

## Miscellaneous.

## Empirical Nostrums.

It is pitiful to see how intelligent men and women will allow themselves to be fooled—there is no other word for it—by the brazen quacks of our day. There is generally just one sentence in their lying announcement that tells truth; it is that in which "all other preparations" are denounced as dangerous; the only improvement would be in leaving out the word "other." Reckless of the fact that thousands are suffering from the foolish use of one or another "patent medicine," other thousands rush blindly along the same road. Our attention has been called more particularly to the poisonous compounds sold as hair-washes, reinvigorators, &c., by an article in the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*. The point is that the most of these washes which are "not a dye," (that is, do not produce an instantaneous darkening of the hair), contain sugar of lead, which, by uniting with the sulphur of the hair, or in the wash itself, forms, when exposed to the atmosphere, a dark sulphuret of lead, which, of course, colours the hair. The use of these lead washes frequently produces paralysis. Two cases are mentioned from the personal knowledge of the writer of the article, one being a paralysis of the left eyelid and tongue, the other beginning in the left arm and extending gradually over nearly the entire body. This is a subject that deserves attention. The cases of partial or total paralysis traceable to the use of these dangerous compounds are many, and are growing more numerous. If people are not satisfied with the color which nature or time has given their hair, let them use no "wash" until they become satisfied by analysis that there is no sugar of lead in it. The manufacture of these insidious, unlabeled poisons ought to be prohibited by law. Their bad effects are more extensive than could be believed by unthinking people—and they are many.

## Roads and Road Making.

D. C. Richmond, the noted fruit man near Sandusky, who has traveled a great deal in both hemispheres, writes to the *Register* concerning roads:

We are getting waked up in our town about road matters, and it is high time, for one is likely to break his neck, wagon or something else if he travels on them.

Perhaps the best roads and drives are in and around Paris. In their construction, they first drain them, and then lay down a heavy superstructure of large flat stones, and cover them with small stones; then, with a heavy coat of fine flint and large gravel, which they moisten and roll down with a heavy iron roller, until it becomes perfectly solid and smooth, so that a carriage-tire will not even make a mark on it.

The roads in England are smoothed out something like our railroads, and graded so that span of horses will take the usual load of two tons on them with ease. The culverts are all arched with stone and made durable. They lay a heavy bed of large flat stone lapped one on another, something like a lapped furrow slice, then cover with smaller stone, then with a gravel coat or broken stone of small size. These roads never cut through.

Very firm roads are made in Central Park, by laying down a heavy body of all kinds of stone, and putting on a thick coat of fine gravel and rolling down smooth; when it cuts up, they harrow it over and wet it, and again roll down smooth. My opinion is that the best and cheapest way of making our country roads is to lay down a heavy bed of large flat limestone, similar to the English mode, about twelve feet in width on the right hand side of the road going to town, and then put a heavy coating of flinty stone, broken fine, and cover with a good coat of common sand. Then on the left side throw up with a scraper a dirt road some fifteen or sixteen feet in width. The dirt will be the best in a dry time, and the stone best in a wet time; besides, it will save the wear of the stone road, which wears most in dry weather, as it is cut into dust and blown away.

We ought to construct a small piece of this road every year, and it need not be very expensive; it can be made after harvest, when we are not very busy. I know that in our own district, if the township will furnish the stone, we will turn out and haul them free, and I suppose other districts will do the same. It is only about one-third of the roads in our townships require stone at all, the other part is sound and needs only to be thrown up well and the water drained off; the draining of our land will pay for that. Our roads will then be growing better instead

of worse, and it will be a good investment, and I think we shall be satisfied with it. I have long claimed that the plan of filling the holes with stone was bad; it may do well for the present, but in the end it will make two holes instead of one, and then you can never use the long road scraper to advantage.

The long road scraper will do more work than ten men, and make a splendid road in dry weather, and should be oftener used.

About the worst feature in the construction of our roads, is the practice of working them only once a year, and then never thinking of them again, no matter how bad they get. We ought to have more or less work on them throughout the entire season, for it is much less work to fill a small mud hole than to fill a large one. In Europe they put men on the road when it is necessary. As soon as the rut is seen it is filled immediately by broken stone, large heaps of which are kept lying along the road ready for use. Our dirt roads should have a broad base, and the ditch should not be too close to the road, well drained, and then the road will dry off. When the ditch is close to the road the capillary attraction will always keep the road moist.

A local paper says that an old sheep gave birth to a lamb in Cambridge, lately, belonging to a widow lady with six legs and fine wool all over her head.

TANBARK FOR FUEL.—The London *Prototype* understands that a description of fuel, similar to that lately described by the Louisville *Courier*, is now exclusively used at the tannery of E. W. Hyman, Esq., in that city, in generating steam. It is found to answer admirably, while it costs simply nothing, being merely the refuse tanbark, which in every other tannery is thrown away as useless.

