Poetry.

The Poor Man's Grave.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-light to illume—
No parting glance, no heavenly tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier,
There is not one of kindred clay,
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap,
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear that voice below;
He pines to hear that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he needs no home;
But stretched along the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on church-yard earth,
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimmed eyes,
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

Agriculture.

Feeding and Fattening Swine.

The following article, which we find in the Maine Farmer, contains some excellent hints on the subject of fattening hogs, and, as the business is now in season, we lay it before our readers:—

Many of the experiments I have observed have resulted in a loss, instead of profit to the owners. And why is this? I am aware that an error is committed in the outset. We buy too much live pork; the main object should be to make pork, not to buy it. We should also consult economy in judging what number of hogs we can keep to advantage; the larger our family, and the larger our dairy, the more we shall find it expedient to keep; for there are a variety of articles in a family which may be thrown to waste and be lost if not given to pigs.

Almost all, of every rank, trade, or profession, especially out of the cities, find it a matter of convenience to keep at least one hog. Although corn or meal is the staple article for fattening, yet there are remnants of bran, meats, fish, vegetables, and various other articles, such as skim-milk, whey, ect., from a dairy, which greatly promote the growth of pigs, and become a nuisance cast into the gutter. These it would be unfair to charge to the account of the pigs.—I shall, therefore, attempt to show that by keeping a suitable number of hogs, and leaving out of the account all waste articles, that raising our own pork may be more economical than buying pork for cash.

In endeavoring to show this, I would maintain that a pig should be fattened in the shortest possible time; that therefore, a good appetite should, if possible be created and preserved. If a hog will eat well he will fat well; and if he will not eat well he will not fat, but waste more than he will eat. Give him that which suits his palate best, and he will soon gain a good appetite.—Purchase molasses and sweeten his dough, rather than ne should not eat up all clean. Sweet apples are good for this purpose, when to be had. Since the potato rot has commenced, I have used sweet apples as a substitute, boiling and mixing them with meal, and think them a far superior article to the potato.

A hog to be fattened cheapest, and in the shortest time, should be constantly fed to the full, and fed regularly, at about the same hour daily. I am in the habit of throwing into the pen, between meals, ashes, containing some charcoal coal, rotten wood, weeds from the garden, ect.; all these quicken the appetite; but I have found no practice superior or equal to sweetening dough with molasses, to give a hog an appetite, and to fatten him. I use the rinsings of molasses hogsheads, which cost nothing; but $1.20 would buy all the sweetening necessary for one hog.

But to illustrate what I have said, I will show you the result of an experiment I have made the present season on a pig managed in the manner I have recommended:

Cost of a pig, 50 lbs. live weight, at 4½c. per lb., $2.25; 6 bushels of meal fed up to September 5th, at 75c., $4.50; 13 do. fed to December 5th, when killed at 78c, $10.14. Total cost, $16.89. Weight of hog December 6th, 411 lbs.; deduct weight of live pig, 50; net gain over live weight, 361; 411 lbs. at 6½c. per lb., market price, comes to $26.71. Total cost of feeding, $16.80. Net profit, $9.82.

I have made no account of milk or molasses fed, as we are never in the habit of selling skim-milk, but when sweet, give it to our neighbours for family use, and the molasses costs nothing. I fed to this pig about half the skim-milk produced from a cow, say two gallons a day, up to September 5th, ninety days, mixing with meal, which only produced what I desired—a rapid growth.

I then commenced fattening him, always feeding him to the full, using in the remaining ninety days about six gallons of the rinsings of molasses hogsheads, occasionally sweetening the meal, using some skim-milk. In the whole one hundred and eighty days the gain per day appears to be a fraction over two pounds, but would have been considerably more had both been weighed alive, the true method of ascertaining the correct net gain.

Some may think that a single hog in a pen may be made to do better than each, where a number are kept together in a pen; I think I have found the fact to be the reverse of this; hogs seem to love society, and after a short acquaintance become attached to each other, and are peaceable and quiet, thriving better than one alone. I have taken some pains to show the true reasons of so many failures to find profitable returns from keeping swine, a matter of much general importance. C.

