Halton Herald.

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The Halton Herald,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY J. CRAIG & BRO.,

MAIN STREET, GEORGETOWN.

TERMS.—$1.00 A year in advance, or within one month from the time of subscribing; if not so paid $1.50 will be charged.

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Publishers and Proprietors.

J. MURRAY,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

Commissioner for taking Affidavits,

STEWARTTOWN.

BASTEDO & DIXON,

Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS, &C.

Milton,—Corner of Main and Court Streets.
Georgetown,—Next to the Division Court Office. 2-10

J. S. PEAT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R. &c.,

ERIN VILLAGE. 49

W. H. STREET, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

Office and Residence—That lately occupied by Dr. Crocker.

Milton, July, 1867. 2-1Sy

JOHN LIVINGSTONE, L. L. B.,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Chancery,

CONVEYANCER, &C.

GEORGETOWN.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.,

MILTON AND GEORGETOWN.

OFFICES—One door west of Wallace's new Hotel, Milton.

Barclay's Block, Main street, Georgetown.

The obtaining of Probates of Wills, Letters of Administration, &c., particularly attended to. 2-10

July 10th, 1867.

ROBERT FORSAYETH,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Chancery,

Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R. &c.

Agent for the Commercial Union Assurance Company,—Fire, Life, Marine. Capital $2,500,000.

Office on Mill Street, in the building lately occupied by Wm. Barber, Esq.

GEORGETOWN, Co. HALTON.

DR. GEORGE DICK,

Graduate of the University of McGill College, Montreal,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON &c.,

Main-St., MILTON.

OFFICE—The building occupied by the late Dr. Hume. Consultation days—Wednesdays and Saturdays. 2-5

DR. C. FREEMAN,

MILTON,

Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE HOURS—From 9 to 10 a.m. daily, and every Tuesday forenoon.

Consultation Days—Tuesday forenoon and Saturday afternoon.

Milton, July, 1867. 2-10

MILTON H. STARR, M.D.

Physician Surgeon & Accoucheur

Georgetown, C. W.

No Charge for Consultation.—Dr. Starr practises both the New and Old Systems of Medicine.

Office—In Mr. T. G. Harrold's building Main Street.

DR. WEBSTER,

(LATE of TORONTO,)

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

NORVAL, C. W.

RESIDENCE—Formerly occupied by the late Dr. Laidlaw. 2-10

E. BONES,

Cabinet-maker and Undertaker,

MAIN STREET, MILTON.

ALL WORK done at reasonable prices and with neatness and despatch. Coffins of all sizes and descriptions made to order on short notice. A good Hearse furnished when required.

Milton July 12th, 1867. 2-10

HENRY ORLEY,

Patent Solicitor & Draughtsman,

OTTAWA, CANADA.

THE AGENCY business with the Patent Office, and other Departments of the Government. Copyrights and the Registering of Trade Marks and Designs secured. Drawings, Specifications and other Documents necessary to secure Patents or Inventions prepared on receipt of the Model of the Invention.

GEORGE BROWN,

Blacksmith and Horse-Shoer,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has opened the shop formerly occupied by Mr. Anderson, at Mr. William Brown's Waggon Factory, and is now prepared to do all kinds of *Blacksmithing, Jumping Axes,* &c., &c., Mill Picks, and all sorts of Edge Tools. Particular attention paid to HORSE-SHOEING. His long experience makes him master of his business, and no humbug.

Georgetown, Dec. 11th, 1867. 32

CANADIAN

MACHINE MADE ENVELOPS

Of Middle, Size and shades,

TINTED AND OPAQUE.

The Trade supplied at Low Rates.

E. C. WHITE,
Manufacturer, Georgetown.

WM. BARBER & BRO.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS

GEORGETOWN.

Printing and Wrapping Paper

Constantly on hand, and made to order

WOOL CARDING

AND

CLOTH DRESSING

on the shortest notice. Cotton Rags in any quantity will be received at their Paper Mill in return for Cash, Highest price paid for Rags or Wool.

New Livery Stable,

Mill Street, Georgetown.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Georgetown and the public generally, that he has opened out a Livery business, and will do at all times prepared to furnish Single and Double Buggies and Carriages, Saddle Horses, &c., on the most moderate terms and shortest notice. First-class Horses, and new and comfortable conveyances.

