

## WHEN YOU AND I WERE GIRLS.

Our village looks as pretty now,  
As 't did in childhood's hour,  
When autumn burden'd bush and bough,  
With choicest fruit and flower,  
Still stands the hill beyond the mill,  
Just where the river whirls—  
Adown whose side we us'd to glide,  
When you and I were girls.

Our cottage stands the same sweet thing,  
So quiet and so calm—  
The roses o'er its sides still cling,  
And load the gale with balm;  
Its white front hid their leaves amid,  
Like beauty's brow 'mid curls—  
And every thing the past doth bring  
When you and I were girls.

The brook, with rustic wood bridge spann'd,  
Goes babbling on its way,  
O'er hidden tracks of sedge and sand,  
Like some glad child at play!  
Then down some steep, in noisy leap,  
The tiny cat'act hurls,  
Like Hope's false light, all dazzling bright,  
When you and I were girls.

Still stands beyond the village green  
The simple house of prayer—  
Where villagers on Sabbath e'en  
Hold holy meetings there!  
In death's grasp bound, in tombs around,  
Which modest daisies peer,  
Sleep forms we lov'd that breath'd and mov'd,  
When you and I were girls.

## ODE,

Sung at the late semi-centennial Celebration in New-York, of the Inauguration of General Washington.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds  
Of those who framed, in high debate,  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And ever hallowed be the hour,  
When, as the auspicious task was done,  
A nation's gift, the sword of power,  
Was given to Glory's unspoil'd son.

That noble race is gone; the suns  
Of fifty years have risen and set;  
The holy links those mighty ones  
Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increases—  
Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain,  
And bind, in everlasting peace,  
State after state, a mighty train.

## From the Iowa Territorial Gazette. NEW SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Messrs. Clarke and McKinney:

The commissioners for locating the seat of government for this Territory met at Napoleon, in Johnson County, a few days since, and after examining the different parts of the section of country to which they have been restricted by law, for making the location, they finally selected a spot on the North East bank of the Iowa river, about 2 miles above Napoleon, and supposed to be on Sec. 10, Township 79 North, Range 6 West of the 5th principal meridian.

The spot selected is near the geographical centre of Johnson County, and occupies a convenient and central position in the Territory of Iowa; being 33 miles W. N. W. from Burlington; 65 west from Parkhurst, on the Mississippi; 20 East of the Indian boundary; 75 or 80 East of the mouth of Raccoon fork, on the Des Moines river; 75 S. from the neutral ground; 82 or 83 N. from the Missouri line; about 80 miles from Dubuque and 70 from Burlington.

The commissioners, after meeting agreeably to the law under which they had been appointed, found that three alternatives seemed to present themselves, from which they would be compelled to choose: either to adjourn sine die, select a section in one of the two surveyed townships which are to be found in Johnson County or to disregard the act of Congress of the 3rd of March altogether. After consulting together, however, there appeared to be less difficulty than had at first been imagined: one of the commissioners had recently conversed with the surveyor general on the subject and was of opinion that an order might be obtained for a special survey of any township in which the location might be made, and thus all the requisitions both of the law of Congress and that of the Legislative Assembly of Iowa be complied with. How it happened that the act of Congress of the 3d of March last restricted the commissioners to "one entire section of surveyed land," is more than I can conceive. Congress has heretofore granted lands to Indiana, Florida, and I believe other states and Territories, without any such restrictions; in these two cases Congress authorized the location "on any lands to which the Indian title has been extinguished, and which has not been otherwise appropriated." Why any other restriction in the grant to Iowa?

Why the restriction was made is not material; from all the information they had been able to obtain the commissioners were unanimously of opinion that the apparent discrepancy between the acts of Congress and of the Territorial Legislature would be fully reconciled by a special survey of one or two townships, which can be accomplished in a few weeks; and they accordingly proceeded to make the location at the most eligible spot in Johnson County.

