The Provincial Wesleyan.

My Philosophy.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade,
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made;
What though the summer-day
Passes at eve away,
Does not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?
Bright things can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Phœbus, though he pass by,
Leaves us the light.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float on the memory
E'en to the last
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisied spring,
Flows on time's ceaseless wing.
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die—
Saith my philosophy,
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die,
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam,
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade;
Yet, though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade.

Temperance.

The Impatience of Reformers.

The following excellent article is taken from the Journal of the *American Temperance Union* for August, and is applicable to other places beside New York:—

There has perhaps been nothing in all ages which has so strongly characterized reformers as a spirit of impatience, especially with those who have been slow to adopt their principles and follow in their footsteps; and they have often been most provoked with those who have been nearest to them in the line of march. With decided opponents they expect to contend; but these, why should they waver? why hesitate? why hold back, when every thing is so plainly seen and good results are at the door? They are like a portion of an army rushing into battle, yet refusing to fire; with the enemy in their hands, yet so undetermined about the mode of execution, that he escapes. Now, with all this, in such momentous concerns as ours, there is, we confess, a degree of impatience, for which oft in time past, and, we fear, in time to come, we shall have to crave pardon.

A short time since, and one of our most able city papers, the Commercial, came out with an appalling statement respecting the extent and evils of intemperance on the 3rd (Sabbath) and 4th ult. The heart of the writer seemed ready to burst with indignation at the amount of drunkenness visible every where, and he was prepared for almost any measure which would utterly extirpate the degrading and destructive vice. He was driven, he says, to re-examine the Maine law, which he seems to have rejected, to see if that would really cure the evil; and now at the moment when all is clear to us as a sunbeam, and when he seems about closing with us for the noble movement, he provokingly comes to the conclusion that, though this might do the work, yet, alas! such a law could not be enforced here, because, forsooth, it is not and cannot be enforced in Boston! and therefore all that the friends of temperance law and order can do for the present is, to seek for the enforcement of the laws we have, and labour so to convince liquor-sellers of the iniquity of their business, and of the necessity and importance of a Maine Law, that, when we get one, they shall peaceably and quietly yield submission. He even turns upon the temperance men of the city, and lays the increase of drunkenness at their door, for seeking, as they have done, a law of entire efficiency, instead of toiling on to do what they could by moral suasion and the miserable, rickety license system. With conductors of public journals, holding such power in their hands and never coming to the right conclusion; delaying that which the public good demands, and trudging on in an old system which has ever proved and ever must prove a failure, we have, we confess, little patience, perhaps not enough. Let us see how the writer reasons. His first position is, that, how perfect a remedy soever the Maine law might be in theory, it would be worse than none here, because it could not be enforced, for it is not and can not be enforced in Boston. But when, we ask, has any effort been made to enforce it in Boston? When have the municipal authorities lifted a finger toward it? Have they not, by their license of drinking-houses thrown every obstacle in the way; and do not the liquor dealers know that Mayor Seaver and his board of Aldermen are on their side in this matter, and mean to let them alone?

There is not a city, perhaps, in the Union, where law can be more easily and perfectly enforced than in Boston: for law and order is the habit of the people, and has been for two hundred years. The fugitive slave law was enforced there, though disliked by nine-tenths of the people; but burning indignation now fills the breasts of two-thirds of the citizens at the position which the city government have taken, and nothing but their determination to bring everything patiently to the test of the ballot-box, keeps them from violent outbreaks. Is Boston, then, a rule or guide for us? No, not at all. Next, the Temperance men of New York are called upon to work with the laws they have, and not waste their time and strength in seeking better. But the laws we have do the mischief. The laws we have impose upon the city 6,000 grog-shops. The laws we have legalize the making of drunkards, paupers, and criminals by wholesale. True, they forbid its being done without license.—But we are unwilling to have it done with. We will aid in not having it done illegally; but that is a very small part of the business; so small, that were no intoxicating drink sold in the city without a license, the relief would be scarcely visible. The corporation license full enough annually to turn this city into a perfect Pandemonium, all to regulate the traffic; and men no more disposed, for the most part, to suppress intemperance than the men who sell without license—men whose business and interest it is to sell all they can. What would the firemen think, who were called upon all night, not to extinguish, but to regulate a fire, while the corporation were legalizing men to kindle up new fires in every direction? Just as reasonable would be such an order as the direction to temperance men to labour for the suppression of intemperance in the city, with the laws we have.

