The Provincial Wesleyan.

I Love the Old.

L. V. SMITH.

I love the old, to lean besides
The antique easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair:
To press my glowing lip upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand,
That on my youthful head
Has lain so tenderly, the while
The evening prayer was said;
To nestle down close to my heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tones of legendary lore,
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth, thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So many hopes—age has but one,
The hope of bliss above.
Turn then awhile from these away
To cheer the old and bless
The wasted heart-strings with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Yes, love the aged, bow before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Ay, love them, let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to heaven
Regard and love the old.

Temperance.

The Water of Death.

The following able article is taken from the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, and will well repay perusal:—

How appropriate this expression as applied to alcoholic drinks? They lead to the disregard of every precept of morality; draw down on man the Almighty's righteous judgments, even in the present life; inflict upon thousands of innocent and unoffending persons, including the tender and helpless, untold injuries; and expose not only individuals, but society at large, even nations, to the greatest calamities. When first discovered by the Arabians, in the twelfth century, they were denominated "Water of Life," but experience of their properties and effects have proved them the very reverse of this. A British writer, speaking of their first very limited use, says: "From that little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, has been evolved that mighty map which is now suspended over our country, and which is pouring its fiery streams through all the currents of public and domestic intercourse." "The disease occasioned by it," says a medical writer, "has been far more destructive than any other plague that ever raged in Christendom, more malignant than any other epidemic pestilence that ever desolated our suffering race, whether in the shape of burning typhus, the loathsome small pox, the cholera of the East, or the yellow fever of the West; a disease more loathsome and destructive than all of them put together." Dr. Evelin, Secretary of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Philadelphia, declares that all use of ardent spirits is an *abuse*—that they are mischievous under all circumstances. Dr. Cheyne, of London, that they are like opium in their nature, and like arsenic in their deleterious effects. Dr. Trotter states, that "of all the evils of human life, no cause of disease has so wide a range, or so large a share, as spirituous liquors: and that more than half the sudden deaths are occasioned by them." Dr. Harris says, that "the moderate use of liquor has destroyed many who were never drunk;" and Dr. Kirk, "that men who were never considered intemperate, by daily drinking have shortened life more than *twenty years*, and that the *respectable* use of this poison has killed more than even drunkenness itself."—*(Temperance Manual.)* Such is the uniform testimony of medical men of the highest character and authority in the profession. No intelligent physician would risk his reputation in giving any other. Alcoholic drinks convey to the system nothing capable of nourishing either the material or spiritual nature of man. As a common beverage, they are altogether and under all circumstances injurious.

The diseases generated by them often become hereditary—are transmitted to children, who thus come into the world with the constitutional effects of the wrong habits of their parents, and are frequently dwarfed both in body and mind.

The use of ardent spirits corrupts character; it benumbs and deadens the moral sense. The very foundations of our moral being, by the power of this deadly foe, are uplifted and overturned. Every principle friendly to virtue is swallowed up in an all-absorbing sensualism. Self-love, conscience, even the sanctions of religion, are without effect.

The approximation to this final state of evil, however, is generally gradual. The moral scale of drunkenness may contain a thousand degrees, and the habit does not always carry the individual from one extreme of the scale to the other. Every drunkard does not sink to the bottom of it. But it is the tendency of the habit to carry every one there; and if all do not reach this point of total depravity, it is not the superior energy of the will, nor any hidden strength of virtue which has prevented it, but the gracious interpositions of Providence. To know what drunkenness is capable of doing for every one, we have only to observe what it has done for some. In every case, human nature is the same—the habit is the same; and it results differ—if one, while intoxicated, only abuses his family or friend, while another commits murder, this is owing wholly to the influence of providential circumstances. No one who allows himself to fall into a fit of intoxication is sure he will not awake from it stained with the guilt and exposed to the consequences of the highest crime known to the civil law. Men are thus induced to commit crimes, which, if sober, they would shudder to think of, and would be wholly incapable of committing. A young man was enticed to commit the fearful crime of murder by his own mother. She took him to the spot where the deed was to be done, pointed to the unsuspecting victim, and ordered him to fire! The young man's courage failed him; he was seized with an involuntary horror of conscience, and declared he *could not* do it. The mother presented him a bottle of whiskey—he drank, committed murder, and was hanged! By the natural process of moral deterioration, years must have elapsed in the repition of minor offences, before the young man would have reached this deed of villainy. But by this worse than infernal agency, he is instantly transformed into a veteran of depravity. It is a well known and oft-repeated fact, that villains rely on the influence of ardent spirits for the courage necessary to do their work. When a deed of blood or midnight burglary is to be attempted, whiskey is as necessary to steady the hand as powder and ball or the bowie-knife are to do the execution.