HINTS FOR STOCK RAISERS.—Mix occasionally, one part of salt with four or five of wood ashes, and give it to your stock af all kinds during summer and winter. It promotes health and growth materially. Green [illegible] fermentable food produce flatulency, an[illegible] mixture affords a remedy.

and this [illegible] if horses are liberally supplied with salt and [illegible] clean ashes, they will neither be troubled with [illegible] nor cholic.

Miscellaneous.

A Ramble in the Streets of Genoa.

I have never had a walk with you through the streets of Genoa; if you choose, you may accompany me to-day, which you can the more easily do, as I am not going into any house, palace or church. From my house on the hill we have a general view of the city and harbour. Let us pass out of the little patch of ground I call my garden, and enter into the narrow lane which leads to the city. Now, take care, and descend slowly; for this lane is steep, and but a mule-path paved with round water-stones. And I may as well tell you that nearly all the streets in the town are *lanes:* a man, in many places, by extending his arms, can touch at the same time the opposing houses. Then, the houses themselves are very lofty, and their projecting roofs—Italian roofs, as we call them sometimes at home—almost meet, leaving but a narrow strip of the blue sky visible above. But the sky in this city is as pure and bright as in the country; for there are no fires in summer, and in winter almost none,—a little charcoal, which emits no smoke, sufficing to cook the victuals of the inhabitants. Here, on the right, is a long, large irregular building. All the windows are blind,—no, you are mistaken; they have only a large slab of slate placed in front of the lower sash. They are so built in, that no one looking out of the window can see the ground,—he can only see a little bit of the blue sky above. And, notice, the slab of slate has upon the top of it a screen of wooden net-work, through which nearly all the light that the house enjoys must penetrate. What is it you see? You are not sure. In the middle of these slate screens there is a hole, yes, a heart cut out; and at one side of it there is an I, and above an H, and on the other side an S,—which meaneth, "Jesus the Saviour of men." Many of the windows have but M. S. S. cut in them,—that is "Mary most holy." You know now that this is a *religious house.*—a nunnery. And see, here is the main entrance. You need not try it: no one ever goes in but the young women who become Nuns, and the Priests. But here is the little porch which forms the communication between the nunnery and the world. We may step into it. This respectful matron keeps watch and ward all the day, to see that nothing improper goes into or comes out from the convent, and to regulate the sales of the nameless little things which the Nuns dispose of. The porch is a little chamber, with one door communicating with the interior, which door is only opened to the Nuns and the Confessors. But it has another communication with the interior. It is a small opening, three feet high, perhaps, and about two wide. But it is shut up. Hardly; for what you see is the segment of a large wheel, filling up the gap. This is the *counter* where the *wares* the Nuns make are sold; for this wheel contains two shelves, which are divided into four; or this wheel is like a drum, with four perpendicular divisions in it, and with one horizontal one. Now, the horizontal division and the under-end of the drum serve as shelves. When you want to purchase anything, you have but to speak in at this drum, and an invisible person replies to you. She is of the religious order of the house; and before the thing you want is put into the drum and sent round to you, you must put the price of the article into it, and send it round to your invisible saleswoman. But, of course, if you are not pleased with the thing you have bought in the dark, you may send it back, when your money will be returned. Nothing more is to be seen.—And now our downward path is somewhat winding. Hark! what a tramping and jingling of bells! It is a string of mules; they are passing with stones, or lime, or sand, to some house repairing or building. In this city, except in some of the larger streets, all building materials must be carried on the back of mules. This adds enormously to the price.—There above your head, in that wall, in that little hole, is a statuette of the Virgin and Child; and there is an image of a man kneeling at her feet. This is our old acquaintance of the Guardia. She is a great favourite all over Genoa, and throughout the province of Liguria. You find her in stucco and in marble, in oil and in size. By the way, I came lately upon a little Catechism, published in Genoa, at the Archbishop's printing press, in 1854, against the Protestants, and chiefly against the Waldenses. It professes to be "published *per cura* of the Pious Association for the Preservation of the Catholic Faith. Now, in this Catechism, it is taught that images are used not only to adorn the Churches, but as books themselves, to instruct and to edify the faithful. Well, of the instruction of images we have a fine example in the Madonna of the Guardia. You will find written below cartoons of this lady, and below little pictures and statues, these words—*Ecce venit saliens supra montes;* that is, the Virgin, in appearing to the peasant, fulfilled the beautiful prophecy of our Saviour!—We need not stop at any more of these little images-in-the-wall: they are by the thousand here; you find them at all the corners of the street. Some of them have lamps burning before them; some of them are plastered over with silver ornaments; some of them are called miraculous images; and some of them grant indulgences,—at least, if you say before them an Ave-Maria and a Pater-Noster some three or four times, you can get an indulgence for twenty, forty, or one hundred days, as the case may be.

