

dition" to the public in general, and all my friends in particular.  
Just one week from that day, Miss Julia Ellmore became Mrs. George H., and since that time we have had more than one hearty laugh at my jealous indignation toward a poor innocent portrait painter.  
A writer in the *Notes and Queries*, in an article on Thomas Tusser, who published a work in 1557, called "Tusser's Hundred good points in Husbandry," mentions that nearly all the proverbial philosophy, published by Dr. Franklin in Poor Richard's Almanac, and for which he has obtained so much credit, was in fact, derived from Tusser."

### Agricultural.

#### Suggestions for the Farmer.

Plowing.—In plowing see that the work is well done. Let the furrow slice be fairly turned, and the decomposable matter contained in the roots, may be perfectly injured, and secured from the wasting effects of the air. This is very important. If you apply dressing before breaking up, too much care cannot be exercised in accomplishing this work, as upon its efficiency will depend, in a great measure, the success of the subsequent crop. No banks should be passed over; what the plough shares have unturned, should be turned with the hoe, or hand. Many plows perform their work imperfectly. In the first place they do not detach the furrow slice at a proper angle, but instead of turning it, they either "stand it on edge," or break it into pieces. Implements of this character are worse than worthless. When land is poorly plowed, the after-cultivation is always perplexing, and, as a natural consequence, is poorly performed. It is therefore much better to expend money for a good plow—one that will perform its work in an satisfactory manner, than to use the imperfect one, as it will create obstacles which will be found no ways easy to overcome.

Barrows.—In harrowing, it is best to pass over the piece lengthwise of the furrows the first time, and then diagonally, and lastly across the furrows. Always roll the furrows in the first place; this will pass down the furrow slice, and give greater efficiency to the action of the harrow by cutting the soil faster, and being displaced by the teeth. Harrows of different sizes, and different degrees of fineness, should always be used when the teeth is a desirable object. When one harrow alone is used, and the soil is not broken up as well as the labor actually expended, it is unavoidably lost.

Manuring.—Never sow your crop.—Plant no more land than you can manure well. It is better to have half an acre of soil well manured, than ten acres imperfectly worked and manured. It is better to have a bushel of manure of good kind that will yield fifty bushels of corn than of poor quality that will yield only twenty. It is acknowledged to be poor policy to fallow out land, and then to sow it, when you should not be considered equally as absurd and injudicious to half starve our corn and other crops which we rely upon to feed us.

Woods.—For fuel, wood should be cut and hauled the year previous to its being used. Not only can the work be much more economically performed by cutting the wood in autumn, but the wood will acquire increased value by seasoning under cover. It will be more solid, and produce more heat.

Wood Ashes.—Every bushel of wood ashes applied to the corn crop, is worth one dollar. It has been ascertained by the following results of experiments accurately conducted. On light soils, the action of ashes is highly energetic and salutary; they exert a warming and invigorating influence, and promote the rapid development of almost every species of vegetable.

Chaffing Hay, &c.—Long feed should never be fed to domestic animals. By chaffing, a very considerable saving may be effected, of the best and most superior quality of hay. It is proved that in the preparation of long fodder, and a chaffing machine in preparing roots, from one-third to one-half of the food actually consumed, is lost. The chaffing machine is highly economical, and saves a large amount of labor. These machines cannot be too highly recommended. We will be found to have a list of prices upon every farm.—(See *Generalist's Telegraph*.)

A Plea for Toads.—A correspondent of the *Canadian Chronicle*, publishes the following which we extract from his communication:  
We have in our garden a small nursery of plants which have been lately destroyed by the caterpillar worms. In order to prevent the return of the pest, we have taken the following measures:—We have dug up the soil, and we have taken the worms from our fingers. This is now to be done, though it may not be to many of our readers, a very disagreeable task. We may have for caterpillar worms, we are quite sure that it does a world of good in a garden, by destroying earth-worms of which it eats large numbers. We once tried to smother a toad with earth worms, but it was not long before it hopped before its appetite was appeased, and we have always held that to destroy one of these disgusting-looking reptiles, was doing one's good a deal of harm. It is no more than to be brought against the toad but its disagreeable appearance, and it might well quote the old saying to those who despise it without seeking to learn its real value.—(See *Generalist's Telegraph*.)

To Prevent the Turnip Fly.—A correspondent informs us that two courses of sulphur, commonly called "fly powder," mixed with a pound of turpentine, will effectively prevent the fly from destroying the crop. This preventive is extremely cheap, the cost not exceeding 2d. per acre. In mixing, apply a little care.

Advice for Farmers.—We have seldom read anything more sensible or appropriate than the following remarks and suggestions from the excellent contemporary, the *Maine Farmer*, illustrating the importance of the proper care of stock:  
We have just returned from the sheep show, to Spain and Germany for the choicest sheep, we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye; but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding, they will most assuredly deteriorate, and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration. A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasture, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures, found that she was a short of milk, and that which he had obtained was unwholesome. He was disappointed, and he was accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he had bargained for, or, in other words, that she was not what she was cracked up to be. The gentleman replied, "Why, said the seller, 'I sold you my cow, but did not sell you my pasture too.'"

