

porch, and looking in. It instantly struck me that the body lay there, and I resolved to alight, and to look upon her beautiful face once more. How the ban of the Church, in this case, against suicide had been got over, I know not, and stopped not to inquire. In that land money and intrigue do everything, and therefore there was no marvel. I made the coachman stop, and got out, while the old physician followed me, uninvited. We walked up the path; the younger girls gathered round the door, screening the interior from our sight till we had mounted the steps. Then the sound of our footfalls made them move away to the right and left, and what was it I beheld? Two hand-biers covered with mortuary clothes, lay just in the entrance from the great door, with the bodies of the dead upon them, and flowers strowed upon the corpses. Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget it! I darted forward. I stood by the side of the biers, and gazed down; but not on the countenance of Beatrice. There were the fine features, the tall, fair brow, the raven locks of her sister Narcissa. There was the thin, worn, anxious countenance of the Marquis de Spezzia. But no Beatrice was there.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Miscellaneous.

Extraordinary Romance of the West End.

A short time since an old lady, living in one of the small streets leading out of Albany Street, Regent's Park, entered the shop of a poulticer in the neighborhood, and purchased a chicken. The tradesman was attentive to her, and the lady became a customer, always coming to the shop and giving her own orders. She appeared to be very old, but to have all her faculties about her. One Saturday evening she came when the poulticer happened to be very busy. She said she wished to speak to him, and he asked her to walk into the little parlour behind the shop and he would come to her the moment he was disengaged. In the parlour she met the daughter of the poulticer, and after some conversation in the course of which she remarked that the younger girl looked ill, and required change of air, she produced a parcel tied up in paper, and said, "Give this to your father, as he is busy, and cannot come, and I cannot wait. I wish him to take you away for a little change, and here is something that will enable him to do so." She placed the parcel in the girl's hand, and told her to lock it up in an cupboard to which she pointed. The girl did so, and when some hours subsequently, the shop was closed, and her father came into the parlour to get his supper, she produced the parcel, and gave the message by which it was accompanied. The poulticer laughed as he untied it; but to his amazement, the parcel was found to consist of bank notes and gold of the value of £1,000. There was also in it an antique gold watch and chain. The next day Mr. ... hurried round to his customer to thank her, when she desired him to take his daughter out of town for a few days, and on their return to inform her of their arrival. This, of course, was done. A day or two after their return she called at the shop of Mr. ... and said she wished him to come to her house to tea, accompanied by his daughter. As they were about to leave, after partaking of her hospitality, she said to Mr. ... "I wish you particularly to call on me to-morrow morning, and bring with you two respectable persons upon whom you can rely." The next morning Mr. ... attended, accompanied by the curate of the parish and a neighbor. The old lady then said that she was upwards of ninety years of age, and had no relative living but a cousin, an attorney, who, she alleged, had not treated her well, and by whom, she said, she had lost £20,000. She added that she had £25,000 in Consols still left, and that, as she felt she would not live long, and was resolved that the attorney should not get anything belonging to her, she had asked Mr. ... to attend, with two witnesses, in order that she might transfer to him, for his own absolute use, the £25,000 to which she had referred. She added that she knew very well what she was about, and that, by giving him the money while she was alive, instead of bequeathing it to him at her death, he would be saved the payment of legacy duty to the extent of £2,000. This announcement appeared properly suggested that a solicitor should be sent for. The man of law came accordingly, and the transfer was duly effected. The old lady's presentation of approaching dissolution proved to be correct, as she died a few weeks after making this singular disposition of her property. It seems that before her death she stated that she had intended to give the money to a chemist with whom she used to deal, but that he had offended her by some inattention to her wishes. The moral of this story (of the substantial accuracy of which there can be no doubt whatever) is that civility costs nothing, and may sometimes yield a rich reward.

EARTHQUAKES IN SCOTLAND.—The district of Upper Strathairn and adjacent places have been visited by a succession of pretty smart shocks of earthquake during the last two or three days. At a little past ten o'clock on Wednesday night a rather severe shock was felt at Comrie, and was followed by another about ten minutes afterwards at Greenloaning Railway Station—a distance of about 11 miles from Comrie. Both shocks were distinctly felt. Between seven and eight o'clock on Thursday, and at an early hour on Friday morning, shocks passed over the district and though there was a little shaking of the earth, apparently the noise which accompanied the shock, which resembled distant thunder or the discharge of cannon, was heard over a large district. Immediately after the shocks on Wednesday, rain poured down in perfect torrents, and has continued with very little intermission since. At Comrie which seems to be the seat of this strange phenomena earthquakes have not been so frequent as this season since 1839.—Scotsman.

