The Provincial Wesleyan.

Love and be Kind.

How hotly men will wrangle—
One furious with another!
Mark how the strong hands mangle
Some poor, down-trodden brother!
Is this the lofty nature?
Is this the mind?
Can no poor human creature
Love and be kind?

But if such strife be common,
There still are noble spirits,
To rescue and illumine,
The mold that man inherits;
Such with the lamp of goodness,
A tranquil pathway find,
Such in the raging rudeness
Are gentle and kind.

Strive nobly, human brother!
Not with your fellow-creature,
But in self war—to smother
All weeds of human nature;
Be of the noble spirits!
Forgive, forget, be blind
To other's faults—not merits;
Love and be kind!

Then, if by chance such yielding
Invite the rude aggression,
And patience give no shielding
Against the base oppression,
Stand up, and dare the danger
In armor manifold—
Defender, not avenger;
Be swift and bold;

"Fear not, for it is I."

BY MRS. SIDNEY H. BARTEAU.

When on the foaming sea of life,
Thy fragile bark is driven,
When pealing thunders round thee roll,
And lightnings rend the heaven;—
Oh, may'st thou see the Saviour's form
And to his bosom fly,
Hearing, above the storm, his voice,
"Fear not, for it is I."

And in that last, most solemn hour,
When heart and flesh shall fail,
And thou shalt go with faltering step
Down into death's dark vale;
Then may his glorious form again
Gladden thy failing eye;
While thou shalt hear his tender voice,
"Fear not, for it is I."

—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Temperance.

Drunkards' Rights.

"Drunkards' Rights!"

"What are these? Surely they've none.—They've forfeited all claim on 'rights'—haven't they?"

Not quite so fast, if you please. Drunkards *have* "rights;" and, in our opinion, 'twould be more in accordance with duty for the press to maintain them, if the parties are incapable of doing so themselves, than to seek to frustrate the *only law* by which those unfortunates can be recovered from their degraded position.

"Drunkards' Rights!" All a *hum*, says that man, who is wiser than seven men that can render a reason. "They are beasts—worse than beasts." True, morally. Yet they're *men*.—They have the physical conformation of men—they have *souls*, though embruted, and sunken deeply in vice.

They may be restored to their *right* minds.—They may burst asunder the chains of long-formed habits by which they've been bound, as in adamantine chains. They may stand on their feet, again, upright. They may re-enter society, and prove useful and virtuous members thereof. Who can justly gainsay this? Such reformation has been witnessed, in the case of many. Yet there are counteracting influences at work—at work on every hand.

Take away temptation, and the reformation of those who have fallen beneath the power of this demon-vice, would become more general, more lasting. Continue the importation, and the public sale of "liquors,"—and thousands will *never* escape. They'll fill, perhaps untimely, drunkards' graves!

Take away temptation,—and the rising generation will, in a majority of cases, be preserved from contracting habits of drunkenness. Shut up grog-shops, saloons, and rum-cellars, and there is hope, that the young will be saved from the blasting influence of intoxicating habits. Continue the importation and public sale of "liquors,"—and many young men, now beauteous and honourable in their manhood, will fall victims to intemperance,—a curse to themselves, a dishonour to their parents, a pest to society.

The infamous *dens*, where, under sanction of law, "liquors" are sold, oppose innumerable obstacles to the reformation of drunkards, and should therefore be suppressed. Confirmed habits will lead those, brought in subjection to depraved appetite, to the devil's ground, where their burning thirst for the accursed drink, can be so easily gratified.

These miserable wretches, then, we say, have "rights," and that, too, in opposition to the deadly "wrongs," drunkard-makers have inflicted upon them. Incapable themselves of securing those "rights,"—thousands of Temperance men have united together to secure those "rights" for them. These truly humane persons seek this object, by means of *moral suasion* applied to the victims, and of a *prohibitory law* to be enforced against liquor-venders. Humanity and heaven justify their course; and the *man*, who would deprive the drunkard of his last hope of reformation, by opposing a *law of prohibition*, is, in a sense, as criminal as the guilty wretches who sell the "liquid damnation."

Talk about "rights!" Such creatures know not what the word means. They're using their influence to fasten on the generation present, and to entail on generations to come, one of the greatest curses, and, therefore, one of the greatest *wrongs* ever permitted to fall on our race.

