upon his mind.—The reader need not be reminded of the authenticity of a statement resting upon such authority, eminent alike for truth that would not deceive, and intelligence that could not be deceived.

Why Epidemics Rage at Night?

It was in one night that four thousand persons perished by the plague in London. It was by night that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed. Both in England and on the Continent a large portion of cholera cases, in its several forms, have been observed to have occurred between one and two o'clock in the morning. The danger of exposure to the night air has been a theme by physicians from time immemorial; but it is remarkable that they never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact.

It is at night that the stratum of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin, and deleterious gases, such as carbonic acid gas—the product of respiration; and sulphuretted hydrogen—the product of the sewers. In the day, gases and various substances of all kinds rise in the air by by the rarefraction of the heat. At night, when this rarefraction ceases, they fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere; while the gases involved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas, at a low temperature, partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid that it may be poured out of one vessel into another. It rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is towards the floor or the bed of the sleeper in cold and unventilated rooms.

At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at night in some parts of the city was so great that many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning for the sake of warmth, and that warmth gives the expansion to any deleterious gases present, which would best promote their escape, and promote their dilution in the atmosphere. The means of safety were then unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone the natives have a practice, in the sickly season, of keeping fires constantly burning in their huts at night, asserting that the fires keep away the evil spirits, to which in their ignorance, they attribute the fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice, and those who have tried it assert that they have now entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subjected.

In the epidemics of the Middle Ages fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air, and in the plague of London, in 1685, fires in the streets were at one time kept burning incessantly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly, trains of gunpowder have been fired, and cannons discharged for the same object, but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, out of of doors, be on two small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air, to produce any sensible effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain, and it is of course, the air of the room, and that alone, at night, which comes in contact with the lungs of the person sleeping.—*Westminster Review.*

Notes and News.

FREQUENCY OF EARTHQUAKES.—A correspondent of the New York Courier, who keeps hourly thermometrical observations, says, that earthquakes produce changes in the atmosphere that rests upon the earth, and exert an influence upon it to a greater and wider extent than persons who are not in the habit of observing the phenomena in connexion with atmospheric changes, have generally supposed.

"Within the field of our research during a period of fifteen months, commencing with January, 1852, and ending in March, 1853, (four hundred and five consecutive days) we have recorded earthquakes that have been active on one hundred and seventeen of these days, on each of which, the place and places where the earthquakes were felt are particularly stated and the day of the month also. In addition to these thus particularly specified, we have recorded many earthquakes during the same fifteen months; the places were they were felt are stated, but the day of the month could not be ascertained from the published accounts; and others also in considerable numbers, where neither the day of the month nor the month of the year are mentioned, but which were within said fifteen years.

The field of our research embraces but a small portion of our globe. Large districts of our earth are uninhabited, and of the inhabited districts there are many where there are no intelligent minds to observe and make record of the phenomena, and others, where there are no newspapers to convey intelligence.

The conclusion we have arrived at, from these observations made, without any interruption for a series of years is, that all great and sudden changes of the temperature of the atmosphere, are produced by the earth, and these changes effect those who breathe it both physically and mentally to a greater or lesser extent."—*Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1854 page 329.*

EPIDEMICS.—The Rev. Dr. Bethune lately delivered a lecture upon this theme in the city of Brooklyn. It was a most felicitous and useful discussion, chiefly of those moral epidemics which have at various times appeared in the world, exposing the tendency of human minds towards them, and offering various specifics against their extension. The lecture contained most important thoughts and suggestions, peculiarly timely in this day of spirit rappings, &c., when, with all our boasted light, the public mind seems more than ever subject to delusions and follies, appropriate only to an age of darkness, which we hoped had passed away for ever.

EARTHQUAKES AND ELECTRICTY.—The Boston Traveler says that during the forenoon of the 8th inst., when shocks of earthquakes were felt in Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, telegraph lines in different sections of the country "were more or less disturbed by extraneous electric currents, similar to those that *uniformly* accompany manifestations of the Aurora Borealis, but the disturbance was slight, compared with that which accompanied the eruption of Manna Loa, a volcana on one of the Sandwich Islands, in February, 1852 at which time every telegraph line throughout the country, from Halifax to New Orleans, and from New York to St, Louis was rendered completely inoperative."

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FOR ALL PULMONARY DISEASES!

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Rev. Dr LYMAN BEECHER, of Boston, late President of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio—Late Rev Dr. LEONARD WOODS, Abbott Prof. of Theology in Andover Theological Seminary, Mass.—Hon. DANIEL P. THOMPSON, Secretary of State of Vermont.—N. F. WILLIAMS, Esq. formerly Collector of the Port of Baltimore, Md.—Rev. JOSIAH LITCH, Philadelphia, Pa—and many others.