Bad as human nature is, it would be comparatively innocent but for the curse of ardent spirits. Banish liquor, and the vulture would become a dove, the lion a lamb.—Enact the celebrated Maine law, and let it be carried out and enforced, and it would banish nearly all the crimes against the peace and order of society—would empty our jails and State prisons, and leave our criminal Courts without business. This is no longer fancy—it is fact. Experience under the operation of this law has furnished proof of it. But while this "spirit" of evil is permitted to remain among us, it will have power to induce men to commit any crimes their corrupt passions may suggest, and to defeat every effort of the friends of humanity and religion to prevent the prevalence of crime and misery.

While we in any manner encourage the dreadful traffic in ardent spirits—while we refuse to use our influence, by every lawful means in our power, to do it away—will not the blood of murdered souls be found cleaving to our skirts? How many millions, through its influence, have gone down to the pit of destruction, who otherwise had been saved! While we refuse to lift up our hand against the destroyer, do not these perished ones cry against us from the ground!—ay, from the tortures of the undying worm and unquenchable fire.

We cannot escape responsibility in this matter by wiping our mouths, and saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Am I responsible for the conduct of others? We are responsible for the miseries of others, so far as we have the power to prevent them, and neglect or refuse to employ it.

We close these remarks with a beautiful extract foom the words of an eminent Chief Justice. Personating the liquor dealer, he says: "I know that the cup is poisoned; I know that I may cause death—that I may cause more than death—that I may lead to crime, to sin, to the tortures of everlasting remorse. Am I not, then, a murderer? Am I not worse than a murderer—as much worse as the soul is better than the body? If ardent spirits were nothing but a deadly poison—if they did not inflame all the evil passions—if they did not dim the heavenly light which the Almighty has implanted in our bosoms, to guide us through the obscure passages of our pilgrimage—if they did not quench the Holy Spirit in our hearts—they would be comparatively harmless. It is their moral effect—it is the ruin of the soul which they produce—that renders them so dreadful. The difference between death by simple poison, and death by habitual intoxication, may extend to the whole difference between everlasting happiness and eternal death." This is the language, not of a professed divine, but of an eminent citizen, whose character and position in society must shield him from the suspicion of speaking thus on this subject, through passion, prejudice or ignorance. It is the calm judgment of a great and pure mind—of a mind comprehending and resting on the doctrine of man's immortality, and in view of his whole being, contemplating the magnitude of the evils connected with this fearful—we had almost said, this infernal traffic! Nor is the word infernal too strong. It is a business which, in view of all its consequences, present and future, certainly partakes of this character.

Agriculture.

Cheese Making from a Small Dairy.

We have received requests from several of our lady correspondents to write a small article on cheese making, especially in reference to that large class of farmers who keep but few cows. It always gives us pleasure to comply with the requests of the ladies, especially to those who are good house keepers—know how to milk a cow, make good butter and cheese, and cultivate a small garden.

First rate cheese can be made from a few cows, but it is attended with more labour in proportion to the amount made, than in a larger dairy, inasmuch as the curd has to be made every morning, and placed aside till you have sufficient to make a good sized cheese. The milk is placed in a tub and warmed to the proper temperature (95 deg. Fah., or about as warm as when taken from the cow,) by adding a portion of heated milk. The rennet is then added, the milk well stirred, and afterwards let alone till the curd is well come. The time this will occupy varies from fifteen minutes to two hours, according to the amount of rennet, the temperature, &c,—the hotter it is put together, and the more rennet there is added, the quicker will the cheese come. As a general thing, the longer it is coming, the tenderer and sweeter will be the curd. If it comes too quickly, it is owing to an excess of lactic acid being formed from the sugar of milk, so that the curd has that hard, tough, white appearance that is the case when the curd is precipitated by vinegar, or any other acid; but if there is a very slow formation of lactic acid, the curd is gradually precipitated in flakes, is less dense, and very sweet and tender. It is then broken up quite fine, either by hand or a curd-breaker made up for the purpose, which cuts into pieces. After this, it is allowed to stand and settle. The whey is then drawn off and passed through a sieve, to remove any curd there may be in it—The curd is then placed in a strong cloth, and well pressed, to remove the whey. It is then placed in a cold place, and the operation repeated daily—or every other day, if the milk will keep sweet, as it will in the fall—till there is curd enough to make a cheese of the desired size. When the right quantity is obtained, the curd is all broken up very fine, salted and well mixed. In putting the curd in the vat to be pressed, a cloth sufficiently large enough to cover the whole cheese is placed in the vat, a "fillet," (usually made of sheet tin, and from three to six inches long, and sufficiently long to lap over four or five inches when placed around the cheese,) is placed inside the vat for an inch or so, and the cloth drawn up straight, so that when it is pressed the cloth will not cut it. The whole of the curd is then put in, the cloth turned over the top of it, a smooth board placed over, pressed for some time; it is taken from under and punctured all over with a skewer, either of wood or iron. Place it in the press again until it has become sufficiently consolidated to take out of the vat without falling to pieces. It must then be turned or inverted in the vat, and a clean cloth put around it. Place it again under the press, occasionally turning it, and putting around fresh cloths, till the cheese, when pressed, does not wet them. It is then all right, should be kept in the dairy, or some other cool, damp place, for a few days, placing a little salt around it, when it may be taken to an upper room, where it will require turning very frequently, or the side next the door will mould. Let the room be dark and well ventilated.