Drunkards, then, have a righteous, and, therefore, an equitable claim to be defended against "liquor-sellers"—against those, who deal in, and deal out, that which has ensnared them to their ruin. Grandiloquently have some gentlemen pleaded the cause of rum-importers and rum-retailers—but not one word have they uttered in favour of the "rights" of the miserable inebriate. Thus does self-interest overtop the broad interests of humanity! The Maine Law is, at once, a public recognition and an enforcement of those "rights." We go, therefore, for such a law for Nova Scotia, with heart and hand.

What have the opponents to a Maine Law to say on the subject of "drunkards' rights?"—Nothing have they said in favour of them, and nothing can they say in favour of them, unless they abandon their opposition, and become *one* with us.

"Let the wretches die!" What, man! Let them die, without an effort to save them—without an effort to interpose between them and their destroyers! God forbid! A Prohibitory Law for Nova Scotia must be enacted. God speed the good work, and may his blessing light on all who say—"Amen!"—*Athenæum.*

HABIT.—Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—*Augustine.*

RAGS, RUM, AND RUIN.—We observed a fellow passing our door Thursday morning, in the midst of the cold rain, pretty well soaked—inside with vile whiskey and outside with water. He was followed by a litle boy of four or five years of age, bare-footed, bare-headed, two fragments of rags in the shape of coat and pants alone covering his body. A keen-eyed, curly headed little fellow he was, his face fair as a lily, and his tiny body symmetrical as a statue. What a destiny was before that little wanderer, through life's long and weary labyrinth. How dark, lone, and dreary must that little heart already be, in the morn of existence, puny barque in the midst of life's vast ocean, neither rudder nor compass, sail or oar, up for "Cowes and a market," with nothing—but the providence of God to shape his future, strange, and perhaps, eventful history. We could not but think it was a hard fate for one so young. And, alas! how many hundreds are, there in our cities enduring the same manifest destiny.—*Cin. Columbian.*

THE BEST MEDICINE.—Good, wholesome food and temperance, with pure, cold water to drink and bathe in, with fresh air, plenty of exercise, and a clear conscience, are said to do more to restore or preserve health, and prolong life, than all the doctors and medicine in the universe.

Agriculture.

Education of Farmers.

That education is not necessary to successful farming has long been a prevailing sentiment. It has been considered important for the professional man, but as useless, or a luxury at most, to the agriculturist. Industry—plodding, patient industry—qualified for success in carrying on a farm; but that boy whose aversion to work and love of mischief made his parents at loss how to employ his energies, must study some profession. Did one seem rather dull and stupid, he could never be qualified for anything but farming. Another, who seemed unusually bright—who thirsted for knowledge—must be a minister, physician or lawyer; the life of a farmer could furnish no facilities for improvement or the gratification of his desires.

Now, this is all wrong—for no good reason can be shown why every farmer should not be liberally educated—why he should not find use for a good education in carrying on the operations of his farm. If his knowledge need be of a different quality, it should not be less in quantity than that of the professional man.

The great object of toil is not to wear away the weary hours, but to secure the greatest possible useful product. Knowledge enables a man to bestow his labour where it will be best rewarded. The farmer should know the nature of the soil he cultivates, what crops are best adapted to it, what succession of the same will yield most profit, what kind and quantity of manure it needs to keep it in proper condition; and this requires knowledge of Agricultural Chemis-ry. And to understand Chemistry, other general knowledge is indispensible. How much labour is lost by this want of adaptation of crops to the soil on which they are attempted to be cultivated!

The facilities for improvement are constantly increasing, and educated enterprise already making use of Nature's powers and machinery to save labour. The millenium will never come, when the soil will yield abundant harvests without labour, but the improvements of the age will aid continually to diminish the amount required. And yet we need never fear we shall be out of employment—and enough of it too.