HOW EXTENSIVE AT PENETRATES.—JOHN A. BERRY, M. D., Epsco. Me., says, "During a practice of twenty years, I have seen prescribed all the popular remedies for Coughs, and am well satisfied that your VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM is the best, and I hope it will be better known and more generally used."

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Solberg's Voice Lozenges,
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With all the popular remedies of the day, for sale at Morton's Medical Warehouse, 29 Granville Street.

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EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF ASTHMA!! OF AN OLD LADY SEVENTY FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Weston, (Book Store,) Toronto, dated the 9th October 1854.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—Gratitude compels me to make known to you the extraordinary benefit an aged parent has derived from the use of your Pills. My mother was afflicted for upwards of four and twenty years with asthma and spitting of blood, it was quite agony to see her suffer and hear her cough; I have often declared that I would give all I possessed to have cured her; but although I paid a large sum for medicine and advice, it was all to no purpose. About three months ago, I thought perhaps your Pills might benefit her, at all events I resolved to give them a trial, which I did; the result was marvellous, by slow degrees my mother became better, and after persevering with your remedies for nine weeks, she was perfectly cured and now enjoys the best of health, although 75 years old. (Signed)

THOMAS WESTON.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY!! AFTER BEING TAPPED THREE TIMES.

Copy of a Letter from Anthony Smith, Esqr., Halifax, Nova Scotia, dated 25th Aug., 1854.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I desire to add my testimony to the value of your Pills, in cases of dropsy. For nine months I suffered the greatest torture with this distressing complaint, was tapped three times, and finally given up by the doctors; having become in appearance as a skeleton, and with no more strength in me than a child just born. It was then that I thought of trying your Pills, and immediately sent for a quantity, and commenced using them. The result I can scarcely credit even now, although true it is. After using them for four weeks, I felt much better, and by persevering with them, at the expiration of two months, I was completely cured. I have since enjoyed the best of health. I am, Sir, your sincerely,

(signed) ANTHONY SMITH.

ASTONISHING CURE OF GENERAL DEBILITY AND LIVER COMPLAINT!!

Copy of a Letter from Wiliam Reeves, of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, dated 17th Nov., 1854.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I am happy to say that your Pills have restored me to health after suffering for nine years from the most intense general debility and languor, my liver and bowels were also much deranged for the whole of that time. I tried many medicines, but they were of no good to me, until I had recourse to your Pills, by taking which, and following the printed directions for seven weeks, I was cured, after every other means failed to the astonishment of my neighbours, acquaintances and friends. I shall ever feel grateful to you for this astonishing restoration to health, and will recommend your Pills to all sufferers feeling it my duty to do so.

I remain, sir, your humble servant

(Signed) WILLIAM REEVES.

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Asthma,	Fevers of all kinds,	Sore throats,
Bilious Complaints,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel
Blotches on the skin,	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Bowel complaints	Headaches,	Tic Doloreux,
Colics,	Indigestion	Tumours,
Costipation of the bowels,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Consumption,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections,
Debility,	Liver Complaints,	Worms, all kinds
Dropsy,	Lumbago,	Weakness from whatever cause, &c.
Dysentery,	Pilles,	
Erysipelas,	Rheumatism,	
	Retention of Urine	

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"I am happy to say of your CATHARTIC PILLS, that I have found them a better remedine for common 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 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 years in my family for coughs and colds with unfailing success. You make medicines which *cure*, and I feel it a pleasure to testify to 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 Pills. I am never without them in my family, nor shall I ever consent to be, while my means will procure them."

The widely renowned S. S. STEVENS, M. D., of Wentworth, N. H., writes:

"Having used your CATHARTIC PILLS in my practice, I certify from experience, that they are an invaluable purgative. In cases of disordered functions of the liver, causing headache, indigestion, costiveness, and the great variety of diseases that follow, they are a surer remedy than any other. In all cases where a purgative remedy is required, I confidently recommend these Pills to the public, as superior to any other I have ever found. They are sure in their operation, and perfectly safe, qualities which make them an invaluable article for public use. I have for many years known your *Cherry Pectoral* as the best Cough medicine in the world, and these Pills are in no wise inferior to that admirable preparation for the treatment of diseases."

"*Acton, Me., Nov.* 25, 1853.

"DR. J. C. AYER—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted from my birth with scrofula in its worst form, and now after twenty years' trial, and an untold amount of suffering, have been completely cured in a few weeks by your Pills. With what feelings of rejoicing I write, can only be imagined when you realize what I have suffered and how long.

"Never until now have I been free from this loathsome disease in some shape. At times it attacked my eyes, and made me almost blind, besides the unendurable pain; at others it settled in the scalp of my head, and destroyed my hair, and has kept me partly bald all my days; sometimes it came out in my face, and kept it for months a raw sore.

