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THE JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO PHYSIOLOGY, LITERATURE AND THE LAWS OF LIFE.

Volume 2.

HALIFAX, MAY AND JUNE, 1860.

Numbers 3 and 4.

Poetry.

HEALTH.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

There is a priceless jewel sent by Heaven
To all who walk in Nature's holy way,
I marked its glory, like the golden morn,
That clothes the forehead of the earth with
light;

Among the sons of men its shining track
Was bright with gems of Peace, and Happiness,
And in my heart I said, "How great and good
The Father who bestows such blessed gifts
To win the gratitude and love of all
His wayward children. In the narrow way
Of Virtue, Purity, and Truth, they all
Will surely tread, and wear this priceless gem
As keepers of a high, and sacred trust."

Atas' The faith that whisper'd thus was built
On shifting sand.

For vanity and for Fashion's glittering show,
This gift of God is rudely cast away,
And yet how poor a recompense is this
For life's great blessing, health, forever lost!

A passing dream—an hour of sin and pride—
And then with weary heart to backward gaze
On life's lone waste, a pathless wilderness,
Where we may vainly seek, with outstretched
hands,
To wander but to happiness, and God.

The wasted lives that lay on Fashion's shrine
Their gifts divine, yea, and their hopes of
Heaven,

Are passing downward to the gates of Death.
And is the boon of life so poor a thing
That the best powers of the God-like mind
Are wasted in perverting this great gift?
We know not of the wealth that sleeps within,
Unconscious energy of heart, and mind,
Prisoned and tortured in these mortal bars.
Why then degrade the casket that enshrines
The soul, so rich in its communion with God?

Diamonds may sparkle on the hly brow
Of Fashion's votary, and costly garb
May seek to beautify His last, best work,
As though 'twere possible to deck the flow'rs
His hand hath wrought, and in use so beautiful:
But give to me that pearl of greater price,
That gem of health, so little valued now,
That glitter'd on the brow of Industry,
And blest the loving hearts of "long ago."
Orwell, 17.

For the Journal of the Times.

HOW ARTIFICIAL TEETH ARE MADE.

THE artificial teeth commonly known as mineral block teeth are composed of mineral substances according to certain formulae. The formula for the body of the tooth is different from either that of the enamel or the gum. The body or bodies, when mixed, have the appearance of a cream-colored clay, and when once prepared they are, for obvious reasons, kept wet till used. The bodies are numbered according to a recognized plan, so that when the dentist requires a

tooth or a set of teeth of a light shade he uses a body of a low number.

The enamels are arranged and used in a similar manner. The gum or gum enamel is in some degree transparent, so that the light or dark shade of the gum is produced by the selection of a light or dark body.

Before proceeding further it may be proper to consider the steps preparatory to inserting a set of teeth. All the old teeth, roots and so forth, should be removed (except where sound teeth are allowed to remain, as in cases suited to the insertion of partial sets), and the rough edges of the jaw, produced by the removal of the teeth, allowed to absorb, and the gums to become hard and healthy. In cases where it is desired, a temporary set on silver is worn a year or so—after which time the mouth is ready to receive what is usually termed a permanent set of teeth.

When the patient presents him or herself after the above preparation, the first care of the dentist is to see that the jaws are in a fit state, and that there is no lurking disease to give trouble at some future time. Having made his calculations in accordance with the circumstances of the case, the dentist then proceeds to take an impression of the mouth in wax or some plastic material—and from this he makes a model of the mouth of plaster of Paris; and from this again he makes metallic dies of lead, zinc, or Babbit's metal, with which he swages a plate (previously shaped and annealed) so as to fit the plaster cast, and therefore the mouth. The plate is then placed in the roof of the mouth, and if the arch be high, and the plate skillfully prepared, it will adhere very tenaciously to the roof of the mouth, by suction or atmospheric pressure. When the plate is fitted the next thing to be done is to arrange wax upon it to represent the length and thickness of the teeth. From the plate, after it has been removed from the mouth, a plaster cast is made representing the jaw, and, by the aid of the wax, the length and thickness of the proposed teeth. This cast or preparation is called a carving model. The before mentioned body is then by skillful manipulation placed upon the model and the teeth marked out and carved to imitate nature.

If a dentist have not a quick perception, with large imitation, correct and artistic taste, he need not look for success in this important but little understood branch of the dental art.

Usually three or four teeth are carved from one piece of body called a block, and four of the blocks compose an upper or under set.

After the teeth have been taken from the model, and small platina pins are inserted whereby to attach them to the plate, they are thoroughly dried, after which they are ready for the enamel.

After being carefully enameled they are placed in a furnace, heated to a white heat, and there allowed to remain until sufficiently baked.