The above, which we cut from an exchange, reminds us of a remark which a very old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbors. The latter had obtained some pigs of a man residing several miles off, and who, because he had been particularly successful in his neighbors in raising. Shortly after, meeting the old swabber referred to, he says: "Well, Mr. Swabber, I'm going to beat you raising hogs this year; I've got some of J. M.'s breed."  
"A-a-h," hawled out the old man, "you'd better get the breed of his hog trough!"  
(*Germanist's Telegraph*.)

Plant Fruit Trees.—If you do not live to parake the fruit thereof, others will be benefited, while the intrinsic value of your home-stand will be enhanced.

### Poetry.

#### OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

SOLMNS, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou darest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to crown  
The summer's melancholy here.  
The mooning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies away,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze:  
O vision bright! O blissed hour!  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's weaned powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead hours on the ground;  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West;  
They bore the wail of the mourning tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all, as they are true.  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,  
Which here about her forehead winds,  
Till grief's soft sighs around it breathe;  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring;  
The dreams that each successive year  
Scened bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And deep in darkness die by side.

### Miscellaneous.

#### DOCTORING BEGINS AT HOME.

The very few people who, in the vast and absorbing excitement of the war, administrative reform, and Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday bill, can afford to look back seven years, will remember a political event of some importance in France, known as the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. They may also, by a great exertion of memory, call to mind that, among the numerous men of rank who were moved to launch their barques (more or less frail, that stormy sea of politics, was M. F. V. Raspail, hitherto known only to the scientific world as an eminent chemist. M. Raspail's experience of political seamanship was short, violent and disastrous. Unmindful of the pilot's reiterated advice to go down, and that it was no place for him, he persisted in declaring his inability to sleep, and his determination to come and pace the deck. He did so; but though he may have carried out the pilot's recommendations (as made metrical in the popular ballad), as far as fearing not and trusting in Providence went, his little skill like some other craft of far heavier tonnage, soon foundered, and he suffered a lengthened imprisonment in the Donjon of Vincennes and the Citadel of Doullens. He has since been enabled to pursue his chemical experiments in a larger and healthier laboratory; and though still a republican of the "loudest" rod, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the ships, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of a newspaper telescope.

The republicanism of Francois Vincent Raspail having nothing to do with doctors or with the discount to which he seeks to bring them, I claim leave to discourse upon him here as the author of a remarkable book, called the *Manual Annuaire de la Sante*, published in France, at the close of every autumn, in the company of the crowds of almanacs and ephemerides in which the French neighbors take delight, and which in many parts of the provinces form the staple reading of the population. This manual has had, from its commencement in eighteen hundred and forty-five, a prodigious circulation in France. The author declares that five hundred thousand copies were sold of the first edition alone; in addition to which, there have been numerous Belgian and Genevese piracies, two Spanish translations, one German, one Brazilian, and one Anglo-American. The only translation in Great Britain dates from about two years back, and is a carefully edited pamphlet by Doctor G. L. Straus.

Three reasons prompt me to give an outline of the contents of this medical and pharmaceutical keepsake. In the first instance, M. Raspail is the inventor of an entirely new system of medicine; in the second, I should like the book itself to be known, because "while binding nature fast in fate," it "leaves free the human will"; that is, while leaving many admirable and incontrovertible truths relative to our organization, our diseases and their causes, it allows the reader perfect liberty to assume and set down the author as a quack and a visionary. In the third, I believe M. Raspail to be though in many instances a mistaken, yet in all cases a thoroughly honest man.

It may also have contributed in no small degree to the interest I feel in the subject, that I have, or fancy I have, always something the matter with me; that I have been, to my sorrow, the patient and victim of professors of every system of medicine, orthodox and heterodox; from Doctor Sangrado, the phlebotomist, and Doctor Droghda, to Doctor Infinitesimal, the homoeopathist; and that I have suffered in my miserable body almost every effect that the old Latin axioms suggests should be made in corpore vili. So, with all due

respect to the faculty, to Apothecaries Hall, to the Pharmaceutical Society, and to Buchan's Domestic Medicine, let us see what M. Raspail can teach us towards the desirable consummation of Every Man his own Doctor.