We have got into the city at last. Here is the principal bookseller. You may judge of the ignorence of the people from his shop: two-thirds of his books are French and English, and most of his announcements are in these two languages! Is it not remarkable, did we but know how to use it, what an influence Great Britain might exert?—And here we are, in the great square of the town. That is the theatre; the third largest in all Italy. Under its fine piazzas there are a great many sorts of out-of-the-way people,—fruit-women, shoe-blacks, newspaper-venders, mountebanks, &c. And, see, here is a book-stand,—and the Bible! Yes, for many, many ages the Bible was not sold in all Italy; and this book-stand was the first public mart for the sale of it in Genoa.—And here is a strange fellow selling books. He is a countryman: he looks as if he never had a book in his hand. And it is perfectly true. He has been at confession; a penance has been imposed upon him; and the poor creature has come to Genoa to do good to his soul by selling tracts against the Protestants and the Bible. Poor old man! the usage you meet proves the blindness of your belief. See, a lot of "blackguards" or "*keelies,*" or, in French, of "*gamins,*" or, in Italian, of "*sbarazzini,*" have surrounded him, already surrounded more than enough with those two large baskets slung one before him and another behind him. One pretends to steal from the basket behind, another at the same moment from the basket before. And now they tease him with all kinds of impertinent questions, which they always take care to answer for him. And more than one allusion is made to the confessional; and his little books about purgatory, and bell, and heaven, and the Pope, and the mass, afford them abundant opportunity of showing their wit. The rising generation of Italians are certainly profane; and certainly, the wonderful characteristic in the last revolution will be awanting in the next,—of a people banishing the priesthood, and yet cleaving to the religion of that priesthood. I believe that it is now admitted by many, that the last war for the independence of Italy has missed in part its aim through its tenderness for the Papal religion.

And now we are in Banchi, the place where the merchants meet. It is full all day of people of all sorts. And, see, there are two or three Priests who have come upon "Change." Nothing wrong in that: why should not they have money in the funds? Stop, my friend, I am not complaining: I am only wanting to draw your attention to some facts of which you may not be aware in this country. These Priests that you see are on the look out for Captains and sailors about to embark, and who may have forgotton till the last moment, the necessity of securing the interests of Mary, or some other saint, to protect them from the perils of the deep. Seaman, a free-hearted race all the world over, often give a handsome price for a few masses. The Priest take it in hand, and the sailor has no more care, no responsibility; but let a storm come, and then the (common) Italian sailor is an altered person. He prays to the Virgin, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and all the saints. If the storm continues, seeing that his prayers are of no avail, he begins to try and bribe the saints with the most magnificent gifts; (hence the most valuable offerings in Roman churches are generally from sailors;) and if his prayers and bribes alike fail, he begins to threaten; and then he rises in ignorant wrath, curses, and stamps, and swears, beats his images one after another, and at length, worn out with his passion and terror, he breaks them into a thousand pieces, and pitches the saints ignominiously head foremost into some dark and dirty corner of the vessel. Generally all these promises and oaths are forgotten as soon as the ship touches the shore; but sometimes the sailor fulfils to the letter the words that have gone out of his mouth in the midst of his distraction and dread.—But we have not done with the Priests in the business-mart. Some of those whom you see are there in order to traffic with one another. It is in this way: Some man dies dreading purgatory, and leaves so much money, one hundred or two hundred francs, for masses for his soul. A parish Priest, or other priest, who has a good living of his own, cannot be at the trouble of saying a hundred or two masses; and so, to get rid of the labour, he comes "on Change," and bargains with some poor Priest *in sincera* to say the masses for him. Of course, the poor Priest only gets a half, or a third, or a tenth of the spoil. Thus are the dead cheated. It is ten to one that the masses are not sold again; it is ten to one that they are never said at all. There are many more strange sights to be seen in these streets.—*Correspondent of "Scottish Guardian."*

The Interior of an Arab House in Damascus.