Some, indeed, protest against the introduction of the improvements referred to, simply because they interfere with manual labour. When railroads first began to take the place of the old stage routes, some men who never see but an inch a-head, cried out "This will spoil our market for horses and oats,"—and yet horses and oats have been rising in value ever since. An amusing story is told of the first introduction of fanning mills into Scotland. A preacher denounced the new invention in no gentle terms. "We used to trust to Providence," said he, "for wind to fan our grain, and it is but wicked presumption thus to interfere with the Divine prerogatives and manufacture wind for ourselves!"—*Rural New Yorker.*

CHEAP DRAINING.—It is stated in the foreign correspondence of the Michigan *Farmer*, that a method of cutting drains has been adopted in Scotland, requiring much less cost than formerly, being all done with the plow. It is very useful in all cases were the ground is clayey, and tolerably free from stones. "In the first place, a common plough is turned back and forth, turning a furrow out on each side. Then follows the draining plow, which goes down from two to two and a-half feet, the mouldboard being so formed as to turn the earth all out. In this manner, twelve acres in the vicinity of Stirling, were drained with three plows in one day, the tile being laid in the furrow just as the plow left it. The earth was returned to the ditch by means of a scraper, in the form of the letter V, the legs, of course, protruding forward, and a team attached to each leg, on each side of the ditch." We have been long since satisfied that the cost of excavating ditches might be much reduced by more horse labour than is generally used. For instance, let a large Michigan subsoil plow, with ample team, be set in a foot deep, a thing very easily done; by throwing a furrow each way, (leaving but a narrow strip in the middle), the first foot of the ditch is at once thrown out with sufficient rapidity to prepare some miles for the spade in each day. By running twice each way, a greater depth and more perfect work might be attained. A regular and thorough system of draining is at present quite expensive, costing some twenty-five or thirty dollars per acre; and if its cost could be reduced one-half by the application of horse power, it would greatly contribute towards its general introduction,—and be worth millions to the country, lying as it does, in most cases, at the very foundation of successful farming.

PRESERVING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—Imagine yourself in my cellar; the first thing that attracts your attention is a large basket that holds fifteen bushels; a little further on is another that holds ten; these are filled with apples. Some may say, why do you prefer baskets to boxes? I will state my reasons, they give a chance for the air to circulate through the apples, which keeps them dry and healthy. On the east end of the cellar some boards are raised from the ground on which is spread a lot of onions; and on another table, about two feet above, is spread a lot of onion seed, top onions. The next thing is a heap of carrots, piled up just as you cord up wood, the top ends on the outside. This gives a chance for the air to circulate through the whole pile. I am persuaded that three are a great many vegetables lost by smothering, keeping them from the air.—*Maine Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

Rothschild Outwitted.

When the Hebrew financier lived on Stamfordhill, there resided opposite to him another very wealthy dealer in stock exchange, Lucas by name. The latter returned one night from a convivial party, he observed a carriage and four standing before Rothschild's gate, upon which he ordered his own carriage to go out of the way, and commanded his coachman to await his return. Lucas went stealthily and watched, unobserved, the movements at Rothschild's gate. He did not lie long in ambush before he heard a party leaving the Hebrew millionaire's mansion, and going towards the carriage. He saw Rothschild accompanied by two muffled figures step into the carriage, and heard the words of command, "To the city." He followed Rothschild's carriage very closely. But when he reached the top of the street in which Rothschild's office was situated, Lucas ordered his carriage to stop, from which he stepped out, and proceeded, reeling to and fro, through the street, feigning to be mortally drunk. He made his way in the same mood as far as Rothschild's office, and *sans ceremonie* opened the door, to the great consternation and terror of the housekeeper, uttering sundry ejaculations, in the broken accents of Bacchus' votaries. Heedless of the affrighted housekeeper's remonstrances, he opened Rothschild's private office, in the same staggering attitude, and fell down flat on the floor. Rothschild and his friends became greatly alarmed. Efforts were made to restore and remove the would-be-drunkard, but Lucas was too good an actor, and was, therefore, in such a fit as to be unfit to be removed hither or thither. "Should a physician be sent for?" asked Rothschild, But the housekeeper threw some cold water into Lucas's face, and the patient began to breathe a little more naturally, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. He was covered over, and Rothschild and the strangers proceeded unsuspectingly to business. The strangers brought the good intelligence that the affairs in Spain were all right, respecting which the members of the Exchange were, for a few days previous, very apprehensive, and the funds were, therefore, in a rappidly sinking condition. The good news, however, could not, in the common course of dispatch, be known for another day. Rothschild, therefore, planned to order his brokers to buy up, cautiously, all the stock that should be in the market by twelve o'clock the following day. He sent for his principal broker thus early, in order to entrust him with the important instruction. The broker was rather tardier than Rothschild's patience could brook; he, therefore, determined to go himself. As soon as Rothschild was gone, Lucas began to recover, and by degrees was able to get up, being distracted, as he said, "with a violent headache," and insisted, in spite of the housekeeper's expostulations, upon going home. But Lucas went to his broker and instructed him to buy up all the stock he could get by ten o'clock the following morning. About eleven o'clock Lucas met Rothschild and inquired satirically how he, Rothschild, was off for stock. Lucas won the day, and Rothschild is said never to have forgiven "the base, dishonest and nefarious stratagem."—*Margoliouth's History of the Jews in Great Britain.*

Ventilation.