Health, Raspail maintains, is the normal or regular state of life, fitting man for the performance of his natural and social duties. Illness is the exceptional state; it reduces him to the position of a useless encumbrance on society. The art of preserving the health is called hygiene; the art of recovering or restoring the health when lost or enfeebled is called medicine. Now, it being self-evident that health is a desirable, and a highly obnoxious state of life, it naturally follows that the study of both hygiene and medicine are of the greatest importance, and should be as widely disseminated as possible; yet by one of the strange and apparently inexplicable contradictions of our nature, mankind seem to have agreed, by a species of tacit understanding, to neglect or ignore altogether those branches of knowledge that concern them most. Thus, while we see theological lore of the most abstruse and controversial kind eagerly sought after among all classes of society; while no man with any pretence to education would like to be deemed ignorant of the laws, at least, of his own country; while the physical sciences successfully assert their claim to rank as regular branches of popular education, and terms of scientific erudition are growing familiar in mechanics, institutes and young men's societies; while even that slovenly gentleman the British agriculturist begins to smell ammonia, and to conceive some faint thread of a notion that chemistry may be, after all, a good thing for a farmer to know; the study of the laws of health and disease is almost entirely neglected. Thus far I agree with M. Raspail. I cannot, however quite go with him to the extent of declaring that the practice of medicine is abandoned to a small knot of men, by whom this most noble of arts is degraded to the level of an ordinary trade, carried on mostly with a degree of ignorance and presumption that would ruin the greatest butcher in the cobbling line. There are too many illustrious names and established reputations among the physicians of England and France to warrant his sweeping assertion; yet M. Raspail might have strengthened his argument had he been familiar with the existence in England—a flagrant, shameless, unchecked existence, happily unknown in France—of the gentry who frigate their cardinals of vile and noxious drugs, in the shape of pills and ointments, upon an ignorant and credulous multitude—the quacks whose puffing advertisements—a scandal to our press, and whose colossal fortunes are a disgrace to our civilization.

According to Raspail, the art of medicine has, for more than two thousand years past, made no real progress; and one of the latest inventions of the medical mind, homoeopathy, affords a convincing proof that medicine has come back to the exact point from which it started, namely, to the simple dietetics of the ancient physicians. But the homoeopaths have ventured (according to him) to erect, on the simple and rational basis of a proper regimen as the most natural method of curing diseases, a dangerous superstructure of infinitesimals, and monstrous assertions of the curative power of the "high dynamisation" of medicinal substances. Yet homoeopathy is surely vastly preferable to the Sangrado system, to the starving system, and though still a republican of the "loudest" rod, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the ships, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of a newspaper telescope.

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sting, or simple thorn, pierces your flesh, or gets into your skin, your sufferings may become excruciating. Why? Because the thorn has violently torn the superficial expansions of the subdivisions of the nerves, and has opened to the external air free access to the tissues protected before by the epidermis. You know the illness in this case to be caused by the thorn or prickle, and would not dream of ascribing it to the blood, the bile, or the nerves. But, let us suppose that, from some circumstance, the sting or prickle escapes our sight, and finds its way into the substance of the stomach or of the lungs; the presence of foreign bodies in either of these organs is essential to life will necessarily give rise to much more serious symptoms. Now, here the material cause of the evil not having been revealed to the senses, medicine will step in with a whole train of conjectures. One physician will ascribe the illness to the bile, another to the blood, a third to the nerves; and the patient will be called upon to abdicate his own free-will, and to submit blindly to a course of treatment as little comprehended by the doctor as by the patient. A careful and minute post-mortem examination would reveal the presence of the little prickle, and show the doctor that the blood, the bile or the nerves, had been most unjustly accused of having done all the mischief. The similitude of the effects has never, in medicine, served to reveal the similitude of the causes; and where the cause of a disease has been hidden from observation, no one has ever had recourse to analogy to find it out.

M. Raspail enumerates, among the causes of diseases, the introduction of foreign bodies into the organism; of poisons, of substances which, far from being adapted for assimilation and for the development of the organic tissues combine with them only to disorganize and destroy them. Next, long-continued excesses of cold and heat, or sudden transition from one temperature to another; contusions; solutions of continuity of the muscles; hurts and wounds; the introduction into our tissues of granulars (grasses), dust, and sweeping of granaries, awns, prickles, down of plants or of grains; which, when present in the cavities of our organs, generate or develop themselves there, or will under the influence of moisture. Again, want or impurity of air; for, the most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration. Other causes are privation, excess, insufficiency of food, bad quality and adulteration of the alimentary substances. People die of indigestion as well as of starvation; the sufferings in the one case are equal to those in the other; and the indigestion of the rich, may be looked upon as a species of set-off to the starvation of the poor. Other causes are the external and internal radiation of hydatids, maggots, larvae of flies or caterpillars, ticks, insects, coleoptera, and especially intestinal worms that seize on the infant in the cradle, and often adhere to man through life, quitting him only in the grave, where they hand him over to other worms. Indeed, M. Raspail ascribes the "parasitism of the infinitely small" as the cause of nine-tenths of our diseases. He finally ranks among aids to it, if not causes of illness, moral maladies—violent impressions, wounded affections, deceived hopes, disappointed ambition, weakness, and despair. Hereditary and constitutional diseases he seems determined to ignore, and is even silent as to the diseases of deformity and defective organization. Their causes are perhaps self-evident.