The principal requisites required by the commissioners to constitute a proper site for the Capitol of Iowa, were health and beauty of location, good water, a convenient to timber and stone suitable for building; all of which they found at the same spot in an eminent degree, near the centre of a region of country which for beauty and fertility may safely challenge the admiration of the world.

The banks and margin of the Iowa river, which in many places below, are cut up and deformed by ravines, slues and lagoons are from about three miles below this point to its sources, high and rocky, with a fine dry undulating country abounding with excellent springs of pure crystal waters, skirting both its shores and exhibiting every appearance of health. The channel of the river opposite the town site is about 80 yards in width; a clear limpid stream with sand and gravel bottom, and sufficient depth of water for keel or flat bottomed boats, but whether

it can be navigated by any of the steamers now running the upper Mississippi is uncertain.

The site of the location is one of surpassing beauty; the most fanciful imagination can hardly picture to itself so enchanting a spot, situated in the midst of all that wild natural scenery which can tend to embellish and render it desirable. The river first approaches the town site from the N. W. through rocky banks of moderate height, covered with a thick grove of stately trees, and then turns to the south and flows off between unequal banks thinly covered with venerable oaks. Opposite the town site on the west side of the river the banks are abrupt and bold rising from the water's edge 40 or 50 feet above its surface to the level of a smooth prairie which approaches the bank of the river at this place, and then sweeps off westward in beautiful and ocean like undulations a distance of five miles to Oldman's Creek.

On the East side of the river are two successive plains of uniform surface: the first commencing just above high water mark extends back from the river Eastward to a natural bench, running parallel with the river and rising from ten to 12 feet above its base to another level plain which extends Eastward about 400 yards to the second bench, fifteen feet in height above its base, and likewise running parallel with the river. These two benches are as smooth and regular as if made by hand, and appear as if Nature had formed them in her playful moments to mock the efforts of art in her attempts to embellish a particular spot by erecting artificial mounds covered with sod and ornamented trees.

The elevation of this second bench is nearly equal to that of the high prairie on the west side of the river, which appears as it strikes the eye at a distance through the openings among the trees like a sea of waving grass. From the top of the second bench there is a slight inclination of the surface Eastward for near half a mile to the Eastern part of the section which is elevated ground overlooking the river and town site on one side, and the high prairie towards Cedar river on the other. The place is supplied by natural drains on every side: on the N. W. and W. it is washed by the beautiful Iowa, while two bold springs gush from the hills a little beyond the S. E. corner of the sections and soon form themselves into handsome brooks and one flowing north and other westwardly, they enter the Iowa about a mile and a half apart after watering and washing the Eastern and southern limits of the town site.

From the fountain springs of these two brooks the future city of Iowa may at all times be supplied with pure spring water. It would have been difficult for the commissioners to have selected a spot near which building materials of the best quality are to be had in greater abundance. It is in the lower edge of "Big Grove" between the Cedar and Iowa rivers, which good judges have pronounced to be the largest and best body of timber in the Territory, extending twenty miles in length from S. E. to N. W. with average width of six or seven miles, and abounding with all the different species of timber known in this part of the Territory. The banks and bottoms of the Iowa and English rivers, and Oldman's, Rapid and Clark creeks, are well stocked with timber of a valuable quality.

A good saw mill has been erected and is now in active operation about 3 miles from the town site, and two others are building from three to five miles distant.

Both banks of the river from the upper part of the town site for five or six miles above are stored with inexhaustible quarries of stone. The quantity is sufficient for all purposes, and the stone will be easily procured, but as it respects the quality, that is quite another matter. A diversity of opinion seems to prevail among those who have seen specimens of this stone, and I am not certain that I am sufficiently skilled in geology to determine which is right.

One of the commissioners, a gentleman in whose candor and judgment I have the highest confidence, is a native of Vermont, has frequently seen the marble quarries in that state, and pronounces this to be a quarry of tolerably pure gray marble. Several other intelligent gentlemen who have been on the ground and examined the specimens concurred with him in opinion, and so did the other two commissioners.

