The Colonial Herald.

POETRY.

THE QUEEN'S QUESTION, OR THE RIVAL FLOWERS.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MUSES," &c.

Ladies,—who linger o'er this page
With pure and tranquil pleasure,
Moved by the words of Wit and Sage,
Or Bard's romantic measure,—
Deign to receive this random rhyme,
This brief and simple story,
Of Solomon's transcendant time
Of grandeur and of glory.

Fired at the splendour of his fame,
A proud and regal maiden
To Israel's distant kingdom came
With costly presents laden.
She brought bright gold from Ophir's mine,
Rich gems of mighty prices,
Raiment of colours half divine,
With perfumes and with spices.

With mingled majesty and grace,
A gorgeous crowd attending,
She met the monarch face to face,
In silent homage bending.
With dignified, but gentle, tone,
His eyes with kindness beaming,
The good king placed her on his throne,
In posture more beseeming.

The feast was spread, the hymn was sung,
The dancers bounded lightly,
Rare music through the palace rung,
And scented lamps burned brightly.
Meanwhile the monarch urged his guest
To pleasure's sweet employment;
And both, by radiant looks, confessed
The depth of their enjoyment.

With questions subtle, deep, refined,
In changing conversation,
The maiden tasked the monarch's mind
With skilful penetration.
But still, like gold annealed by fire,
Wit, wisdom, lore, and learning
Came from the king, the sage, the sire,
With richer lustre burning.

The baffled queen was sorely tried,
And dumb with pleasing wonder;
But what can quell a women's pride,
Or keep her spirit under?
Sheba, with persevering pains,
Assumes a modest meekness,
For one last question still remains
To prove her strength or weakness.

With quick and cunning hand she cull'd
A mass of *seeming* flowers,
And one of *real* sweetness pulled
From lavish nature's bowers.
In equal parts, with silken tie,
She bound the blushing roses,
Till each appeared, to casual eye,
Twin pyramids of posies.

Within the spacious palace hall,
A fair mischievous thing,
She stood apart from each and all,
And thus addressed the king:—
"Pray tell me, thou of high command,
To whom great thoughts are given,
Which is the work of human hand—
Which drank the dews of heaven?"

He gazed with earnest look and long—
The question was repeated;
But still he held a silent tongue,
Half angry, half defeated.
The pleased spectators clustered nigh,
And whispered—almost loudly—
While Sheba, with inquiring eye,
Stood patiently and proudly.

'Twas summer, and some bees had strayed
Away from fields and bowers,
They hovered round the royal maid,
And round the rival flowers;
To one gay group they clung at last,
Their own strange instinct guiding;
But careless o'er the other passed,
Not one lone wing abiding.

"Fair queen! those floral gems of thine,
Where yet the wild bee lingers,
Where all the rainbow hues combine,
Were trained by Nature's fingers."
Thus spoke old Israel's king aloud,
And every bosom started;
The vanquished maiden blushed and bowed,
Then gracefully departed.

Of Solomon's exalted soul,
Of Sheba's mental merit,
A portion of the glorious whole,
'Tis well if we inherit.
With sight to see, desire to know,
And reason our adviser,
Better and happier we may grow,
And surely something wiser.

Fair female flowers, which breathe and bloom
Where'er our lot hath bound us;
Flinging affection's dear perfume
Delightfully around us.
Born with a beauty all your own,
In proud and pure completeness,
May well-deserving bees alone
Enjoy your summer sweetness.

Ashton-under-Lyne, 16th November, 1843.

THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"They parted—as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and broken heart—
But he, rejoicing he is free,
Bounds like a captive from his chain,
And wilfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again."

