NOT FOR QUALITY ORIGINAL

YESTERDAY.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

I see it now, through bygone years,
As plainly as of yore,
Though grief and age have worn life's page
And stained its trace o'er,
That fairy home of boyhood's time,
Where the world was pure and gay,
Comes sweeping back o'er memory's track
As fresh as yesterday.

I see again the well-known scene—
I tread the path anew
Where fragrant rose, and eglantine,
Commingling fragrance throw:
You cannot say I'm weak and old,
Or that my locks are gray,
I'm hale and young—I stand among
The scenes of yesterday.

Thou reverend, old, and hallowed oak,
I hail thee once again!
The stately wave thy branches gave
Is seldom now as then,
When underneath thy charmed shade
I mused the hours away,
Nor thought too bright the dreams I made
In sunny yesterday.

Thou creeping vine, that lov'st to twine
Around the cottage door,
And weave thy slender, nesty arms
My chamber lattice o'er—
I've dropped my little hands for glee,
And thought no vine so gay
As the vine that clustered fruits for me
In childhood's yesterday!

Ye tinted flowers of varied hue,
That fringe the walks along—
Ye modest plants that hide from view
Amidst the blooming throng—
I'm bounding down your grassy slope
With my long-forgot "Hurra!"
I'm shouting loud the song of Hope
You taught me yesterday! . . . . .

Alas! alas! that boyish song,
For me, is hushed and still;
The blood that danced at its light along
Creeps slowly now and chill;
My sight grows dim—my limbs grow old—
The vision fades away;
Though bright it seem, 'tis but the dream
Of bygone yesterday!

THE CRYSTAL BELL.

It was a country tavern, and I sat in the bar-room for lack of something better to do. Heaven knows there was little enough to interest a traveller in the temple of Bacchus. There were five newspapers, the newest a month old, lying on the table—I know every advertisement in them. There was a picture of the favorite Presidential candidate hanging over the fireplace, which I had seen a dozen times at least in question, entitled him to a glass-case in Barnum's Museum rather than to a chair in the White House. A book for registering names lay on a sort of desk in the corner, but since the first page, though dated, they were destitute of a single name. Apple-jack, bad gin, and blazing brandy in bottles of eccentric colors, filled a glass press behind a counter, which was called by courtesy a bar; and behind this stood a wooden image called by courtesy a landlord.

When a man has no book, and no acquaintances at a country tavern, he is apt to fall back on the landlord. I have met in my time very amusing landlords—landlords who could talk about fishing, and shooting, and politics, and perhaps retail to you some of the gossip of the neighborhood; for it is wonderful how a man in the strait in which I was, will find amusement in the doings of people he knows nothing about. But the landlord of the Hominy House was not to be relied upon in such an emergency. You were not to expect Western liberties with him. Sir, let me tell you. He took you into his house, as it were, under protest. He gave you a bed with an air that seemed to say he regretted doing it, but still he did not like to refuse; and you are sorry for him that he should be so distressed, for he should reconsider his hospitality and order you out of the house.

Perhaps it was a natural inflexibility of joints, or whether it was a high sense of personal dignity, I do not know; but certainly General Dubbley, the landlord of the Hominy House, in the village of Hopskotch, New Jersey, was the most dignified man I ever saw. The bale which he threw round a glass of whiskey and water was perfectly wonderful. You might have imagined you were drinking "green seal" to judge by the lofty expression of his countenance as he handed you the bottle. At the dinner-table he fairly awed the appetite out of one; and I shall never, as long as I live, forget the thunder-cloud which gathered on his brow when, one day, I unhesitatingly asked to be helped to soup twice. When Lafayette passed through Hopskotch, General Dubbley was one of the committee that received him. I did not know him at that period, not having been born, but I have formed a theory that from this epoch may be dated his tremendous dignity. Whether this interview with the French patriot had any thing to do with turning the General's hair green, I cannot say; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that he was remarkable for possessing a lock of bright verdant olive on either side of his head. This eccentricity of color, I presume, must remain forever a mystery.