Against the opinions of these gentlemen, however, we have those of other gentlemen who have likewise examined the specimens, and arrived at very opposite conclusions. One gentleman pronounces it to be nothing more than a great quarry of very pure limestone; another pronounces it flint; another granite; while a learned doctor from Indiana declared it was nothing but rock stone of very poor quality; and another gentleman pronounced it to be soap stone.

"When doctors disagree who shall decide?" Those who pronounced it to be gray marble may be right without the commissioners being mistaken for I believe it to be a well known fact that the best specimens of American marble yet discovered may be burnt into lime. A few specimens of original formation have been found near the place, which are undoubtedly granite, but the quarry is very different. I cannot say how near the learned Indianian was to the truth, without I know what particular formation he intended to designate by the generic term "Rock Stone!" Against the opinions that it is flint or soap stone, I will oppose the fact that it bears a mirror like polish which neither flint or soapstone will do.

I will now state a few facts concerning this stone and leave geologists to determine its quality. It is either clouded or of a gray or ash color, about the specific gravity of granite; destitute of any particle of grit or flint; may be easily sawn and

bears a polish equal to the best marble with which I am acquainted. Occasionally specks of mica and appearances of quartz, feldspar and isinglass\* are to be found. One or two blocks of deep red were covered, but these were evidently of volcanic origin.

I would observe, however that call this stone by what name you will, its beauty and strength render it a valuable material for building or ornaments; and the quarry being inexhaustible, and the strata of proper thickness and easily procured, the cost of building with it, will be trifling compared with its value.

Upon the whole I am of opinion that whether we look to the health of the vicinity in which the location has been made, the beauty or fertility of the surrounding country, the excellence of its springs of water or the convenience and abundance of timber, stone and other materials for building, the commissioners could not have procured a more suitable spot in the Territory, or one better calculated to captivate every beholder at first sight.

Much credit is due the commissioners for their choice of a location, and the public may rest assured they are men who will execute the important trust reposed in their hands in a manner calculated to subserve the best interests of the Territory.

The county of Johnson is one of the best in the Territory. When the census was taken last summer it contained only 237 inhabitants, but the sheriff and assessor informed me a few days ago that the number at this time is at least nine hundred and increasing with a rapidity unknown even in Iowa.

Persons from a distance intending to make their future homes in Iowa, should by all means examine Johnson County.

It is intended to survey the town and offer a portion of the lots for sale during the ensuing summer, of which previous notice will be given.

J. F.

\*There must be some mistake here. In mineralogy mica and isinglass are synonymous. Our friend "J. F." either forgot this, or he meant to say there was a fourth ingredient in the component parts of this rock. Granite as most of our readers probably know, is composed of crystalline grains of quartz, feldspar and mica, and is first rate rock for building.—EDITOR IOWA PATRIOT.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—The following extract from a work on Ireland, lately published in London, written by Jonathan Binns, "Assistant Agricultural Commissioner of the late Poor Law Inquiry," gives a graphic picture of the miseries which too frequently meet the eye while journeying through Ireland, particularly in the agricultural districts—and the wretched cabins which constitute the dwellings of the peasantry:

"I went into one, twelve feet long by eight wide, the height being short of six feet. This apartment was the only one for a man, his wife, and three children. Two acres of poor land near the mountains were let with this cabin. The rent of the whole was £2. The woman met us at the door, and with a cheerful smile invited us in.—She and her children looked healthy and happy, though her husband could not obtain work, and they live on potatoes alone, frequently without even salt. They were not worth a chair, and the mother sat on the ground. The happy countenance of this woman astonished me; and I feel that if I were to call her poor I should do her an injustice. The beds, if they deserve the name, consist of a little straw on a few poles, raised a foot from the floor, with a scanty blanket and some old rags. If a poor family can procure a pennyworth of buttermilk occasionally, to be divided among six of them they are satisfied; two shillings per annum supply them with tea and sugar, which they only use on particular occasions.—These poor Irish have frequently not even potatoes sufficient to satisfy hunger, and are compelled to seek subsistence from the weeds of the field, and the sea-weed on the shore. It is not unusual to boil for food the weed called parashag a sort of sinapis, or what in some parts of England is called kedlock or runch: and where the hawthorn is allowed to grow, they eat the berry or haws, which they call 'skeehony.' Yet their misery is borne with cheerfulness; they are uniformly polite and hospitable, and ever ready to communicate any information which it may be in their power to supply. Although I have traveled through most of the counties in Ireland, I never yet met with an instance of incivility on entering their cabins, however abruptly; on the contrary, a hearty welcome was always given—my call seemed to excite their gratitude, and good wishes, warmly expressed, constantly attended my departure. The submission of these poor creatures to the hard destiny entailed upon them, is remarkable. Upon one occasion a woman observed to me that 'they had hard fare and disappointments, but God prepared the back for the burthen.' By way of giving them some little comfort, I frequently remarked, that they and their children were far more healthy than the rich. They would reply—'God so ordered it for the poor.'"