The third advice of this writer to the temperance men is, to go seriously to work and endeavor to prepare the liquor venders and consumers to submit to a Maine law, when we may be so happy as to get it. Hopeful employment this! It would be amusing to see our Five Points and Crystal Palace venders and consumers gathered together to hear a lecture on the subject. How is the writer himself preparing them for submission by affirming that the law is not and cannot be enforced in Boston, and there can therefore be no enforcement here—encouraging to perpetual resistance and rebellion? Our only hope is in a Maine Law. Let us have that and our license system goes to the winds. We have no longer from five to six thousand men feeling secure of their liquor casks as they daily expose them. The sale is outlawed, if it is not killed. Respectable men will not be found engaging in it. And shops and dens, exciting to disorder and crime, Sabbath breaking, and every evil work, will soon be classed with common nuisances, which must be put away even by a corrupt city government. So much will be gained; and the liquor dealers know it. Hence their anxiety to keep up the license system. That suits them, for here, under governmental patronage, they thrive and fatten. Law is an educator of the people. Our present excise law educates the people badly; teaches them to regard the sale of liquor as right, if it is only done right. This must be done away with; and when we can plant right laws and get a true foundation to work upon, then we will be ready to bring the people to right action. In Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, they have now the right foundation laid. The people, friendly to temperance and all the best interests of men, have a glorious work in those States, to bring the entire population to love and respect the law. They have got through the great conflict, and yet, without severe toil and labor, they will lose all they have gained. A repeal of the law in either State, and a return to the old license system, would throw them back fifty years. They must not suffer it. Let them hold on and educate the people to the Maine law, and, in so doing, give us in New-York and other States, a reason which there is no rejecting, why we should have it also.

Agriculture.

Analysis of Soils and their Productions.

At a recent meeting of the U. S. Agricultural Society at Washington, a paper was read which had been presented to the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society by Prof. Booth, of Philadelphia, on this subject.—The purport was, that in the present state of chemical science not much practical benefit could accrue to the farmer, from having his soils analyzed. Soils were extremely various, the best known methods of analysis complicated, laborious, and of course, expensive. Very small quantities of some important ingredients were necessary for the crop; the difficulty of determining these minute quantities was very great; and a great degree of uncertainty attended the result.

The paper breathed throughout the caution and modesty of true science, and as it appeared to us, showed a noble disposition to be satisfied with nothing short of scientific accuracy. But the question is, may not analysis which is not in all respects minutely accurate, be of service? We have no doubt but it may be in many cases.—The danger is that the analyst will claim too much, his directions fail, and science become, in the view of the farmer, a humbug, as we believe very many of the $5 analysis truly are. Prof. Mapes attacked the paper of Prof. Booth with great vehemence, claiming that his positions were nearly all wrong. Considerable discussion followed, after which, it appearing that the paper was not presented for the *action* of the U. S. Society, but as a part of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Society, and as far as could be ascertained, even without Prof. Booth's knowledge, it was (not withdrawn, as many reports have said,) put in the hands of the gentleman by whom the Pennsylvania proceedings were presented, to take such course as Prof. Booth should direct. As the thing was placed, the discussion was out of place, and to have directed it withdrawn would have been very uncourteous to the Pennsylvania Society.

The subject was deemed one of great importance, and there were many who wished to have the paper brought before the Society in such a manner that it could be, with propriety, discussed, and perhaps be made the basis of a report from a committee.

