The Provincial Wesleyan.

You and I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who, when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with taunts reply?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that all who differ
From his sect must be
Wicked sinners, heaven rejected,
Sunk in Error's sea,
And consign them to perdition,
With a holy sigh?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that six days' cheating,
In the shop or mart,
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn,
And the credit high?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of State?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause is strong,
But desert it on its failure
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the utmost,
Letting downmost lie!
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Would would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you Brother? No—You would not.
If you would—not I.

Agriculture.

Fixed Facts in Agriculture.

1. All lands on which clover, or the grasses, are grown, must either have lime in them, naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little, whether it be supplied in the form of stone-lime, oyster-lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvements of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefitted by applications of phosphate of lime, and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, composts of fish, ashes, or in that of oyster-shell lime—or marl—if the land need liming, also.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5.—Mould is indispensable in every soil, —and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover, and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composts rich in the element of mould.

6. All highly concentrated animal manures, are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by admixture with plaster, salt or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Sub-soiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11 Clover, as well as the grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.

12. Sandy lands can be most effectually improved by clay. When such lands require liming, or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied, when made into compost with clay. In slaking lime, salt brine is better than water.

13. The chopping, or grinding of grain, to be fed to stock operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

14. Draining of wet lands and marshes, adds to their value, by making them produce more, and better crops—by producing them earlier—and improving the health of neighbourhoods.

15. To manure, or lime wet lands, is to throw manure, lime and labour away.

16. Shallow ploughing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases production.

17. By stabling and shedding stock through the winter, a saving of one-fourth of the food may be effected—that is, one-fourth less food will answer, than when such stock may be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

18. A bushel of plaster, per acre, sown broad-cast over, will add one hundred per cent to its produce.

19. Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of the soil, by supplying most, if not all of the organic substance.

20. Thorough preparation of land is absolutely necessary to the successful and luxurious growth of crops.

21. Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years, unless care be taken to provide, and apply, an equivalent for the substances carried off the land in the products grown thereon.

22. To preserve meadows in their productiveness, it is necessary to harrow them every second autumn, apply top-dressing, and roll them up.

23. All stiff clays are benefitted by fall and winter ploughing; but should never be ploughed while they are wet. If, at such ploughings, the furrow be materially deepened, lime, marl or ashes, should be applied.

24. Young stock should be moderately fed with grain in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provender, it being essential to keep them in fair condition, in order that the formation of muscle, bones, &c., may be encouraged and continuously carried on.

25. Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in dry, moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters, regularly fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or thrice week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to their long provender, should receive succulent food, morning and evening.

26. Full complements of tools, and implements of husbandry, are intimately connected with the success of the husbandman.

27. Capital is not only necessary to agricultural successes, but can be as profitably used in farming, as in any other occupation.

28. Punctuality in engagements, is as necessary to an agriculturist, as it is to a merchant.

29. Every husbandman should carefully read and digest matters connected with his business, his success being as dependant upon a full knowledge of its principles and details as is that of the lawyer or physician, with a knowledge of the science of law or physic.

30. Wheat, Rye, Oats, and Barley, should never follow each other in a course of rotation; there should always be an intervening hoe-crop between them.

31. Weeds should never be permitted to mature their seed on the farm, but be pulled up or cut down as often as they show themselves, such being the only effectual method of eradicating them. To ensure this result, the ground should be planted in corn, and that kept clean.

32. Time and labour, devoted to the collections of materials to be converted into manure, are the most fruitful source of profit in the whole range of farm economy.

33. The orchard, to be productive of good fair fruit, requires to be fed, as much as does a field of grain. The soil of each requires that the substances abstracted by the crops shall be restored. The soil should be kept clean, and open to the meliorating influences of the sun, the dews, the rain, and the air—the bark of the trees should be kept in a healthful condition, by scraping, when necessary, and by alkaline washes.

Hints to young Farmers.

Consider your calling the most elevated and the most important; but never be above it, nor be afraid of the frock and the apron.