Now, having told us why we are ill, the author proceeds to tell us how we can keep well. Short and sententious are his hygienic precepts. You are to choose a dwelling exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the noxious emanations from swamps, ditches, and rivers, gasworks and factories. You are not to inhabit the kitchen-floor if you can help it. Let your dwelling-room be high, and look to any point of the compass but the north. (This would not suit artists, to whom a northern aspect is a desideratum.) Don't turn your bedroom into a workroom, library or kitchen. Keep one window at least in it open all day. Do not place anything in it that emits smells, agreeable or otherwise. Burnish even floors; they evolve suffocating gases. The walls should be painted; or papered with a good sound paper, pasted down firmly with size, scented over with black pepper, aloes, or garlic, (which M. Raspail terms the "camphor of the poor.") Have no paintings on the walls, no hangings to the bed. Sleep on a hard mattress. Have no furniture in your bedroom but the bed, a wash-hand stand, and two chairs. Very healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. Raspail, but exceedingly ugly.

Stop the chinks between badly-joined boards with a paste of flour, pounded pepper, pounded aloes, plaster, and clay.—By these means you will avoid draughts, and be not vermin annihilatory; and be enabled to set rats, mice, bugs, and fleas, at defiance. I have seen the North of England; it is there called ragging. Rats and mice abhor aloes; rats-bane they don't much care for, especially if they can get a sufficient quantity of water to drink afterwards. Put black pepper in grains, and small lumps of camphor, into the wool of your mattresses. Garnish the beds of infants of tender years with pickled leaves of the wood fern. (How far a border of the ferns of Great Britain, nature printed of course, would be advantageous in garnishing a baby's crib I am rather at a loss to know.) As an infant of tender years, I remember myself, having had my bed garnished with some of these pickled leaves, and being sometimes with the crumbs of a hair-brush, occasionally with the bristles of a hair-brush, cut up small, and mixed with a pair of long; but, beyond producing a sensible irritation or urtication of the epidermis I am not prepared to state what sanitary benefits I derived therefrom. M. Raspail can at least quote

of spun-glass affected the lungs most seriously, and even often fatally. I can corroborate this statement of M. Raspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the Robes of one of the principal metropolitan theatres, told me that an accomplished actress insisted upon wearing a dress of some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress was made in the wardrobe of the theatre; and, shortly afterwards, half the workwomen who were employed upon it were laid up with sore fingers, whitlows, and severe coughs.—Workmen employed in the preparation of colors or other substances into the composition of which mineral colors enter, wash your hands and hands, first in lye-water, afterwards in soap-water, when leaving work, at meal-times and at night. Bird-stuffers, never use arsenical or mercurial preparations to protect your eyes; you stuff against the voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most pernicious and fatal consequences to yourselves and to the collectors and curators of museums of natural history. The desired object may be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe manner by impregnating the internal surface of the skin with a solution of aloes and pepper, to be afterwards sprinkled with powdered camphor. House-painters, discontinue the use of the arsenical compound, known as Scheel's green; it is confusion. Substitute for it a green composed of iron and copper, which is cheaper, sanitary, and as beautiful in color. Housekeepers, have all your copper vessels fitted on the inside. Make all your pickles and preserves at home. Never boil halfpence with your Brussels sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of German silver, or of any other of the multicolored compositions pretending to imitate, or to be substitutes for gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-and-thirty-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean household and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the use of arsenic absolutely; the prohibition ought also to extend to rat-bane. Subject physicians, prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation, equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For M. Raspail maintains that the materia medica of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by a innocuous substance. Tramps, pyisies, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees, or haystacks, stuff your ears with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have earache, and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beads of grass, &c., into the auditory tube, the nasal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or meringues. They feed them not, but acarides, parasites in tomat, the best conditions you can afford; so that there may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirades of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle fear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labor, dread and eschew the very things that would rid them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlic, pepper, juniper, or cloves according to circumstances. Drink water when you can procure it good, but take also a little wine for your stomach's sake. The addition of a reasonable quantity of alcoholic liquor tends to accelerate a sluggish digestion, by supplying the excess of glutin with an amount of alcohol that the natural process couldn't produce under the circumstances. Hence the necessity for good wine, beer and other alcoholic beverages for northern constitutions. Flavor your cream or milk dishes with vanilla, orange-flower, or cinnamon. Roast your joints, always before an open fire; never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the necessary accompaniment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bare it), rub the bowl with garlic.