As I was saying, I sat in the bar-room. General Dubbley stood behind his counter, the courtesy of the till with Olympian dignity. Quarter-dollars seemed to become thunder-bolts in his hands. I was very weary. Weary of Hopskotch, weary of Dubbley, weary of the Presidential candidate over the mantelpiece, which seemed to have been born with a patch of strawberries on each cheek; weary of the old newspapers; weary of every thing, in fact, except the memory of my dear Annie to whom I was engaged, and in whose account I had left New York and immured myself, in mid-winter, at the Hominy House, in order, before or marriage, to settle some matters connected with my property, which lay near Hopskotch. I yawned in the very pride of General Dubbley.

The door opened ere my teeth closed again, and a man entered, and, shaking off the snow that lay in thick flakes on its coat, advanced to the wood fire that blazed and crackled in the broad hearth, and spread out his hands to the cheerful warmth. He was a very seedy-looking man. He had no one coat on—an odd, threadbare evening coat—which is tenderly buttoned across a chest which seemed afraid to bathe too lustily lest it should burst the frail buttons. His shoes were old and socked, looking as if he had found them after they had been hooted out of the town's ash-barrels. The trowsers, consequently, had shrunk from contact with the shoes as if they had been as sensitively constituted as the minions. Poor fellow! he looked as if he had not had a dinner in his stomach, or a cent in his pocket for a long time.

As he entered, the General raised his head from the till and looked at him severely. I saw the poor man shrink a little, but presently he seemed to muster up sufficient courage to go up to the bar.

Can I have a bed here to-night?" he asked in a timid tone.

"Full, Sir, full!" said the General, frowning until his eyebrows fairly creaked; "besides, we seldom have accommodation for strangers."

The poor man gave a glance at his threadbare coat, and said, But, oh! how sad the smile was! Patient, but sorrowful!

"It is a very bad night," said the stranger, pleadingly; "I am not particular as to where I sleep. Any where will do for me."

The philosophical stranger! A worse method than a course of heedlessness of comfort could not have been adopted with the General's favor. If he had blustered up to the bar and shouted for a bed or demanded with a lawyer leer, "Out, the majestic Dubbley might have overlooked the cost; but not to care where he slept! that settled him. Sorry, Sir, but can't accommodate you!" and with this intimation the Jove of Hopskotch commenced once to make quarter-dollar look like thunder-bolts.

A stranger sighed; looked wistfully at the bright fire; another hopeless glance at the wooden Dubbley, and moved slowly to the door. It was more than I could Olympus had no terrors for me at the moment.

Jay!" I cried, advancing from the obscure corner in I had been seated; "stay, Sir, for a moment. This is a late inclement for any human being to wander in. I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, re are two beds in my room, and I esteem it my duty you one of them. Pray accept it."

The stranger returned thanks with which the needy accepted this impetuous offer, in the consideration of Dubbley's countenance. I don't think I ever beheld a more of astounded dignity. My heart sunk than to see a fairly out; for really I expected no- that I would be turned out myself; and, what is more great took I had gone. To my surprise, however, another tone. Dubbley, instead of refusing to proffer such indiscriminate hospitality, seemed perfectly satisfied."

For the first time the truth burst upon me that the General was not so awful as he looked, and that by the aid of a little resolution he might even be reduced to the position of a landlord. I plucked up courage from this supposed discovery, and having opened the breach, pushed on.

"I want some supper, General Dubbley," said I, peremptorily.

"Sir, you have had your supper," answered the General, clutching madly at the last rag of his importance that was being torn so ruthlessly from him.

"No matter; I wish to sup again. I sometimes sup frequently during an evening."

I was reckless with victory, and began to talk wildly.

"You shall be served, Sir."

And the General abdicated his thunder-bolts and disappeared into the kitchen. I had conquered. A hand was laid very gently on me, and the stranger now spoke audibly to me for the first time.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," he said, "for all this kindness; but if in getting this supper you put yourself to inconvenience on my account, may I beg that you will countermand it?"

"Not at all," I replied, diplomatically; "but as you have reminded me of it, perhaps you will favor me by supping with me—that is, if you have not supped?"