Put off no business, which ought and can be done to-day, till to-morrow.

Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself.

Every day has its appropriate duties; attend to them in succession.

Keep no more stock than you can keep in good order, and that of the best kind.

Never run into debt, without a reasonable probability of being able to pay it at the time agreed.

Remember that economy and industry are the two great pillars of the farmer's prosperity.

Never carry your notes in your pocket-book, as the desk or trunk is a more appropriate place. Keep them on file, and in order, ready to be found when wanted.

Never buy any thing at an auction because the article is going cheap, unless, you have a use for it.

Keep a place for your tools, and your tools in their places.

Instead of spending a rainy day at the dram-shop, as many do to their ruin, repair whatever wants mending—post your books.

Should you be fond of the chase, or the sport with the hook, you may indulge occasionally, but never to the injury of your more important concerns.

By driving your business before you, and not permitting your business to drive you, you will have opportunities to indulge in innocent diversions.

Never trust your money in the hands of that man who will put his own to hazard.

When interest or a debt becomes due, pay it at the time, whether your creditor wants it or not. Never ask him to wait till next week, but pay it. Never insult him by saying, "You don't want it." Punctuality is a key to every man's chest.

By constant temperance, habitual, moderate exercise, and unaffected honesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer and the sheriff, gain a good report, and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of healthful, active life.

When a friend calls to see you, treat him with the utmost complaisance; but if important business calls your attention politely excuse yourself, and he will excuse you.

Should you think of building a house, be not in a hurry, but first have every material on the spot, and let your cellar be as large as the frame.

Keep a memorandum book—enter all notes received or given—all moneys received or paid out—all expenses—and all circumstances of importance.

Family Circle.

Influence of a Father.

The following was related to the writer by a gentleman, who was himself the child of whom this story treats.

My mother died before I was three months old. Almost the first thing I can remember, is my father's taking me in his arms, and telling me how dearly she would have loved me, if her life had been spared. There was a likeness of her in his chamber. I thought it very beautiful, and I think so now. And as soon as I could speak, my father taught me to pray, and I used to offer my little petitions, kneeling in front of the picture, with my head upon his lap.

When I was seven years old, my father died. I remember perfectly all the circumstances connected with his disease. One day, in the month of April, he went into a neighbouring town on some business. As he was returning, a shower came up, and when he arrived at home, his clothes, as Betty the housekeeper said, "were dripping wet." She said she believed, "he'd got his death," and I cried bitterly at the mere thought of such a calamity. I have learned since, that he had been unwell for a number of months—that there were in his case decided indications of consumption. But I was ignorant of all this then, I only knew that he had been at home more, and I was too happy to be with him, to inquire concerning the cause.

He insisted on dressing himself in a suit of dry clothes—although Betty remonstrated, saying that "he ought immediately to go into a warm bed"—that he might at the accustomed place hear me repeat my evening prayer. How well I remember that prayer. It was the last, the very last that I offered with my head upon his knees.—Years have since passed away, and many things have long since been obliterated from my memory, but the remembrance of that evening prayer has never left me. In the sunshine of prosperity, it seemed to operate as a talisman to shield me from the power of temptation; and when the thick clouds of adversity gathered about me, it was the bright rainbow of hope, the undeviating star directing to the true Helper. How often as I felt disposed to neglect my Bible, or prayer, or to retaliate some injurious act, or to indulge myself in some forbidden pleasure, did I feel the pressure of my father's hand upon my head, as for the last time he listened to my childish petition.

When I arose from my knees, he took me in his arms, fondly caressing and telling me of my mother. He talked to me of heaven, her own home, and said it was his dearest hope that we should meet there. He told me that her last prayer was for me, that I might choose the Saviour as the guide of my youth, and he said that every day since her death, he had kneeled before her picture, in the very place where he now sat, and wrestled earnestly with God for this blessing.

While he was talking with me, he began to shiver violently, and I was taken from him. They brought blankets, and warmed his bed, and he was soon laid in it, with his face turned towards my mother's picture. What a treasure has it been to me in all my after life!