To superintend the baking of teeth requires experience, care and patience,—for if they are baked too hard or not enough they are alike useless and all the labor must be done over again.

After the teeth have been taken from the furnace they have then to be fitted and attached to the plate, which is first done by placing soft wax on the inside of the teeth and plate. The plate with the teeth temporarily attached is then covered up with plaster mixed with water, leaving the wax only exposed. In a short time the plaster becomes dry, and the wax is removed, leaving the teeth firmly imbedded in the plaster.

Small pieces of plate, called backs, are then fitted by means of the platina pins to the backs of the teeth—the "backs" just touching the plate. Solder is then placed upon the backs and the adjoining part of the plate, when the whole—plaster, plate, teeth and solder—are placed over a slow fire, gradually increased till the whole is heated sufficiently hot to solder, at which time it is placed under the blast of a blow-pipe, and the backs, and consequently the teeth, firmly soldered to the plate. The teeth are then very carefully cooled and placed in sulphuric acid which partially cleanses them. The dentist then very carefully examines the teeth to see if any of them are cracked by the operation of soldering; and if he finds them cracked he must repeat his labor till he gets a perfect set.

To finish the teeth all the jagged and rough pieces of solder must be filed off by hand or by machinery; and by several processes, which may not here be mentioned, the plate becomes smooth and receives a brilliant polish.

The time consumed in manufacturing a set of artificial teeth is usually four or five days.

After the teeth are made they have then to be fitted in the mouth; and where they give uneasiness they are either filed or cut away in such a manner as to make them perfectly easy and comfortable to the person wearing them. The upper and lower set of teeth have then to be antagonized with each other in such a way as to render them serviceable for mastication and for all purposes for which a set of artificial teeth is designed.

With the exception of taking the impression and fitting the teeth in the mouth, all the labor of making the set from first to last in all large dental establishments is usually done by persons unseen and unknown to the public at large.

On a mechanical dentist rests all the responsibility and trials of manufacturing teeth; yet he never receives any praise for his accomplishments, and is seldom if ever known or thought of.

Thus briefly we have traced the principle steps in the manufacture of one style of teeth.

There are other styles of teeth, the manufacture of which might be detailed at length, but as this article has extended to greater limits than was at first contemplated, it is perhaps best to defer to another time and place any further remarks.

(For the Journal of the Times.)
GOSPIPING.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps there is nothing which society suffers so much from at the present day as from a certain class of gossipers or tattlers, who make it their business to run, as soon as any domestic difficulty has reached their ears, and tell it (with such additions and alterations as they see fit) to their neighbors, and who are never so much in their glory as when they can be the first to communicate such news to their astonished neighbors. And yet these women (for they are mostly women) manage to keep up appearances in society. You will see them decked in the newest fashions of the day, with all the appendages and mockeries that art can invent, or whalebone, &c., produce; and they, doubtless, consider themselves very prominent members of society. So let them think.

Woman in her sphere at home, or in the quiet social circle, is the foundation of man's happiness on earth. But a gossiping woman or a scolding wife are equally to be dreaded. In one case the community becomes the sufferer, while in the other the husband only.

If this short communication is ever read by any one, male or female, and serves as a check to the too common habit of gossiping and circulating rumors detrimental to personal character, then I shall be well paid for any trouble that I may have had.

F.

SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa, who was Governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skillful in his business, but who had no pockets, or no use for any.

young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria, heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight; the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That this Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent, an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but at any rate, he would be a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1649, and like an enamored swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's land, and put Miss Van Diemen's christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of *Maria* to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land—That land—Van Diemen's land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ship on the 18th of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moondenare's (Murderers) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the island which he called after the Three Kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way after the States of Holland, Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold head-land jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled *Capo Maria*. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his Mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife, for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favour rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not take another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited

until 1790, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been seen by the love-lorn sailor.

INHERITED PECULIARITIES---A SA STORY.

IN one of the New England States I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law that a child is a very faithful copy of the parent. The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birthday to the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know or think it probable, he has never swallowed a drop of ardent spirits in his life. Though in good, sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His speech is always upon his breast, and his speech of that peculiar character which marks persons in a very low stage of intoxication. Nevertheless, in the midst of his muttering and reelings, something is said to him in way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a committipler, and gives proof enough that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him, and may add, he is not to be pitied for his misfortune, but, in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell till he shall pass from the present state of existence to another.

Now, as I understand the law of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual eye born is governed by the same principle which caused them to be what he is. Prior to marriage, his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate; and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet spirit being, who, but a few moments before, had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling. One night, when he was supposed to be the most impeccable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment, and fell down on the floor in a state of inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing that his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When, at the end of this period, it was told him that he was "the husband of a mother," he reeled and staggered on without abatement. Months passed away; but there occurred no change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of the child.