M. Raspail, as I have before hinted, eschews tea-totalism; but he inculcates and strongly recommends temperance—as what sane man does not? He advises those who are blessed with the goods of this world to prefer the light French wines (the so-called vins-ordinaires) to the fine sorts, and other to the heavy Spanish and Portuguese wines—many of which (particularly the absinthian) are compounded of bad brandy, gin, and other "drugs" of skins, and sold dirt cheap under the names of port and sherry) are downright poisons, and will ruin the strongest constitutions. If you can't get good and pure wine abstain from it altogether; so with beer. As to the more potent alcohols, brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, arrack, their comparative purity may be tested simply enough; pour a few drops on your hands and rub them together briskly. Apply your nose to the palms, and the smell will at once tell you whether you have a pure article or a Fossil Oil counterfeit; the Fossil Oil which, immediately betrays its presence by a repulsive smell, is a poison that you cannot too carefully avoid. Enjoy all the Creator's gifts cheerfully, but in moderation; and be not deceived when you see a grey-haired glutton or a drunkard of fourscore, and say to yourself, "O, I can feast, I can carouse without stint. Here is a hog that has grunted in Epicurus' style for eighty years." Remember that a drunkard who hath taken no hurt by his drink is no more a proof of the innocuousness of drunkenness, than a soldier who hath been to the wars, and hath never been wounded, is of the absence of danger in a battle. A few more words on hygiene. Wear strong and solid boots in winter. Instead of an umbrella, which affords no real protection against the rain, carry a hooded cloak, made of light impermeable gauze, which, folded up, may fit into your waist-coat pocket. Ladies, instead of incumbering yourself with a parasol, wear a light broad-brimmed straw hat. Eschew and denounce the use of spun-glass tissues and brocades, which, unhappily are again coming into fashion. They are confusion. Their use was very properly abandoned during the eighteenth century, because it was found that the pulverulent particles

of spun-glass affected the lungs most seriously, and even often fatally. I can corroborate this statement of M. Raspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the Robes of one of the principal metropolitan theatres, told me that an accomplished actress insisted upon wearing a dress of some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress was made in the wardrobe of the theatre; and, shortly afterwards, half the workwomen who were employed upon it were laid up with sore fingers, whitlows, and severe coughs.—Workmen employed in the preparation of colors or other substances into the composition of which mineral colors enter, wash your hands and hands, first in lye-water, afterwards in soap-water, when leaving work, at meal-times and at night. Bird-stuffers, never use arsenical or mercurial preparations to protect your eyes; you stuff against the voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most pernicious and fatal consequences to yourselves and to the collectors and curators of museums of natural history. The desired object may be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe manner by impregnating the internal surface of the skin with a solution of aloes and pepper, to be afterwards sprinkled with powdered camphor. House-painters, discontinue the use of the arsenical compound, known as Scheel's green; it is confusion. Substitute for it a green composed of iron and copper, which is cheaper, sanitary, and as beautiful in color. Housekeepers, have all your copper vessels fitted on the inside. Make all your pickles and preserves at home. Never boil halfpence with your Brussels sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of German silver, or of any other of the multicolored compositions pretending to imitate, or to be substitutes for gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-and-thirty-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean household and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the use of arsenic absolutely; the prohibition ought also to extend to rat-bane. Subject physicians, prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation, equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For M. Raspail maintains that the materia medica of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by a innocuous substance. Tramps, pyisies, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees, or haystacks, stuff your ears with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have earache, and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beads of grass, &c., into the auditory tube, the nasal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or meringues. They feed them not, but acarides, parasites in tomat, the best conditions you can afford; so that there may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirades of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle fear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labor, dread and eschew the very things that would rid them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlic, pepper, juniper, or cloves according to circumstances. Drink water when you can procure it good, but take also a little wine for your stomach's sake. The addition of a reasonable quantity of alcoholic liquor tends to accelerate a sluggish digestion, by supplying the excess of glutin with an amount of alcohol that the natural process couldn't produce under the circumstances. Hence the necessity for good wine, beer and other alcoholic beverages for northern constitutions. Flavor your cream or milk dishes with vanilla, orange-flower, or cinnamon. Roast your joints, always before an open fire; never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the necessary accompaniment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bare it), rub the bowl with garlic.

#### JEALOUSY.

"Thank heaven for my safe return!" was the ejaculation that escaped my lips, as I stepped from the dock at the Crescent wharf, and once more found myself in the commercial emporium of our western world. Three years ago, I left this very wharf a poor adventurer in pursuit of wealth amid the gold mines of California, and though thousands have fallen victims to pestilence or have been sacrificed to the malice and envy of man, yet I have returned in health, and possessed of a sufficiency of the "glittering dust," to enable me to pass the rest of my days in affluence. A Twenty-four hours subsequent to the above reflections, I found myself at the country inn, near the interior of the State, awaiting the arrival of the stage coach which was to bear me to the next town. While at Sacramento I had forwarded a few hundred dollars, in care of a firm in New York, to my widowed mother, but on my arrival I learned that it had not been received by her.—This gave me some uneasiness, and was a cause of hastening my departure from the city, as I had a vague apprehension that some calamity had befallen her during my absence. Still I confess this was not the only cause of my anxious haste to reach my native town. It was there resided the loved one of my heart—the bright divinity of my soul, whose image had been with me through all the varied and eventful scenes I had encountered since my departure from R.