As I was leaving the room for the night, my father called me to his bedside, kissed me, and said, "God bless my dear boy."—I felt sad and lonely, and wished that I could lie down by his side. After I had laid my head upon my pillow, I could not get to sleep for a long time that night. It was hardly light when I awoke the next morning, but Betty was already in the chamber. She was stooping over my bed, and something in her countenance frightened me. Starting up, I inquired for my father. Alas! he was no more. He had burst a blood vessel in the night, and died almost immediately.

How changed was life to me, after this afflictive event! It is a mistaken idea that children cannot sorrow deeply. It is true that their grief is more easily moderated, more under the influence of circumstances than that of older persons, but they always mourn sincerely and often for long years.

My father, what do I owe him! After his death, my situation was altogether unfavourable to the formation of Christian character.

A Touching Incident.

The affection of Indian parents to their children, and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door sofily unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papouse die," she said, mournfully, clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moodie's squaw save papouse—poor Indian woman much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and I knew, by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers,) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his final existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of current jelly—which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papouse die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No papouse; the mother all alone."

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too much distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's love must have been for that dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw some days after that the boy died a few minutes after, Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home.—*Roughing it in the bush. By Mrs. Moodie.*

The Broken Plate.

Lucy Somers is a little girl about ten years old. A kind, good mother she has to guide her youthful steps aright; but not *always* a good, obedient child. Like most children, she at times disobeys and grieves her parents.

Now, my little friend, you must always remember, that when you are naughty, you not only sin against God, and break His commandments, but also make unhappy your father and mother. Beside making yourself wretched, you thus cause sadness to rest upon those who love and watch over you. Strive then to be dutiful, and learn a lesson from the little story I will tell you.

It was a very busy day with Mrs. Somers, and she called upon her little daughter to assist her, for many were the steps she could save her mother. A pan of nice apples Lucy had just finished paring, when her mother bade her go into the dairy room, and bring from there some butter; at the same time handing her a plate and knife, charging her to be careful, and not drop it. Away ran the little girl, but just as she was closing the door to return to the kitchen, down fell the plate and butter upon the floor. Quickly she gathered up the broken pieces of crockery, and after hiding them, took from the shelf another plate, and then joined her mother.

"What has taken you so long?" asked Mrs. Somers; "did you break the plate?"

"No," replied the wicked little girl, "I did not." But her blushes, and guilty expression of countenance, could not conceal from her mother the *truth*. But here for a while the matter was dropped.

When Lucy went to bed that night, think you she was happy? By no means. Her heart was heavy. The faithful monitor within could not be stilled, and when she at last fell asleep, her dreams were troubled, and her sleep disturbed. Early the following morning, Mrs. Somers found the broken plate where Lucy had tried to conceal it, and as Lucy was dressing, her mother entered her chamber, with the fragments in her hand.

Kindly but seriously did the grieved mother speak words of correction to her child, and leaving her alone, bade her seek forgiveness of her Heavenly Parent, against whom she had likewise sinned. The punishment which prevented her from joining the family around the breakfast table that morning, was not a small one to Lucy, nor was it soon forgotten; and the lesson then learned proved of great benefit to Lucy's heart and character.—*Youth's Companion.*

Management of Domestic Affairs.

The prosperity, happiness, and reputation of a family depend, in a very great measure on the judicial and prudential management of the household department. With economy and skill, a family may be made comfortable, happy, and respectable, with one-half the expenses on the part of the husband that is required with the extravagance and mismanagement that prevail in some families. This will make all the difference between prosperity and the acumulation of a competency, and a failure and want.

This shows the importance of a woman's influence; and she has not this influence merely on the comfort of the family, and its prosperity, so essential to its prosperity, so essential to its well-being, but her influence is equally great in training the infant and youthful mind to virtue and learning, and rendering the subjects under her care an ornament and blessing in the community, and a credit to themselves and their parents.