The only ventilation practicable in the houses of the working classes is that which is termed natural ventilation, which is caused by the ascent of heated air: the air which becomes impure by the action of the lungs, or by the burning of candles, lamps, gas, &c., or by the fire, is heated, and rendered lighter than pure air; it therefore rises to the top, and cold, pure air takes its place. Thus, to ventilate a room well, it is essential that there should be two openings, one above, by means of which the impure, heated air can pass out, and another below, for the entrance of pure, cold air. In dwelling rooms, as ordinarily constructed, the impure air is imperfectly carried away by the draught of the chimney; it follows that the whole of the room above the level of the fireplace remains filled with air in a partially impure state; and the openings by which air is admitted are usually left to chance, the cracks around and under the doors and windows being the means by which it gains an entrance. If these are not sufficient to admit a proper quantity of air to supply the draught of the chimney, the latter necessarily smokes. A much better plan is, to admit the pure outer air by means of a plate of perforated zinc, placed instead of a pane of glass, in the upper part of one or more of the windows furthest from the fire; the air entering through the zinc in small streams, becomes so mingled with the warm air of the room that a draught is prevented, and when the windows are opposite the fire the whole air of the room is gradually and imperceptibly changed. If to this mode of admitting pure, cold air, be added an opening in the chimney, near the ceiling, to allow the escape of the impure, warm air, much will be done for health and comfort; this opening in the chimney, however, requires a chimney-valve to prevent any downward draught of smoke. The utility of this mode of allowing air to enter and escape, for the purpose of ventilating rooms, is proved by its frequent and increasing adoption. Where appearance is an object, glass perforated with circular holes or slits may be employed instead of zinc, and chimney-valves are made of a very ornamental character. Cold air, it may be added, should never be admitted under the doors or at the bottom of a room, unless it be close to the fire or stove, otherwise it flows along the floor toward the fireplace, leaving the upper foul air unchanged, and cooling most unpleasantly and injuriously the feet and legs, which are most susceptible to atmospheric changes.—*London Journal.*

The Mechanic.

Sparks ye are, artizans of earth, from the great anvil that, six thousand years ago, rang with the strokes of Tubal Cain.

Sparks that will transmit their light through all, time, and gleam heavenward from the shores of eternity.

Mankind is prone to praise that in others which they do not themselves practice, but practicing it themselves, they praise not others, but their own selves; and as it is in regard to labor, they like to see others work and toil for their daily bread, but do not like to do it themselves, nor even have the praise of working for a living.—These are the drones—the dust that floats upon the air of labor, and shifted by their own worthlessness from one place to another, until their gaudy glitter, borrowed from the reflection of their own wealth, becomes the means whereby they are hurled from existence—even from memory itself.

And the artizan, does he live for the present or the future? The answer is plain. The mechanic leaves his imprint upon the age in which he lives, and time marks his history as a guide for the future. A palace is drawn upon paper a pencil sketch. It is passed to the mechanic. Weeks, months, perhaps years, roll by, and the pencil structure of the drawing becomes a reality, lifting its marble walls and lofty towers to the sky, and from its domes the artizan looks down, and then passes a filmy thought, vague, indistinct, yet massive in its conception, and what is it?

That, when those for whom it is built, those who live, love, and pass from life to death within its halls, shall have been forgotten, he will be remembered, for his time is carved upon its tablet.

Yes he will be remembered, and the time will come, when labor, and labor alone, will be the guarantee of honesty, virtue and greatness—labor, whether with the pen, plough, or at the smoking forge, is all the same.

A Touching Incident.

The affection of Indian parents for their children, and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold winter day as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a small woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papoose die," she said, mournfully clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while tears trickled down her face.—"Moodie's squaw save papoose, poor Indian woman be much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew by the pinched up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers.) "Brought him all the way from mutta Lake, [Mud Lake, or Lake Sheemong, in Indiana,] upon her back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; and in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of current jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papoose die," murmured the poor woman, "alone—alone! No papoose; the mother all alone."