We have high hopes and expectations from the aid of science in the cause of agriculture; but when the best analytic chemists of the day speak with great caution on the subject of soil analysis as the *director* of the farmer, it should lead us not to rely too confidently on the decisions of second or third rate chemists, however confident they may be.

But analysis may be a good *councillor* where it is not entitled to the rank of *commander*. Some ingredient which should exist in considerable quantities may be so deficient that a very imperfect assay will show a defect. If those crops which require a full supply of the ingredient supposed deficient, have failed on the soil analyzed, the probability would be very strong that we were on the right track. But this last thought suggested another field for scientific analysis, which is, in our view, subject to less difficulty, and offers a richer harvest.

We refer to the analysis of the products of the soil. If it is known of what ingredients the kernel of wheat is composed, and of what the straw, we may often tell why, on some fields, a heavy growth of straw with small, poor kernels, is the usual result. It may be said that the small grain comes from the falling down of the straw; but the question is, why does the straw fall? Every one knows that it is not always because it is large. It will often fall when, if it stood up and filled well, nothing more than a medium crop could be obtained.—Straw generally falls because it lacks a due portion of silica, (silex, flinstone.) It is this that adds due strength to it. Now it is true that almost if not all soils, muck excepted, contain silex enough, but it is not in a state to be dissolved by water. If potash be added, you get a silicate, a new compound, which is soluble. If common yard manure, unfermented, be applied freely to soils not well supplied with silica in a soluble state, you will get a large growth of straw, extremely weak and almost certain to fall early. But if the soil is rich from manure applied the year previous, and now well decomposed and thoroughly mixed with the earth, and a due proportion of alkalies and other ingredients of the crop are present, you may set as heavy a growth of straw standing erect and carrying to perfect maturity thribble the weight of grain obtained in the other case. But the kernel contains a very large portion of the phosphoric acid and but little silica. You may, therefore, get a good straw with a small, poor berry. We have no doubt that a shrunk berry is often, not always, but often caused by the want of a proper quantity of phosporic acid in the soil.

Now the different crops draw, in general terms, on the same ingredients of the soil, but in extremely different proportions—While the ash of one production will be composed of fifty parts in a hundred of some particular ingredient, the ash of another will show less than one part in five hundred of that ingredient, but it will draw largely on some other element. Hence the great value of changing crops,—rotation of crops. Every farmer should have good tables of the ingredients of the various productions of the soil, and make them his *councillors* in all his operations.—*Pittsfield Culturist.*

Miscellaneous.

Elephantine Frolics.

The elephant and her calf, now so familiar to the visitors of the London Zoological Gardens, reached them on the 10th of May, 1851. The infant prodigy is the most quaint-looking little thing, that can be imagined. Young animals have certain characteristics, as a general rule, which mark them at once. No one can mistake a foal, with its long stilt-like legs and its bushy tail, for a small full grown horse—and the brggy skin, clumsy legs, and boiled eyes of a puppy unmistakably stamp it as such. But the young elephant is, to ordinary observation, a full grown elephant seen through a diminishing glass. He has the same rough, gray skin, the same eyes, the same general proportions as his mamma; and, were it not that he betrays the heedlessness and vivacity of youth, with the peevishness at times of a spoiled child, he might pass for a specimen of some such breed among his race as the Shetland pony is among horses.

We were much amused, says a writer in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, with watching the little gentleman one day literally sucking his finger. He coiled his trunk so that the end went into his mouth, and appeared to be robbing his gums—perhaps one of his coming teeth might be troubling him. He then rolled the trunk about from one side of his mouth to the other, and appeared to suck the finger end, giving a sort of odd snort now and then. His foot itching, he raised it and rubbed it with his trunk, (as Socrates is described as rubbing his leg in the Phædo of Plato,) and after again sucking it in thoughtful mood, he suddenly ran backward until he bumped against his mamma, who welcomed him with several caresses of her trunk passed affectionately over him, and as speaking a look of fond maternal pride as any countenance could express.