THE NEGROES AND THEIR INTERESTS IN AMERICA.—The Negroes, it seems, have adopted sides in the south, and have taken to the stump kindly. This is not remarkable for them in their savage state they are fluent orators. In Africa their "palavers" are conducted with dignity and decorum. But the negro is an imitative creature, and has already learned to wield the weapons of the American politician. Mr. Nash a Conservative gentleman of colour, has denounced the Republicans in no measured terms. A rival negro orator (Republican) accuses him of having once passed three months in a penitentiary. Those who imagine that the negro's votes will be devoted to the North from motives of gratitude will, we suspect, be mistaken, and the planters who are already taking their hats off to them and patting them on the backs say, "We have always been your friends," will find that they have to deal with one of the most shrewd and suspicious races in the world. We are inclined to think that the negroes will vote in favour of their own interests; and they are clever enough to find out for themselves what those interests really are. They have already shown that they have a ready appreciation of high wages by their emigration from Virginia and the Carolinas to the south-west; and they are driving bargains with the landowners as merciless as those which the Africans drive with English traders in the oil river of the West Coast.

THE CONFEDERATION is the title of a new weekly journal just started in Boston, Mass. It is intended to be devoted to the affairs and interests of British North America. The editor, in his salutatory, says: "This paper will uphold the principle of Confederation, exhibit its workings, and do all in its power to conduct the experiment to a successful issue. It will endeavor to promote, to the utmost of its ability, a national spirit and unity of sentiment among the people of every portion of the Confederation."

The notorious George Albert Mason who was one of the party engaged to kidnap President Lincoln, goes to Washington from Toronto to give evidence against Surratt, at instance of Seward, and with his safe conduct.

Mr. Jefferson Davis had quite an enthusiastic reception at Toronto, fully seven thousand persons being on the wharf to receive him. Cheering and handshaking were the order of the day. He made no speech, but was driven off at once to the residence of Mr. Mason.

A new material for the production of gas has been patented by a Mr. Muir of Montreal. It is promised to give 1200 feet of gas, with illuminating power of at least 30 speron candles at a much less cost than present gas.

An Ottawa telegram of the first inst., says:—"An order in Council has been passed prohibiting the export into New Brunswick or Nova Scotia from this date until the first of July next, of all distilled liquors and other goods liable to excise duty. The necessary instruments were sent to the several custom houses to-day."

A paper bonnet is mentioned as the latest novelty in millinery. This precious head ornament costs but \$1, and the great advantage it has is said to be that it will keep fair wearers from catching cold as they will probably stay at home in damp weather.

Eggs with iron shells will be a fact in the Paris Exposition. A Berlin chemist caused his hens to produce them by feeding them on a preparation in which iron was made to take the place of lime.

We notice that some of the American papers are urging the establishment of a system of copyright between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Why not between England and the United States?

A Montreal despatch says that the Hon. John Ross has been requested to come forward for the representation of Montreal Centre in the House of Commons, and has accepted the requisition.

On the 10th inst., eleven factory buildings and a dozen dwelling houses were destroyed by fire in the city of Hartford, State of Connecticut. The loss is estimated at half a million dollars. The insurance amounts to \$420,000.

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Summerside Journal. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1867.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. We must know the names and addresses of our correspondents as a guaranty of their good faith. We cannot undertake to return communications that are not used.

HEALTH.