OBSERVATIONS IN UPPER PERU.—Mr. Pentland, an observing and scientific traveler, lately read a paper before the Geographical Society in London, giving an interesting account of his travels in Upper Peru. Cusco, the capital, an ancient city is a place very little known to the inhabitants of other countries. It contains 30,000 inhabitants.—The construction of this city, and indeed the whole of the surrounding country, furnish many remarkable specimens of Cyclopean architecture, displaying the very great advance which the ancient Peruvians must have made in civilization.—The walls of this city are composed of blocks of porphyry, weigh-

ing each twenty or thirty tons, not cemented together, but most firmly grooved. Many stones of 300 or 350 tons weight, are found in spots where they must have been conveyed from a distance of at least seven leagues, which must have required some extraordinary mechanical skill.

Mr. Pentland described the Lake Titicaca, formerly held sacred by the Peruvians, as an inland sea, six times the size of the Lake Geneva, situated in the Andes, at a height of nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its water is soft and fresh—and one side of the lake is rich in agricultural produce—and the other equally so in mining industry—and British enterprise has already opened a communication in large vessels between its opposite shores. Among the Aborigines, as well as among the original lords of the soil in North America, the small pox is the most prevalent and destructive disease—and out of a population of 240,000, no less than 30,000 fell victims to its ravages in three months! A melancholy fact connected with this subject is, that the shocking prevalence of this disease, is mainly attributable to the circumstance that the Roman Catholic clergy will not encourage vaccination, because, a great part of their revenue is derived from their burial fees!

Among the most important scientific observations made by Mr. Pentland, was the discovery of fossil shells in the tertiary formation, at the elevation of nineteen thousand four hundred feet—at a far greater height than they had ever before been known to exist.—Mercantile Journal.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.—It is a remarkable circumstance that the source of the Nile has never yet been discovered. All the attempts which have heretofore been made to effect this great object, having failed. Bruce thought that he had succeeded in discovering the source of this mighty river—but he ascended the lesser branch only—and after incredible hardships and dangers, he exultingly seated himself beneath a tree on the borders of a sparkling pool, and verily believed that he had succeeded in accomplishing the object of his arduous journey. Bruce deserves the meed of praise as one of the most enterprising, bold and persevering travellers recorded on the page of history—but he did not discover the true source of the Nile—the branch which is usually called the white Nile.

The British Consul at Alexandria in Egypt, has recently announced to the London Geographical Society, that an excellent opportunity is now afforded for an enterprising traveler to explore the white Nile. A large Egyptian force is about to proceed, under the Pacha, or some of his superior officers, for the purpose of discovering the gold mines, which are reported as being very rich, and every facility will be allowed to a scientific traveler to join the expedition. When the white Nile is explored to its source, doubtless the causes of the periodical inundation of the Nile, which has puzzled philosophers for ages, and given rise to many ingenious theories, will be known.—Boston Mercantile Journal.

PHILOSOPHY.—"Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species; so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably viz; that all happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of 20 or 30 miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of 'shreds and patches,' coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was soon to become a mother, and was evidently wearied by her long journey.