DUNCAN CLARK.

Georgetown, June 11, 1867.—tf

ornby ouse,

HORNBY EAST.

J. B. LINDSAY, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having resumed the proprietorship of this House, has thoroughly refitted it, and is now prepared to meet the wants of the travelling public in a satisfactory manner. Having been in this establishment as Proprietor 14 years ago, he deems it unnecessary to say more to his old friends than that he has returned.

2-12-6m J. B. LINDSAY.

Wallace's Hotel,

AND

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE

MILTON, C. W.

JOHN WALLACE, PROPRIETOR.

The Wallace House is the best in Milton. Travellers and others can depend on superior accommodation. The best Wines and Liquors. A careful host or in attendance.

Stages leave daily for Bronte and Georgetown. According to the present arrangement the stage for Georgetown arrives in Milton in time for the afternoon stage for Bronte, and will continue to do so until an alteration of time on the Great Western Railway.

Milton, July, 1867. 2-10

Stewarttown Hotel!

MR. JOSEPH McLURE, respectfully informs the public generally, that he has purchased the Stewarttown Hotel, (formerly kept by Mr. A. Ryan,) and that he has fitted it up in first-class style, for the accommodation of all who may favor him with their patronage. The bar is well furnished with the choicest liquors &c. Good stabling accommodation, and moderate charges.

Stewarttown, March 28th, 1867. 47-tf.

British Union Hotel,

STEWARTTOWN.

A. RYAN, - PROPRIETOR.

HAS recently refitted this Hotel, at a considerable cost, and is now prepared to furnish every accommodation to the travelling public. He hopes that by keeping only but what is first-class, to merit as large a share of public patronage as he has heretofore received. Terms moderate.

Stewarttown, April 4th, 1867. 48tf.

Ontario House.

B. THOMPSON wishes to inform his friends and the public at large, that has moved from his Old Stand (the Georgetown Hotel,) to the Ontario House, which he has purchased, and trusts that as he has now every accomodation and will pay as he has hither tried to do, every attention to the comfort of those who will favour him with their custom.

He also wishes to inform them he has a fine Fair Ground attached, well fenced, plenty of water and hay, if required, which they would do well to come and see, as he would place it at their disposal. Also a Buss running to the Station free of charge. A good Livery Stable convenient to the Hotel.

Georgetown, March 7th, 1867.

THE DEMON DRINK.

I pledged you it would drive
A glass to keep alive;
Would do me good, and so it would,
But a reason's a thing was sent
The threefold fork beneath a chin,
With rational fangs for all,
Who flaps the way and wills to bite
Toward King Alcohol.

Hated foe, from the days of Noah,
And praised par comply mien,
Dost pose I know that not a foe,
Traversed that pair unseen.
Ah! yes, young man fro I began,
To love the pellon wine,
I had my health, was blessed with wealth
Was active and refin'd.

My comrade pulled, my hopes were raised,
Too high and immature,
The demon lured and soon secured
Me by his fetters sure;
But now behold! I'm looking old,
Though only twenty-four,
My form is bent, my money spent,
My clothes to tatters tore.

All ye who read this have not need
To take a second thought,
But be in haste in time of waste,
The battle must be fought.
Then all who win the prize o'er sin,
And fight 'gainst dissipation,
They'll shout hurrah! we won the day,
And drove it from the nation.

EXPOSITOR.

HOW I ENVIED HENRIETTA.

When I was a little girl,—some fifty years ago,—we lived in the country where stone walls were as plenty as blackberries, and where the sun kissed the tops of high mountains every morning before he showed his face to us.

Our house was painted red "to blush for its own ugliness;" and right across the road was a great weather stained barn. When we had company, and sat in the 'fore-room' we could not look out of the front windows without a full view of the horses and cows, sheep and poultry, sunning themselves in the barn-yard.

From the east window we saw a field black with stumps. Father was "clearing it up" for a pasture. Mother said he found it hard work to "make both ends meet;" though I did not know what that meant, or why the ends would not do just as well apart. But for some reason I had taken a great dislike to a farmer's life. Perhaps it was because Henrietta Palmer lived in a white house with green blinds, and her father was a lawyer.