Strict economy and skillful management, while they attribute to the acquirement, preparation, and the arrangement of these possessions that are essential to independence and happiness, exercise a wholesome discipline over body and mind, laying a foundation for health, strength, and those principles which insure present comfort and satisfaction, and a well-founded hope for future prosperity.

No woman should think of taking charge of a family without being well versed in her profession, so is to act upon her best principles and practice in a skillful manner. Science and skill are as important in the kitchen as on the farm, and the one is no more disreputable, difficult, or unpleasant to a woman, than the other to a man.

Every person should endeavor to excel in his or her avocation, and consider nothing, however minute, as unworthy of attention. No person, who is not skilled in domestic affairs, should ever have a family subjected to her management or neglect. Labor is the necessary lot of all animal beings throughout creation, and it is essential to health and happiness. Then how important that it be directed by intelligence and skill, which are absolutely requisite to success!—*N. E. Farmer.*

Good Night.

Good night is but a little word,
Yet beautiful, though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf.

Love's farewell note of tenderness
Upon affection's chords,
The clasp that knits the daily chain
Of kindly deeds and words.

A verdant olive branch of peace
Upon our pillows pressed,
Shedding its graceful fragrance round
Before we sink to rest.

A kindly wish that each may dwell
In undisturbed repose,
Until the morn her robe of light
Round every sleeper throws.

Then scorn not thou this little word
Of peace and amity;
It is a link in Love's bright chain,
How small soe'er it be.

Miscellaneous.

The Soul! The Soul!

"Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad and subdued!
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded."—HEMANS.

What a broad, rich and magnificent theme does the sea afford! What miracles are enclosed in its bosom! What rich varieties it presents to the contemplative and curious mind! Here we observe an animated nature ranging from the lowest forms of similife, to the highest and grandest creatures God has made. Here are chemical and geological changes constantly transpiring that would fill the wise with amazement and the ignorant with alarm. Here, too, the elements, those messengers of God make fearful sport with the pride, and plans and wealth of man. Here are beauty, grandeur and magnificence combined, picturing at once the majesty of the Divine Being, the expanse, the dread of eternity.

I love to stand beside the hoarse, murmuring waves, and give up my soul to contemplation; for it reminds me of that far-off land to which human spirits are voyaging. I gaze out on the broad expanse as wave piles on wave, till all are lost amid the bending skies and clouds. But imagination drives onward to the port that spreads its arms beyond to embrace the tempest-tossed mariner. How pleasant to reflect that multitudes after braving a hundred storms and enduring perils untold, arrive safely in port at last. Imagination here paints the greetings of the better land; and what greetings when those driven asunder amid the tempests of life, join hands and hearts again, mutually and forever safe and happy! Are there not swellings of joy unutterable when parents receive their offspring from a long and perilous voyage, when partners meet their fellows, and friend strikes hand with friend?

But the shipwrecks! Yes painful thought. They dot the ocean and pave its depth. O how few pass without some leakage, breakage, or the total wreck of the craft! The fairest hopes have perished on the way—the dark, mysterious "*middle passage.*" How deep the disappointment (if those in heaven feel with and like us) to find those left on a smooth sea, fair prospects, missing.

Again, I love this place of musing for its lonely but pleasant recollections. Who has ever listened to the melancholy music of the sea, and not had a train of pleasing and tender reminiscences urged home upon his heart!

The tenderest hours of life come back, and the loves of former years and the touching scenes of by-gone days revive, and send a thrill of melancholy joy through the heart.

"'Tis lone on the water—
That hour hath a spell,
To bring back sweet voices
And words of farewell,"

The passage of the sea exemplifies the life of the solitarie. Multitudes may voyage with him, yet he is alone. The pleasant associations and scenes of earth are gone. The home, the fireside, the garden and flowers, the sweet herbage and pleasant fields, are not there. We are alone. Only the desert of waters is spread out before us. How emblematic of our passage to the other life! We go alone, and yet one friend may be had to go with us. No brother or companion can take us by the hand and pilot us to the bright shore.