When it was three months old, there began to be some strange speculations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul, "My child is a natural drunkard!" She shrieked aloud; and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born—". She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and the heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George, without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and of wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright and beautiful, and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.

This principle of inheriting traits and characteristics, however, is susceptible of an indefinite number of illustrations. It has become a proverb, and it is sustained by all history and observation, that libidinous connections are uniformly marked by a strong tendency to improper passions, while the subsequent sons and daughters of the same parentage, where thorough repentance has taken place, are in general virtuous.

COMMON SENSE AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

If a man faint away, says Hall's Journal of Health, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length, on his back, on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is that the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power, as is apparent.

If a person swallow poison deliberately, or by chance, instead of looking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, despatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into a teaspoonful of salt, and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch, a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open—then down with the mixture, and in a second or or two up will come the poison. This will answer better in a large

number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, let the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (be careful these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles.) Antidote for any poison that remains in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spirts in a hurry or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician—say nothing, throw it round the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter, and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But to stop it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws out blood in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and, on the other hand, the blood should be applied before the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart; because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of a great hurry.

A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE BRIEFLY TOLD.

The most common and attractive manifestations of consistency of character proceeded from those natures in whom the affections are dominant. A striking example, replete, with that pathos which lies too deep for utterance, is found in the story chronicled by John of Brompton, of the mother of Thos. A. Becket. Her father, Gilbert A. Becket, was taken prisoner during one of the Crusades by a Syrian Emir, and held a considerable period in a kind of honorable captivity. A daughter of the Emir saw him at her father's table, heard him converse, fell in love with him, and offered to arrange the means by which both might escape to Europe. The project only partially succeeded; he escaped, but she contrived to allude her attendants, and after many marvellous adventures both by sea and by land, knowing but two English words 'London' and Gilbert.' By constantly repeating the first, she was directed to the city, and there followed by a mob, she walked from street to street crying as she went, 'Gilbert! 'Gilbert!' She at length came to the street in which her lover lived; the mob and the name attracted the attention of a servant in the house; Gilbert recognized her and they were married. We doubt if any poet, if even Chaucer, imaginative as he was ever conceived a sentiment in a form so vital and primary as is realized in this fact.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—As a wife and mother, woman can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and

children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be a sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginnings, or how adverse a fate may occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtaken powers. By her counsels and her love she can win him from bad company if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading, in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within her reach, so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can eventually do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

LONGFELLOW, in his "Hiawatha," thus elucidates upon the tendency of young women to run away with their "fellers":

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers;
With his flute of reeds a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pritty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum!"

A Methodist minister at the West, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his family was suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money?" replied the steward. "you preach for money, I thought you preached for the good of souls?" "Souls!" replied the minister, "I can't eat souls; and if I could it would take a thousand such as your's to make a meal."

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:

"God did at first make man upright; but he—"
To which a gentleman added:

"Most surely had continued so; but she—"

AN "OLD BIRD CAUGHT WITH CHAFF."
—We see in one our exchange papers, that Mr. Abalom Bird has lately married Miss Julia Chaff.

THE JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.

HALIFAX, MAY, 1860.

We wish to have it distinctly understood that we print and circulate the *Journal of the Times* for no other purpose than to become known through the country and to have an opportunity of posting the public mind in matters pertaining to our profession.

The trouble of preparing even so small a paper as our own is not inconsiderable; indeed, we consider it more than to prepare matter for a large journal, as in our case the length of each article must be closely calculated in order to give a varied and interesting table of contents.

The object we had in view when we commenced to pen this item was to ask any and all who may receive a copy of this paper to read it themselves, and either put it away for future reference, or give it to some neighbor or friend, so that as many as possible may have the reading of a paper at once profitable and instructive.

REMARKS ON THE TEETH.

Nothing disfigures "the human face divino" so much as a loss of the teeth.

We have been intending for a long time to write an article making claims for dentistry as one of the fine arts. No one will deny, we think, that to carve a tooth so perfectly imitating nature as to deceive the eye, and to select a shade or color that shall correspond to the complexion of the person for whom the tooth is intended, requires both artistic talent and artistic taste.

However, it must be admitted that dentistry has done much towards beautifying and remedying the defects of nature.

The teeth are moreover an index of health. When a person shows a mouth full of natural teeth—regular, unimpaired, and clean—it betokens strong constitution, good health, and healthy ancestors. It needs but an experienced eye to judge of the physical condition of a person by simply examining the teeth. The laws of life we cannot disobey with impunity. We may cheat nature for a time, but she will have her account balanced in due time.

When a race or a family lives to excess, and nature wishes to punish, she usually does so by inflicting some fearful malady which, in itself, is punishment enough; but often it proceeds further—it goes even to "the third and fourth generation." It is not always that the child inherits the father's or mother's misfortune, but there is usually a decrease of vitality in the child.

