

The Mountains.

I love, I love the mountains, With their summits arching high, Reposing in their grandeur, Against the clear blue sky.

Temperance.

"I Shall Never be a Drunkard"

A TRUE STORY.—BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

As John and Henry were going home from school, they saw, at a distance, a number of boys following a man who was moving slowly along the road.

"What is going on yonder?" said Henry.

"It's a parcel of boys making fun of a drunken man," said John.

"Let's cross the fields, and go by them," said Henry.

"I will not turn out of my way for a drunken man," said John.

John had better taken Henry's advice, for when the drunken man came near them, he proved to be John's own father.

There he was staggering along, his limbs trembling as if he had the palsy, and he was talking to himself and swearing, while the wicked boys were throwing sticks and mud at him, mocking him to wear more and more.

He did not know his son as he passed him, and the boys did not know it was John's father. Bad as they were, they had feeling enough to stop abusing the drunkard when Henry told them he was John's father.

"Let us go home," said John to Henry.

"I can't do anything for him," Henry felt sorry for his companion, but as he could not think of anything to say in the way of comforting him, he was silent.

The reason that the boys did not know that the drunkard was John's father, was this: He was living in a remote part of the township, John did not live at home. His mother was dead and he had two sisters. I do not know how it came to pass, but the fact was he had a good home in a religious family.

"I shall never be a drunkard," said John, after he and Henry had walked home, for some time in silence.

"I hope not," said Henry.

Certainly we should not expect that John would be a drunkard. He had had better experience of the horrid effects of drunkenness. He had seen his mother broken to the grave by it; for she died of a cracked heart, occasioned by the cruel conduct of her husband. He had often felt the same mortification which he must have felt when he saw those boys abusing his father. He knew the blessed effects of temperance; he had experience of it in his new home, where he was treated as a son. Surely he was the last one that we should expect would be a drunkard.

He was just the one to say, "I shall never be a drunkard."

Where is John now? His body is mouldering in a drunkard's grave. He did become a drunkard.

Henry is still living. When the temperance pledge came about, Henry signed it at once. John declined doing so; he had been seen, he said, to keep him from being a drunkard, without signing a pledge. He should never take more than was for his good. Like thousands and tens of thousands, he began a moderate drinker, and died a drunkard's death. It is not enough for a man to say, "I shall never be a drunkard." He must say, "I will never drink rum."

For the Boys.

Now, boys, hats off and heads up; we want to talk to you on temperance. Listen, who is that man yonder? See how he reels from side to side, now forward and then back, then straight up, and again lurch to one side. That's old Ben, the drunkard. Look and remember. His pants sit at the bottom, and out at the knees; he is torn and dirty, his hat slouched and ragged, his eyes protruding from his worn-out sockets; stockings he has known nothing about for many a day.

Well, boys, how would you like to be drunken Ben? Shouldn't like it at all, I hear you say. He began by believing that his song sung in bygone days "A little will do you no harm," and practicing on that belief. At first a small dram sufficed, but that prepared the way for a larger. His appetite increased as he continued to indulge in it, till it became too strong for Ben, and he returns to his home one very red, red drunk. Next morning he is very much ashamed, and resolves never to get drunk again; but the appetite is formed. Again he seeks strong drink, and again he is overcome. He has a new, compact master, with the top well pointed, like a cone, then, take some straw and put a thatch roof upon it, so as to keep it dry; also dig a small drain around it, from off the ground; or in the absence of a straw roof, cover it well with straw, and keep it dry. This will be a better, but a little better, than the old one. All experience, I believe, goes to show that air-slacked lime is better than water-slacked lime, and those who have built lime-burns, say they never made a better investment of money, than the amount paid for getting the lime-house. Thirty bushels of air-slacked lime will do more good, and operate sooner than fifty bushels will, when left exposed to the weather—to be slacked as above mentioned—besides the great difference in labour, in spreading wet, sticky lime, over dry lime. Some haul their lime from the kiln, and deliver it in small bags, from three pecks to one and a half or two bushels in a pile, and it rains, and spreads upon ploughing, and is lost. It is better, therefore, to have it in a sack, or in a barrel, than to have it in a pile, when it rains, and is lost. There is no time or place that lime will do better, than when put upon what stubble, where grass seeds have been sown, destined for pasture or mowing ground, but if it cannot be spread there, the same fall, a few months longer to be air-slacked, or in time, or other causes, let it be spread early the next spring, or even after the next harvest, but do it as soon as possible, and be sure to have the lime dry air-slacked. It is much better to keep the lime on hand a few months longer to be air-slacked, than to put it on wet. Thirty bushels, kept a year, will not cost as much, interest added, as fifty bushels kept two months; and the former will do more good, when put on dry, and operate sooner than the latter, when applied in a moderate condition.—Corr. Philadelphia Christian Advocate.

A NEW KIND OF MANAGER.—In the Island of St. Vincent a new kind of earth has been discovered, of very peculiar properties, and, what is so valuable that it is likely to become, at no distant day, an important

Agriculture.

Terra-Culture.