On a blazing hot day in July, we witnessed an amusing scene with these elephants. Heavy rain had reduced the clay of the paddock in which they were kept to soft mud, which had not dried on one side, and had been worked by the feet of the animals into an unctious sticky mass. The sun had dried the other side. The little fellow enjoyed his liberty, and was in as great spirits as a school-boy on a fine holiday, frolicking about and picking up bits of dirt with his trunk, and putting them into his mouth. His mamma watched him for some time, and seeing a clod of most unconscionable dimensions popped in, she walked quietly up, took this out of his mouth with the finger of her trunk, and threw it down with a look and action expressing as clearly as words—"You naughty child, how can you eat such filth?" On this the culprit gave a rebellious toss of his trunk, strode into the water and threw several trunk fulls over his mamma, after which the two went to the mud, and he sat down on his haunches like a dog. The parent deliberately laid down on her side, and proceeded to plaster herself all over with mud, daubing it on with her trunk. The infant prodigy did the same, taking a most unnecessary and preposterous quantity on his own person, and daubing it also on his corpulent mamma, who returned the compliment with interest. When she got up—no easy matter, by the way, on account of her stoutness—one side of her body and one-half of her face were bidden by a mask of clay fully two inches thick, the eye being completely closed. With her trunk she first picked the dirt from this organ, and after a general shake, proceeded with all the solemnity and very much the appearance of a tipsy "labourer in many vineyards" to the water, in which she soon disappeared, nothing but the end of her trunk being visible above the surface. In this bath she was soon joined by her little one, and the two engaged in a game of elephantine romps extremely edifying to behold.

At Arab Banquet in Algeria.

While conversing on these subjects, we arrived at the little plateau of El-Bordj, where we were to receive the hospitality of Caddour-ben-Murphi. Grand halting tents made of white woollen cloth, were pitched before the gate of the enclosure, which gave to the place the name of the fort (El-Bordj.) A detachment of soldiers from the garrison of Mascara were at the moment engaged in repairing its wall, and in building, at the expense of the Arabs, stone houses for the Agha and his cavaliers. General de Lamoriciere was highly pleased at these works, which he justly regarded as very important; for the Arab will only be completely ours when he abandons his tent, and fixes his abode in an immovable house.—He encouraged the soldiers with his praises, and they deserved them; for they were as ready in peace to give their sweat, as they had been in war to shed their blood, for the aggrandisement of France. It was nearly twelve o'clock when the general had finished his survey of the place; and as we had been on horseback since five o'clock, our stomachs began to cry "cupboard."

It was, then, with no inconsiderable pleasure that we found our legs crossed under the tables of the great tents, on which presently appeared large plates of couscouss, pigmented ragouts, and roast sheep. The couscouss is a corn-cake, the flour of which is rolled on a bolter like powder. This cake, cooked by the vapors of meat, is basted the moment before it is served up, either with milk or with the bouillon of the mutton; for the Arabs never eat beef, unless forced by hunger to do so. Enormous dishes, hollowed out of a single block of the walnut tree, receive the cake and the pyramid of boiled meat and vegetables that surmount it. Little spoons are then distributed to the guests, and all plunge at once into the smoking mountain down to its centre, where the part is warmest and most saturated with the bouillon. Caddour and his little son stood in waiting at the door of the tent, according to the Arab custom, which obliges a host to superintend the serving up of a feast.

As soon as Caddour saw that the guests eat no more of the couscouss, he made a sign to his negroes, who carried off all the dishes to the chevaliers, grouped about the green sward in front, who forthwith attacked the relics most heartily, the palms of their hands serving them for plates. Meahtime other servants brought in porringers without number, filled with ragouts of a thousand sorts: eggs prepared with red pepper, fowls in onion sauce, pimentos powdered over with saffron, and so many other good things, that the French palate must have become somewhat Arabized to relish them. The roumi saphi, those lately came from Europe, so greedily attacked the first dishes that they had no appetite for those which were to follow.