Oh, so "genteel" as Henrietta was, with her pale face and taper fingers! It was of no use for me to aspire to be like her, while my father wore a striped frock and wasn't a "squire." I had to wash dishes till my hands were as red as a prince's feather; but Mrs. Palmer kept a girl named Matilda in the kitchen, who did all the work, and Henrietta could spend her time curling dandelion stems if she chose.

I didn't dare say much about it, for mother wouldn't listen to idle complaints, and was always ready with the mock words of St. Paul: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

"But I am not content with my state or town, or anything else," thought I, as I sat knitting my stint; "why couldn't my pa have been a lawyer, and then at any rate he wouldn't have kept cows?"

I had to go after those cows down to the pasture. Such unlady like business, when Henrietta Palmer was actually afraid of a cow, and her mother bought her milk by the quart!

And in the winter when Miss Henrietta wore a lovely "polisse" I had to burden my shoulders with an old check cloak, fastened at the throat by a clumsy brass clasp.

Dear! Dear! When I covered myself up in one December morning and went to school I was wretched enough; but before noon my silly heart danced for joy, because Henrietta had invited me to go home with her and spend the night. It was not every girl who had such an honor, and I felt as proud as if I had received a gold medal. Mother said I might go, but I must wear my home-made woollen gown and carry my knitting-work; I mustn't be so foolish as to ask for my Sunday clothes and my red flannel shoes.

When I went home with Henrietta, a little ashamed of my coarse frock, we found Mrs. Palmer sitting by the parlor fire very grandly dressed, I thought. She greeted me kindly, without even looking at my clothes; but her eyes were quite red, as if she had been weeping. I glanced at the gay rings on her fingers and at the beautiful furniture of the room, and wondered what the rich Mrs. Palmer could have to trouble her!

Then I suddenly remembered that I had heard some one say:

"O yes, Mrs. Palmer has every thing her heart can wish, except a bottle to put her tears in!"

I did not see why a handkerchief would not answer the purpose as well; but I continued to look at the great lady with childish curiosity. There was some mystery about her. If she really had a decided preference for crying into a bottle, why didn't her rich husband buy her a glass one, beautifully shaped and ornamented with gold? It might be a foolish whim of hers, but of course he could afford to gratify it.

Mr. Palmer was away from home, and I was not sorry, for he had a cold, lordly air, which was very oppressive to me. I should surely have dropped my bread and spilled my tea if he had been at the head of the table.

We played games that evening, and I now and then caught Mr. Palmer looking at me, but supposed it was because he was thinking me rude. Before Henrietta would have dared to throw her arms about her mother as if she were trying to comfort her.

When we went to bed Henrietta tucked us in and kissed us good night. I heard her sigh most wearily as she left the chamber, and thought I never knew till ever so long afterward, that in the midst of a dreamless sleep I heard something being dragged up stairs, and saw the glimmer of lights, and I heard voices, and one said: "Don't hit his head against the wall."

"What in the world *has* happened?" I whispered.

Henrietta covered her head up with the bedclothes, and didn't speak for as much as a minute. Then she said:

"I suppose it's father, he's—he's—sick."

It seemed very strange, but I didn't get up and go to him.

"If it was *my* father," said I, very much excited, "I should run for the camphor bottle the very first thing."

But Henrietta only lay there and shook like a tree full of leaves.

The next morning I had to run home before breakfast, for mother needed me, I told her what I had heard in the night, and she looked very sober.

"Tishe," said she, "you have been sheltered from most of the evil and sorrow of this world; perhaps you do not know that Mr. Palmer sometimes drinks too much liquor, and it makes him so sick that he has to be carried to bed like a baby."

"Why mother!" said I, "and was that why Henrietta didn't get up for the camphor?"

"You must be very kind to the poor little girl," said my mother; "she hasn't a happy home like yours."

Only think of calling Henrietta Palmer a "poor little girl!" I did not tell my mother how I had envied her, for I was dreadfully ashamed.

"Squire Palmer is said to be very cruel when he has been drinking," continued my mother; "and sometimes his wife and daughter are really afraid for their lives. Henrietta is so womanly that she never tells her griefs. She is a great comfort to her mother."

I looked up just then and saw my home-spun father cutting potatoes for the cattle. All in a twinkling his striped frock looked as dignified as a king's robe.