During my travels I had often expressed to Ibrahim my earnest desire to see the interior of an Arab house, and to come to a better understanding of the peculiar customs of the domestic life of the Arab. Ibrahim had given me encouragement of this, saying, that on our return to Damascus he might perhaps find an opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I did not forget this promise, and reminded him of it on the very day of our arrival in that city. "I will brosch the matter in my own family," he answered, "and if I dont meet with too serious objections, you shall dine with my brother." This pleasing prospect gave me great happiness, and I expressed to him my perfect satisfaction at the arrangement. Two days afterward he sent me word that I was expected to dinner next day by his family. I joyfully accepted the invitation, and I begged that nothing might be changed from the usual customs and they would receive me as one of their family. "You will see," I added, "that the least innovation will be fatal to the object I have in view." Rest assured," he replied, "that everything shall be according to your wishes" The appointed hour came. Ibrahim called to take me to his brother's house and introduce me to his family. Bending the head to the knee, I entered a little square room around which were seats of stone. It is in ante-rooms of this kind that the Mussulmans receive visits, and one seldom succeeds in penetrating into the interior of their homes. A door leads from this room into a court paved with white marble, in the center of which is an octagonal basin with a fountain; a double row of pillars with ornamental arches run around it. Before the door by which I had entered, was a staircase leading to the single rooms. The room into which I was ushered was furnished in the usual Moorish style. There was a wood divan, the walls were covered to the height of six or seven feet with rhomboidal plates of delf ware, and a mat, also checked off with a rhomboidal, covered the floor. The aged father of Ibrahim and his brother, a youth of about eighteen, sat barefooted and cross-legged on the divan, solemnly and earnestly smoking their chibouques. At my entrance the old man gave me a friendly greeting and invited me to sit down by his side. Coffee and a chibouque were ordered forthwith. A table about a foot high stood in the middle of the room; carpets and pillows supplied the place of chairs. In a few minutes Ibrahim appeared with three young women dressed ornamentally and picturesquely; they approached me, took my hands and pressed them respectfully to their lips. Two of these woman were not without beauty, the third was rather graceful than pretty; their golden-yellow complexion, was not without its attraction; their eyes and black hair gave a boldness to their expression which was somewhat softened by the magnificence of their long pendant lashes.

The apparant size of these was still increased by narrow black lines in prolongation at the corner of the eye. Upon the bosom they wore two little blue flowers, and they were tattooed one on the upper part of the nose between the eyebrows and another on the chin. Their feet were bare; their finger and toe-nails were stained reddish-brown, and their ankles were ornamented with heavy metallic bands. On the head they wore little red caps with golden borders and a large golden tassel in the shape of an acorn pendant from the top. Long braids of hair, on which were strong small gold coins, completed that part of the toilet. A very short velvet jacket with a rich border like that of the cap, served them in some measure as a bodice; it was quite open in front, leaving the neck entirely uncovered. the Moorish women have not adopted corsets, and even yet corpulence is considered among them to be the perfection of beauty; but upon Europeans whose ideas of beauty differ from those of the Mussulmans, this sort of display has but little effect. A silk tunic with open sleeves reaches a little below the knees. Wide trowsers of the same stuff were seen below over the bare ankles. A rich damask girdle bordered with silk and gold, with both ends hanging down, encircled the hips loosely, and the bare arms were ornamented with bracelets. The whole dress was, if one did not judge it by a too rigid rule of propriety, very pretty and picturesque. Immediately after the entrance of these ladies, about a dozen dishes were set on the table, a sort of soup, game, *koos koos,* consisting of chopped fish and rice, dumplings fried in oil and served up on grape leaves, grapes also, dates, pomegranates and confectionery. These were all set on the table at the same time, and every one loaded his plate with different things at once; it was a real "Macedoine." A single glass, a very large one, filled withcold water, served for guest and hosts; hands undertook the service of knives and forks. Only one of these ladies sat at the table, the other two waited on us. My place was beside the lady. The particular pieces which one preferred, he took from the dish with his hand. It was not however, until after a little delay that I could resolve to follow their example, but I soon conquered this fastidiousness and took hold as the rest did. I was tolerably well acquainted with this singular custom from stories that I had heard, and so, strange as it seemed to me, I was not astonished. But one thing was quite new to me, that it was admissible to take from the plate of one's neighbour the choice bits which he had selected for himself. My astonishment may therefore be comprehended when my charming neighbor reached her pretty hand to my plate to pick out without any ceremony, what suited her taste. I was really amazed at the confidence of the dainty hand, when it took possession of a morsel which I was just about to put in my own mouth. So great familiarity surpassed my comprehension. My host noticed the impression made upon me, and endeavoured to remove it by saying that such a freedom was customary; that I also had the right to do the same thing and it would not be considered improper. So I made use of this right by taking, a moment afterward, a piece of game from the plate of my fair neighbour, taking care, however, not to select the most delicate.—*Translated by the Tribune from M. Bray de Buyser*