"I have not dined," said the stranger, with a feeble smile. "I see through your kind ruse," he added; "and as to a gentleman who can act so feelingly as you have done, I have little shame in confessing that if I have not dined, it was because I had no money."

"Come, come!" said I, trying to bluster away those confounded tears that always will get in my eyes when I hear such things. "Come, we will have a jolly good supper together, and then we will talk of business matters afterward. Let us sit by the fire until it is ready, and, meanwhile, drink this."

So saying, I invaded the General's Olympian domain, and pouring out a stiff horn of applejack, forced it upon the new friend. It did him good, I am certain, for I saw his dim eyes brighten and his pale cheek flush; and it was in the fire-light that did it, cheery as it was.

I never met a more delightful man than this seedy stranger. He had been everywhere, seen everything, and at every body. He was a finished scholar, an original critic, delightful singer, an epitome of wit. He so fascinated me that we sat up in my room until almost twelve—an unheard hour in Hopskotch, where the people go to bed with the chickens—and it never once entered my head to ask him who he was, what he was called, or how it was that he was wandering about in the snow without any money. I ever went to bed without locking my door, or putting my valise under my pillow.

It was the gray dawn of the morning when some one sitting on my bedside awoke me suddenly. I started upright in an instant, and found it was my friend. He was fully dressed, and in the dim light seemed like a departing ghost. For a moment, in the incoherence of my ideas, I had a confused idea that he was about to rob me, and seized him impetuously by the wrist.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, with a smile. "I intended to wake you, and before I went—for I am going immediately—I wished to thank you for your extreme kindness to me. God bless you! I shall be but little to offer you in the way of return, but what I have is yours. Here is a crystal bell," and he drew a tiny glass bell from his pocket, a thing like a child's toy. "It was forged in distant lands, where the sun makes the water boil, and its maker stands over it in the furnace the spells known only to the children of the East. It is the touchstone of truth. Whoever utters a falsehood to him who hears it about, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate. Shod at the ankle with it, you will but try the talisman—it will never betray you. Farewell!"

And lying the little bell upon the counterpane, before I could sufficiently collect my scattered senses he glided to the door and went out, closing it softly after him.

I took up the bell mechanically, and examined it. It was entirely formed of what seemed to be the purest crystal. The tongue was also of crystal, but flexible as the finest watch-spring. I shook it to ring it, and found that at the end of the pendant tongue visibly struck the clear sides of the bell, it did not emit the slightest sound. I tried it again and again, and always with the same result.

I got up and examined my watch. It was safe. My pockets were untouched; my drawers intact. My seedy friend, therefore, was not an impostor. Again I returned to the mysterious bell, and agitated its crystal tongue in vain. Not even a muffled tinkling was to be elicited from it. Not the pendulum been a feather it could not have been more silent.

All day long I felt wretchedly uncomfortable with the crystal bell in my pocket. I scarcely answered the sneering inquiries after my seedy friend with which General Dubbley assailed me. I scarcely took the trouble to inform him that I had been robbed. I was indifferent to the display which he made of his counting his spoons in my presence. The last words of my mysterious guest continually rang in my ears—"Whoever utters a falsehood to him who hears it, that moment the crystal bell will vibrate."

Annie Gray! sweet, truthful, pure-eyed Annie Gray! why was it that your face continually rose up before me whenever I touched the magic bell? Whenever I drew it forth, and looked through its crystal walls, why was it that your fair countenance seemed dimly visible within, but clouded with some horrible shadow? And when I thought of you, why was it that a vision of that hateful Aubyn always flicker in big letters before my mind's eye?

I suffered positive torture. Here was I, engaged to be married to one of the loveliest girls in New York, beloved by her to my heart's content, and rich enough to satisfy her every wish, when in comes a stranger, who puts what he calls a talisman for testing truth into my hands, and straightway I begin to doubt the dear girl whom I had never doubted before, and to wish I was really free, or at least had the wealth that she became mine! Did she not rather prefer that horrible Harry Aubyn, who danced so well, and who talked so charmingly about nothing? The more I tried to conquer this absurdest fantasy of jealousy the more positive it became, until at last I had worked myself into such a fever of excitement that I could bear sus-ense no longer. Yes! I would instantly hurry to New York and test this wondrous gift! It was foolhardiness; I knew that well enough, but still I would test it—test it all the more willingly, for I had such faith in Annie. But why did she encourage that empty dandy, Harry Aubyn?