A cheese press may be purchased for $5, and the cost of the vats, fillets, &c., is very trifling; so that it is to us surprising that so few farmers, with four to ten cows, never make any cheese—not even enough for their own consumption. Good cheese sells for nearly as much as butter, and yet a cow will give, to say the least, as much again cheese as she will butter. It is true the whey is not so good to fatten hogs as the sour milk, yet it contains much nutritive matter, and is a valuable food for shoats, or a good drink for fatting hogs; yet we think it would be more profitable to make cheese, at the present relative price of the two articles, than butter.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Apples for Milch Cows.—A gentleman who deals in facts and figures as well as fine cattle, informs us that he fed out last winter more than two hundred barrels of sweet apples to his milch cows, and that the increased quantity and richness in quality of the milk paid him better than any other use to which he could have applied them. He states that he is raising trees annually for the purpose of raising apples or stock.

Another important statement of his is, that since he has fed apples to his cows, there has not been a case of milk fever among them.—*Henderson Courier.*

Miscellaneous.

Climate of India.

The climate of India is quite peculiar, and altogether different from England or America. The rains come on periodically. They generally commence about the middle or 20th June, and end early in September, and during this time, particularly in Bengal, but few days pass when the rain does not fall in torrents. With the exception of the early and latter rain, which is not abundant, and which falls in November, during seedtime, and in March about the time of earing, showers are not expected, and we have frequently seen a period of four months or longer elapse without rain of any kind.

In the upper provinces the hot winds begin to blow early in April, and continue with increased fury until the rains, in June, cool the earth, and put an end to them.—The feeling occasioned by these winds is like that which would be experienced by the blast of a heated furnace, and the effect produced is to dry up the skin and weaken the human system. The steam or heat, also, which arise from the earth in the middle of the day at this season is almost intolerable, and induces a sense of suffocation.—Europeans, and even natives themselves who have a regard to health, rarely venture out in the heat of the day, but employ themselves as best they can, within doors, firmly closed to keep out the penetrating heat. It is during this period that missionaries are engaged either in studying languages, or in preparing tracts and book for the press.

Advantage, however, is taken of these hot winds, and they are turned to good account by causing the evaporation they produce, when thrown in contact with moisture, to create a degree of cold in dwellings, which is exceedingly grateful and refreshing. This is done in the following way: A frame work of bambus is thinly thatched over with the fibrous roots of a fragrant grass, called *kus kus*, so as to admit a considerable quantity of air to pass through it. This is fitted into the door-case, and watered every few moments on the outside. The evaporation, which goes on rapidly, on account of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, cools the heated air as it passes through the *tatty*, and greatly modifies the heat within, so as to reduce the temperature several degrees.

In addition to this, *punkhas* are kept moving over the heads of those who can afford to pay the small sum necessary, and these also add greatly to the health and comfort of foreigners. Punkhas are frames of wood about two and a half feet wide, and almost the length of the room, covered with muslin, and being suspended from the roof, are drawn by a rope passing through the wall from the outside. Without some such contrivance to moderate the heat and drive off the musquitoes, for several months in the year the heat would be insufferable, and health seriously impaired. Blind men are sometimes employed to pull the punkhas, who consider it a great favour to earn about a dollar and a half per month, from which they support themselves and families, and without which employment they must beg their bread.