Various Extracts.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—Amidst all the contentions, foreign and domestic, religious and political, that have for so long a time occupied the attention of men's minds, to the exclusion of almost every other subject what, ever, it is refreshing to divert the attention even for a moment, to a subject so closely connected with man's happiness here, and his family after him, as the subject of Life Assurance—a science so charitable and so good, that it partakes somewhat of the marvellous to state, that scarcely *one in three hundred* of our vast population has availed himself of the benefits and advantages daily thrust before his notice. But so it is. The selfishness of man himself is alone the barrier which prevents Life Assurance walking abroad as well in the palace as in the cottage, and in the broad streets and narrow alleys of our vast Metropolis. He has hitherto said, "He himself reaps no benefit" from the provision. We envy not the state of mind of a man who, for the sake of a few more transitory pleasures or enjoyments will, rather than put by a few pounds when he has it in his power, suffer the cold blast of poverty to chill and wither up the forms of those whom he has left behind, heirs to nothing but the world's indifference—recipients of nothing but the paltry mite doled out unwillingly by a few of those who knew them in better times, and are then left to pine away in secret and in sorrow the few wretched days left them on earth; but who, if the husband and the father had done his duty to his own—had foregone one extravagence per year—had dined less sumptuously—had drunk less wine—might have still been in the sunshine of existence; the loss of the departed hallowed by the recollection, that though dead to them and to the world, his voice still spake in the many comforts by which they were surrounded, and which his prudence and forethought had secured. If man would but learn *how little,* and not how much will suffice to provide for his family after him whenever he should die, we should have hopes that this noble science would enter into the hearts and dwellings of all heads of families. Appeals to the public on behalf of the widow and the orphan, left destitute by the sudden death of him on whom and by whom all lived, would be less frequent, had there been recourse to an Assurance in early life. A saving of little more than a penny a day would secure to a person aged twenty-five, £100 for his family in the event of his death, at whatever time that should happen;—at the age of forty two pence a day would secure this benefit, and so on in proportion. To the working man a pint of beer a day drank the less will save his family from the bitterness of poverty and its consequent humiliation. To himself he may secure peace of mind, and to his family comfort, if not independence, by the annual saving of a few pounds.—*London Era.*

WHAT POPERY IS.—A great writer says: If I might define it shortly, it is a religion that holds that sanctity is not in the man, but in the office; not in clean hands and pure hearts, but in an unbroken succession. It is a religion that worships the altar instead of God; that trusts in the crucifix instead of Christ; that substitutes macération of the flesh for mortification of the passions; that makes a powerful stomach the test of a pure conscience; that makes length of fasting an atonement for shortness of creed; that bows down the soul by ceremonies, instead of captivating it by love; a faith of broad phylacteries, a cleansing of the outside of the platter and genuflections; in contrast to that sublime faith, the sentiment of which is "God is a spirit, and he must be worshipped in spirit and truth."