When nature begins to curtail man's fair proportions, she narrows the chest and the jaws, causing the under one to recede,—makes crooked the ankles,—spreads out the feet; and, as the jaw is small, mean, and contracted, the teeth must be crowded, irregular, and some of them turned sidewise. We do not care to describe the consequences of this de-vitalized condition as exhibited in the offspring of two such persons as just mentioned. But we cannot help remarking that children of such parents can hardly be expected to have healthy teeth, healthy minds, or any of the organs of the system healthy when their parents, ignorantly or otherwise, have sought an alliance on a low physical plain.

Therefore we hold, that as the face is the index of the mind, so are the teeth of the general health and constitutional structure.

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER BASE.

We have introduced the above new style of work into our practice, believing that it has many advantages over any other style of mounting Artificial Teeth ever heretofore in use.

Some of the advantages of the Rubber work we may briefly enumerate, as follows:—

It is made in one solid and complete piece, consequently, there is no chance for any of the acids or secretions of the mouth to lodge around or under the teeth. It has no metallic taste; nor has it any taste of the rubber, or anything disagreeable. It is lighter than any metal used for mounting Artificial Teeth. It is not acted upon by acids of any kind. It is very durable. It is cheaper than gold. And as the Rubber Base is made upon a plaster cast of the mouth, instead of being struck by metallic dies, it is sure to be a perfect fit.

This new kind of work is highly spoken of by those who have worn it, as being superior to any other kind now in vogue. Specimens of the Vulcanite Base may be seen at our office.

DR. MACALLASTER will visit Windsor, professionally, about the end of May. Persons desirous of having Dentistry done are respectfully requested to hold themselves in readiness. Due notice will be given by circular.

OSTEOPLASTIC FILLING FOR DECAYED TEETH.—We have been using this new filling for some time, and must say that it is admirable for stopping many teeth which otherwise could not be saved.

This filling is put into the tooth while soft, giving no pain, as it requires no pressure; it soon becomes hard as the tooth, to which it firmly adheres, rendering it next to impossible for the filling ever to come out. Sensitive teeth can often be filled with it when they will not bear a gold filling. This filling too, besides being cheaper than gold, is peculiarly adapted to filling front teeth, as it is very near the color of the teeth when it is dry.

Pivot teeth, when cemented to the roots with the Osteoplastic, are as firm as the natural ones. As no decay of the roots can follow this mode of inserting pivot teeth, we cannot see why such an operation as this would not be rendered permanent for life.

HOLLELY'S PATENT BLOW-PIPE.—We have been using for the past year a couple of Hollely's Blow-pipes; and we are free to say that we have never been acquainted with anything to equal them for soldering purposes. We cordially recommend the above as being cheap, portable, convenient, and every way suited to the use of dentists, silversmiths and others. For information address Joseph Hollely, No. 2 Pitt street, New York city.

We learn from one of the city papers that an American publisher has lately printed an edition of the "Essays of Elia," which, from its being the first on this side of the Atlantic, they have no doubt will find many readers. We hope the same publisher may be induced to publish an edition of Shakspeare, which being a novelty might also take with American readers.—*Com.*

SHOW THE JOURNAL OF THE TIMES to your friends.

BOOK NOTICES.

COUSIN MAUDE AND ROSMOND, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: C. M. Saxton, Baker & Co., 1860; Halifax: Hall and Beamish.

This book is composed principally of two stories, written in that pleasing and chaste style for which Mrs. Holmes is noted. She always writes with an ease and purity peculiar to herself, ever bearing in mind that to a greater or less extent the light reading of the hour has a powerful influence in shaping the characters of many, and especially the young.

Like all her productions, these two commend themselves to all lovers of pure and entertaining reading. The press and public have been alike unanimous in the praise of all this author's works, among which may be named *Homestead on the Hillside*, *Leana Rivers*, *Dora Dean* and *Maggie Miller*, and *Meadow Brook*. Having lived at the North, and afterwards at the South, Mrs. Holmes sketches Yankee and Southern character to the very life.

Of the characters in the book now under notice we will only say that they are all extremely well drawn, and especially Dr. Kennedy, who, with his "maxims" and other peculiarities, strongly reminds us that we have seen just such characters in real life. The character of Maude, too, is truthfully drawn—kind, gentle, winning the readers confidence and esteem. But we do not propose to give the plot of either story, but leave it to be found out by those who are yet to read the work.

It is for sale by Hall & Beamish.

A SYSTEM OF DENTAL SURGERY, by John Tomes, F.R.S. With Two Hundred and Seven Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston, 1859.