In the midst of reflections like the above, diligence arrived, and I was soon on my way to my native town. One passenger was my only companion—a tall gentleman, well dressed personage, apparently from my own age, with whom I was soon engaged in conversation. Being somewhat communicative, he at length informed me that the place of his destination was the same as my own. "Are you acquainted in R.?" I inquired of him.

"With only one or two families, sir," was the reply. "Do you know widow H.?" I inquired with some anxiety. "She that lives next to Squire Ellmore?" "The same." "I have seen her while on a visit to the Squire?" "This answer in a measure relieved me from the anxiety I had felt concerning my mother's safety. After a short time, however, it began to awaken in my mind a somewhat perplexing inquiry. Why, said I, should this young, genteel appearing man be a visitor at Squire Ellmore's? I considered the subject, and the more I considered it, the more perplexing became the answer. "You are acquainted, then, at Squire Ellmore's?" said I with affected indifference. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "that is the place of my present destination."

"You are quite right, sir," he responded, "the Squire and his lady are a very agreeable old couple; and as for Miss Julia, she is a perfect model of beauty and excellence." "Now all this I knew to be true; but what right had he to know it? Could he be a rival in Miss Julia's affections? Nonsense! Impossible! I knew her too well to doubt her constancy for a moment. Yet the thought that my mother had failed to apply for the remittance I had sent her from the land of gold, suggested the idea that perhaps my letters to her had not been received; and if hers had failed, why might not those I had written to Julia have shared the same fate? Still I cannot and will not doubt the constancy of my dear Julia. As for my travelling companion, he is probably some relative.—Who knows but he may be my cousin-law, or uncle-in-law, or some other future relative. "May I inquire, sir, if you are related to Squire Ellmore's family?" was my next query. "Related! oh! no, sir, not at all; I am merely an acquaintance. I am expected there this evening; I promised Miss Ellmore I would come without fail."

This answer only increased my agitation, but fearing lest I should betray my feelings, I leaned my head on my hands, and feigned fatigue. The more I reflected on the subject, the firmer hold did the "green-eyed monster" gain over me. Still I determined that I would not thus distrust my Julia. Perhaps, thought I, this fellow is only a concerted coxcomb, and wishes to pass himself off as an accepted lover. I raised my head, and assuming a jaunty air, asked my companion if he thought Miss Ellmore really handsome? "I will leave you to judge for yourself," said he, "as I happen to have a fair share of herself with me." Saying this he drew forth a neat gold locket from his vest, and handed it toward me. "Heavens! how the blood rushed to my face. It was my last parting gift to Julia. I took it in my hand—I knew it well. It was a double case and I remembered that my own miniature had been set in the reverse. After gazing a moment at Julia's well known face, I turned the locket, opened the opposite side, and found it empty. How I managed to keep my temper I know not, but I returned the locket to my companion, and became comparatively calm just as we stepped in front of Squire Ellmore's residence. Julia was seated on the verandah in front of the dwelling, as my companion alighted, I heard the exclamation "He's come! fall from her lips. "What a change had the last hour wrought in my feelings! Had not the incidents above mentioned transpired, I should have hastened to embrace her when I had hitherto supposed a model of constancy. As it was I thanked my stars that I had learned her perfidy in time to save myself the mortification that might otherwise have ensued. My reflections were now interrupted by a request on the part of my companion that I would alight from the coach, while he should take a roll of canvass from beneath my seat. I complied taking special care, however, not to be observed by the perfidious Julia. But as I'll look would have it, Squire Ellmore's gardener saw and recognized me, and at the same time exclaimed— "Here, Julia! good news! George H.—has come."

Confound the fellows impudence! I could have strangled him. I returned to regain my seat in the vehicle, but in an instant Julia had flown to my side, thrown her arms around my neck and almost smothered me with kisses! I was thunder-struck. "Why Julia! what means—indeed Miss," said I hesitating and stammering, "you forget you had a friend and a visitor present?" Julia blushed and turned to my companion.—"You will pardon such a manifestation in your presence, Mr. Martin, when I inform you that this is George H., the original of the portrait I employed you to paint."

I comprehended in an instant. Mr. Martin was only an artist, who had been entrusted with my miniature to transfer a copy on canvass, and that he might better accomplish his design, it had been temporarily taken from the locket. I soon accompanied the party into the house, as the canvass was unrolled and I beheld my own self faithfully represented thereon. I confess that all my jealousy, like Bob Acre's courage, suddenly oozed out at the end of my fingers. Instead of feeling an ill will towards my fellow traveller, I complimented him highly on his professional skill, and, in his request, gave him a good recommendation.

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Canadian Times.

ISLAND POND, Vt., THURSDAY, OCT. 18. Letter from California.

The steamer Northern Light arrived at New York on the evening of the 13th inst., with dates from California to September 20th.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE occurred in the village of Saccarapau, about six miles from Portland, on Sunday last.