EVERY one admits that health is the greatest of earthly blessings. Without it we cannot enjoy the comforts and delights of life—we cannot adequately perform its duties—our existence itself becomes a burden. The man who wishes either to work well or to play well must take every care to keep his body in good working order. Sickness is generally a very expensive luxury, and one which most of us can do very well without. The husband whose wife is always ailing, is a man to be pitied, and the woman who has for a husband a man with a diseased liver or a disordered stomach should possess the patience of Job and the temper of an angel. A housefull of delicate, sickly children, is one of those possessions which no one in his right senses would pine to own. Though every one is ready to admit that health is a very good thing and disease a very bad one, yet nearly every one acts as if he believed the very opposite. The trouble that some people take to ruin their constitutions by improper habits, by eating too much of the wrong kind of food and too little of the right, by taking too much exercise and by taking too little, by drinking liquids that were never intended for human consumption, by drinking bad water and by breathing impure air, and by a hundred other modes and ways not expedient to mention in this place, would lead one to believe that the majority of mankind considered suffering a very great good, and an untimely death something worth making great exertions to obtain. Most persons look upon pain and disease as necessary evils not preventable in any appreciable degree by human means. The blame of every disease whether endemic or epidemic is laid at the door of Providence. If a child puts his hand into the fire, is it reasonable for him to blame Providence because he feels the smart, and if he eats too much rich food whose fault is it that he spends a night of torture. Well, we should not wonder if nine tenths of us in thus attributing our aches and pains and bodily prostrations to an unavoidable ordinance of the Ruler of the World are just as wise and not a whit more logical than the ill tempered urchin who beats the table-leg that has made a big black lump on his forehead. Modern science has proved beyond question that much of the ill health with which mankind is afflicted is preventable. Though no great progress has been made in the art of curing diseases which have once taken root in the system—simply because we believe they are ineradicable—yet immense strides have been made in the science of the prevention of disease; and as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, progress has here at any rate been made in the right direction. We are a very firm believers in the virtues of hydropathy, homopathy, allopathy, or any other pathy, ancient or modern, that professes to restore shattered constitutions to their pristine vigor and strength. Nor do we put much faith in any of those medicines which are said to cure all diseases that were ever heard of or thought of; but we do not put great faith in those wise precautions which science and common sense tell us that every man, woman, and child should take in order to preserve unimpaired that store of vitality with which we have been endowed at our creation. For divers reasons we are great believers in the virtues of water, both cold and warm, fresh and salt. Soap, too, we look upon as a great invigorator. Towels, also, ample and coarse, will be found, if properly applied at the proper time, to be an excellent medicine. Cleanliness our grandmothers used to say was next to godliness, but we think they ought always go together. The man who has a clean skin and an unspotted conscience—if he do not begin washing well and acting well too late in life—will be better able to do his work in this world, and better prepared for existence in the next than either the man who is clean and not good, or the man who is good and not clean. It is very rare, indeed, exceedingly impolite, to tell a grown up man that he is dirty, and perfectly barbarous to hint that a woman is in her person not so clean as she might be. We would not for the world be guilty of such a breach of decorum; but we appeal to you most respected sir, and to you most honored madam, if your conscience does not tell you at this moment that if you had made a more plentiful use of water, soap, towels, sponges, baths, brushes, and the other paraphernalia of cleanliness, you would have been both healthier, and consequently a happier man or woman. If you feel no guilty twinges about this matter, all we can say is that you are either a very hardened sinner indeed, that you have not paid sufficient attention to the subject, or that you are one who have been induced to adopt the habit of indulging in frequent and thorough washing. So much for the external application of water as a preventive of disease. We would wish to say a word or two about its internal application. People may say what they please about wines and beers, syrups and essences, and the whole catalogue of manufactured beverages, whether concocted or distilled, but there is no drink so grateful to a thirsty man of unimpaired tastes, or so well suited to the uninvited system as pure cold water. This is the beverage of nature, exactly adapted by a wise Providence to the natural needs of man and other living creatures. But it must be pure. Impure water is the vehicle in which a thousand diseases are insidiously smuggled into the system. Owing to its power of absorption of noxious gas and of holding in solution matter, foreign to its own nature, it may and often does contain the most pernicious substances without showing to the eye of the un-