It was our intention to have noticed this work some time during the winter; but having many things to attend to we were obliged to let it go till "a more convenient season." We have no hesitation in saying that this is the best work, taken as a whole, ever written upon the subject of dental surgery. Though incomplete in some respects it has merit, and that too of a high order, sufficient to give it a permanent place as a book to be consulted in matters pertaining to practical dentistry. The physiological view of the subject is very complete, showing that the author has been untiring in his efforts to get at facts and to substantiate them.

We may incidentally notice that the author seems to have modified, and in some measure changed his views in regard to the destroying of nerves, since the publication of his former work. There are some improvements which have been tested in practice, which, though generally known through the agency of the Dental journals, the author seems somehow to have overlooked,—we may mention improvements in the regulation of teeth. We should be glad to enter into a detailed account of this work; but as our paper is read mostly by non-professional persons we deem such a course inappropriate.

The American edition of the work, which is the one under notice, is well printed and nicely bound in library binding.

This work will also serve to show the rapid advancement of dental science in England during the past few years.

[Written for the Journal of the Times.]
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

This magazine in its outward appearance challenges the admiration of all persons of taste; upon its neat covers the eye rests with evident relief, and the clear brilliant type, and the fine white paper of the interior, place it among the first for typographical beauty. When the first number was issued, it was spoken of by many papers as personal in its political belief, but its subsequent career has nobly vindicated it from that ascription. Occasionally there has been a writer of a political tendency, in which his views are set forth, never perverting facts, or indulging in rodomontade, and the errors, if any, are rather those of eloquence than of a wilful nature.

Were all political crusades conducted by just and able writers, there would be less of the disgraceful personality and abuse, that fill the columns of many newspapers; and which renders a political contest a disgrace to a free and enlightened country.

The articles contributed to its pages pass before a tribunal which decides solely by the intrinsic merit of each and every article, the author's name being unknown; and it is a fairness and impartiality is preserved, otherwise unattainable. The splendid papers of the "Autocrat" contributed in no small degree to the success of the Magazine. Essays which for their keen perceptions and like truthfulness, have won universal admiration from the people on both sides of the Atlantic ocean,—completely disarming the war-like critics who cruise the sea of literature with the black flag at their mast-head.

The "Professor," following too soon in the footsteps of his predecessor, was warmly welcomed; but the mass of ideas we had absorbed from the "Autocrat" were not labelled and arranged in their proper order, and we swallowed what the "Professor" said was like a second dinner before he first had well digested.

We have not the space to review singly the many admirable articles that have graced its columns.

Suffice it to say that the most talented authors the country possesses still contribute to its pages. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier, with many others of undoubted talent, contribute to its poetry; and with this brief notice of a Magazine which we trust will live and flourish as long as a stone is standing in the "Modern Athens," we will proceed to the April number which lies temptingly before us.

Among its other good deeds it has presented us with a new author—a genuine American writer; and with its best bow, to the accomplished young lady to the footlights, there to receive the plaudits and bouquets of an admiring audience.

The first article, on "The Laws of Beauty," we are not geometrician enough to enjoy, but doubtless it has charms for those who are devoted to that science. "Found

and Lost"—if we might hazard a guess—is not unlike the mysterious fingering of Fitz-James O'Brien. In the following article, "About Thieves," the writer really seems to entertain some little respect for the slippery fingered and burglarious fraternity. In the "Leaves from the Magazine Literature of the Last Century" the reader will find much that is curious. Then to show how interesting an able writer can make a dry statistical subject, we have "Come Si Chiama, or a Leaf from the Census of 1859." In which we discover that 9,120 "Dusseldorf Artists"—"Church's Niacities, towns and villages, in the United States, have but 3,820 separate names; a great want of originality we must confess.

"Bartie Symbols," by Walt. Whitman, has puzzled us not a little, and we can make nothing of it but prose chopped fine; and, as for the idea it is intended to convey, if any, after perusing it twice, we can only discover that some one is walking on the sea-shore. "Hunting a Pass, a Sketch of Adventure," commences well, and the scenes are portrayed in vivid and truthful colors. We have another instalment of the "Professor's Story," in which he gives a humorous description of a New England ball, where we find the following new simile, "All at once it grew silent round the door where it had been loudest—and the silence spread itself like a stain, till it hushed all but a few corner duets." There is an able article on the "Mexicans and their Country," and one on "Kepler," "The Portrait," "Pleasure—Pain," and "Lost Beliefs,"—three pieces of Poetry, with the usual number of reviews, and the list of new books. C. A. P.

[Written for the Journal of the Times.]

THE FINE ARTS.

ARE the fine arts degenerating? Verily, one would think so, did they shape their beliefs on the prevalent opinions of the day, against which I, with my humble pen, do loudly protest. I have often stood before pictures of world-wide fame, and over which infatuated connoisseurs have hung with breathless admiration.