Notes & News.

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—The chisel is no longer the tool of the master sculptor—his instrument is an odd bit of a stick, with which he scoops away the figure of clay, or "at the mud," as he will tell you himself. When finished as near as such material can be, a mould is taken, and from that a cast of plaster. If necessary, this cast is still further finished and sand papered, and it is then handed over to the cutter, whose duty it is to make an exact *fac simile* in marble.

The sculptor proper may never touch this marble, and when he is told it is done, he is ready to deliver it to its owner. The workmen in Mr. Power's studio have executed not far from forty Porsepines, from one plaster, which is originally composed by the master, and the Greek Slave has in the same way been re-produced three or four times. The best bust maker in Italy never touches the marble. He may suggest or order hair strokes here and there, but he does not handle the scraper himself. In all this the workman, thro' he may execute unassistedly the statue, the head, or the groupe, is no more the author of this work than is the clerk who copies the Prime Minister's rough draft, or the caligraphist who engrosses a set of resolutions. You can see how impossible it would be for sculptors occupying and requiring in this way the work of many men, to transport their studios to America

DEODORISING PROPERTIES OF COFFEE.—The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell, on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the effluvium occasioned by the clearing out of a cess-pool, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee; whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleaning of the cess pool continued several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant, is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cess pools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

The Directors of the Colonial Life Assurance Company request attention to the close of the Books for the present year on 25TH MAY, *with reference to the* SECOND DIVISION OF PROFITS IN 1859.

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MATTHEW H. RICHEY,
Secretary to the Halifax Board.

April 3.

NOTICE!

THE Partnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of JOST & KNIGHT having expired, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment to the firm of

JOST, KNIGHT & Co.,

Who are authorised to receive all debts due, and to pay all liabilities.

ELIZA JOST,
EDWARD JOST, } Extrx. and Extrs. of T. Jost.
THOS. F. KNIGHT.

Halifax, Feb. 18, 1856.

The undersigned, having this day formed a Co-partner ship, will continue the business carried on by the late firm of Jost and Knight, at the same stand No. 32, Granville Street, under the name of Jost, Knight & Co.

THOMAS J. JOST,
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JOHN W. HENIGAR.

Halifax, February 28 1856.

THE MODERN CRUSADE,

OR

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA;

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ALSO—On hand, a large lot of SOAP and CANDLES

October 11.

Union Bank of Halifax.

The BOOK for Subscriptions to the Stock of

The Union Bank of Halifax,

At the Office of John Burton, Esq., Bedford Row,

Will remain open till further notice; in the interim application will be made to the Provincial Legislature now in session for an Act of Incorporation.

By order of the Committee
W.M. STAIRS,
Chairman

February 7.

Removal, Removal!

J. B. BENNETT & Co.

HAVE removed their place of business for a few months to the shop recently occupied by Mr. J. C. Wilkie.

No. 33 GRANVILLE STREET,

Adjoining Messrs. Jost & Knight's, and opposite the Railway Office. 2m. Feb. 21.

NEW BOOKS!!

At the Wesleyan Book Room.

And will be sold low for Cash.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, (unabridged)
Martyrs of the Reformation, (by Rev. W. H. Rule.)
Celebrated Jesuits, (by the same)
Grand of Dominic, (by the same)
Rule's Mission to Gibraltar.
Religion in its Relations to Commerce, (a Course of Lectures by several eminent Ministers.)
Wesleyan Hymn Books in variety. March 6

DISOLUTION

Of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHNSTONS & TWINING, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons indebted to the firm are requested to make early payment to either of its late Partners.

J. W. JOHNSTON,
CHARLES TWINING,
WILLIAM A JOHNSTON.

Halifax, March 1, 1856.

Co-partnership Notice.

J. W. JOHNSTON, Senr., and WM. A. JOHNSTON will continue their professional business in Co-partnership, at their present office in the Brick Building, in Hollis St, No. 42, under the firm of

J. W. JOHNSTON & SON.

Halifax, March 1, 1856. 4w.

Co-Partnership.