In less than two hours I was in New York, ringing madly at Annie Gray's door.

As I entered the drawing-room hastily, out walked Mr. Aubyn. He looked very coldly, but I could read triumph in that the moment, if such things were permissible in this century. I must have been rather pale and disordered-looking, for I had scarce entered the room when Annie's first words were,

"Why, Gerald! what has happened?"

"Oh, Sir! how could you put a maiden doubt that anxious, fond look—that quivering lip! I kissed her forehead, and reassured her.

"Annie, dear, why do you have that Mr. Aubyn here in my absence? You know I don't like him."

"Why, Gerald, I really can't help if he calls. I don't think about his visits, I assure you; but I cannot be rude to him, I know you would not wish me to."

Gracious heavens! was it fancy? or did I hear a faint, crystalline tinkling in my pocket? A cold shiver ran through my frame; but I endeavored to dissemble my agony, and with a forced smile, went on.

"So you don't like him really, you little puss? Come now, confess that——"

"Time you did care a little—a very little—for Aubyn, your cousin, Gerald!"

"Why, what ails you, Gerald? You look so queer. I assure you, I never cared anything for Harry."

Tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. I felt the rush to my head; it was a Niagara of emotion, but I subdued it.

"And you love your poor Gerald, then, better than any body else? Better even than the old school-fellow you have known so long?"

"What a fool you are, Gerald! Of course I do," and she kissed me gently on the forehead.

Tinkle! tinkle! tinkle! in my pocket. Plain, clear, distinct. Every vibration of the crystal bell thrilled through my frame. If the bells of every cathedral, headed by Tom of Lincoln, had peeled altogether at my ear they could not have moved me half so much as that sharp, shrill crystal intonabulation from that horrible bell.

I could bear it no longer.

"Traitress! I ejaculated, flinging away the tender arms that wound around my neck. "Hypocrite! I despise you!"

"Yes, madam, the eyes of your dupe were opened in time. You shall not laugh at the credulous Gerald Massy."

"What can you mean, Gerald? I have never deceived you in thought or word. If you have proofs of my hypocrisy advance them, but do not storm me down with assertions!"

"My proofs are here!" I cried, holding up the bell triumphantly—the triumph of despair. "Here! look on this talisman, falsest of women, and tremble!"

"But, Gerald, are you sane? I see nothing but this bell."

"And this bell, as you call it, has told me within the last half hour that you are a worthless woman."

Our tiresome-like leap, and she caught it from my hand. With flaming eyes she held it aloft, and then dashed it on the ground. A crash, like the bursting of a thousand hand-grenades—a thundering of cathedral bells, that seemed to shake the world; and, looking up, I saw General Dubbley standing over me in a dignified attitude.

"Mr. Massy," said he, "the dinner-bell has been ringing these ten minutes; but you appear to have been sleeping so dreamily that you have not heard it.

And so it was a dream. No seedy friend—no talisman—no falsehood in sweet Annie Gray. I rubbed my eyes and went into dinner; but as I ate my soup under the awful eye of the General, I confess I regretted the second part of the portion of my dream in which I had subdued the Thunderer of the tavern.

I never told Annie Gray that I had ever doubted her even in a dream, until we had been a month married.—*Harper's Magazine.*

MISCELLANY.

DISCOVERY OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.—The Syrian Correspondent of the *Traveller* writes that M. Place, the French Consul at Mosul, has discovered what he believes to be the veritable remains of the tower of Babel! Their local ity is the field of Arbela, a few days' journey from Mosul. M. Place was engaged in exploring the field, or plain, which is famous as having been the scene of a decisive battle fought between Darius and Alexander. The ruin is thus described:

"This proud tower, which was built in defiance of Heaven, and aimed to pierce the very skies, has lost in the course of ages its cloud reaching elevation. Six of its eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain show that they must be more than fifty or sixty miles around. The base of the tower is quadrangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint. Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors which set the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the brick had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing master. Near the top of the letter the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the heads of nails. All was neat, regular and severe; and, indeed those who saw these specimens of ancient lithography affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children.