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and refresh herself; but she was too distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what that, woman's love must have been for her dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age, six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from the Muskrat's squaw some days after, that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron his mother, got home.—*Roughing in the bush.*

Sunrise.

One of the most imposing and beautiful spectacles we have ever witnessed, was presented yesterday morning, and we were not a little surprised at the very small number of persons who were present to behold it.

This, perhaps, may be accounted for from the silence of the city papers on the subject, and that managers did not see fit to issue any "posters" or programmes.

Superadd to this the fact that nearly everybody was out of town, "in the land of Nod," and the reason for the small audience is pretty clear.

The ceremony was nothing less than the opening of the GATES OF DAY, and the sun standing upon the threshold looking forth, like a prince in bright armor, upon his kingdom.

The blue walls of night parted, but without a crash, nay even without the soft and silken rustle of a curtain. The lights aloft were put out, one after another, to give effect to the scene—the gates of red gold swung back, noiseless as the parting of soft lips in dreams, and a threshold and hall, inlaid with pearl, were disclosed. There was a flush, a gleam and a glow over the water and the City, and there paused the sun, as if enchanted with the scene he smiled on.

A moment, and he stepped forth, but there was no jar, a moment more, and cloud and spire and dome were all of a glory.

There was no acclamation, no song—the days have gone by when the deep blue Heaven is full of the voices of unseen birds that are fluttering at the pale portal of morning. All was silent, yet beautiful and sublime.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

JOHN ESSON & CO.

Have Received and offer for sale:

250 Chests fine Congo TEA, } Ex "Celestial," and
20 half chests do. } others.
60 hhds bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
80 puncheons }
20 tcs } Heavy Retailing *MOLASSES.*
20 bbls }
30 casks White Wine and Cider Vinegar,
100 boxes Thompson's Honey Dew Tobacco,
25 kegs Halifax No. 1, Tobacco,
50 boxes Mott's Broma, Cocoa and No. 1 Chocolate,
30 do Thomas's No. 1 Chocolat
40 do ground Pepper and Ginger, in 1-4 and ½ lbs.
250 do extra family Nos 1 and 2 SOAP,
120 do Candles, 6's and 8's, 25 & 130 lbs. each
60 do Glenfield, Miller and Lescher's Starch,
100 half bbls. No 1 Saleratus, 30 bags fine Salt,
25 bales fine Lamp Wick, 20 kegs fresh Mustard,
600 reams Wrapping Paper, assorted sizes.
100 doz large and small Pails,
100 boxes and 200 halves Muscatel RAISINS,
120 do Brown Sugar Candy
60 bags Coffee, Ginger, Alspice and Pepper,
20 bbls Cod Oil, 2 casks Olive Oil,
100 bbls No 1 Pilot BREAD, bags Navy Bread,
100 bbls No 1, fat Herring, Split,
200 do Pictou Prime Pork and Beef,
Kegs Alum, Coperas, Blue Vitriol, Sulpher,
Epsom Salts, Cloves and Nutmegs, Lindsay's Matches,
Blacking—Mason's and Day and Martins,
Pickles, Townsend's Sarsaparilla,
Logwood, Redwood, Loaf and Crushed Sugar.
Also—150 Tubs BUTTER, 50 tubs Nova Scotia Lard,
200 smoked HAMS,
50 boxes Wine and Soda Biscuit,
250 bbls superfine FLOUR, 200 do CORN MEAL,
200 do Rye Flour—with their usual supplies of Nets Lines, Twines, Cordage, &c., for the Fisheries.
April 28. 198.

MEDICINES, &C.

Ex R. M. Steamers Canada, Cambria, & Ships Gipsey Queen, from Liverpool, Moro Castle from London, Mic Mac, from Glasgow.

THE Subscriber has received a large and well assorted stock of MEDICINES, Chemicals, Perfumery, Soaps, Toilet Sponges, Combs and Brushes, Patent Medicines, spices, Enema Syringes, Wax Matches, Dye Stuffs, Colours, Paris Whiting, Copal Varnish, Washing Soda, Graham's Polishing Paste, Crown Blue, Sago, Tapioca, Chloride of Lime. And every article usually kept by Druggist, for sale on reasonable terms at No. 139, Granville Street.
June 2. R. G. FRASER, Druggist.