"We can't get any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n; and it would cost as much to hire one, as all my thread will come to."

"You have a husband, don't he do any thing for you?"

"He is a good man, he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and specks the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why'm 'am I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman; "I consider that I've great reason to be thankful he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five darters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters? What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family surely, ma'am; but there an't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose.—They are as good children as need to be.—all willing to work and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing a chore, will be sure to bring it to ma'am."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No ma'am, as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it is right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a bed."

"Don't you think you should be better off, if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why no ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married I should always had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do no more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them."

"Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget."

## HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

Athens, Jan. 7.

On the 10th of November last, the Turkish schooner Cherkaj-Schergf, (the Prophet's Mantle) anchored in the Bay of Patras, its crew consisting of Captain Said, of Vourla, and nine others. The vessel carried besides, eight passengers, a German antiquary, M. Hundschiff; Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Carolina, with their three little daughters; and two young Turks, Abdallah and Hussein, twin sons of the Aga of Kars. The cargo consisted of Cashmere shawls, oriental trinkets, Circassian embroidery, and other valuable articles. On the evening of the 12th, the crew and passengers returned on board and on the 13th, at dawn, the vessel was to sail. The Patras fishermen perceived by the schooner's lights that she was sailing, though they did not hear the customary signal-gun fire. Some hours after, when the sun was above the horizon, a few fishermen spreading their nets on the shore, descried a man struggling amidst the waves. Two of them rowed to his assistance, and arrived in time to save him. He was a youth dressed in Turkish costume. His condition was horrible: he was fainting, and the blood was gushing from a large recent wound in his head. He was conveyed, speechless to a cabin, where every attention was paid him. The fishermen, conjecturing that other persons might have been wrecked, proceeded with their boats in various directions. They shortly espied the carcass of a vessel, which was soon thrown on the coast. It was the Cherkaj-Schergf. The scene she presented was horrible; on the deck, which was streaming with blood, lay the atrociously mangled corpses of the captain and eleven other persons. Below, in one of the cabins, were extended the lifeless bodies of Mrs. Davidson and her three daughters. The ship's mast and oars had been demolished with axes, and her whole cargo had been plundered. The occurrence was forthwith reported to the Governor of Patras, and the poor youth saved by the fishermen was carried to an hospital. Every attempt at discovering the perpetrators of this atrocious carnage was at first fruitless. All that was ascertained was, that on the evening before the schooner was to have sailed, a brig, which appeared to be from the Island of Samos, had beat about the Bay of Patras. Two days after, the dead bodies of two more of the crew were found on the shore. At length the young Abdallah whom the fishermen had saved recovered enough to declare the following: The schooner had scarcely left the Bay of Patras—the sea was calm—the passengers and a part of crew had retired to the cabins—when a fearful tumult was suddenly heard. Fifteen ruffians, armed with daggers and yataghans, had boarded the vessel, and, before any resistance could be attempted, massacred or threw overboard every soul on deck. Abdallah beheld the death of his brother, and he was making himself a desperate defence when the cut of a yataghan cast him into the sea. Abdallah had added, that on the day he arrived at Patras he had been with his brother and the captain into a coffee house, and that he thought he had seen there two men whom he had since seen again on the awful night of the 12th of November. The youth further stated, that the captain had long talked before the two men of the richness of his cargo, and that next day, on the owner of the coffee house being asked who these two strangers were, he had replied that they were old soldiers of Hydra, living quietly at their homes. The coffee house keeper was then questioned. At first he denied all, but subsequently avowed that the two men had conversed with Abdallah and the captain, adding that he knew nothing of what they might have done. Notwithstanding this declaration he was imprisoned, when his wife, alarmed at the consequences which her husband's concealment might entail, disclosed the fact that the suspicious individuals were George Diomadi and Alexander Gloukos, two of the most formidable pirates of Samos, and that their strong hold was near the Cavern of Philoctetes. The woman protested that her husband was guiltless, and that his only relations with them were those of a friendship formed while serving together in the Greek insurrection. Upon these circumstances being communicated to the Governor of Samos he hastened with 300 infantry and 60 horse to the Cavern of Philoctetes which he caused to be surrounded. He in person, with 60 picked men, entered the den. Scarcely had he entered in its dark vaults, when he had to sustain a discharge of musketry. After a sanguinary struggle, which obscurity rendered still more horrible the fire of the pirate band was silenced. Fifteen of them had been slain, one only was captured, and the remainder had escaped by an aperture which the Governor not having detected it, had not been watched and guarded. Young Abdallah on being confronted with the prisoner, identified him as one of the two men he had met at Patras. After much hesitation the coffee house keeper avowed that the villain was no other than Alexander Gloukos, the lieutenant of the brig commanded by George Diomadi.