initiated, the least sign of impurity. As every one from the weaned child to the hoary headed grandfather, drinks daily a large quantity of water, how necessary it is that that water should be freed from everything calculated to impart disease to the human organism. Yet very little attention is paid to this matter in some places. People go on from year to year drinking water impregnated with the foulest substances, and yet wonder at the frequent recurrence of certain diseases in their midst. Others again from a very natural dislike to imbibing impure and unpalatable water, acquire a taste for more stimulating, though really less wholesome drinks, and thus in time waste their money and ruin their constitutions. Pure air is another substance essentially necessary to health. Those who live in the country can have plenty of this without money and without price. How delightful are the long draughts of fragrant air that one inhales in riding or walking through the country, at this season of the year. It is almost intoxicating. We feel while breathing it that we are drinking in life and health. How different is it from the heavy atmosphere of the town, laden as it too frequently is, with foul gases and noxious exhalations. Air like water frequently contains the most deadly poisons. Substances—filthy disgusting substances—which we would blush to name, are momentarily inhaled by every one who lives in an ill ventilated apartment and in an undrained town. The proper abode of the skeleton supposed to take up its residence in an innocent closet in the interior of the house, should be looked for in the back yard outside of it, and in the saturated soil upon which it stands. From such places the pestilence which stalks at noon day commences its desolating march, prematurely stopping the breath of many a lovely, promising child, and paling the cheek of many a maiden just budding into womanhood. Bad air kills people in other places than in the coal mines. The air which we breathe into our lungs comes into immediate contact with the blood which has not been inappropriately called the fountain of life. If it be impure, part of the impurity mixing with the blood poisons life at its very source. Is it any wonder then that the cheek soon becomes pale, and that the whole mechanism of life performs its work languidly and inefficiently. Life loses its charm for those who are compelled long to breathe a vitiated atmosphere, and existence becomes a burthen scarcely tolerable. The last preservative of health that we will mention is the blessed sunlight. Plants reared in the shade grow up puny, slender, sickly, colorless, barren things, as different as possible from others of their kind which are fully exposed to the sun's invigorating and fructifying rays. Human beings who pass the greater part of their lives in ill lighted apartments, grow up pale and puny, and spiritless. The action of sunlight on the human organism is one about which we believe little is known, but it is certain that plenty of light is necessary to the proper development of the system, and to the free exercise of the mental faculties. But it is nearly time for us to end our long sermon upon matters sanitary. We do not set ourselves up for a doctor. We have no such ambition. Our materia medica is exceedingly simple, and exceedingly cheap. Pure water, pure air, and plenty of light are medicines very pleasant to take, and medicines that ought to be within the reach of every man, woman, and child in the community—alas that they are not.

We have not room to-day for a long application to our discourse. We must content ourselves by asking are pure water, pure air, and plenty of sunlight within the reach of every man, woman, and child in Summerside? If these indispensable to health and happiness are not obtainable in this Town, at whose door does the blame lie. Will not some exertion be made to secure these cheap but invaluable blessings.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May has been lying on our Table for two or three weeks. It is a capital number. The article on Social Ambitions is very cleverly written. That entitled "A Modern Magician" is evidently the production of an original mind, fresh from the study of the Greek and Latin Classics.

We would really like those of our readers who are desirous of improving their literary taste to take this Magazine and one or more of the Reviews. They are all written in the best style, and their articles are the best that can be found in all the range of modern literature. Every subject of interest, whether religious, social or political, is discussed in these periodicals, from every point of view. They contain information on subjects of modern enquiry, not to be obtained in this country from any other source. The writers are the best men of the day, in their peculiar department of literature, and they have access to those stores of literature which are only to be found in the great centres of civilization. If any one wants to know what really good writing is, and the kind of literature which is suited to the tastes of the most refined and best educated men in the world, let him read Blackwood and the Reviews. He may find them a little high-toned at first, but if he continue reading them he cannot fail of obtaining a very large amount of valuable information, and of acquiring a correct literary taste. Blackwood and the Reviews can be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Laird and Harvie, Charlottetown; and we would be very happy to procure them for any of our Prince County friends, who feel inclined to purchase the cheapest and most elevating means of enjoyment that we can think of.

CASCUMPEC PACKET.—The Sch. "Josephine" has been engaged for the route between Charlottetown and Cascumpec. She will run once a fortnight between the above mentioned Ports, for the conveyance of freight and passengers, and has good accommodations. Isaac C. Hall, Esq., is agent in Charlottetown, and Herbert Bell, Esq., in Cascumpec. We hope the day is not far distant when the Western part of the Island will be in direct communication with Shediac, Summerside, and Charlottetown by steam, but for the present the sailing Packet will be of good service, and supply a want much felt by the merchants and others of Alberton.

We had quite a heavy gale on Tuesday night last, accompanied with heavy rain.

PERIGRINATIONS EASTWARD. THE privilege of taking an occasional excursion to the country is ever, to those who are accustomed to the bustle and contaminated atmosphere of a city, an acceptable recreation. It is especially so at the present time, when Nature appears in her most beautiful garb—when she has exchanged the dreary aspect of winter for one of exquisite beauty—when the eye is once more delighted with the rich hues of the foliage of the forest, and the tender green of the grass.

It was my privilege, on Friday, the 6th inst., to leave Summerside on such an excursion, in the interest of the JOURNAL; and after a very pleasant drive, through Kensington, soon reached MARGATE.

