Lay her in the blooming meadows, Where no dim and heavy shadow, Phrown from pris'ning city wall, On her tomb will darkly fall.

Not mid strife and din and hurry, Will we little Rosy bury, Not where careless steps might tread Will we lay that gentle head.

The state of the s

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Sant Sameana

(For the Protector.)
LINES
Written on the death of a young friend

A family circle has been called To mourn an absent one. The eldeat of that little group, The cherished one is gone.

A mother's loud convulsive sob, A father's deepest groan; Brothers and sistera' tears all prove The cherished one is gone.

The Medicine of the Million! PHILOSOPHY AND FACT.



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G. T. HASZARD.



GREAT P. E. I. REMEDIES!

W .. R. WATSON WOULD DIRECT PUBLIC





Pour Do. E. W. Correciple, of Non Orlona.

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Edited by 12s. par a Adv

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The Mair TED STAT forwarded, 10 o'clock For Nov day evening For NE For En-evening at Monday ev

KIRW My pain the broof your, assumpti "Dear I these so tinence, make the ble prod your fine expect if you and points to mor can the low fit to mo to a few after the heads.

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May after a safe a safe