Another curious fact arrested the attention of the exploring party. The sacred record runs thus: "And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the valley of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another—Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly; and they had brick for stone, (or instead of stone) and *slime* had they for mortar." Modern skeptics may ask—where could these builders obtain all this bitumen? for a vast quantity must have been demanded to cover the walls of so many trowels. It is a singular coincidence that M. Place discovered a fountain at a small distance from the tower, whose waters flow in such abundance as almost to form a river. The stream would force its way through the tower, if, instead of a mortar, the builders had cemented by setting the bituminous flood on fire, when they tranquilly wait till the fire is extinguished for want of aliment. Thus the old fountain still pours out inexhaustible quantities of bitumen at a time, which supplied these ancient builders in their vast enterprise. Bitumen also adds to the durability of the bricks as well as firmly consolidates them in masonry. Could anything be added to the marvel of the coincidence? Could more travel conjectures in Assyria become biblical corollaries, and new proofs are never wanting of old truths."

ARCTIC PERILS.—Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze soon sprang up from the south-east, and increased in less than half an hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little craft remained fast on our ice-island, which was tossed up and fro by the waves; we gazed in most painful inactivity at the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still there was no beneficial change; when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled against a large field of ice; the crash was terrible, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that moment escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation implanted in every living being moved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed. They dashed at the yielding fragments of the field on which we had been landed, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, in which were several hummocks, and under the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved; we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril.—*Northern Siberia.*

SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA.—During a lecture delivered lately by Professor Faraday, at the Royal Institution of London, a piece of iron peculiarly prepared, so that its particles might present a large surface to the action of the oxygen in the atmosphere, was ignited, and continued to burn like tinder. The ready combustion of iron, prepared in this manner, was shown by a very simple experiment. Some iron filings and gunpowder were mixed together and sprinkled into the flame of spirits of wine burning on a plate, when the iron filings caught fire and burned with a brilliant light as the gunpowder passed through the flame without ignition; and the quantity that fell on the plate was afterwards found and exploded. Lead prepared in a similar way was shown to be still more inflammable, for it catch fire in a candle flame when exposed to the air. The Professor stated that lead is nearly as inflammable as phosphorus, and he explained the cause to its not burning in ordinary circumstances, to be that thought product of combustion forms a coat that prevents contact with the oxygen and the producing power of the other parts of the metal draws off and dissipates the heat. He pointed out the combustible properties of the metals to be which should inspire humanity and, in a moment more the whole thing was driving on at the rate of "two-forty."

"Oh, lordy!" screamed one boy, "stop it, stop it! I ain't gwine!" and bursting open the door, he stood on the platform between the cars. Just then the train was crossing a deep and cavernous-looking gorge on trestle-work, and seeing nothing but sky and bridge before him, the frightened boody fell on the floor and fainted away. Presently he came to, and looking at the conductor, who stood by him, he cried with horror, "Say, stranger, tell me, on lordy! *has the thing left?*"

A Mr. Flanigan, in a Dublin Paper, puts his name to the following genuine Irish announcement,—"I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanigan, on my account—as I'm not married to her!"

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked the Dutch justice.

"Dunnaby."

"What do you want here?" asked the sentinel.

"What do you drive such a pace?"

"A heavy coat of flesh! By the powers, the man hint! can hardly carry what there is on him."

Is it not reasonable to suppose that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to now in order that she may reap?

"Oee, hears an immense deal about "legal tenders," said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion; but upon my word, I never heard of anything *legal* yet that was not very *hard* instead of *tender.*"

An auctioneer's clerk being directed by his employer to insert in an advertisement, a copy of a fresco by Raphael, wrote "A Fresh Colour by Raffle."

"I love the silent watches of the night," as the nocturnal thief said when he was robbing the jeweller's shop.