"About nine weeks ago I commenced taking your Cathartic Pills, and now am entirely free from the complaint. My eyes are well, my skin is fair, and my hair has commenced a healthy growth; all of which makes me feel already a new person.

"Hoping this statement may be the means of conveying information that shall do good to others, I am, with every sentiment of gratitude, Yours, &c.,

MARIA RICKER."

"I have known the above named Maria Ricker from her childhood, and her statement is strictly true.

ANDREW J. MESERVE,
Overseer of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Co."

CAPT. JOEL PRATT, of the ship Marion, writes from Boston, 26th April, 1854:

"Your Pills have cured me from a bilious attack which arose from derangement of the Liver, which had become very serious. I had failed of any relief by my Physician, and from every remedy I could try, but a few doses of your Pills have completely restored me to health. I have given them to my children for worms, with the best effects. They were promptly cured. I recommended them to a friend for costiveness, which had troubled him for months; he told me in a few days they had cured him. You make the best medicine in the world, and I am free to say so."

Read this from the distinguished Solicitor of the Supreme Court, whose brilliant abilities have made him well known, not only in this but the neighboring States.

"*New Orleans, 5th April,* 1854.

"Sir: I have great satisfaction in assuring you that my self and family have been very much benefited by your medicines. My wife was cured two years since, of a severe and dangerous cough, by your CHERRY PECTORAL, and since then has enjoyed perfect health. My children have several times been cured from attacks of the influenza and Croup by it. It is as invaluable remedy for these complaints. Your CATHARTIC PILLS have entirely cured me from a dyspepsia and costiveness, which has grown upon me for some years,—indeed this cure is much more important, from the fact that I had failed to get relief from the best Physicians which this section of the country affords, and from any of the numerous remedies I had taken.

"You seem to us, Doctor, like a providential blessing to my family, and you may well suppose we are not unmindful of it. Yours respectfully,

LEAVITT THAXTER."

"*Senate Chamber, Ohio, April* 5th, 1854.

"DR. J. C. AYER—Honored Sir: I have made a thorough trial of the CATHARTIC PILLS, left by your agent, and have been cured by them of the dreadful Rheumatism under which he found me suffering. The first dose relieved me, and a few subsequent doses have entirely removed the disease. I feel in better health now than for some years before, which I attribute entirely to the effects of your CATHARTIC PILLS. Yours with great respect,

LUCIUS B. METCALF."

The above are all from persons who are publicly known where they reside, and who would not make these statements without a thorough conviction that they were true.

Prepared by J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
Wholesale Agents in Halifax
MORTON & COGSWELL.

Sold in *Lunenburg*, by J. H. Watson; *Liverpool* G. N. Crosscombe; *Windsor*, Dr. T. C. Harding; *Wolfville*, G. V. Rand; and dealers in Medicines throughout the Province. October 19.

Bonus Declared.

"STAR"
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

THE following table gives the Scale of Bonus allocated to the Holders of Policies of ten years duration.

Age at Entrance.	Sum ass'd.	Bonuses added to the sum assured in ten years.	Total am't now payable at the death (of the Ass'd.)
30	£1,000	£147 10 0	£1,147 10 0
35	1,000	156 3 4	1,156 3 4
40	1,000	168 10 0	1,168 10 0
45	1,000	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

The Bonus now declared, is upwards of 50 per cent on the amount paid, in the five years ending December, 1853. The result will be made known to each Policy-Holder as soon as the calculations to be made will allow.

The advantages this Society offers to Assurers, include all the benefits which have been developed during the progress of the system of Life Assurance, but the following deserve especial notice:—

Nine tenths of the Profits, ascertained every five years divided among Policy-Holders having paid three annual Premiums.

Thirty days are allowed for the payment of the Premium from the date of its becoming due.

Credit may be given for one-half of the Premium, upon whole Life Policies, for five years.

No claim disputed, except in case of palpable fraud; an unintentional error will not vitiate a Policy.

No stamps, entrance money, or fees of any kind, nor any charge made for Policies.

Halifax Agency, 31, Upper Water Street.

R. S. BLACK, M. D., Medical Referee. M. G. BLACK, Jr., Agent
Granville Street.

April 22. y 250

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 diarrhœa, 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 inflamation and ulceration of the stomach, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, gravel, stone, strictures, erysipelas, 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, cramps, epileptic 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 of 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., *London*, 24, *Bloomsbury Square, June* 8, 1849.—I hereby certify, that having examined DUBARRY'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 the 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. GATTIKER.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF DR. GRIES IN CONSUMPTION

Magdeburg, 15th Sept, 1852.—My wife, having 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 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 DuBarry's