CHARLES TWINING having associated with himself Wilson WILLIAM TWINING, their business will in future be conducted at No. 34 Hollis Street, over Fuller's American Book Store under the name and firm of

CHARLES TWINING & SON.

Halifax, March 1, 1856. 4w.

Requisites for the Nursery.

Andrew's Worm Lozenges.
Barrington's Cough Syrup
Chambers' Nursery Pomade.
Dalby's Carminative,
Glass ad Ivory Gum Rubbers.
Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers.
Hecker's Farina Food.
India Rubber and Prepared Nipples
Ivory and Caoutchouc Rings
Nursery Bottles and Flasks
Powder, Puffs and Boxes.
Rowland's Kalydor & Oils.
Steedman's Soothing Powder.
Children's Hair Brushes.
Du Barry's Revalenta Food.
Glass Nipple Shields.
Hobenvack's Worm Syrup

☞ Received and for Sale at Morton's Medical Warehouse, 39 Granville Street, by

October, 25 G. E MORTON & CO.

A MARVELLOUS REMEDY

FOR A MARVELLOUS AGE!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

The Grand External Remedy.

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these, this Ointment when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflamation of the Lungs, Asthmas, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness This healing Ointment far more readily penetrate through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.

Erysipelas, Rheumatism and Scorbutic Humours.

No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of diseases on the Skin, whatever form they may assume as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or, Erysipilas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

Sore Legs, Sore Breasts, Wounds and Ulcers.

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings and tumours. Professor Holloway has despatched to the East, large shipments of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing

Piles and Fistulas.

These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts.	Contracted and Stiff Joints.	Sore Nipples.
Burns,	Elephantiasis,	Sore throats.
Bunions,	Fistulas,	Skin Diseases
Bites of Moschetoes and Sandflies,	Gout,	Scurvy,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Sore Heads.
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Tumours
Chilblains,	Piles,	Ulcers,
Chapped hands,	Rheumatism,	Wounds.
Corns (Soft)		Yaws

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—J. F. Cochran & Co., Newport. Dr. Harding, Windsor. G. N. Fuller, Horton. Moore and Chipman, Kentville. E. Caldwell and Tupper, Cornwallis. J. A. Gibbon, Wilmot. A. B. Piper, Bridgetown. R. Guest, Yarmouth. T. R. Patille Liverpool. J. P. More, Caledonia. Miss Carder, Pleasant River. Robt West, Bridgewater Mrs. Nell, Lunenburgh. B. Legge, Mahone Bay. Tucker & Smith, Truro. Tupper & Co, Amherst. R B Huestis, Wallace. W. Cooper, Pugwash. Mrs Robson, Pictou. T R Fraser, New Glasgow. J & C Jost, Guysborough Mrs. Norris, Canso. P. Smith, Port Hood. T. & J. Jost, Sydney. J. Matheson, Broad Or.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 9s. 3d., 15s. 3d., 30s. 6d, and 50s. each Box.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Directions for the Guidance of Patients are affixed to each pot or box.

☞ There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes. December 13, 1855.

DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION

AN EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.

THIS valuable External and Internal Remedy originated with a skillful and Scientific Chemist, who found it difficult to obtain an article that would with certainty and in a short space of time, effect a cure of Wounds, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, &c. By various experiments he at length discovered a preparation which answered his most sanguine expectations, and its peculiar virtues becoming known to his friends, he was induced by them to prepare it for general use.

Since its first introduction to the public some important additions and improvements have been made in its compositions, increasing its value and making it applicable to a greater number of diseases, especially to those of the stomach and bowels, and it is now used Internally with, if possible, greater success than Externally.

DYER'S

Healing Embrocation

is a perfect pain destroyer and an Invaluable Remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Wounds, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Sore Throat, Swellings, Cramp, &c.

It is indeed truly gratifying to us to receive such incontestable proofs of the value of this astonishing remedy, as are daily presented. We know its true value experimentally, and do not hesitate to recommend it as superior to any other Medicine for similar purposes, and we are willing at any time to refund the money, if it does not give entire satisfaction, or possess all the virtues we ascribe to it

Be sure and get the genuine.