"I don't care if he *is* a farmer and burns stumps for a living," thought I; "I'm also splendid to have him sober."

Then I thought how Henrietta's poor little heart must have ached under that lovely "polisse," and I never envied her again.

No, children, nor do I envy any one else, for I am old now and have put on "far-seeing" spectacles. In whatsoever state I find myself, therewith I am content.

The Search for Dr. Livingstone.

A meeting of the Geographical Society was held in London on the evening of the 27th of January, and after thanks had been voted to the Board of Admiralty for having provided the 'Search Expedition,' Mr. Young's official report to Sir. Roderick Murchison was read. This interesting document stated that on arriving at the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, on the 27th of July, a crew of negroes was at once engaged to man the steel boat and two other smaller boats. Ascending the stream the party arrived at the Portuguese settlement of Senna on the 6th of August, but the place, like all others on the south side of the Zambesi, was found abandoned, the Portuguese authorities and settlers having been killed or driven out by the Landeen Caffres. Temporary dwellings had been erected on the northern banks of the river and Mr. Young was well received, and promised assistance in the event of his not being able to obtain hands to convo the boat beyond the cataracts of the Shire. The expedition reached Chibisa on the 17th of August, and found that the marauding Maziti Zulus had swept down from the north as far as the eastern banks of the Shire, robbing, burning, and murdering all within reach. The Mokololo (whom Livingstone had left at this place on his former expedition) received Mr. Young gladly, and at once agreed to accompany him in search of news of the Doctor, with the arrangement that ammunition should be left behind to enable those that remained to repulse the Maziti, should they attempt to cross the river. On the 19th the foot of the cataracts was reached, and the boat taken to pieces. It occupied, about 150 men four and a half days to convey the boat, provisions, etc., by land past the long series of cataracts. The boat was then rebuilt, and relaunched on the 30th of August, and the journey continued along the upper waters into Lake Nyassa, the banks of the river being crowded in places by fugitive Ajawa chiefs and their people, flying from the merciless Zulus. Mapunda, on the west side of the entrance to the lake, was passed without being visited, as the Mokololo had become alarmed and discontented, and Mr. Young's aim was to push forward as far possible. Here the first reports were heard of a white man, apparently Livingstone, having been at Mapunda about twelve months previously. Entering the lake on the 6th of September, a fine breeze carried the party to the eastern side, but cheerful calm of wind succeeded, and the boat was frequently warped, hour after hour, through shoal water, along the east coast of the lake, which is fringed with reefs. Arrived at the mouth of the Loangwa, Mr. Young found a letter from Dr. Livingstone to the effect that he had left the Lunguese to the mercy of the Maziti, and had gone with his people to the north end of the lake. Here Mr. Young was detained by the Johanna men, who refused to proceed further, and also refused to return to Mozambique. Here Young descried a large canoe approaching, which proved to be one of the boats of the Livingstone had been sent to search for the party, and also to convey Mr. Young from the Shire. Mr. Young's party had been attacked by Maziti, and Mr. Young found a book with the name of 'Wakotani' written in it; this being the name of one of Livingstone's educated negro companions, who was stated by Moosa to have deserted. Mr. Young ascertained that Wakotani had gone on with Livingstone. The expedition descended the river and arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi on the 11th of November, the boats being brought safely down, and all the party quite well in health.

The chairman thought Mr. Young's plain and simple but graphic narrative must have carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it that Dr. Livingstone still lived. Sir S. Baker thought that, as Livingstone had been seen with only nine followers, it was almost impossible that he could get to Alexandria. He hoped, however, almost against hope, that they would hear of his return to Zanzibar. They had heard much of Dr. Livingstone, but unfortunately they had heard nothing from him. (Hear, hear.) Let them therefore, not suffer their spirits to grow too buoyant. For himself, last year he confessed that he had no hope of Livingstone's safety, but he had some hope now, because it had been proved that Moosa and the Johanna men did tell lies.

Korn Kobb Publishes American's Ultimatum to Great Britain.