A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the pavement, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said cheerly. "Oh no, I'm too heavy," said she. "Why, bless me, marm, I'm used to lifting barrels," replied John.

The ancient Greeks burnt their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression "

There is an o
they use her for

LET US REASON TOGETHER!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

WHY ARE WE SICK? It has been the lot of the human race to be weighed down by disease and suffering. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are especially adapted to remove the WEAK, the NERVOUS, the DELICATE, and the INFIRM, of all climes, ages, sexes and constitutions. Professor Holloway personally superintends the manufacture of his medicines, and offers them to a free and enlightened people, as the best remedy the world ever saw for the removal of disease

THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs the skin, and the bowels, correcting any derangement in their functions, purifying the blood, the very fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Nearly half the human race have taken these Pills. It has been proved in all parts of the world, that nothing has been found equal to them in cases of disorders of the liver, dyspepsia, and stomach complaints generally. They soon give a healthy tone to those organs, however much deranged, and when all other means have failed.

GENERAL DEBILITY.—ILL HEALTH.

Many of the most despotic Governments have opened their Custom Houses to the introduction of these Pills, that they may benefit their subjects—a fact which speaks volumes for their efficacy, that this medicine is the best remedy ever known for persons of delicate health, or where the system has been impaired, as its invigorating properties never fail to afford relief.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

No Female, young or old, should be without this celebrated medicine. It corrects and regulates the monthly courses at all periods, acting in many cases like a charm. It is also the best and safest medicine that can be given to children of all ages, and for any complaint; consequently no family should be with out it. *Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following Diseases:—*

Ague	Fever and Ague	Secondary Symptoms
Asthma	Fevers of all kinds	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bilious Complaints	Fistula	Sore Throats
Blotches on the skin	Flatulency	Stone and Gravel
Bowel Complaints	Gout	The Dolorous
Cholics	Head-ache	Tumours
Consumption of the Bowels	Heartburn	Ulcers
Costiveness	Indigestion	Venereal Affections
Debility	Inflammation	Weakness, from what ever cause, &c.
Dropsy	Jaundice	Worms of all kinds
Dysentery	Liver Complaints	
Erysipelas	Lumbago	
	Piles	
	Retension of Urine	
	Rheumatism	

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and 80, Maiden Lane, New York; and by all respectable Druggists and dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices:—

2s. 9d. 4s. and 20s. Currency each Box

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder affixed to each Box.

GEORGE T. HASZARD,
Sole Wholesale Agent for P. E. Island.

DR. A. JOHNSON'S
AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT,

FOR THE CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA,

Bronchitis, Asthma, Rheumatism, Cramp in the Stomach, Spitting of blood, and all Lung Complaints. Manufactured by I. S. JOHNSON, Bangor, Maine

Dr. A. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT, is entirely vegetable preparation, prepared and intended for internal and External application.

The Inventor of this article was in the constant practice of medicine for 20 years of his life, and was induced to experiment upon the various diseases for which this Liniment is recommended, he became perfectly satisfied of its efficacy, and offers it to the afflicted as the result of his long experience and best efforts.

This has long been a standard medicine, and enjoys the singular distinction of being the most extensively used of any portion of the medical Faculty, wherever it has been introduced.

With the firm conviction that it is the best remedy of the present date for all diseases for which it is recommended, the proprietor offers his Liniment to the Public, not doubting that it will sustain the high reputation it has already acquired. We do not affirm that this article is a cure for the ten thousand ills humanity is heir to; but let those who are afflicted with the following diseases, try it, and we can assure them, they will find relief.

GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. C. F. Mason, Rector of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those with whom I have lived in the diocese. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I know of. I have given them, and I shall continue to recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HUMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Aug. 1, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. They are the cleanest pill to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.

Yours, &c., A. CHEADLE, M. D.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.

From a Prominent Physician of Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. I have cured with them hundreds of cases of obstinate sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years before. Her mother has been long crippled by afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her face. After our child had used two boxes of your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MOODIGBIE.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

From the Rev. Dr. Bouchette, Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia.