LETTER FROM DR. CLEVELAND. WATERVILLE, July 19, 1837.—Sir: Although Physicians do not often approve of the practice of medicine by laymen, in any manner; and I have myself been accustomed to consider such as quacks, and therefore not to be patronized. Yet I have lately seen some beneficial effects, resulting from the use of your Life Pills, that I am constrained to discard my prejudices and to declare, that they are worth more than all the patent medicines I have ever seen or heard of.

The case I allude to, particularly, was that of an adult person, laboring under every symptom of worms. He was much emaciated, was very feeble and suffered at times extreme and agonising pain. Three successive doses of your pills, were administered to him which succeeded in expelling a small tenia or tape worm, about three feet long, and the patient speedily recovered his health and strength though he had before tried many prescriptions, without any relief.

Since that I have used them in every variety of complaint, where cathartic medicine was applicable, with general good success: the operation is very mild, producing less irritation than any other cathartic remedy I have any knowledge of. I have also furnished other physicians with them, and persuaded them to use them, in their practice. And I can assure they are gaining rapidly in public estimation.

I have not written this for the purpose of a certificate, but if you think proper you are at liberty to publish it, and may add also the testimony of my brother, who is also a physician and who has used them in his own family and has a very high opinion of them. Yours, &c.

Geo. W. Cleveland, M. D.

LETTER FROM JUSTICE FLANAGAN. NEW YORK, Oct. 6th, 1836.—To Mr. J. M. Moffat.—Respected Sir: Having labored a number of years under great indisposition, proceeding from a disorganization of the digestive power, and after having tried many remedies prescribed by respectable physicians, I was induced, from my personal knowledge of your own case, to try the same remedies that you formed your cure by. I purchased a few of your Life Pills, and used a few of your Vegetable Life Pills, and the Phlox Bitters; they are the only remedies that I have used, that have afforded me such permanent relief. I have great confidence in them, and intend continuing their use. Yours, &c.

JAMES FLANAGAN, 9th Avenue, near 13th St. BALTIMORE, Jan. 18th, 1837.—To Dr. Moffat.—Dear Sir: I feel it a duty I owe to the public and yourself, to place at your disposal a case of a somewhat novel character, in which your "Life Pills" have performed a cure that no other medicine I know of could have effected. It is as follows:—About the last of August, I was possessed by the towers of William Latifolia, and again in October following an application applied to the top of my head, which I am convinced contained the "bacteria" in both cases a violent nervous prostration was the consequence. The latter case was extremely violent and of long continuance. It seemed at times that my nervous system was entirely prostrated—so much so that I was incapable of any active exertion for some two or three weeks. These symptoms I am satisfied could have been produced by nothing else but a brain disease, and my appetite and health in all other respects were usually good.

Three doses of your "Life Pills" have restored me to full health and vigor. For two weeks before taking them I could neither sing, nor laugh, walk fast, or use any kind of exertion now I can sing by the hour, read at the top of my voice for a day, and I was going to say a mile; no exertion has the slightest unpleasant effect. I consider your "Life Pills," the best medicine of which I have any knowledge, and I would not be deprived of them for any consideration. Yours truly, ROBERT SMITH.