If there is any act which deserves deep and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable gift of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp, over which the breathings of early affections wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of the fountains or the song of Houri in the Moslem's paradise. But wo for love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness sweep over its delicate strings, and they will break one after another—slowly perhaps—but surely. Unvisited, unrequited by the light of love, the soul-momus of the Egyptian statue before the coming of sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves. I love sometimes to do so. I feel a melancholy not unallied to pleasure in communing with the resting place of those who have gone before—to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones, raising from each grassy undulation like the ghostly sentinels of the departed.—And when I kneel above the narrow mansion of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel strange assurances that the spirit of the sleeper is near me, a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy which has found its way unsought and mysteriously into the silence of my heart—and if it be only a dream—the unreal imagery of fancy—I pray God that I may never wake from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening by the grave of Emily. It has a plain white tombstone, half hid with flowers, and you may read its mournful epitaph in the clear moonlight which falls upon it like the smile of an angel, through an opening in the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections—was near her with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion. The object of her passion was a proud and wayward being—whose haughty spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of this young and beautiful creature, who had trusted her all "on the venture of her vow," and who loved him with the confiding earnestness of a pure and devoted heart. Nature had deprived him of the advantage of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow-men by the partial fashion of Nature, and scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of Poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming; and it was to his intellectual beauty that Emily knelt down—bearing to the altar of her idol the fair flowers of her affection, even as the dark-eyed daughters of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the gardens of the East upon the altar of the Sun.

There is surprising strength in love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross nor earthly in its yearning—it has its source in the deep fountains of the human heart—and it is such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for another in the fair land of spirits—alas! that such love should be unrequited, or turned back in coldness upon the crushed heart of its giver.

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home—to dream over again the scenes of her early passion—to count with untiring eagerness the hours of separation—and to weep over the long interval of 'hope deferred.' The other with a strong heart to mingle with the world—girded with pride and impelled by ambition. He found the world cold and callous and selfish, and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past—it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the gaze of his manhood.—He forgot the passion of boyhood; all beautiful and holy as it was, he turned not back to the young and lovely and devoted girl, who poured out to him in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painful the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut the horrible suspicion from her mind; she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that *he* was a traitor, for her memory had treasured every token of her affection—every impassioned word, and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last; the doubtful spectre which had long haunted her, and from which she had turned away, as if it were sin to look upon it, now stood before her a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom—and she was calm, for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily and with the awful confidence of one whose hopes are not of earth, upon the dark valley of death whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening of summer that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo which circles the dazzling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open, and a female voice of sweetness which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Æolian lute to the gentlest visitation of the zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen—and these words, I shall never forget them, came upon my ear like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:

O no, I do not fear to die,
For hope and faith are bold,
And life is but a weariness,
And earth is strangely cold:
In view of death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned;
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or Friendship unreturned.

And I could pass that shadowed land,
In rapture all the while,
If one who now is far away
Were near me with his smile:
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone;
Unheeded by our dearest love,
The tears and smiles of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers,
The fairest of the fair,
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair;
Perchance he yet may visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of pleasant flowers—
Affection's kindly tear!

It was the voice of Emily—it was her last song. She was leaning on the sofa as I entered the apartment—her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over the features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow, and then passed away, leaving in its stead the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying. It has been said that death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily the presence of the Destroyer was like the ministration of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sunset cloud in the blue of heaven—stealing from existence like the strain of ocean music as it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlight waters.