EXPLOSION OF POWDER MILLS.—We regret to learn that a part of the Powder Mills at Great Falls, Vermont, known as Whipple's Mills, blew up yesterday about 11 o'clock.

THE EXPLOSION first took place in the press mill and from thence almost instantly communicated to 110 kegs of powder in a canal boat.

THE HAWKES.—The Board of Aldermen of Providence, R. I., have refused to grant a license for the baby show.

A SOURCE OF SMILES.—Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic who worked near his office was always happy and smiling.

UP at Manchester, the other day, a party from Boston were examining the factory facilities and buildings of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company.

THE WASHINGTON STAR of Monday evening publishes a letter from Greenway, Nicaragua.

THE CHILLY weather of late has made the following lines rather appropriate:— Slake, slake, slaking, Slake, slake, slaking, For we're all shaking.

A PRINTER'S "DEVIL."—Kneelad Noycott, the genius who is said to have attained the rank of General in the Russian army, is now said to be engaged in printing a "Devil."

NO traces were discovered of Sir John Franklin and his party. Hartman's notes on the expedition:— "Left New York May 30, 1845, arrived in Liverpool July 6, 1845."

IMPORTANT INVENTION TO PRINTERS.—Mr. Samuel Wood, an ingenious mechanic of this town (Middlesex, Mass.), has invented a machine for making printers' types.

STODART, DUNHAM AND CHICKERING. GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

ADVERTISING. Has given many a good business. Has secured many a lost business.

NOTICE. CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber last week or about the 10th of Sept.

New Advertisements.

NEW FALL GOODS JUST RECEIVED. McKECHNIE'S CHEAP STORE, ALBION HOUSE.

Woolen Goods. Square and Long Shawls, with a general assortment of the finest quality.

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS. Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of Groceries.

AUCTION SALE. THIS merchant has received instructions from E. Chapman, Esq., Lennoxville, to sell by Auction.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. Consisting of China and Glass Ware, &c. Also—One Horse, a Yoke of Cattle, and Farming Utensils.

ATWELL'S HEALTH RESTORER. Vegetable, Physical, Jaundice Bitter. FOR the cure of Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Costiveness, &c.

FIRST PRIZE DAGUERRETYPES. HAS taken Rooms at Brooks' Block, over the Post Office, for the purpose of taking Daguerreotypes.

WANTED. A PERSON capable of teaching the different branches of education usually taught in Academies or High Schools.

ROBERT CRAHAM General Stationer, AND Manufacturer of Paced Account Books. No. 254, St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

PAPERS. Also—MISCELLANEOUS STATIONERY of all kinds. A GREAT VARIETY OF WRITING DESKS, Cash Boxes, Envelope Cases, &c.

PORTLAND PRICES CURRENT. COFFEE, 11s.—12s. 1/2. Sugar, 11s.—12s. 1/2. Tea, 11s.—12s. 1/2.

NOTICE. THE members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Stanstead and Sherbrooke Counties, are hereby notified that the following assessments have been made by the Directors.

USE THE MAGIC IMPRESSION PAPER. FOR WRITING WITHOUT PEN OR INK. COPYING LEAVES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, &c.

NOTICE. THE members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Stanstead and Sherbrooke Counties, are hereby notified that the following assessments have been made by the Directors.

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ATWELL'S Wild Cherry Bitters. MORE medicine for the price, 25 cents, than can be obtained in any other preparation.

NOTICE. CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber last week or about the 10th of Sept.

ADVERTISING. Has given many a good business. Has secured many a lost business.

Miscellaneous.

ALBION HOTEL, 311 St. Paul Street, near McGill, MONTREAL. E. M. GATES, PROPRIETOR.

THE subscriber takes this method to return his thanks to the Public for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last two years.

Good STABLES and covered SLEDS attached to the Premises, and faithful and honest Outlets in attendance.

FOR SALE. LYNX Superior FLOUR, No. 1. Mess Pork, Smoked HAMS, best quality.

FOR SALE. THE following Municipal Blanks: SECRETARY-TREASURERS BONDS, Notices of Appointment, Notices to perform Road labor, &c.

FOR SALE. ALL persons having claims against the amount of the late Wm. B. HILL, Esq., late of Sherbrooke, are requested to present their accounts duly attested to the undersigned Curator.

FOR SALE. A VALUABLE SEATE QUARRY. SITUATED on the River Saint Francis, eight miles from Sherbrooke, in the town of Westbury.

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Sherbrooke Business Directory.

ADVERTISEMENTS. ADDIE, W. & G. Co., General Merchants. Foot Bell & Webster, General Merchants.

NOTICE. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY. HAVING NOW RE-OPENED THE DAMAGED GOODS that were not disposed of in May and June have determined to mark them at such prices as to effect.

1855. IMPORTATIONS. 1855. THE subscriber has just received direct from the English Markets, per steamship "Asia," Broadcloths, Vest of England, Trowers, &c.

HABERDASHERY. A large and fine assortment. W. W. BECKETT, May 24th.