To Mr. J. M. Moffat.—Dear Sir: Above you will find a certificate from the Rev. Robert Smith, of this city. He states in addition that he was troubled with a fullness of the head, amounting almost to suffocation, which was happily relieved by the use of your pills. Yours, &c.

L. F. W. ANDREWS, Agent.

Letter from the Hon. EDWARD WELLES, of Rumney, N. Hampshire, to ANTHONY BOWEN, of Newburyport, one of Mr. Moffat's Agents. Rumney, February 9, 1837.

Sir—You may probably recollect having seen me at your store on the 1st of July last, when I was in very poor health, and purchased three boxes of the Vegetable Life Pills, prepared by Dr. Moffat, of New York. I have now the pleasure to say, that they have given great satisfaction in my family, and several cases in which I have felt my neighbors were in; they have had a better effect than any other medicine they ever tried. My own health is greatly improved, and I have no doubt, that the Divine Blessing, and your pills have contributed very much to my comfort. I wish you therefore to send me some more, for which I enclose you the money; but be particular and send me none but the genuine. I have experienced so much benefit from them, that I think it my duty to introduce them into general use here, as the best service I can render to my fellow citizens.

With sincerity and respect, Yours, &c. EDWARD WELLES.

The following letter is from Mr. Bowen, Editor of the Republican & Journal; Springfield, Mass.

Springfield, June 1, 1837.

Mr. Moffat—Sir: It is now thirteen years that I have suffered from an infirmity of the bowels—the consequence, as I suppose of a severe illness of inflammatory rheumatism. The natural action of the bowels is lost, frequent and severe pains occur, with much weakness and depression. Cathartics being necessary every few days to counteract constipation, I have consulted good physicians, and have tried almost all the kinds of pills advertised which seemed suited to my case, in vain. During the last year, I have bought and used several boxes of your "Life Pills," and have found great benefit from them more relief and adaptation to my case, for a length of time, than from any medicine I have yet tried.

For further particulars of the above medicine see Moffat's German Samarian a copy of which accompanies the medicine; a copy can also be obtained on application at the Burlington Drug Store.

WM. S. EDGAR, & Co.

June 6, 1839.

BLANKS. BLANK DEEDS and Justices BLANK for sale at this Office, corner of Washington and Water Streets.

ved a certain and speedy remedy. They constitute a health to the most delicate constitution. A single trial will place you in the reach of competition, in the estimation of every patient.

Happy and grateful in the possession of a medicine which effects so much real and permanent good for his fellow creatures, Mr. MOFFAT begs to say, that he cannot but ascribe the gift of Providence, and assails the health of the community, by adopting the medicinal practice of recommending them to be taken in moderate quantities.—From two to five pills is an adequate and proper dose of any good medicine in this form; and the excessive quantities which the public are advised to take by other practitioners, only engender the humor and corruptions which they profess to remove. Remove them they may, but they create them first, and the debilitated patient is doomed to be a pill-swallower to the end of his days. Mr. Moffat wishes to benefit the public health, and not to destroy it for money.

LETTER FROM DR. CLEVELAND. WATERVILLE, July 19, 1837.—Sir: Although Physicians do not often approve of the practice of medicine by laymen, in any manner; and I have myself been accustomed to consider such as quacks, and therefore not to be patronized. Yet I have lately seen some beneficial effects, resulting from the use of your Life Pills, that I am constrained to discard my prejudices and to declare, that they are worth more than all the patent medicines I have ever seen or heard of.

The case I allude to, particularly, was that of an adult person, laboring under every symptom of worms. He was much emaciated, was very feeble and suffered at times extreme and agonising pain. Three successive doses of your pills, were administered to him which succeeded in expelling a small tenia or tape worm, about three feet long, and the patient speedily recovered his health and strength though he had before tried many prescriptions, without any relief.

Since that I have used them in every variety of complaint, where cathartic medicine was applicable, with general good success: the operation is very mild, producing less irritation than any other cathartic remedy I have any knowledge of. I have also furnished other physicians with them, and persuaded them to use them, in their practice. And I can assure they are gaining rapidly in public estimation.