Rarely indeed have I by frequent change of light, or position, been able to discover anything like beauty in the murky, smoky canvas before me, on which the varnish has cracked in intricate white veins.

Now and then an arm, or a bit of a leg, of a dull brick red, presents itself, but to discern the whole picture is absolutely impossible, and were it not for the catalogues one would fain pass it by, without discerning the aim of the artist.

If a picture in which you can see so little be so rare and beautiful, why not see nothing at all, and establish manufactories for smoking canvases to the proper mellow tints. From these the eye turns with delight to the charming pictures of the "Dusseldorf Gallery,"—choice bits of nature imprisoned in their gilded frames, whose trees rustle in

the breeze, and noisy brooks fall over the moss-grown rocks with silvery sound.

The bloated toppers in the wine cellars, with pipes and glasses before them, seem as though seated in an adjoining apartment, through the open doorway of which we are looking. Portraits that at the slightest provocation would step out of their frames—fierce warriors, to swing their keen-edged swords; and poets, to sing anew their immortal lays. Away with your dingy old character—a fig for them; give me the "Church's Niacities," and "Heart of the Andes," and the pastoral poems that Boston artists sing at their easels.

A noseless, armless, legless statue is disembowelled from the earth, yellow and corroded by time, cracked, mildewed and earth-stained, and therefore it must be cried to the four winds of the globe as a miracle of art and beauty.

Placed beside the "Greek Slave," the "Pearl Diver," or the "White Captive," I have yet to learn in what its beauty consists that it should stand so pre-eminently above these which need but the sun-spark of the Creator to boldly assert their own right among us. Toil on ye sculptors of the present day, and if ye gain not your full need of honor and glory, at some future and far distant day, when your works shall be dug from the surrounding mould, they will be hoisted on the pinnacle of antiquity, and worshipped as noseless, armless, legless idols. And ye painters, bear in mind while toiling at your easels, in cheerless solitude, that when ye are food for worms, and time has changed the brilliant hues of your pictures to its one dull tone, they shall hang in the galleries of the future patrons of art, and receive never ceasing admiration. C. A. P.

NEWSPAPER PUFFS.—The "local" of one of our country exchanges gives the following schedule of puff for the benefit of those who need and seek after "pufts."

- For a modest puff..... 3 juleps.
- A tolerably good one..... 1 box cigars.
- A good one..... 1 pair boots.
- A very good one..... 1 vest and shirt.
- A "splendid" one..... 1 cloth coat.
- A perfect sockdologer..... A whole suit.

A FIRST rate joke took place quite lately in our court-room (says the Hartford Courant.) A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."—The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"—"I do."—"What did he do the first year?"—"HE MILKED."—The lawyer evaporated.

An excellent astringent Tooth Wash, for spongy and inflamed gums, is manufactured and for sale at the "Complete Dental Establishment," No. 49 Granville Street.

CURABLE AND INCURABLE DISEASES

THE grand inquiry most interesting to the afflicted, very often regards the curability or non-curability of their particular maladies. The question they most pointedly press upon the physician is, "Doctor, can you cure me?" This inquiry is a very natural one, but one that very often haunts the invalid to his harm. It prevents his recovery in two different ways: First, he decides the question for himself in the negative, and refuses to adopt the only measures adequate to his cure. He has tried so many suggestions, dosed himself with so many different drugs according to the prescriptions of so many learned doctors and so many quacks, and all to no purpose, that he no longer has any faith in *measures*, nor confidence in *men*. He looks upon any suggestions of a hygienic cure, only as another humbug; and however rational and consistent the theory may appear, he cannot be persuaded to take the first step towards putting the thing in practice. Secondly, Having begun a hydropathic course, he is continually haunted by the ghost of his fears. He sees death staring him in the face at every turn. The skeleton form of that king of terrors is continually before him in both his sleeping and waking hours. Reason him into the belief that his case is fair and promising one hour, and he will be back hugging the old delusion of his morbid imagination the next.

I propose in this paper, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, to draw a few outlines of those principles upon which this important question is to be decided; and upon which the true physician makes up his prognosis in any given case.

There are two and only two grand points in this consideration: First of all, the physician is to make up his mind with regard to the condition of any particular organ or organs. On these two points alone, it might almost be said, hangs the entire prognosis in the case. There are, nevertheless, minor considerations which not unfrequently become controlling influences, determining the scale adversely to the patient, over which, alas! the physician cannot always exercise control; and which he cannot always (though sometimes he can), clearly foresee. For these influences the patient is sometimes himself responsible—sometimes his friends.