Again, what a type of the mysteries of the Divine Nature, Providence and Dispensations does the ocean afford! It may be regarded as the portraiture of the Infinite. Earth has no other full-length picture of its Sovereign. Every flower, and plant, and tiny insect, indeed, tells me of the divine existence; the ocean sets forth his likeness. Here are exhibited the mysteries of his nature, the majesty, the thrilling grandeur of his power—the deep, untold wonders of his providence. Faintly may we observe him in *all* his works; in the ocean he is *visible*.

Think it not strange, then, that Christianity has mysteries, that the Godhead exhibits depths, or that the stream of Providence is meandering.

At the sound of the angel's trump the sea shall disclose to dead, and bring all its fearful and pleasing records up to the judgement. The saint and the savage, the philosopher and idiot, the prince and peasant, shall wake from a common bed and go forth to meet a common arbiter and Lord.

All the scenes of the day of judgement will possess a deep and solemn interest; but it has ever seemed to me that those connected with the sea will wear a peculiar majesty and grandeur.

The descent of the angel, the solemn peals of the trumpet, filling a world with its deep intonations; the commotion of the elements; the descent of the Son of Man with his retinue of saints and angels; the gathering of the scattered ashes of the dead, will present a scene of overpowering magnificence. The like hath not been, and we may suppose never will be again.

The sea will be full of new and startling moral records. How many a page of human history lies buried in the great deep! While the ocean tells of the Divine Power, it reminds me of the faithfulness of Him who cannot lie. My dust may sweep a thousand seas, but no particle shall be lost. His providence has guarded, and his power shall gather it.—*Zion's Herald.*

Curious Facts in Natural History.

The rattle-snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle-snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful but if otherwise the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of skilful manœuvres leaves but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattle snake. Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim that the rattle snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattle snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and grasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain 30 or 40 minutes—the executor then slackens one coil noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The mocasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

Editing a Paper.

Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talent of its editor, by the editorial matter it contains. It is, comparitively, an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out colums of words, upon any and on all subjects. His ideas flow in one wishy-washy, everlasting flood, and his command of language may enable him to string them together like a bunch of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern.

But what is the toil of such a man, who displays leader matter largely, to that imposed on a judicious, well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of his responsibilities and duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor better known by his selection than any thing else, and that we all know is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper, its tone, its temper, its uniform, consistent course, its principles and aims, its manliness, its dignity and propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.—*National Intelligencer.*

Lion Catching in South Africa.

Mr. Leinue, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Killiharri country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa *catching lions by the tail*, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. He well knows that the method prevailed, and was certainly not uncommon among the people. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous.—Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighbourhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would spring on some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering him powerless for the moment, while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.—*Rev. J. J. Freeman's Tour in South Africa.*

The Queen and the Shepherd Boy.

It is said, on the authority of the *Northern Warder*, that, one day last summer, her Majesty was sketching on a public road, when a flock of sheep came up, driven by a boy, who seeing some one in the way, shouted with stentorian voice, 'Stan out o' the road, 'oman, an' let the sheep gae by;' and no heed being paid to him, he exclaimed, still more rudely, 'Fat are you stan' in there for? Gang out o' that, an' let the sheep pass.' In answer to one of her Majesty's attendants' who asked him if he knew whom he was addressing, he said, 'Na, I neither ken nor care, but be fa she likes, she sudna be i' the sheep's road.' 'That's the Queen,' said the official. The boy looked astonished. 'The Queen! Od, fat way dissna she pit on claes that foulk can ken her then?'

Advertisements.

HERE IS YOUR REMEDY!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70 Saint Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY

SIR,—At the age of 12 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements and advised her try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scar, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of wonderfully alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr Wm. Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Kuaborriffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works; accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W P. England Chemist, 13, Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated December 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breasts for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends.

(Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist residing at Newborough, near Hexham, dated May 15th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment I determined to try them, and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the Hay Harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint.

(Signed) JOHN FORFAR.