List, ye nations of the earth. Let the universe be hushed while the great Republic speaks. England is doomed. The measure of her iniquities is full. The day of her distruction is at hand. Her star of Empire has set. Macaulay's New Zealander is on his way to London Bridge. The American eagle has said it. The great bird whose plumage rakes the stars, would scream its thunder, and the flap of whose wings is a hurricane, does not speak in vain. We are the apostles of this great work. We have sounded the bugle of liberty, from Maine to California, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, its atwixas rocche in thunder tones. Who shall gainsay it? Who shall say "boo!" to the bird of Freedom? Who shall dare tread on the skirts of the Goddess of Liberty? The rotten monarchies of the old World? We guess not. Let them beware; let Europe stand from under; let her kings and emperors quake at the tread of freeman; let her thrones tumble in the dust; let her slaves break their fetters, and take refuge under the Stars and Stripes, where liberty is universal, and taxes only fifty cents on a dollar. England must go under. The American Congress has said it; the New York Herald has said it; George Francis Train has said it. By the immortal memories of '76, by the glorious name and fame of Commodore Wilkes, it shall be so. The interests of the world demand it. The united voices of half a million Irish voters demand it. Englishmen, put your house in order. Balance your books, and say your prayers. Roll up your meteor-flag, and send your Royal Lion over to Barnum's Museum. The young giant of the west is upon you. The Great Republic, before whose splendor the glorious of ancient Greece and Rome fade into nothingness, is at your gates. We come with the Alabama claims in one hand and a streak of greased lightning in the other. We unfurl the Stars and Stripes in the eastern hemisphere, and the sun ceases to shine. Yankee Doodle raises his hand and England is wiped out; that nest of tyrants disappears from the map. The Atlantic swallows it up; and the American Eagle, perched upon the North Pole, whispers Hail Columbia o'er its grave.

We're the unmated terror of the earth—the grand climax of all climaxes. We're the biggest, strongest, longest, broadest, highest, deepest, heaviest, loudest, smartest people in creation. We're a whirlwind, a hurricane, an avalanche, an earthquake and two or three hundred volcanoes. We're immense—you bet! The Anerican Eagle is unmuzzled—can any one tie him up? The Goddess of Liberty has drawn the sword—can any one return it to the scabbard? We calculate not.

COMMERCIAL BANK BILLS.—The bills of the Commercial Bank are now perfectly good, by virtue of the consolidation with the Merchants' Bank of Canada, and are taken on deposit by the other banks.

Happening in Montreal.

As thereare but few here acquainted with Montreal affairs, we may state that Alfred Paxton, M. D., was found dead in bed in his residence, No. 11 Prince street, Point St. Charles, on Wednesday morning last. The deceased practised in the district for many years, and was highly respected. He was a native of Scotland, and was about 60 years of age. He was unmarried, and lived alone. He was found dead in bed by his servant girl, who entered the room to call him. Deceased had been dead for some hours. Dr. Patton, Coroner, was notified, and held an inquest on the body. The deceased, who was in the habit of taking morphine, had been complaining for some days of a severe headache. About eight o'clock on Wednesday evening I came down to see deceased, not feeling very well. I had been in the habit of coming to see him, as I was intimate with him. We had a small quantity of rye-whiskey, and he told me he had put three drops of morphine in my glass, which would make me all right. About 11 I proposed to go home, but he advised me to lay still, and that I would be all right in the morning. deceased had taken too much liquor on former occasions. I lay down on the sofa and fell asleep at once. He had told me he was going to see two patients. I gave him a few lines to Mr. Hutchison, which he delivered about twelve, to tell him where I was. I did not wake till, I think, about a quarter past four. I went into his room and sat down on the side of his bed. His one hand was sticking up, and I felt his hand was deadly cold. To make sure, I took hold of his whisker to turn his face over, and found him dead. He had told me if I felt nervous to come into his room when I awoke. I drank nothing in the room that morning, nor did I take any tumbler or jug or bottle in my hand. When I found he was dead, I went to Mr. McLean's; but not finding him, I went to Mr. Hutchison's, and we got Mr. Penton, the Chief of Police. When the deceased gave me the whiskey and morphine, he took a little whiskey himself, but nothing in it but water. It was all he had that evening. I saw nothing to indicate that there was anything wrong with his mind. He appeared satisfied with his business prospects. That night he left me, he was perfectly sober, and his manner natural. It has since been ascertained that one of the patients Dr. Patton went to see before taking the poison which resulted in his death was a young girl named Galbraith, a resident in the St. Lawrence ward. It is rumored that she has acknowledged that while Dr. Patton attended her and gave her medicine, which it seemed did not have the desired effect, and that at seven o'clock on the morning previous to his death he performed an operation on her, and it was feared she would die under an overdose of chloroform he had administered. It is supposed that Dr. Patton, fearing discovery of the crime, must in the interval of time unaccounted for, have gone out to ascertain the condition of the unfortunate girl, and finding her in a precarious state, returned to his own house and deliberately committed suicide. The girl is said to be respectably connected, and was educated at the Norman School. Mr. Robert Notman is in custody on the suspicion of procuring the abortion on the girl, and the affair is being investigated by the authorities. She was placed in the Hall by Mr. Notman who paid her board. The evidence in the case is not yet published.