A few days after I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the last tribute of respect to the lovely sleeper.—They mourned her loss with a deep sincere emotion; they marvelled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom—the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity in silence—in the uncomplaining quietude of one who felt that there are woes which, like the canker concealed in the heart of some blossom, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.—There is no part of our public duty, the performance of which is so grateful to our own feelings as when we are engaged in urging the claims of the destitute, the afflicted and the oppressed. The belief that no effort of the kind is utterly useless, but that what is written, however feebly and imperfectly, falls under the notice of some one whose benevolence it excites, or whose charity it quickens, is motive enough for us. The Police Courts have recently disclosed the sufferings of a class of persons, the existence of which was hardly suspected till that painful disclosure took place. We allude to the case of industrious females, reduced to the necessity of maintaining themselves, and sometimes their children, by needlework; and we have it in evidence that these unhappy beings, after toiling twelve or fourteen hours a day, barely earn their four or five shillings a-week? We can dispense with the cant of sensibility, with the maudlin sympathy which exhaust themselves in ejaculating a few tender "ohs!" and "ahs!" at hearing this; and we are prepared to hear the indolent question of "what can be done?"—and to be asked whether we ourselves have any remedy to propose? But when we look on the surrounding luxuries of the great—when we contemplate the worthless uses to which wealth is applied—when we remember the means which Providence has so abundantly bestowed, and the grievous neglect of them by those on whom they are bestowed—when we behold, on one side, unbounded affluence, and on the other extreme want, disease, and misery—the richly clad and the naked beggar—the high fed and the starving outcast—when we contemplate these contrasts almost side by side, we tremble for the retribution that seems to be preparing. Of one thing we feel perfectly assured, that a social state which exhibits these extremes has rottenness at its core, and that it may be a part of the inscrutable dealings of Providence with his creatures to make the despised and neglected poor his instruments for punishing the rich. A servile war, a war upon property—the war of the destitute against the unfeeling worshippers of Mammon—would assume this character. It is no sickly sentiment of humanity that we are seeking to excite, no enthusiasm of charity, at variance with common sense; but a healthy, manly, sober-minded and Christian feeling; that plain, honest feeling of the heart which, where it exists, teaches us to travel out of ourselves, and to regard the power of doing good as equivalent to the obligation; the feeling which makes a right-thinking man regard himself as God's almoner, whether it be one guinea or a thousand that he can devote to the happiness of others, after he has made all needful provision for himself and those who are dependent upon him. Let it not be supposed that we are playing the cynic, and rebuking our countrymen in the gross, without giving them credit for the virtues they really possess. We know that in no nation on the face of the earth is there so large a stream of public and private charity constantly flowing as in England. But the question is, not what we have done, or what we continue to do; but what we are able to do, and what remains to be done. That much, very much, does remain to be done, is painfully shown in the misery which walks our public streets: that we have the ability to do more, much more, than is done, is equally proved by the georgeous wealth that dazzles us wherever we turn. How many hundreds languish in hopeless poverty, how much of silent, unutterable anguish, how many breaking hearts are there, in desolate homes, that lie almost within the sound of the revelries of the great? While these things are, all is not right.—*John Bull.*

IRISH BEGGARS.—It is in vain to plead inability to relieve them; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, "Ah, but we'll divide a little sixpence between us;" and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed; and, almost invariably, a half idiot, with his frightful glare and paralysed voice, is foremost amongst them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and generally highly poetic:—"Good luck to yer ladyship's happy face this morning—sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bosom before ye go?"—"Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice."—"Darling gintleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something."—"Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road."—"Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childer to show yer honour; they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea."—"Oh, then, won't yer ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers chape?"—"They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself and the heart's broke wid the hunger." Such are a few of the sentences we gather from the groups. We might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals. There is no exaggeration in the striking but melancholy scene the artist has pourtrayed. A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a poor law commissioner, addressed him with "Ah, then, it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;" another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentlemen with red hair, thrust forward her child, with, "And won't you give a ha'penny to the little boy? sure he's foxy like yer honour." "You've lost all your teeth," was said to one of them—"Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for them to do," was the reply. Some time ago we were travelling in a stage coach, and at Naas, where it had been said "the *native* beggars double the population of the town," a person inside told a troublesome and persevering applicant to go to ——. The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, "Ah, then, it's a long journey yer honour's sending us; may be yer honour 'll give us something to pay our expenses."—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

The luxurious live to eat and drink, but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live.—*Plutarch.*

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.—On my first visit to England, it seemed to me that beauty was the general rule for the women there, and its opposite a rare exception. Fifteen years later, although with eyes become more critical, I could not avoid being amazed by the number of beautiful persons amongst all classes, and being confirmed in my earlier opinion that Albion is pre-eminently the land of feminine loveliness. The skin of English women is so pure, transparent, and fresh, that the most fastidious critic's eye must pronounce it faultless. The complexion usually equals the most delicate rose-red, the hair is oftenest luxuriant, and rarely too light in colour, mostly brown, but occasionally blackish, and now and then of a red tinge. The teeth commonly vie with ivory in whiteness, and are also an object of especial care and preservation to their fair owners. * * Blue and brown eyes are the commonest, and I do not think them in the least deficient in loveliness—but their fire is subdued by a certain softness of expression. Snub-noses (*obsit-omen!*) are seldom seen; and the insipid Grecian outline of this important feature is happily not much oftner met with. No lack is there of coral-red lips; and the mouth which they form has often the most gracious expression, and all the charm of loveliness. Neck and shoulders are frequently of perfect beauty. * * The bust is allowed to be one of the chief personal graces of which Englishwomen may boast; and many of them in this respect may undoubtedly well sustain a comparison with the most faultless forms represented by the masterpieces of antiquity. Nay, I am inclined to think that the English outline will charm the taste of many even more than the Greek.—*Diary of a German Naturalist.*