Primarily considered, it may be truly said, that *all* diseases are curable in their nature. Heretical as this statement at first sight may appear, I see not how, upon a full investigation, it can be rationally doubted. Diseases have crept upon the human race stealthily and gradually. In the beginning, notwithstanding the fall, men lived entire centuries, dying at last of old age; disease being almost entirely unknown among them. Through continued transgressions, however, diseases have become not only numerous but frightful in their forms. They, or their effects, have been transmitted from

father to son, and from mother to daughter. Hence, we have hereditary maladies, or in-born predispositions to disease. Now, these hereditary maladies, or continual shortcomings, are the terrors which underlie the incurability of so many of our diseases of the present day.

Are these hereditary diseases, in their nature, incurable then? By no means. Hereditary diseases may be just as curable as any other. Why not? But the means and manner of their cure, and the time allotted to this end, must be commensurate with the manner and time of their production. Hereditary diseases are not produced nor transmitted in a day, nor a generation, and cannot be eradicated speedily. The human system, nevertheless, *has* recuperative energies. It may ascend in the scale of health and life as well as descend. In the course of generations through continuous transgressions and abuses, it degenerates and runs out. Many of the individual cases become utterly hopeless and remediless. Stopping inside the point, however, of absolute degeneracy and corruption, why may it not rise again in the scale of regeneration. The father, by living a dissolute and corrupt life, may degenerate and enfeeble the constitution of his off-spring. The son may commit the same folly, continue and increase the same error. But the grandson, through greater wisdom and prudence, may improve his own health, prolong his own life, and transmit a better organization to his off-spring than his own. The scale ascends or descends just as a man chooses to make it. In the course of generations hereditary diseases may be cured, just as in the course of generations they are produced. There is a point, however, from and beyond which they cannot be recovered, just as there is a point in any transitory or acute disease beyond which recovery is impracticable. Laying aside, then, the consideration of hereditary diseases for the present, we come to consider more transitory affections, such as affect us for a day, a month, a year, or half a lifetime. We will consider now what are the conditions upon which these affections are curable, and upon what incurable. We assume, then, according to our previous statement, that every sort of disease is in its nature curable under certain circumstances;—that there is a time, a point, at which, or a condition in connection with which it might be made to succumb. It only remains for us, then, to determine what this condition or point is. It is true the wisest physicians must and will confess that they cannot always absolutely determine it. They have occasionally been disappointed both ways; or if not, they have found many cases in which they could not give a positive judgment. Yet, after all, the matter in general is reduced in this day to a very great degree of certainty. The intelligent physician, who has kept up with the progress of the age, can, in general, very accurately determine the capabilities of his patient. It does not follow, however,

that every patient he pronounces curable will recover. Patients are sometimes selves responsible for a failure; and sometimes extraneous influences control all vital resources to their ruin.

What then, are the principles upon which the physician makes up his opinion of curability of a disease? I repeat—the condition of the system at large, the condition of specific organs. One may have a serious disease of the lungs—may recover, while another may have slight affection of these organs which terminate in his destruction. The difference lies not in the primary or supposed practical affection, but in the condition of the system at large. A severe affection of the brain, stomach, liver, or heart, may be perfectly recovered from in one case, while a slight disorder of these organs may become chronic malady, and end only with the death of the patient, in others. One man is naturally greater constitutional capacity than another, and the same man has greater or less, under different conditions of the natural health. We take these as the principle, or starting-point in our prognosis of the natural constitutional capacity in connection with the amount of vitality present. Where these are fair, almost any disease may be pronounced curable. The exceptions lie in that class of cases where, notwithstanding the present strength of the patient may be considerable, yet some part of the organ is so seriously injured as to exclude repair, and finally bring down general health. Fortunately, these diseases are not near so common as they are supposed to be. The recuperative energies of the human system are very great. To sustain, or restore if need be, the digestive and nutritive forces, and very many of the supposed hopeless cases can be made to live and recover. Herein lies the grand merit of the Hygienic cure; and herein may be found the sure explanation of those remarkable cures which have so astonished the world. Innumerable cases of chronic disease will always be hopeless until they be found some way powerfully to aid the natural elimination of morbid matter from the body, and quicken its nutritive forces. Drugs never do this; they never can. Treat patients recover after taking drugs, especially in acute diseases. But in chronic cases their failure is notorious; why? because chronic cases the digestive and nutritive forces are at a low ebb—some means must be applied adequate to rally them. In acute cases digestion and nutrition are often ready to assume their functions so soon as the more violent or active symptoms be disappeared. Hence the patient's recovery. His recovery, however, is perfect and safe, just in proportion to the minuteness and harmlessness of the dosings that have been practiced upon him. It is well established that drugs are the true and only cause of many of those chronic disorders which follow so closely on the heels of an acute attack.—*Dr. Fial.*

THE MINISTER AND THE HAMS.