The Dominion Stock.

The Montreal *Gazette* of Monday says:—We are glad to be able to announce that the whole of the A issue of the Dominion inscribed six per cent. stock; amount $1,000,000, for which tenders were advertised in the month of January, has been taken up at par. There were a number of tenders below par, but these were all declined. We learn that tenders came from all parts of the Dominion,—from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario. Many of the tenders were from persons in judiciary position, seeking permanent investment for trust monies in their hands. And it is a gratifying circumstance (as showing general confidence), that many small investors have made application for the Dominion stock. The offers for this stock afford further sufficiently substantial proof of the soundness of the scheme, and the abundance of capital in the country, at the command of the government, for legitimate purposes. The success of this loan can be scarcely less gratifying to every lover of the union than to the Minister of Finance, who proposed it. It shows the confidence the people place in the good faith and credit of the government, and it strengthens the financial position of the Dominion. It is of public advantage, too, in that it affords an unexceptionable investment for trust monies, as well with respect to credit as exemption from liability to loss, from the accidental destruction, or loss or forgery of papers. We are happy to learn that the finances of the Dominion are assuming a very healthy shape. The public would not endure that the government should long continue in the position of a debtor to any banker, and he acted as such. The expression of opinion on this point last session, on both of the House of Commons, and out of it, was sufficiently decisive.'

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Important Facts Relative to Consumption.

The general mortality is twenty-two to the thousand per year; of this one-seventh fall victims to a disease which ever looks by preference its victims among the young, the beautiful, and the talented,—pulmonary consumption.

Hitherto little has been athleted toward ascertaining the precise nature of tubercle; still less toward either a remedial or a preventative treatment of its attacks. It is due to M. Villemin, adjutet professor at the Military Hospital at Val de Grace, Paris, that within a year the scientific world has been awakened to the fact that probably consumption is contagious, that certainly it is inoculable. Like other communicable diseases, only a limited number of species are susceptable to its poison, perhaps none but man, the monkey, the cow, and possibly the rabit. Carnivorous animals seem not at all liable to the disease; and sheep, birds, &c., though subject to complaints very similar in symptoms, never present cases of real tubercles.

The experiments of inoculation were made by taking a portion of tuberculous deposit and inserting it under the skin of a living animal. Subsequent dissection showed that in from ten to twenty days the lungs indicated unmistakable evidence of tuberculization, and by the twenty-eighth day, not the lungs only, but the kidneys, and the spleen as well, were far advanced in the characteristic degeneration. Inoculated in a pregnant female, abortion was the almost invariable result, and always the progeny met with an early death.

When it is remembered that, in consequence of the fixed belief that the disease was not communicable, no precautions have ever been employed to counteract its virus or to put on their guard and protect from its influences those who are obliged to be exposed to it, we see at once the important bearing of these researches.

In France alone the mortality from phthisis reaches the enormous figure of 200,000 every year, and in this country the proportion is probably greater. Although M. Villemin's theories have not been received with entire favour, and have in some quarters been severely criticised, they seem based on careful experiments, and explain many otherwise inexplicable facts in the history and diffusion of the tubercles. We believe they will yet be found to be of great service in furthering our knowledge of the disease.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

The Memphis *Avalanche* announces that its editorial rooms will be temporarily removed to the county jail. The editor takes his revenge by styling Judge Hunter, who sentenced him for contempt a 'swindling vagabond,' and announcing that he intends, 'with our editorial pitchers, to make the putrid flesh that covers the rotten bones of our persecutor quiver like a worm in hot ashes.'