In the northwest provinces, however, the seat of the Lodiana mission, though the heat is so intense during the hot winds, there are three or four months in the year of delightfully cool weather, and those who may have suffered from debility in the hot season, usually recover their strength during this period. Autumnal fevers, and derangement of the liver, are the diseases most common; but many persons who live abstemiously, (as missionaries all do,) enjoy as good health, on the whole, as they would be likely to do in any other part of the world. On the score of health, the writer himself is thankful to say he has no complaints to make.—*Friend.*

Curious Mental Phenomena.

Dr. Carpenter is delivering a course of lectures in Manchester, England, on the physiology of the nervous system. In his fifth lecture the doctor related some curious instances of aberration of mind. He spoke of a very learned professor, some years ago, at Aberdeen, Dr. Robert Hamilton, whose essay on the national debt of England largely contributed to the abolition of the sinking fund. In public this man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He went to one of his classes early in the morning, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and a black one on the other. He often spent the whole time of the class in moving from the table the hats, which his students as constantly returned. He sometimes invited students to call upon him, and then fined them if they called. He ran against a cow, and begged her pardon, called her ma'am, hoping she had not been hurt. He would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of the way. Yet if any one was with him at the time, his conversation would be perfectly logical.

Another instance of absence of mind was quoted in the case of a Scotch clergyman, who was invited to a party in Edinburgh, at a time when it was usual to mix devotion with social intercourse. He was requested to conduct the services before the company broke up; and he therefore knelt down and began to pray in an appropriate manner. But soon he apparently entirely forgot where he was, and he continued his prayer as if in the quietude of his own chamber. He made reflections, in the prayer, on the mode in which he had spent the evening, and on the individuals present with him at the party. When he had concluded his prayer he rose up, took off his coat and waistcoat, and was about to proceed to further extremities, when his friends stopped him.

More familiar instances of absence of mind were mentioned as occurring to more than one gentleman, who have been known to go up stairs to dress for an evening party, and have actually undressed and got into bed, while their wives, perhaps, were waiting for them below! After giving other cases of spontaneous mental abstraction, the lecturer spoke of the case of induced reverie, commonly known under the absurd name of electrobiology. All the essential phenomena of this state had been shown to him (several years before "electrobiology" was brought before the public) by Mr. Braid, in the person of a gentleman well known in Manchester, a man of high intelligence, and utterly incapable of deceiving, who has the power of spontaneous abstraction in a very remarkable degree, and who, when fixing his attention for a very few seconds upon any object, loses so entirely his voluntary control, that he is completely at the mercy of external suggestions as his whole mind is for the time possessed with whatever idea may be communicated to him by another. This Dr. Carpenter considered to be the essential character of this state of the mind—a condition in which the power of the will over the current of thought is entirely suspended, while the sensorium is more open to extravagant expressions than it is in ordinary reverie; but otherwise the two states are essentially the same.

Annie May.

Gone from the hearts that love her,
Gone from her home away;
Gone in her childish beauty,
Little Annie May.

Gone like the moonlight's glimmer
From the rippling stream:
Gone like the joyous pictures
Of childhood' glowing dream.

Gone as the flowers of tearful spring,
Gone as the dew at morn:
Gone like the songs of summer birds,
Fled as the stars of dawn.

But in a land of beauty,
Of never-fading flowers,
Where care and sorrow came not,
(A holier clime than ours.)

She dwelleth now, and kneeleth
Beside the throne of God,
In praise to Him who raiseth
The spirit from the sod.

—*Knickerbocker.*

The Blind Girl and her Mother.

The following thrilling incident—the meeting of a mother and her child—is from a report by Dr. Howe, Principal of the Perkin's Institution for the Blind at Boston, concerning Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, whose only means of communication with objects around her is by the touch, which is remarkably acute:

"During the last year and six months after she had left her home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

"The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining of her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding here, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pangs she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads weich she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought eagerly, to say she understood the strings were from home.

"The mother now tried to caress her; but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested—she examined the stranger much closer and gave me to understand that she came from Hanover—she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold! for, although, she had feared that she could not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother's taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she, therefore, felt of her hand very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side and kissed her, and then at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother—and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms and clung to her with eager joy.

"I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind, but I now left them to indulge, unobserved those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but 'cannot be expressed.'

"The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence and the resolution of the child, and was thus noticed at the time:

"'Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other—and thus she stood for a moment—then she dropped her mother's hand—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.'"

Webster's Sunrise Requiem Bell.