PULASKI HOUSE, SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I feel it my bounden duty to bear testimony to the relief your skill has brought me! I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding all the care I could command, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Blackwood, I took a course of your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them I am now entirely cured.

SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY NEWS, Jan. 8, 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been cured of my lame back by your Pills. Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT COLYER.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass

AND SOLD BY

T. DESBRISAY & Co.
General Agt.

In the Spring of the Year,

To Invigorate and give Tone to the System.

These Pills have a great advantage over other Sugar-coated Pills, in that they are not in GLASS BOTTLES, well corked; consequently the strength of time without injury. Being composed of Vegetable ingredients, there is no danger in getting the pills, and he does not doubt they will, when known, take a stand beside his other well and extensively appreciated AMERICAN ANODYNE LINIMENT.

They are purely Vegetable in their composition, are peculiarly mild, give no pain, yet efficient in their operation, and require no change of diet or confinement while taking them. They require only a trial, and need no puffing to recommend them. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

For sale at the Apothecaries' Hall, and at the Drug Stores of W. R. Watson and M. W. Skinner, and sold at all the Stores throughout the Island. Persons wishing supplies of the above Medicines, can be furnished at Proprietor's prices at the Drug Store of

M. W. SKINNER,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

Nov. 5, 1856.

FALL SUPPLIES

BEGINNING TO ARRIVE AT the CITY DRUG STORE, No. 14 *Queen Street.* 100 TINS white, black, red, blue and yellow PAINTS, 2 casks Linseed Oil, 1 bbl. Sperm, do., 1 bbl. Olive do., 1 bbl. machinery do., bbls. Copal Varnish, (sold at 2, 3, and 4s. a pint), paint and varnish Brushes, Dyewoods, Indigo, Madder, Cudbear, Bluestone, Copperas, Alum, Starch, Blue, Soda, Potash, Baking Soda, Baking Powder, Chocolate, Cocoa, Farina, Sago, and Corn Starch.

ALSO, IN STORE, a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, patent do., Perfumery, Brushes, Soaps, &c., &c.,

W. R. WATSON.

Equitable Fire Insurance Company of London

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR P. E. Island.—*Hon. T. H. Haviland, Hon. Charles Hensley, Francis Longworth, Esq., Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Thomas Dawson, Esq.*

Detached Risks taken at low Premiums. No charge for Policies. Forms of Application, and all other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at the Office of G. W. Deblois Esq. Charlottetown. H. J. CUNDALL,
April 7th, 1854 Agent for P. E. I.

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills,
(SUGAR COATED,)

CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.

Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, Lovers of Effects, and judge of their Virtues.

FOR THE CURE OF

Headache, Liver Complaint, Foul Stomach, Bilious Disorders and Gastric Derangements.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER: Sir: I have been afflicted with a bad stomach for the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to settle from a foul stomach, which they clean out so well. I find them a valuable family medicine, the best I know of.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Chief of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders and Gastric Derangements.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my family and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their prompt regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.

Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Relax, and Worms.

POST OFFICE, HARTLAND, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 16, 1854.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and failing away for months. Was cured off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms (dead) from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with your Pills. We find your Pills, while others around us paid from five to twenty dollars doctor bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here.

GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. C. F. Mason, Rector of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those with whom I have lived in the diocese. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I know of. I have given them, and I shall continue to recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HUMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Aug. 1, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. They are the cleanest pill to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.

Yours, &c., A. CHEADLE, M. D.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.

From a Prominent Physician of Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. I have cured with them hundreds of cases of obstinate sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years before. Her mother has been long crippled by afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her face. After our child had used two boxes of your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MOODIGBIE.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

From the Rev. Dr. Bouchette, Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia.

PULASKI HOUSE, SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I feel it my bounden duty to bear testimony to the relief your skill has brought me! I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding all the care I could command, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Blackwood, I took a course of your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them I am now entirely cured.

SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY NEWS, Jan. 8, 1855.

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" Edward Goff, Grand River,
" Edward Needham, St. Peter's Bay,
" J. Frazer, St. Eleanor's,
" George Wigginton, Crapaud.