This is a village of some pretensions. It contains a number of business establishments, and the taste and order displayed in the dwelling-houses and their adornments, bear abundant evidence to the good judgment and wealth of their occupants. There is a new and very pretty Wesleyan Chapel. The Rev. Mr. Colpitts is at present stationed here, and is, I was happy to hear, very much liked by his congregation. Reuben Tuplin, Esq., has a Store stocked with the usual variety of goods suited to the country trade. He has hitherto carried on Ship-building, but owing to the depressed state of the English market, he has now withdrawn at present. The Waggon Factory of Mr. Wm. Pound is an extensive establishment, through which we were kindly shown by the proprietor, who has always borne the reputation of a good workman. Further up the road is another owned by Mr. James Howard. Also the Harness Shop of Mr. George Wilson and the Tanneries of Messrs. Mayhew and John Frizzel. Dr. Dodd has recently located here, and is ready to attend to the ills of all needing medical aid. We wish him success.

There is a very great fault somewhere that there is not a Post Office established in this extensive and flourishing locality. If it were not for the kindness of Reuben Tuplin, Esq., who sends up to Kensington twice a week, for the papers and letters, and distributes them at his own expense, the good folks would be put to great inconvenience. I soon found myself in the hospitable residence of a venerable gentleman, who was one of the earliest settlers in the neighborhood. After he had examined the JOURNAL to his satisfaction, he gave his name and \$1 in advance for it, accompanied by a significant glance which told plainly that he thought it was the best investment which he had ever made of that amount.

After taking the names of about twenty new subscribers, I moved on, by way of Harding's Creek, past the new Grist Mill of Mr. Alex. Smith, to another snug little village, known as CLIFTON, NEW LONDON:

which is situated in the very centre of a large number of industrious and well-to-do farmers. It has the advantage of its rival neighbor, in being situated in close proximity to one of the prettiest harbors in the Island, from which a large amount of grain and other produce is annually shipped. Clifton is destined at no distant day to extend its present circumscribed boundaries. The first sound which greets the traveler's ear is the merry ring of the anvil from friend Rielly's Forge.

Business is now here pretty much at a stand-still,—the farmers being too busy with their spring's work to attend to anything else—and we all know that business of any kind, without the farmer's assistance, cannot make much progress. The extensive Store, formerly of Messrs. Pigeon & Stewart, but now of William Stewart, Esq., one of the late firm, is being replenished with a new supply of goods suited to the requirements of the place; and Mr. Stewart is a good business man, and always ready to supply the wants of his customers, and withal very moderate in his prices, there is no reason to doubt he will do well. Here is also the Carriage Factory of Mr. John W. Large, the Boot and Shoe Store of Mr. William O'Brien, and the Harness shop of Mr. Senebough. As an evidence of the enlightened tastes of the New Londoners, may be mentioned the fact that there is scarcely a family where the JOURNAL is not read, and paid for too.

Hearing that a Volunteer Company was to meet for drill that evening in Clifton Hall, I thought it an excellent opportunity to forward my object, and accordingly repaired thither, and found the members of the Company in solemn conclave over a document which was received from the military authorities in Charlottetown, coolly informing them that their services were not likely to be accepted by His Excellency. Many of those present left the room in disgust, and wisely resolved to subscribe for the JOURNAL; and before leaving the room I had the pleasure of taking the names and the dollars of a large number of the defunct Volunteers, who, after having performed this patriotic act, wended their way homewards, with the approbation of their conscience, while you humble servant consoled himself with the thought that it is "an ill wind which blows nobody good," and went on his way rejoicing, until we came in sight of the enormous Sand Hills, which are to be seen as you approach CAMPBELLTON.

They are seen over the smooth waters of Grenville Bay, stretching out to the extent of five miles, and give to the place quite a romantic aspect. This taken in connection with the splendid farms and the glistening heaps of a superior article of mussel mud, which the farmers here know how to appreciate, makes this a very desirable place for a country residence. The only thing they lack is a newspaper, but the WESTERN PIONEER has since found its way to every house here,—for no one in this age of enlightenment would even think of living without it, when it costs only \$1 a year—and now their happiness is complete.

I had also the pleasure of calling at the valuable Mills of Mr. Richard Found, on the Fountain Road, and succeeded in relieving him of a dollar, agreeing to send, as its equivalent, the JOURNAL for one year. The next move was on towards STANLEY BRIDGE,

situated on Mill River, about three miles from Clifton, at the West end of which there is a very good sized vessel on the stocks, owned by Mr. George McKay, G. R. Garrett, Esq., at the one end of the Bridge, and S. H. Brown, Esq., at the other, carry on a very good business in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Dr. McNeill practices in this locality the Healing Art, in all its branches, and I was happy to learn, with very good success. As I had not much time at my disposal, I made a hurried circuit of the neighborhood, and found that that paid quite as well as sight-seeing. The JOURNAL was here, as before, well received and patronized.

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