"The steeple bell, in sharp and sudden ring,
Broke on the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
And then in solemn measured strokes it tolled,
The mortal years of an immortal soul."

In many of the country towns of New England the good old custom of announcing a death by the church bell is still preserved. At sunrise and sunset the bell announces who have died since the set and rising suns. The bell is first rung rapidly, as if to call attention, and then there is a pause, followed first by some strokes to denote the sex of the departed and then a regular tolling of the years. In this manner the whole village and town are made acquainted with death's ravages, and, from familiar acquaintance with the people, and a knowledge of who are sick, the particular person dead is indicated.

Those beautiful hours of the day, in which so much delight is taken in viewing the rising and setting sun in its effects upon the earth and sky, are often saddened by these touching admonitions of human frailty. It has never been published, we think, that such a custom was observed in the death of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, on Sabbath morning October 24, 1852. A friend, informs us, who was on a visit at Marshfield at the time that, rising early, just as the family were about to sit down to breakfast, he heard the bell strike, and suspecting who it was, he, with the gentleman in the house, sprung to the door, and standing together on the doorstone, in the pleasant and still Sabbath morning, heard and counted the years struck of the departed statesman. Never before, we may well believe, did that bell of worthier name do record; never did sexton's hands announce the departure of so great a man. And yet it was but an ordinary notice, one paid alike to the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly. Like the grave, leveling all distinctions, this touching old custom brought Daniel Webster within the realms of our common humanity.

We wish we could have been there to have heard that Marshfield bell toll out those tidings. It would have been a great event of our life, and one whose grandeur and interest were unsurpassed.

He died in the morning, which hour he loved so much. "I know the morning"—he wrote in a letter dated Richmond, Va., 5 o'clock, A.M., April 29, '52—I am acquainted with it, and love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude." In another letter to a clergyman, a personal friend, not long before his death, is the following:—"I rose early this morning to enjoy the heavenly light of a bright sun and the far greater light of revealed truth."—*Boston Courier.*

Interesting Paragraphs.

Paper Houses.—Among the various uses to which paper mache is known to be applicable, about the last we should have thought of would have been that of the construction of houses; yet that has been attempted and carried out with success by the Messrs. Bteifelld, at their works near the Staines station of the South-Western Railway, where may now be seen several very neat cottages, commodious stores and very handsome villas; the whole, with the exception of the frame work, the doors and the flooring, which are of wood, being composed of paper mache. These houses which contain from four to ten rooms each, can be taken down and re-erected within a period of from four to six hours, so that immediately upon landing in his new home the emigrant may find himself in a comfortable residence, relieved from heavy rent or the roughness of the weather. These houses which are as durable as brick, we understand, will be little more than one-third in cost, and it is probable that they will ere long, be adopted for summer-houses, park lodges, railway stations and moveable barracks, to all of which purposes they are admirably adapted. The houses are all made with hollow walls, thereby excluding damp; and for the East Indies and other places where the white ant does so much mischief, timber can be altogether dispensed with, and the houses constructed entirely of paper mache, which they will not touch in consequence of poisonous nature.

A Valuable Table.—The following table will be found exceedingly valuable to many of our readers:—A box 24 inches square, and 28 inches deep will contain a barrel, (5 bushels)—box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain one barrel—box 16 inches square and 8 inches deep, will contain one bushel—box 12 inches by 12 2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel—box 8 inches by 8 4 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck—box 8 inches by 8 inches square, and 4 2 inches deep, will contain one gallon—box 7 inches by 8 inches square, and 2 8 inches deep, will contain half a gallon—box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4 2 inches deep, will contain one quart.

Munificent Donation.—Gerrit Smith, Esq, has made a munificent donation to a public enterprise. The city of Oswego stood in need of a public library. Mr. Smith learned the nature of the circumstances, was impressed with the importance of the project, and has set apart the sum of $25,000 for the foundation of such an institution. The money is to be called for in instalments of $5,000 each, commencing on the 1st March, 1854. The following restriction accompanies the grant:—My only other injunction is, that the privileges and benefits of the library shall always be accessible to the one sex as to the other; and that no person, on account of their race, or complexion, or condition, shall be shut out from these privileges or benefits, or in any degree curtailed of them.

Deep Well.—The deepest artesian well in America, is now in progress at the sugar refinery works of Belcher & Brother, at St Louis, where it has reached the extraordinary depth of 1750 feet, far below the level of a great portion of the Mexican Gulf. The boring is to be continued until good water is reached, which is expected to be at the depth of 2000 feet, and this will be the deepest well in the world. The work thus far has cost $10,000, and the only result has been streams of salt and sulphur water. The hole which is 3¼ inches in diameter, is bored with an augur driven by a steam engine, the instrument penetrating about four feet daily. The rods measure 33¼ feet in length, and are put together with screws.