DAGUERREAN LIKENESSES

TAKEN at Smith's Gallery, No. 11, Granville Street, opposite E. Billing & Son's, having a superior Top Light which has been proved for years. Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine specimens.
Pictures copied and set in Lockets, Pins, &c., in any weather.
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TOILET PREPARATIONS.

ISAAC BABBITT'S

SUPERIOR

TOILET SOAPS.

CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP, PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM, PANARISTON SHAVING SOAPS, IN SOLID ROLLS, PANARISTON SOAP FOR MEDICAL USES, AND SHAVING POWDER.

These choice Soaps and creams enjoy the highest fame for their superior excellence, both in this country and in Europe. Medals have been awarded from the best institutions, and testimonials of their virtues by thousands who have used them.

CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP, for Ladies, softens the skin, removes freckles, purifies the complexion, and is free from all impure or irritating properties, and is admired by all who use it.

PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM takes the place of all other Soaps as a preparation for the razor, and those who use it once will never after use any other.

PANARISTON ROLLS are put up in a neat portable style suited to travellers convenience.

The following are a few from the many testimonials received:—

Rev. John Pierpont says of the Shaving Soap, "it is unequaled as, a preparation for the razor, by anything that I have found." Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, says of the Cytherean Cream, "I have never met with any Soap Compound, which, in cleansing the most delicate skin, would, like this, leave it perfectly moist, soft and healthly." Dr. Walter Channing says, "I have no memory of so good an article." Dr. Luther V. Bell, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, says, "it is superior to any other saponaceous compound I have known." Hon. Horace Greely, of the N. Y. Tribune, says, "we have tried it, and found it perfect; no other soap is worthy of being mentioned the same day." Dr. Baily, editor of the National Era, says "it is in all respects the very best soap we have used." Mrs. Swisshelm, editress of the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter, says, "it is superior to anything in the soap line either soft or hard." Mr. Prentice of the Louisville Journal, says, "the Cytherean Cream of Soap is probably the best for preserving the purity of the skin which has yet appeared." The New York Literary World, says, "Mr Babbitt will be the Soyer of soap, the great regenerator."

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Manufacturers of Toilet Soaps of all kinds, Colognes—Perfume Extracts—Dentifices—Hair Oils and Hair Dyes. General Agents for Dr. Adam's Colcassian Ambra—a Hair Preservative.

Retailed by Druggists and Traders generally, throughout the United States and Canada.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent for Wholesale orders must be directed.

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November 17.

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, hemrrhoids, diabetes, and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, cramps, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, asthma, cough, 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.

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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., &c. *London, 24, Bloomsbury Square, June 8, 1848.*—I have carefully 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, yours truly yours,
JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 98th Regt.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. GATTIKER.

Zurich, 5 Sept 1853.—I have tried DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica for a complaint which hall 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 this 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. GRIEN IN CONSUMPTION.

Magdeburg, 16th 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 even affording temporary relief—that I was induced by a medical brother (now Hanover, who makes pulmonary consumption his special study and treats it with DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica, to try this strengthening and restorative food, and I am happy to be able to express my astonishment at its effects. My poor wife is now in as perfect state of health as ever she was, attending to her household affairs and quite happy. It is with pleasure and the most 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 so fearful a complaint, known; and to recommend it to all other sufferers. GRIES, 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 yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies.

Cure. No. 49,832—"Fifty years' indescribable 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, Worthan Eng, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No. 47,121.—"Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicharage, Waltham-cross, Herts: a cure of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."

Cure No. 48,314.—"Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gate acre near Liverpool: a cure of ten years' dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability."

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, 1851.
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 WOODHOUSE.

Bonn, 19th July, 1853.—This light and pleasant Farina is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative remedies, and supersedes 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 urethe; 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 constantly effectually the troublesome cough; and I am enabled with perfect truth to express the conviction that DuBarry'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 cannisters, suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions—½ lb 1s. 9d.; 1 lb 2s. 6d.; 2 lb 3s. 6d.; 5 lbs 13s 9d.; 12 lbs 27s. 6d.

JOHN NAYLOR, Agent.
152, Granville Street.

CARD.

J. L. CRANE, M.D., Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and late Assistant Surgeon, "Hospital Ship" Tenedos," Bermuda, where he has had for several years, (in connection with Dr. Hall, R.N Medical Superintendent,) from one hundred and fifty to three hundred patients, constantly, under treatment, now offers to the inhabitants of Halifax, and its vicinity, his professional services in the various branches of Medicine, including Operative Surgery, Midwifery, &c.