But I would advise you, if ever you go to Africa, to imitate our examples, for we imposed a wise restraint in our hunger, in order to do honor to the standards which we saw in the distance. A dozen Arabs, indeed, soon came forward, carrying on long poles sheep roasted entire. Pulled on one side and pushed on the other sheep slipped from the poles, and fell, so being dished up, on a large cloth of blue cotton. An Arab, skilled in carving, then made large cuts in the animal with his knife, to facilitate the entrance of our hands into the interior, when every one tore out such bits as struck his fancy. To these roasts, worthy of the heroes, Homer, succeeded dishes of milk, sugar, and raisins, &c, pasties by thousands; and when these, which closed the feast, were removed, large ewers were brought to every guest, who having washed his hands in these silver basins, smoked his pipe or his cigar, sipping the while boiled coffee, handed to him in little cups without handles, in silver stands, to protect the fingers from the heat. And the general then gave the signal of departure.—*Castelane's Military Life in Algeria.*

Electricity—A Curious and Beautiful Experiment.

Electricity, as widely as it is diffused, and powerful and active as its agency is in all the operations of nature, is yet scarcely any better known in its causes and effects than it was six thousand years ago. Modern science has penetrated a step or two into the arcanum of its mystery, and the revelations have been astonishing as they are beautiful. When Morse harnessed the lightning, and made it travel with the speed of light, as a common courier, a great and important first step was taken in the task of reducing this wonderful agent to man's purposes, and making it a useful servant to his wants.

Much yet remains to be discovered, but the investigating mind sees, in many of the manifestations of electrity, to what a variety of practical and useful purposes it may yet be applied. One of the most beautiful and curious experiments performed through its instrumentality, which we have seen, is that of *lighting gas with the tip of the finger!* This experiment may be easily performed, and has been by Mr. James Swaim, of Philadelphia, repeatedly, in connection with the beltings of the engine and shafting of Philadelphia Ledger press room, and it is far more astonishing than the spirit rappings, which are setting so many people crazy.—

Friction, it is well known, will produce electricity in certain substances, and the friction of a gutta percha or common leather working belt, upon the flying wheels or pulleys of a steam engine and shaftings, produces it in considerable quantities. If a person will insulate himself by standing upon a board fixed upon glass insulators—common porter bottles would answer—and hold an iron bar or a number of iron spikes in his hand, he may, by extending the opposite hand to a gass burner, light it with the tip of his finger, as easily as with a match. He will feel a sensible shock pass through him, a pricking sensation in his finger joints, and see a brilliant spark pass off with a cracking sound to the gas-burner.

The electric fluid will pass through several persons joining hands, the same as with an electric battery, and the last may fire the burner. We have heard it said that the same thing may be done by rubbing the feet rapidly upon green baze, so as to charge the body with electricity, but cannot answer for its practicability. The experiment with the belts we have both seen and performed. Any manufactory in this city where gas is burned, may be lighted by the workmen in this manner, and the experiment is worth trying, as a single and beautiful effect of a principle which man is destined to make yet more subservient to his uses.—*American Artizan.*

Racing on the Ocean

We are by no means gratified at the excitement which is displayed respecting the performances of the Collins and Cunard steamers There can be no objection to a healthful and even earnest competition between the ships of the two lines Emulation is the sure forerunner of progress and improvement. But the contest between the friends of both lines now exceeds all proper bounds, and threatens to become the precursor of serious mischiefs, and perhaps appalling tragedies. The press has perhaps rather encouraged the excitement than otherwise, but will, we trust, now unite in arresting its further progress. In a morning paper appears an offer of a wager of $10,000, that the "Arabia will make the best two out of three trips, with the Arctic," and it will no doubt be readily taken up. This is in addition to large bets already pending on the comparative speed of the two steamers, for the spirit of gambling has been evoked to an immense degree by the prevailing excitement.