A. H. FIELD,

(Successor to C. Dyer, Junr.)

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,

PROVIDENCE, R.-I.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Broad Street, Boston, general agent for British Provinces. ☞ Sold wholesale in Nova Scotia by E. Morton & Co., Halifax, John Naylor, Avery Brown & Co., Morton & Cogswell, and by dealers in Medicines everywhere.

March 13.

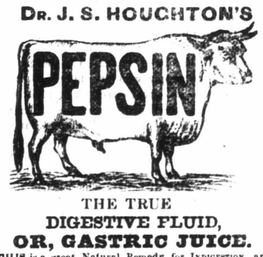
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder!

GREAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. J. S. HOUCHTON'S



THE TRUE

DIGESTIVE FLUID,

OR, GASTRIC JUICE.

THIS is a great Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, and DYSPEPSIA, curing after Nature's own Method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice. Pepsin is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *Solvent of the Purifying, Preserving* and *Stimulating* Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is precisely like the Gastric Juice, in its Chemical powers, and a Complete and Perfect Substitute for it. By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia are removed just as they would be by a healthy Stomach. It is doing wonders for Dyspeptics, curing cases of Debility, Emaciation, Nervous Decline and Dyspeptic Consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The Scientific Evidence upon which it is based, is in the highest degree Curious and Remarkable.

Private Circulars for the use of Physicians may be obtained of Dr. Houghton or his Agents, describing the whole process of preparation, and giving the authorities upon which the claims of this new remedy are based. As it is not a secret remedy, no objection can be raised against its use by Physicians in respectable standing and regular practice. Price, One Dollar per bottle. Sold by the Proprietor in Halifax by the only Provincial Agents

October 18. G. E. MORTON & CO.

The "Sebastopol"

OF DISEASE.

THE ALLIES have made great blunders in the Crimea but not greater than are every day made by doctors who, to dislodge the enemy *Consumption* from the lungs throw immense quantities of ammunition, in the shape of powders and pills into the Stomach. They often seriously damage the latter organ, but fail to operate on the former. Now the *Pectoral Tablets* go directly to the seat of mischief, and the whole tribe of lung diseases, Asthmas, Coughs and sore throat are quickly subdued

☞ Prepared by R. P. Gerry, at 1s. 4½d. per Box, and sold wholsale at the Medical Warehouse, Halifax by

December 6. G. E. MORTON & CO.

Household Requisites.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed Wholesale Agent for Messrs. LEA & PERRINS', will in future be prepared to supply Dealers with the following articles of their manufacture at a small advance on the sterling cost, viz.:—

Worcestershire Sauce,
Essence of Coffee
INDIAN EASONING,
Dandelion Coffee, &c.

☞ Orders received at Morton's Medical Warehouse 39 Granville Street, Halifax.

December 13. G. E. MORTON & CO.

WESLEYAN BOOK-ROOM

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED!

A SUPPLY of Wesleyan HYMN BOOKS, have just been received per "Grand Turk" from London, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

January 10.

To the Methodists and Others

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA!

The Methodist Magazine,

VOL. II.

Commencing January 1856.

Rev. Alexander W. McLeod, D. D.

PUBLISHER AND EDITOR,

80, *Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md., U. S.*

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE is exclusively religious and of a decidedly evangelical character, containing Memoirs, Sermons, Theological Essays, Papers on Christian Experience, Entire Sanctification, the Christian Sabbath, the Providence of God Illustrated, Practical Godliness, Correspondence, Editorial Communications, Readings for the Young, Short Articles under the head of General Religious Intelligence, Book Notices, Obituary Notices, and a Jubilee Record of Mortality, arranged alphabetically, giving the names, ages, place, day and time of death of members of the Church.

Nothing irreligious is admitted into its pages. Its whole tenor of its articles is to edify, and promote the great and necessary work of practical and experimental religion in the hearts and lives of patrons and readers.

Vol I. has met with general approval, and it is hoped that all who feel an interest in the diffusion of a sound religious literature, will endeavour to promote the circulation of the *Methodist Magazine*, by lending it themselves, recommending it to others, and so far as practicable