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Brewhouse Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointmen in most of the following cases:—

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

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

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—Mr. Harding, Windsor Mr. Neal, Liverpool, Queens; Mr. Fairbanks, Lunenburgh. T. R. Pattillo, Liverpool. N. Tupper, Cornwallis. Tucker & Smith, Truro. J. & C. Jost Guysborough. B. Cochran & Co., Newport. G. N. Fuller, Horton. B. Legge, Mahone Bay. S. Fulton & Co. Wallace. J. F. More, Caledonia. T. & J. Jost, Sydney J. Matheson. Bras d'Or. P. Smith, Port Hood, Mrs Robson, Pictou. E. Sterns, Yarmouth.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 1s. 9d., 4s., 6s. 3d., 16s. 3d., 33s. 4d, and 50s. each Box. There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Jan. 1.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY,

Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B.

PRINCIPAL.—The Rev. HUMPHREY PICKARD, A. M.
CHAPLAIN.—The Rev. ALBERT DESBRISAY.
TREASURER.—CHARLES F. ALLISON, Esq.
STEWARD.—Mr. THOMPSON TRUEMAN.

THIS Institution will continue to be conducted on the same principles which have rendered it so generally popular, and secured for it such extensive patronage from almost every part of these Provinces. It has now been opened and in successful operation upwards of nine years. The arrangements which were made to accomplish the important object for which it had been founded, were such as obtained for it from its very commencement a very high position in public estimation. And those, upon whom the direction of its affairs has devolved, have been encouraged and stimulated, by its prosperity, to continued efforts to render it, in all its departments, ever increasingly efficient. Every year in its history has consequently been marked by valuable additions to its educational facilities, and by more or less extensive general improvements throughout the Establishment.

The attention of young men and of parents and guardians of youth is, therefore, respectfully invited to it as an Institution where the advantages of a thorough intellectual training may be obtained in safety and comfort, and under most favourable circumstances.

FACULTY.

Rev. H. PICKARD, A. M., Professor of Mental Philosophy, Ethics, &c.
Mr. THOMAS PICKARD, Jr., A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Physical Science, &c.
Mr. ALEXANDER S. REID, French Tutor and Assistant in Classical Department
Mr. ARTHUR MCN. PATTERSON, Assistant in Primary Department.

☞ The next Term will begin on Thursday, the 5th of August.

EXPENSES.—For Board, &c., and Tuition, from £25 to £30 N. B. currency per annum.

☞ Persons wishing further information are requested to apply to either the Principal or the Chaplain.

Mount Allison, July 5th, 1852. 157—169.

Sun and Colonist, 3i, 1ew; Halifax Guardian, Yarmouth Herald, C. B. News, 3i. each.

☞ Bills to be forwarded to the "Provincial Wesleyan" Office for payment.

SPRING—1852.

Halifax Clothing Store,

No. 4, ORDNANCE ROW.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received by the recent arrivals from England, his SPRING SUPPLY of

Seasonable Goods,

—AMONG WHICH ARE—

A Good Assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING suitable for the present season, which together with a large assortment manufactured at his own establishment, forms as good a variety as will be found in the city.

ALSO—Broad Cloths, CASSIMERES, Doeskins, Tweeds, Cashmeres, Cashmerettes, Summer and Venetian CLOTHS, Russels Cord, Princetts, Cassinetts, Drills, Black and Fancy SATIN VESTINGS.

OUTFITS—White, Regatta, Striped Cotton and Blue Serge Shirts; Lambs Wool, Merino, Brown Cotton and Flannel VESTS and DRAWERS; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Hosiery, Cloth Caps, India Rubber, Web and Cotton Braces; in fact everything necessary for Men's wear.

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, well assorted, all of which are offered for sale at the lowest prices.

☞ Clothing of every description, made to order, at the shortest notice, and in good style.

CHARLES B. NAYLOR,
May 12. Tailor & Clothier.

PHOSPHATE
Of Lime in Consumption.