The whole thing is wrong, and as inexpedient as it is wrong. The press and reasonable men everywhere condemn steamboat racing on our rivers and lakes, because of the certain peril to the property and lives of passengers. How much more strongly ought we to condemn the dangerous practice when transferred to the three-thousand-miles course of the open ocean? We raise no question about the immorality and folly of such wagers, but look only at the effect which such transactions, and of such magnitude, are likely to have upon those upon whose caution the public are taught to rely. When heavy sums of money are at stake, and their transfer from one to another depends upon the one steamer beating the other if only by a few minutes, it would be unreasonable to suppose that the officers and engineers will not be tempted to yield to the pressure from without, and become so interested in some way in the result as to press their vessels more than safety will justify. When money is staked by tens of thousands upon a given issue, men become somewhat unscrupulous about the means they employ to reach that issue.

We sincerely hope that merchants, underwriters, and the public generally, will earnestly discountenance this whole business of betting on the performances of our ocean steamers, and converting the Atlantic Ocean into a race course. The insurance companies can greatly aid in suppressing the dangerous practice if they be so minded, and to them the community have a right to look for such protection as they can give. If they raise the rate of insurance as the excitement and betting increase, or refuse to insure when money is known to be staked upon rate of speed to be accomplished, the evil would soon be abated.

Earnest Men.

Among the many pressing demands of the present age, there is one that stands out in bold relief, one that speaks in thunder tones to the civilization of the nineteenth century. We look back in vain over the page of history to find the time when this demand was not in advance of all others—It is the demand for *earnest men*—"men of thought, and men of action."

Every age of the world has been blessed with a multitude of *profession*, and an abundance of theory. But among the great mass of the human race, the number have been limited that have proved to the world, by their disinterested and vigorous action, the vitality of the principles they professed.

In speaking of earnest men we do not include those whose only object, (if we can judge from outward appearance,) is the possession of wealth, and the advancement of their own personal interests. Such men may be found in the commercial mart, in the ranks of professional men, and in every department of human activity. It may be that their existence is necessary to sustain the reputation of the community, as one of industry, energy and perseverance. But when the great objects of our existence are regulated by the standard of selfish acquisition, earnestness, even, loses the character of benevolence and virtue, and appears only as the instrument of selfish interests, and personal advancement. The influence of circumstances and the force of education overpower, too often, the instincts of real manhood, and render morbid the sensibility that has the elements within, of earnest, disinterested action.

We say, then, that notwithstanding the hurry, the bustle, and the excitement that is seen around us, that there is yet a demand for earnest men; men who shall be equal to the necessities of the times in advancing the common interests of mankind; men that will investigate the complicated structure of society, and labour to remove the evils that exist therein; men who shall prove themselves equal to the force of circumstances, and disregard, if need be so, the powerful current of popular opinion; men who will not yield to the demands of the tyrant, without first making a solemn protest in favour of their inalienable rights, and in behalf of individual manhood.

That there are many noble examples of this character cannot be denied. The reader can readily call to mind the names of those who are labouring to elevate the condition of their fellows, who are showing by their daily lives, their appreciation of the great objects of human existence. Let the examples of such be imitated, and the principles they cherish be zealously maintained.

How much Sleep?

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says an observant and intelligent cotemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours sleep is sufficient for any man.—This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep, for while one person is healthy on five hours sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the largest amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded. Overtasking themselves, without adequate sleep, is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavour to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops when nothing is put on the land. It is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who, with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he could sleep for nearly a day Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that, after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Labouring with the brain is even more exhausting than labouring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose, for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, and in the evening, and, in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

GOOD ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Buckley, in one of his lectures, made use of an illustration: "Holding a dime close to his eyes with one hand, and a half dollar at some distance with the other," said he, "now I cannot see the half dollar with this eye, for the dime is so close it obscures my vision So it is with mankind in their eagerness to save one dollar, they often lose sight of the fifty within their reach- This is a very apt illustration of the benefits of advertising. In saving one dollar for advertising, dealers often fail to secure a customer, whose trade would be worth hundreds of dollars to them. Some merchants hold up the dime so close that they cannot see the half dollar they might obtain."—*Savannah Journal.*

JAPANESE MARRIAGES.—A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to show that a woman is married or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or courtyard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new married couple. The Japanese may may marry as often as they please; marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A CRIPPLE SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway.