A GOOD STORY.—The Duke of Argyll tells a good story. He was travelling with the Duke of Northumberland in a first-class carriage on the Northeastern Railway. At one of the stations a little commercial traveller got in. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alwick Junction. Here the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was met by a train of flunkies and servants. The commercial traveller said to his remaining companion, "That must be some great swell." "Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland." "Bless me," exclaimed the bagman, "and to think that he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

STORY OF A DOG.—On Sunday morning, October 28th, the house and outbuildings, with their contents, of Ald. Block, of Fredericton, N.B., were consumed by fire. The *Colonial Farmer*, published in that city, gives the following incident, which is worthy of record, as showing the fidelity of this noble animal: "It seems that the fire was first detected by a Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Block. The noble brute, with almost human instinct, tore his way into the house by means of one of the doors, and aroused the family by his barking, and then ran to the stable-door, which he endeavored to open, so that the horse, his almost inseparable companion, might escape. There he remained struggling, though every effort was made to entice him away, and when the fire went out he was found lying dead at his post." A correspondent states that the dog effected an entrance to the house by tearing out a panel of the door with his claws, and thus saved the lives of the inmates, who had time to retire, but not time enough to save anything.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.—A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be re-filled before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!—*Coburn's Rem. World*

JOHN BILLINGS ON THE GOOSE.—The goose is a grass animal but don't chew her cud. They are good liver, about one acre to a goose is enough, altho' there is some folks who thinks one goose to 175 akers is nearer right. These two calculations are so far apart, it is difficult to tell now which will finally win. But I don't think if I had a farm of 175 akers, awl paid for, that I would sell it for half what it was worth just because it didn't have but one goose on it. Geese sta well, some of our best biographers sez seventy years, and grow tuff to the last. Tha la one egg at once, about the size of a goose egg, in which the goslets lies hid. The golden iz the goose's babe. The goose don't suckle his young, but turns him out to pasture on somebody's vacant lot. Tha seem to lack wisdom, but I generally considered sound on the goose. Tha R good eating, but not good chawing; the reason of this remain a profound secret to the present da. When the female goose is at work hatchin she is a hard burd to please, she riles clear up from the bottom in a minit, and will ste a yoke ov oxen if tha sho her the least bit ov thar sass. The goose is excellent for feathers, which shed every year by the handful. Tha R infibicuss besides several other kinds ov cuss. But tha R mostly curious about one thing, tha can haul up one leg into their body and stand on tuther awl da, and not tuch anything with thare hands. I take notis thar ain't but fu men that can dew this.

## Poetry.

## The Rural Life.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGORNEY.

THE rural life in every clime  
Hath been the foe of war and crime,  
Its earnest toils have nurtured health  
And quelled the vanity of wealth,  
And proved with adamantian hand  
The strength and glory of a land.

The farmer who, in days of old,  
From house to house, his produce sold;  
Well ripened fruit and sheaves of gold;  
Secured to us, children of the town,  
A triffo coarse and wondrous brown;  
We wondered how his ample hand  
Became so horny and so tanned,  
And deemed his heavy shoes would ill  
Befit the light-heel'd dancer's skill,  
But they who, 'neath his roof, should try  
The test of hospitality,  
His honesty without a flaw,  
His love of liberty and law,  
Would find, how'er concealed from view  
The roughen'd diamond pure and true.

He need not mark with anxious eye  
The fluctuant market's usury,—  
Nor had he need to watch or wait  
The lightness of the baker's scale,—  
His own sweet loaves from oven's maw,  
Shall careful wife or daughter draw,  
Well pleased the household board to see  
Crowned by their active ministry.

His fields of grain that richly spread,  
His towering maize, with tassels' head;  
His lowing herds that freely pour  
The creamy nectar's balmy store;  
The poultry roaming proudly blest,  
The ivory treasures of their nest;  
The bees that hoard in cone-like tower  
The honied essence of the flower;  
The garden-roots that bide their time,  
The fruits that fall, the vines that climb,  
A plenteous aliment supply,  
Which even Parisian luxury,  
With all its wire drawn art and fame,  
Perchance might scorn, but need not blame.

Ho! for the flax-field's blossoms blue,  
And lustrous leaf surcharged with dew,  
Its fibrous stem the wheel shall stir  
Of many a thirsty cottager.  
Ho!—for the white flock wandering nigh  
Through pastures green, with patient eye;  
Their silken fleece by woman's care  
Transmuted for her household care;  
Arms them the keenest blast to bear;  
And well such useful labours cheer  
With sweet content her shelter'd sphere.

Let the from loom and distaff draw  
Not thread alone, or warp and wool,  
But strength to bear and will to do,  
That kept neuralgic pains aloof.  
The arm that in the disty wrought,  
Gave I tanslo firm by action free;  
While lux-om health and cheerful thought,  
The priceless gifts of industry,  
Inspired the vigor that sustains  
The myrtle nerves and flowing veins,  
Lends to the cheek a ruddy glow,  
And keeps the forehead fair,  
Even though chill age hath sifted snow  
Amid the lustrous hair.