A GENTLEMAN of the neighboring city of Charlestown, whose son was considered in a hopeless state from the diseased condition of the respiratory apparatus, was induced to administer Dr. Stone's Medicines. All the phosphate of lime procured at the shops appeared to him to be imperfectly prepared—being coarse and otherwise objectionable. A purer article was prepared especially for the occasion, reduced to an impalpable powder, and ten grains were administered three times a day, followed by a swallow of Cod Liver Oil. No material change was discoverable in the patient for two weeks. Suddenly, as it were, a fixed pain of long standing in the chest soon abated; sleep became refreshing, the appetite improved, strength returned, and from being moved about the apartment reclined on an invalid chair, he is now daily riding, on an average, ten miles, on horseback, facing the wind and breasting the cold with impunity. This is a synopsis of the case related by a grateful parent, who would be glad to have others, under similar circumstances, make an effort with the phosphate, combined with Cod Liver Oil.—*Boston Medical & Surgical Journal, April, 1852.*

The Phosphate of Lime, and Cod Liver Oil, to be had pure at No. 139, Granville Street.

July 29. ROBERT G. FRASER, Chemist.

DANIEL STARR,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.

No. 39 Exchange Street,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

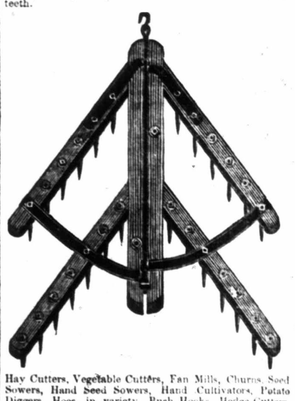
July 15. 3m.

Agricultural and Garden Implements.

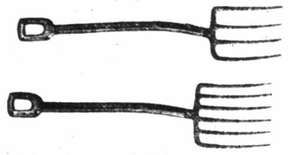
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C. &C

BESSONETT & BROWN

HAVE received a supply of Agricultural and Garden Implements, more extensive and varied than they have usually kept, and respectfully invite those engaged in the cultivation of the soil to call and examine them. The PLOUGHS are of various sizes and patterns, and some of decidedly improved descriptions. They have also improved Expanding CULTIVATORS, with and without a wheel; Expanding HARROWS—Geddes's ditto, &c. teeth.



Hay Cutters, Vegetable Cutters, Fan Mills, Churns, Seed Sowers, Hand Seed Sowers, Hand Cultivators, Potato Diggers, Hoes, in variety, Bush Hooks, Hedge Cutters Shovels, Spades, Hay Forks, MANURE FORKS, long and hort handles, some very superior.



Ox Bows, Hay Rakes, Scythe Snaiths, Grain Cradles Griffin's Prime and double refined Scythes, American Cast Steel Scythes, Horse Hay Rakes, Harrows, Hand Grain Mills; and also a variety of neat and useful Garden Tools.

A small supply of interesting works on Agriculture and Gardening, and Treatises on the Horse, Cow, Hog, Manures; Elements of Agriculture; Fowl Breeder; The New England Farmer, &c, which are mostly low priced, and will be found valuable aids to those who embrace the opportunity now afforded of obtaining them.

They have also their usual well assorted and very extensive supply of IRONMONGERY, HARDWARE, and CUTLERY; Window Glass, Paints, Oil, Varnishes, Brushes, Roofing Cloth, Yankee Axes, Bait Mills, Fish Forks, Codlines, Twines, &c., &c., the whole forming a stock evidently superior to what is usually found in one establishment, and well adapted for the trade of this Province.

RAZOR ROW, Halifax, April 24. Wes. 142.

AUSTRALIA

And the Gold Diggings.

THE Liverpool "LIVER LINE" of Packets for Australia will be despatched as under, sailing about the 5th and 20th of every month.

Lady Head,	1,350 tons burthen,	J. Jones,	Commander
Emigrant,	1,100 "	"	W. Kemp, "
Bellenaig,	1,350 "	"	W. Thomas, "
Sea,	1,300 "	"	J. Mackay, "
Reliance,	1,300 "	"	H. R. Fell, "
Thames,