DEAR SIR—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W Commins, of Sainsey Street, in this town, was thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries, he had the best medical aid at the time and was afterwards in a state of different infirmities, yet he grew worse, and at length a malignant running ulcer settled on his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move with out crutches for nearly two years. Recently he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened his limbs, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigour.

(Signed) J. THOMPSON.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Keadby, near Gainsboro', dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor Holloway.

SIR—Some time since one of my children was afflicted with dreadful eruptions over the body and limbs. Job taxed the skill of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians to all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and without exaggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared and the child was restored to perfect health.

I previously had a child from a similar complaint, and I firmly believe, had I in her case adopted your medicines she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to testify the truth of this to any enquirer.

(Signed) J. HIRD, Draper.

ANOTHER SURPRISING CURE OF ULCERATED BAD LEGS, DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL-HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. J. M. Clennell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, dated September 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway.

DEAR SIR—I am authorised by Mrs Gillson, of 31 Bailey Street, in this town, to inform you that for a considerable period she has been a sufferer from debility, and general ill health, accompanied with a disordered stomach, and in great derangement of the system. In addition to this she was terribly afflicted with ulcerated wounds, or running sores, in both her legs, so that she was totally incapable of doing her usual work. In this distressing condition she adopted the use of your Pills and Ointment, and she states, that in a wonderfully short time, they effected a perfect cure of her legs, and restored her constitution to health; and that she is now enabled to walk about with ease and comfort. Several other persons in this neighbourhood have also received extraordinary benefit from the use of your invaluable medicines.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN MORTON CLENNELL.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS—AND AN ASTONISHING CURE OF AN OLD LADY SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.

Copy of a Letter from Messrs. Walker and Co. Chemists, Bath.

To Professor Holloway.

DEAR SIR—Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the Village of Preston, about five miles from this City. She had ulcerated wounds in her legs for many years, and lately they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We have sometimes been greatly astonished at the effect upon so old a person, she being 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquirer as to the authenticity of this wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of a scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully
April 6, 1852. (Signed) WALKER & Co.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment 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-Bays,	Glandular swell	Tumours,
Chiego-foot,	ings,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Lumbago,	Wounds,
Chapped hands,	Piles,	Yaws.
Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism,	

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May 19. tcy.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

WESLEYANS, and the Public generally, are hereby notified, that a BOOK ROOM has been opened in the New Building erected on the Lot South of the Methodist Chapel, Argyle Street, for the sale of WESLEYAN RELIGIOUS LITERATURE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS and STATIONERY at the lowest Cash Prices. Among the Books on hand may be found

Adam's Women of the Bible, 12 mo pp 225
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Angel Whispers
Animal Life, Curiosities of
Appearance and Principle
Arthur's Successful Merchant, plain and gilt
Aunt Clara's Stories

Be Diligent, Be Good, Be Patient, Be True, Be Wise
Bible Scholar's Manual
Binney's Theological Compend
Blind Man's Son
Boatman's Daughter, by Arthur
Brunswick Life
Brightness and Beauty
Bogatzky's Golden Treasury
Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Analysis by Dr Tefft

Carvosso's Memoirs
Caves of the Earth
China, by Medhurst
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Do do Philosophy of Religion
Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner
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Dying Hours of good and bad men contrasted

Early Dead
Edmondson's Heavenly World
Do Self Government
Episcopius's Life, celebrated pupil of Armin