We direct attention to the following article from the Oswego Times, Dec. 20, on an important discovery in Agriculture.—

We have not been a little interested by the announcement of a paper containing a mass of matter relative to a late discovery of a principle of natural law in vegetation, by Mr. Russell Comstock of Mahabetsville, Dutchess Co., New York. It appears that the fact of Mr. Comstock's discovery has been for some time before the public, owing to want of any provision in our patent and copy-right laws, recognizing or securing reward for such discoveries, he has thus far only made limited and confidential communications of his new agricultural theory, sufficient to demonstrate its practicability and importance by actual experiment. As the only method by which he can disseminate and obtain any remuneration for his discovery, Mr. Comstock gives private and confidential lectures all over the State, wherever a sufficient class or number of subscribers are obtained to justify his attendance, charging one dollar for admission, and five dollars at the end of the year to those who adopt and make practical application of his new theory.

For two years Mr. Comstock has made his confidential disclosures to agriculturists, and as the result of the information thus communicated, he now presents certificates and letters from a large number of gentlemen of known intelligence, probity and honour, all tending to establish and prove from actual experiment the truth of his principle, and the most remarkable results of its practical application. The experiments prove a general law applicable to the whole vegetable kingdom. By the terra-culture of all kinds of trees, forest, fruit and ornamental, flourishes, and grows to a hundred years old, partially decayed and barren, are restored to a healthy and thrifty condition, as when young, in a single season, so as to produce the most abundant and finest fruit. The same results are produced upon all fruit trees, and what seems scarcely less remarkable, appears that the precise age of trees is ascertained and determined by Mr. Comstock's theory.

The terra-culture has been applied to all kinds of garden vegetables, plants, fruits and shrubs, and, also, to all kinds of crops, with wonderful success. We cannot go into detail of what experiments have proved. Crops of grain and vegetables are a great saving of labour, more than doubled by terra-culture. One experiment shows that the production of 135 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and another that of 1000 bushels of another potato to the acre. It is also shown that the great crops which have commanded premiums at agricultural fairs have been produced accidentally, by terra-culture, of which we have an evidence in Oswego County.

From the evidence before us which may be seen at our office, we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. Comstock's discovery of a natural law of universal application is one of the most important of the age, a discovery that for the honour and prosperity of our country, and for the interests of mankind should at once be made public by the patronage of government.

Miscellaneous.

The Pommel Hammer.

A valuable medical work, recently published in London, by Richard Reece, which has not yet, however, been reprinted in the United States, furnishes the following singular article:

This simple instrument was invented by the late Admiral Henry, to pommel and rub the body affected with rheumatism. Subject to gouty inflammation, and for invigorating absorbent vessels in cases of local deposits or diseased structure, in which it is desirable to bring the absorbent of the part into action. By rubbing and occasionally pommeling different parts of the body which are subject to gouty and rheumatic attacks, Admiral Henry—who had for many years been a martyr to rheumatism—succeeded in not only curing it, but by a perseverance in that practice after the malady was subdued, he succeeded in diminishing the sensibility or excitability of the nerves, and particularly of the membranes or joints, so as to render them unperceptible to gouty or rheumatic action. By persevering regularly in the use of this system, he succeeded in curing his own rheumatism, and in curing many others who were afflicted with the disease. He called this system the pommel hammer, and it is now used by many of the most eminent physicians of the day. It is a simple instrument, consisting of a handle of wood, and a head of iron, which is shaped like a hammer head, and is used by striking the affected parts of the body with it. It is a very simple and effective remedy, and is well adapted to the treatment of rheumatism, gout, and other diseases of the joints. It is a valuable addition to the medical armamentarium, and is well adapted to the treatment of the most common and distressing diseases of the human system.

The officers visited the place, and the appearance of the parties presented the most equal and wretched poverty; no furniture, save some beds thrown on the floor, was found in the house. Two of the water closets were occupied by women in confinement. No obstacle was presented to the search; and, tied up in handkerchiefs, rags, in tin bottles, boxes, &c., the officers found large quantities of gold and silver coin, amounting, it is said, to at least \$20,000.—Captain Perry could identify none of the money—the greater portion of it having been in bills of Baltimore banks—nor could he identify either of the women here as the women who had promised him the treasure. Since then, with the aid of several officers, he has been searching the neighbourhood of counties of Virginia and Maryland, but, up to Sunday night, had obtained no knowledge of his fortune-teller.

We regret to have to say that any one should have been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of a fortune-teller, and still further have to regret to add that Captain Perry, on Saturday, not content with the serious loss he had received, actually visited a professional fortune-teller in this city, to be informed where it was likely he could find his lost money.

A Chilling Interview.