I have not written this for the purpose of a certificate, but if you think proper you are at liberty to publish it, and may add also the testimony of my brother, who is also a physician and who has used them in his own family and has a very high opinion of them. Yours, &c.

Geo. W. Cleveland, M. D.

LETTER FROM JUSTICE FLANAGAN. NEW YORK, Oct. 6th, 1836.—To Mr. J. M. Moffat.—Respected Sir: Having labored a number of years under great indisposition, proceeding from a disorganization of the digestive power, and after having tried many remedies prescribed by respectable physicians, I was induced, from my personal knowledge of your own case, to try the same remedies that you formed your cure by. I purchased a few of your Life Pills, and used a few of your Vegetable Life Pills, and the Phlox Bitters; they are the only remedies that I have used, that have afforded me such permanent relief. I have great confidence in them, and intend continuing their use. Yours, &c.

JAMES FLANAGAN, 9th Avenue, near 13th St. BALTIMORE, Jan. 18th, 1837.—To Dr. Moffat.—Dear Sir: I feel it a duty I owe to the public and yourself, to place at your disposal a case of a somewhat novel character, in which your "Life Pills" have performed a cure that no other medicine I know of could have effected. It is as follows:—About the last of August, I was possessed by the towers of William Latifolia, and again in October following an application applied to the top of my head, which I am convinced contained the "bacteria" in both cases a violent nervous prostration was the consequence. The latter case was extremely violent and of long continuance. It seemed at times that my nervous system was entirely prostrated—so much so that I was incapable of any active exertion for some two or three weeks. These symptoms I am satisfied could have been produced by nothing else but a brain disease, and my appetite and health in all other respects were usually good.

Three doses of your "Life Pills" have restored me to full health and vigor. For two weeks before taking them I could neither sing, nor laugh, walk fast, or use any kind of exertion now I can sing by the hour, read at the top of my voice for a day, and I was going to say a mile; no exertion has the slightest unpleasant effect. I consider your "Life Pills," the best medicine of which I have any knowledge, and I would not be deprived of them for any consideration. Yours truly, ROBERT SMITH.

To Mr. J. M. Moffat.—Dear Sir: Above you will find a certificate from the Rev. Robert Smith, of this city. He states in addition that he was troubled with a fullness of the head, amounting almost to suffocation, which was happily relieved by the use of your pills. Yours, &c.

L. F. W. ANDREWS, Agent.

Letter from the Hon. EDWARD WELLES, of Rumney, N. Hampshire, to ANTHONY BOWEN, of Newburyport, one of Mr. Moffat's Agents. Rumney, February 9, 1837.

Sir—You may probably recollect having seen me at your store on the 1st of July last, when I was in very poor health, and purchased three boxes of the Vegetable Life Pills, prepared by Dr. Moffat, of New York. I have now the pleasure to say, that they have given great satisfaction in my family, and several cases in which I have felt my neighbors were in; they have had a better effect than any other medicine they ever tried. My own health is greatly improved, and I have no doubt, that the Divine Blessing, and your pills have contributed very much to my comfort. I wish you therefore to send me some more, for which I enclose you the money; but be particular and send me none but the genuine. I have experienced so much benefit from them, that I think it my duty to introduce them into general use here, as the best service I can render to my fellow citizens.

With sincerity and respect, Yours, &c. EDWARD WELLES.

The following letter is from Mr. Bowen, Editor of the Republican & Journal; Springfield, Mass.

Springfield, June 1, 1837.

Mr. Moffat—Sir: It is now thirteen years that I have suffered from an infirmity of the bowels—the consequence, as I suppose of a severe illness of inflammatory rheumatism. The natural action of the bowels is lost, frequent and severe pains occur, with much weakness and depression. Cathartics being necessary every few days to counteract constipation, I have consulted good physicians, and have tried almost all the kinds of pills advertised which seemed suited to my case, in vain. During the last year, I have bought and used several boxes of your "Life Pills," and have found great benefit from them more relief and adaptation to my case, for a length of