EXPENSES OF THE LAW.—The case of "Ranger v. the Great Western Railway Company" involved upon the question of amount almost as important results as were embraced in the great case of "Small and Attwood." We are able to lay before our readers some of its statistics. The first bill was 812 folios, the amended bill 1,157. The first supplemental suit bill 341 folios, the second supplemental suit bill 525 folios. The first answer 1,299 folios, the second 132 folios, the third 212 folios. The documents admitted, upwards of 800 folios. The plaintiff's evidence, 1,865 folios; the defendants' 405 folios. Total of folios, upwards of 6,736, for which an office copy charge was made of 10d. per folio, besides voluminous affidavits. Short-hand notes, on collateral arguments, 2,200 folios. Observations 30 brief sheets. The total brief embracing these copies, for Counsel, would be nearly 960 brief sheets. Sir W. Follett's fee was 300 guineas, and 100 additional, with sundry other fees, making £500. Mr. Stuart had 220 guineas, and 100 additional; Mr. Richards 220 guineas; Mr. Steven, 150 guineas, and 50 additional. In the early stage of the cause the counsel had fees as follows:—First counsel 150 guineas, second counsel 125 guineas; third counsel £80; besides numerous other small fees; making a total, in counsel's fees alone, of nearly £2,000. The Vice-Chancellor has already ordered the plaintiff to pay a great part of the costs of these matters. The case was five years in progress, and the same solicitors were for the Company that were engaged in "Small and Attwood," namely, Messrs. Swain, Stevens, and Co., Frederick's-place, London. The short-hand-writer's bills amounted to nearly £400. Thus, it will be seen, that going to "law" is a rather expensive amusement.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Charlottetown, and Prince Edward Island generally, that he has taken the House and Premises known as the WELLINGTON HOTEL, which he will open immediately, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

EDMUND DUMVILLE.

Charlottetown, Dec. 22d, 1843.

FOR SALE.—About 18 or 20 acres of excellent Land, situate in Charlottetown Royalty—one half cleared and in a high state of cultivation. There are a good Draw-well and some small Buildings on the premises, which are within three and a half miles of Charlottetown, and half a mile from the St. Peter's Road. It is bounded on one side by the road leading from the St. Peter's to the Princetown Road, and in front and rear by roads coming out to the St. Peter's Road; on the other side by a ditch. Apply to JOHN WHEALAN, on the premises, or to EDWARD KICKHAM, Charlottetown.

A CURE! FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

GUY'S, THE METROPOLITAN, KING'S COLLEGE & CHARING CROSS HOSPITALS.

This fact was SWORN TO *this 8th day of March,* 1842,

Before the LORD MAYOR, *at the Mansion-House.*

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. Brooke, Messenger, of 2, Union-street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure there, the deponent sought relief at the three ollowing hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May, for five weeks;—at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks;—and at Charing Cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he quitted Guy's, where Sir BRANSBY COOPER and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. BRIGHT, chief physician of Guy's, who, on viewing the deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half-a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and *a perfect cure effected in three weeks,* by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent the result of his advice and charity, he said, "*I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm; I can only compare this Cure to a Charm!!!*"

Sworn at the Mansion-house of the City of London, this 8th day of March, 1842, } *Wm. BROOKE.*

Before me, JOHN PIRIE, MAYOR.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bite of moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yaws, and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest Purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and OUGHT to be USED BY ALL!!!

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), where Advice may be had Gratis, and by all respectable Venders of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilised World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s, 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s., each, There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Aug, 1843.