In Professor Goodrich's "British Eloquence," we find the following quaint anecdote, illustrative of the ascendancy of Lord Chatham—William Pitt—over the Earl of Newcastle. The former was then prime minister, and the latter was at the head of the Treasury. Newcastle was a valetudinarian, and was fond of taking cold, especially, that he often ordered the windows of the house of lords to be shut in the hottest weather, while the rest of the peers were suffering for the want of breath. On one occasion he called on Pitt, who was confined to his bed by a cold. Newcastle, on being led into the bed-chamber, found the room, to his dismay, without fire, in a cold winter afternoon. He begged to have one kindled, but Pitt refused; it might be injurious to his guest. Newcastle drew the curtains, and the room was filled with the best possible grace. The conference was long one, and the discussion continued until the Duke was absolutely shivering with cold; when, at last, seeing another bed in the opposite room, he slipped in, and covered himself with the blanket. A secretary, who came in soon after, found the two ministers in this curious predicament, with their faces only visible, bandying the argument with great earnestness from one bedside to the other!

Little Things.

Little drops of sand, Make the great pyramid; Little words of wisdom, Make the mighty man; Of Eternity, Thus our little errors Lead the brittle vessel to destruction; From the path of virtue, Off in a sin to stray; Little deeds of kindness, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven above.

Interesting Paragraphs.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PAINTING.—Mr. B., a well known metropolitan printer once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It gets a little blurred, and my eyes are not what they were. How much do you ask?" "Fifty cents," "Can you have it done in half an hour! wish you would—want to be getting home—live a good ways out of town." "Certainly!" "When the good lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor sakes a mass!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it! it's almost as good as new! I never see nothing so curious as what printers do."—Knickerbocker.

ROVAT ARGUMENT.—Frederick the Great was a Protestant, and of course, opposing generally terminated the discussion by declaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against them. One day when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suit why he did not venture to express his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who sears such thick boots."

THE WORLD IN A DROP OF WATER.—The microscope has shown that a drop of water, though it may appear to the naked eye as being perfectly clear, is swarming with living beings. According to Ehrenberg, a cubic inch of water may contain more than 800,000 millions of these beings, estimating them to occupy only one-fourth of its space; and a single drop placed under the microscope will be seen to contain more than 800,000 millions of these beings, and who will afford information respecting the company's lands, and the mode of conveying the same to the Commission of the Canada Company's Office, Toronto, C. April 13, 1852.

A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.—We saw yesterday a Roman gold coin of such antiquity as will astonish many of our readers. It was struck under Antonius Pius, in the year 130 of the Christian era, when Antonius adopted Marcus Elius Aurelius Antonius his son and successor. The coin is very well preserved, and of pure gold. It is seventeen centuries old, on one side there is inscribed, Aurelius C. Aug. pi. s. p. q. f. which stands for Aurelius Caesaris Augusti pi. Filius. On the other side, Mars is represented, well armed. This is a valuable relic, and its owner would not part with it for any consideration.—N. O. Delta.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A CRUEL SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TWENTY 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 for Rheumatism, which has been in my possession for many years, and which I have used with the most successful results. I have used it on several occasions, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health. I have used it on several occasions, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health. I have used it on several occasions, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DEADLY SKIN DISEASE WITH ALL MEDICAL RESOURCES EXHAUSTED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Hird, Dropper, of Keating's, dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir—Some time since, one of my children was afflicted with a most distressing skin disease, which I have used your Ointment for, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health. I have used it on several occasions, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health. I have used it on several occasions, and it has cured me of the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, and I have been enabled to resume my usual avocations, and to enjoy the most perfect health.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.—In the Court of General Sessions, one day last week, before Judge Parsons, the following circumstance actually occurred:

An Irishman was arraigned for some petty crime, and was asked by the learned Judge, whether he was guilty or not guilty.

"And how can I tell yer Honor, until I hear the witnesses?" he promptly replied, and with the innocence of a child.—German Telegraph.

THE LEAD TREE.—To a piece of zinc fasten a wire, crooked in the form of a worm of a still; let the other end of the wire be fastened to a cork. You then put spring water into a cork, to which you add a small quantity of sugar lead, thrust the zinc into the bottle, and with the cork at the end of the wire fasten it up. In a few days the tree will begin to grow, and produce a most beautiful effect.

WHEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON took office, he wanted the aid of his veteran friend Sir Henry Hardinge, and he asked him, he expressed his wish on the subject, "But," interposed the practical workman, "I shall never be fit for official work in the Common." "Pooh, pooh," was the Duke's reply, "you will manage the parliamentary work as well." The only reply you must follow is this:—Never speak about anything you do not understand, and never quote Latin.

BELOCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANAC, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1853.

For Sale by the Subscriber at No. 8 Hollis Street, and at the WESTMAN and BOOK STORES in the City.

THE ALMANAC contains the most complete and accurate information for the farmer, and is well adapted to the wants of the country. It contains the most complete and accurate information for the farmer, and is well adapted to the wants of the country. It contains the most complete and accurate information for the farmer, and is well adapted to the wants of the country.

A Scene in the Bay of Annapolis.

THE BAY OF ANAPOLIS, Md. The Bay of Annapolis is a beautiful bay, and is well adapted to the wants of the country. It contains the most complete and accurate information for the farmer, and is well adapted to the wants of the country. It contains the most complete and accurate information for the farmer, and is well adapted to the wants of the country.

BOOKS

For Christmas and New Year!

At the Westman Book-Room, 138 Argyle Street.

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NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

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