Dr. Crane's Office is in Hollis Street, No. —, one door south of the residence of the late Dr. Sawers, where he may be consulted at all hours.
December 15.

Robert G. Fraser,

DRUGGIST.

NO. 139 GRANVILLE STREET, has completed a well assorted Stock of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Spices, and every article usually kept by Druggists, at moderate prices. November 24.

THE RENOWNED REMEY!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST ASTONISHING CURE OF SCROFULOUS ULCERS.—CASE CERTIFIED BY THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.

Copy of a Letter from J. Noble, Esq., Mayor of Boston, Lincolnshire.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Dear Sir—Mrs SARAH DIXON, of Liquorpond Street, Boston, has this day deposed before me that, for a considerable period she was severely afflicted with Scrofulous Sores and ulcers in her arms, feet, legs, and other parts of her body; and although the first medical advice was obtained, at the cost of a large sum of money, she obtained no abatement of suffering but gradually grew worse.

Being recommended by a friend to try your Ointment, she procured a small pot and a box of the Pills, and before that was all used, symptoms of amendment appeared. By persevering with the medicines for a short time longer according to the directions, and strictly adhering to your rules of diet, &c., she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys the best of health.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly
Dated Aug 12th, 1852. (Signed) J. NOBLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND RAPID CURE OF ERYSIPELAS IN THE LEG, WITHOUT MEDICAL AID BAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Yeates, of the Post Office, Adwick Road, near Bagnor, Sussex, dated January 12th, 1853.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Sir—I suffered for a considerable period from a severe attack of Erysipelas, which at length settled in my leg, and caused all medical treatment to fail. My sufferings were very great, and I quite despaired of any permanent amendment, when I was advised to have recourse to your Ointment and Pills. I did so, without delay, and I am happy to say the result was eminently successful, for they effected a radical cure of my leg and restored me to the enjoyment of health. I cannot but speak with the utmost confidence of your medicines, and have recommended them to others in this neighbourhood similarly affected, who derived equal benefit.

I am, Sir, your obliged and humble Servant
(Signed) ELIZA ELIZ YEATES.

A DREADFULLY DISEASED ANCLE CURED AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY THE FACULTY, AT MALTA AND PORTSMOUTH HOSPITALS.

The following important communication has been forwarded to Professor Holloway for publication, by Mr. B. Dixon, Chemist, King-street, Norwich.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Smith, of Great Yarmouth, dated January 19th, 1853.

To MR. DIXON,

Dear Sir,—I send you the particulars of a cure effected by Professor Holloway's invaluable medicines.—Mr. JOHN WALTON, late in Her Majesty's Service, in the Royal Fleet at Malta, had a very bad ulcerated ankle, and after having been in the Malta Hospital for six months, was sent to England as an invalid to Portsmouth Hospital, where he remained an inmate four months, there was at Malta, refusing to have the limb amputated, he was turned out incurable. He then came to Yarmouth, and was under a medical gentleman for about three months, but his uncle became so much worse that all hope was lost. At this period, by my advice he tried Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which he unremitted application, healed all the ulcers, and restored him to perfect health and strength. I remain, Dear Sir, yours very truly,
(Signed) JOHN SMITH.

Albert Hotel, Great Yarmouth.

SURPRISING CURE OF A BAD BREAST, NERVOUS DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. T. F. Ker, Chemist, &c., Lower Mosslane, Manchester, dated Feb. 12th, 1853.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding to you the particulars of a very extraordinary cure of a bad breast, effected solely by the use of your celebrated Ointment. Mrs. Martha Beech, of Pitt street, in this Town, had been for a considerable time labouring under nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general ill health, occasioned by ulcerated wounds on the breast. She had had much experience in the use of all the known remedies for the cure of ulcers, but without any beneficial result, in fact she had nearly lost all faith and hope of a cure being effected. In this distressing and painful condition of body and mind, she was persuaded to have recourse to your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which she immediately did, and in the course of a very short time the effect produced was most astonishing; her appetite was speedily improved the sores and ulcers in the breast gradually healed, and the nervous excitement of her system was wholly removed.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully
(Signed) T. FORSTER KER.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
B