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PURGATIVE AND STOMACHIC VEGETABLE PILLS

"He that wants Health wants every thing."

THESE Medicines are entirely Vegetable, and will be found upon trial to be the mildest, and at the same time the most effectual, remedy ever offered to the public for the relief of suffering humanity.

IN ALL DISEASES they will be found to allay Irritation—reduce Fever and Inflammation—cleanse the Stomach and Bowels—improve Digestion—purify the Blood—restore tone to the principal functions—and impart renewed energy to the whole Constitution.

In the following Diseases they have proved of the greatest utility:

Fevers of every character; Inflammations; Costiveness; Bilious and Liver Complaints; Consumption; Asthma; Dyspepsia; Vomiting; Determination of Blood to the Head; Cutaneous Eruptions; Piles; Diseased Joints; Nervous Disorders; Hysterics; *Female Complaints of every kind;* Impure state of the Blood; Worms; Diarrhœa; all Derangements of the Stomach and Bowels; and General Debility of the whole Constitution.

Indeed, there is scarcely a Disease to which mankind is subject which they will not either greatly benefit or perfectly cure.

The Purgative Pills operate in the most gentle manner in cleansing the Stomach and Bowels, and removing obstructions.

In severe Chronic Diseases they are an invaluable *Alterative,* and when combined with the Stomachic Pills, quickly improve the secretions of the whole system—the stomach is strengthened—a healthy flow of bile is produced—the bowels become regular—and disease, whether *Local* or *Constitutional,* gives place to health and vigour of mind and body.

In all diseases of the Digestive Organs, accompanied with loss of appetite, nausea, sour stomach, and general debility, the Stomachic Pills (with the occasional use of the Purgative,) will be found of the greatest utility.

The Stomachic Pills should always be taken after Fever and Inflammation are reduced by the Purgative Pills—as they greatly facilitate the ecovery of the patient.

Weak and delicate Females will find the Stomachic Pills of the utmost value in all complaints to which they are subject. In all diseases of debility they will be found to increase the patient's strength, and rapidly restore him to the enjoyment of perfect health.

Sold in Boxes, price 1s. 6d. each.

For sale by the Subscribers, who are Agents.

COOPER & BREMNER.

Charlottetown, 1st February, 1843.

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VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS

THESE superlative Family Medicines have long since acquired an established reputation for direct and invariable efficacy in all the prevalent and ordinary diseases, as well as in many others of a peculiar and aggravated character. Their virtues are proved by the voluntary testimonials of the persons they have cured, and who accompany their certificates with their names and places of residence These certificates now amount to thousands, being hundreds to each particular kind of disease. They embrace the most frightful and inveterate cases of *Scrofula, Piles, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Bilious and Liver affections, acute and chronic Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrofulus as well as Mucous Consumption, habitual Costiveness, Worms, Stomach and Bowel complaints* of all kinds, headache, giddiness and *nervous debility, eruptive diseases,* and the clouded, sallow, unhealthy appearance of the skin, arising from various causes of ill health, *Fever and Ague* of every variety, settled pains in the side, back, organs and limbs, humors, ulcers, *foul breath and inward fever,* night sweats, and general weakness and loss of *appetite,* the *mumps, swollen face and gums,* affections of the *bladder, kidney, spleen* and pleura, and the *sickness incidental to females,* together with very many other maladies which cannot be here enumerated. The certificates of cure in all these diseases are immense in number, and clear, direct and explicit in description, and coming as they do, in every case, from the persons cured, they are indisputable and conclusive in authority. These inestimable medicines should therefore be kept by every family and grown person in the Union, as they will be found to be not only the best remedies for disease, but also its most certain preventatives, and the surest renovators of sound, cheerful and elastic health. They are singularly mild and agreeable in their operation, and though perfectly effectual, never occasion even the temporary prostration and nausea which always follow the use of coarse drastic purges and the use of calomel. Prepared wholesale and retail by Dr. Wm. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York. For sale also by the agents.—NEW YORK, May 30.

COOPER & BREMNER,
Agents for Prince Edward Island.

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