"In the last number of the *Presbyterian Depositor*, a correspondent relates the following anecdote. He says he had the narrative from a most reliable source and, as far as may be, gives it in the language of the narrator:—

"I know a man who until past the meridian of life, manifested in all his transactions a mean miserly spirit. Money was his god. He was proverbially 'a mean man.' Between forty and fifty he became a subject of 'Sovereign Grace.' His eyes were opened to see with great distinctness the truth of that word, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' In a word he was truly converted. At the period of which I speak, he was a wealthy farmer, on one of our rich prairies. He united with the people of that, he confessed, and most deeply deplored the sin of covetousness. He promised, with Divine help, to 'Live no longer unto himself.' He was sincere in his promise, and his purpose. Little did the poor man know himself, the power of habit, of temptation, or of the conflict before him between the 'Old and the New Man.'

As was then the custom in the Methodist church in the country, and is to some extent at this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, &c. Soon after 'Old Covetuous' united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he 'harnessed up,' and rode over to Bro. C.—'s house.

"Good morning, Bro. —C." "Good morning; glad to see you; won't you alight?"

"No, thank you, wife says we are out of meat, and I thought—"

(Old man.) "Out of meat, are ye?" (New man.) "Well I'm glad to hear it, it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smoke-house, yonder, and take the best ham you can find—mind and take the biggest."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing twenty pounds. He passed on to the wagon.

Now came the conflict.

(Old man in his heart, *solus*.) "You old fool? that ham weighs twenty pounds! Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per pound." (New man, *solus*.) "God loveth the cheerful giver." "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" O God, forgive me!

"Get thee behind me, Satan." Here, Mr. come back! come back! "Now," said he, "I'll go again to my smoke-house, and this time get two hams. Get the very best—mind you get rousers."

Soon he returned, bearing forty pounds more of the precious meat: then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old man.) "Well, you are a fool! You will die in the Poor House yet! Forty, sixty pounds—worth eight dollars! Eight

dollars gone slick!" (New man.) "Honor the Lord with thy substance. Give and it shall be given unto you." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; though I fall, I shall rise again." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." O! I am—I am in the valley."

Poor man, he was, and like Bunyan's Christian, he sheathed his sword, and cried to him who was "able and willing"—"Lord save me."

(New man) "Here, Mr. come back! come back!" Now his manly form trembled! The water stood in his eyes, and then, like a child he wept and sobbed as he told the minister of the warfare within.

"And now, Mr. Devil," said he, "If you don't quit this business, I'll give away every ham I've got in the smoke house!"

Then "Appollyon spread his wings and left him for a season."

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 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 effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a dung-pit, 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 cleansing of the dung-pit continued for 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, and it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sink or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the rooms which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

CURE FOR BRUCELLE.—The Salem Observer says a correspondent of an exchange paper gives the public a cure for this distressing disorder, from which he has been a great sufferer. He says "a simple poultice made of cranberries, pounded fine, and applied in a raw state, has proved in my case, and a number also in this vicinity, a certain remedy." In his case, the poultice was applied on going to bed, and the next morning, to his surprise, he found the inflammation nearly gone; and in two days he was as well as ever.

WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and it continues this motion for this length of time without disorder, and weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder, is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness, is still more astonishing.—Never, for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labor, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours: yet it never seems fatigued, it never seems exhausted.—Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made: and the power or the Creator in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but His Wisdom!

KEEPING THE TEETH CLEAN.—

Microscopical examinations have been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, and in ever variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites have been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable, one or two. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them, cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth, to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of parasites were greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not injure their vitality in the least. The same was true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverized bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appears to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for the teeth. It may also be proper to add, that none but the purest white or Castile soaps should be used.—*Scientific American*.

Brilliant.

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some recent deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame;
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With his recklessness and sin;
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their blossoms glad;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

VENICE.

There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets.
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we vent,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings:
The fronts of some, though time had shattered
them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.
—SAMUEL ROCKS.

THE POET.

Call it not vain: they do not err
Who say that when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
The mountains weep in crystal rill,
That Flowers in tears of balm distil;
Thro' his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach the rustling wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
—WALTER SCOTT.

MILTON'S SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
beats;
To serve thee with my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And pass o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Advertisements.

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SINGLE GUM TEETH.

SINGLE GUM TEETH.

SINGLE GUM TEETH.

PLAIN PORCELAIN TEETH.

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TOOTH WASH—A superior article
as a wash for the mouth, teeth and
for purifying the breath, but more esp
inflamed and diseased gums. It is
acid or anything liable to injure the
Price 2s. 6d.

TOOTH-ACHE DESTROYER—A sp
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HALFAX, May, 1860.

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