THE CORNER. THE subscriber has commenced his annual custom of selling off the Stock of Dry Goods, at Cost, for cash.

LENOXVILLE IMPORTATIONS. THE undersigned has just received, direct from the manufacturers by steamship "ASH," a large assortment of Spring and Summer CLOTHS, &c.

MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. WE beg to call the attention of the gentlemen of Sherbrooke and vicinity, to our new lot of CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Dooskins, &c.

Gentlemen's Dress Goods. To be found in this City, which makes our stock one of the most perfect ever offered in this Market.

REDUCED FARES. Royal Mail Steamboat Line between Montreal and Quebec.

THE MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS JOHN MUNN, A. CRAWFORD, Commander. Length, 112 feet.

QUEBEC. A. M. RUDDLE, Commander. Length, 125 feet. Cylinder, 72 inches.

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. These Boats have experienced and obliging Commanders, & are supplied with every modern luxury and convenience.

DRUG, PAINT & DYESTUFF WAREHOUSE. JOHN W. PERKINS & CO., COMMERCIAL STREET, PORTLAND.

Foreign and Domestic Drugs, ENGLISH and American Linnseed Oil, Spirits, Turpentine, Japan, Coach, Furniture and Damar.

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Montreal, Quebec, &c.

PHILLIPS, GRAVELLE, DEPRESSÉ & CO., Insurance Agents & Brokers, MONTREAL & QUEBEC.

Authorised Agents for responsible LIFE, FIRE, OCEAN and MARINE INSURANCE. Also prepared to negotiate Life, Fire and Marine Insurance in English, Canadian and American Companies.

NELSON DAVIS, Custom House and Forwarding Agent, Office, Mullina Buildings, MONTREAL.

S. M. MACKENZIE, Custom House, Forwarding, Shipping and General Commission Agent. No. 70 Commissioners St., (Over Mullina's Marine Store, Opposite Queen's Square), MONTREAL.

EMPIRE SALOON, CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS FRANCISCO, No. 11, BOSSOIS COUS, MONTREAL.

WILLIAM LAIRD & CO., Importers of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, Wholesale and Retail.

J. & E. MORGAN, Importers of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, Wholesale and Retail.

SMITH & COCHRAN, 267 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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Various. [From the Wisconsin Argus.] I WOULD NOT DIE AT ALL. When I was young...

Medicines. Dr. Curtis's INHALING VAPOR. I would not die in Spring time. When I was young...

Business Cards, &c. W. BROOKE, ADVOCATE AND LAND AGENT. CHARLES C. COLBY, ADVOCATE.

Portland Advertisements. NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE AND BOOKSTORE. FRANCIS BLAKE, PUBLISHER.

Boston and Portland. JOHNSON, LOTHROP & CO., Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Travelling. ROYAL MAIL LINE! The Quickest, London and Most Direct Route.

Hotels. British and American HOTEL. BREWER HOUSE. THE "DANVILLE HOUSE."

Various. I would not die in Winter. For one might be taken with a cold...

Medicines. PAIN KILLER. Old Rheumatic Affections. CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER.

Business Cards, &c. HORACE BARBER, BAILIFF OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH. WILLIAM RITCHIE, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REGISTRAR.

Portland Advertisements. H. J. LIBBY & CO., Wholesale Dealers in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Boston and Portland. J. PHILBRICK, Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer.

Travelling. VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD. FARE REDUCED!

Hotels. AMERICAN HOUSE. WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL. ELM HOUSE.

Various. G. W. STONE'S COUGH, CONSUMPTION AND BRONCHITIS ELIXIR.

Medicines. G. W. STONE'S COUGH, CONSUMPTION AND BRONCHITIS ELIXIR.

Business Cards, &c. BONNETS & HATS. LIFE ASSURANCE.

Portland Advertisements. CHALLENGE HAIR DYE.

Boston and Portland. GEO. R. DAVIS, Dealer and Manufacturer of Blank Books, School Books, Stationery and Room Papers.

Travelling. American Express Line. UNITED STATES MAIL LINE!

Hotels. STILL ALIVE. TIN BUSINESS. WARE.

Various. ST. PETER'S (EPISCOPAL). CONGREGATIONAL. WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Medicines. G. W. STONE'S HERBIEVE NERVE RESTORATIVE.

Business Cards, &c. CARDS. FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

Portland Advertisements. GRANGER & GAMBLE, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in STRAW GOODS.

Boston and Portland. SHERB OKE SHOE SHOP.

Travelling. VANASKA POTTERY AND BRICK WORKS.

Hotels. IRON WORKS.

Various. BOSTON BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Medicines. BOSTON BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Business Cards, &c. CANADIAN TIMES CARD PRESS.

Portland Advertisements. CANADIAN TIMES CARD PRESS.

Boston and Portland. SHERB OKE SHOE SHOP.

Travelling. VANASKA POTTERY AND BRICK WORKS.

Hotels. IRON WORKS.