Another Great Cave in Kentucky.—A party of gentlemen last week partially explored a cave in Muhlenburgh county, ten miles south of Greenville. The cave was first discovered last winter by a person who tracked several racoons into it. The gentlemen who lately examined it went in, as they supposed, about two miles, when they came to a pit which they could not pass for the want of a ladder, but they saw that the cave extended beyond. While travelling the two miles they discovered eight or ten branches leading off in different directions, some of them apparently larger than the direct avenue. A petrified monkey, as perfect in shape as if it were alive, was found in the cave some weeks ago.

The Copper Region.—The Lake Superior Journal says that every boat from below and above comes loaded with passengers. The business is rapidly and largely increasing. Copper stock is very productive. The ship canal is progressing finely, and all things appear to be on the high way to permanent prosperity at the Sault and in the copper regions of the great lake.

The Common Level.—Kings and their subjects, masters and slaves, find a common level in two places; at the foot of the cross and in the grave.—*Colton.*

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RUSSIA SALVE CURES MOSQUITO BITES.
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May 19 1y.

HEALTH FOR A SHILLING.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LOSS OF HEALTH DISORDERED STOMACH INDIGESTION AND DETERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Erwwen, near Harlech, Merionetshire.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—I avail myself of the first opportunity of informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimming of the head, attended by loss of appetite, disordered stomach, and general impaired health. Every means had failed to give me any permanent relief, and at length it became so alarming that I was really afraid to go out without some attendant. In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon Mr Hughes, Chemist, Harlech, for the purpose of consulting him as to what I had better do; he kindly recommended your Pills. I tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to bear testimony to their wonderful efficacy. I am now restored to perfect health, and enabled to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
June 6th, 1852. (Signed) JOHN LLOYD.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF DROPSY.

Extract of a Letter from Edward Rowley, Esq., of India Walk, Tobago, dated April 8th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe to you and the public at large to inform you of a most miraculous recovery from that dreadful disease, Dropsy, and which, under God, was effected by your invaluable Pills. I was tapped five times within eight months, and skilfully treated by two medical practitioners, but could not get cured, until I had recourse to your remedy, and notwithstanding all I had undergone, three bottles of your medicine cured me in six weeks.

(Signed) EDWARD ROWLEY.

INFALLIBLE CURE OF A STOMACH COMPLAINT, WITH INDIGESTION AND VIOLENT HEADACHES.

Extract of a Letter from Mr S. Gowen, Chemis of Clifton, near Bristol, dated July 14th, 1852

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I am requested by a Lady named Thomas, just arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for a period of eight years herself and family suffered from continual bad health, arising from disorders of the liver and stomach, indigestion, loss of appetite, violent Headaches, pains in the side, weakness and general debility, for which she consulted the most eminent men in the colony, but without any beneficial result; at last, she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, which in a very short time effected so great a change for the better, that she continued them, and the whole family were restored to health and strength. Further she desired me to say, that she had witnessed their extraordinary virtues in those complaints incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles and Scarlatina, having effected positive cures of these diseases with no other remedy.

(Signed) S. GOWEN.

A DANGEROUS LIVER COMPLAINT, AND SPASMS IN THE STOMACH EFFECTUALLY CURED

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Bostock, Druggist of Ashton under Lyne, dated July 31, 1852

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir,—I take much pleasure in handing you a testimonial of the efficacy of your Medicines. A person in this neighbourhood with whom I am well acquainted was afflicted for a long time with violent constitutional pains in the stomach and liver, arising from frequent colds, smells of paint, and the effects of a stooping position which he was obliged to assume in his business. The spasms were of an alarming character, and frequent left him in a weak and debilitated condition. At length he heard of the salutary effects of your invaluable Pills, and was induced to give them a trial. The first dose gave him considerable relief, and by following them up in accordance with your directions, they have acted so wonderfully in cleansing the liver and stomach, and strengthening the digestive organs that he has been restored to the enjoyment of good health.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM BOSTOCK.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague,	Female Irregularities,	Sore throats,
Asthma,	Fevers of all kinds,	scrofula or king's evil,
Bilious Complaints,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel
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Bowel complaints	Headaches,	The Dolorous,
Colics,	Indigestion	Tumours,
Costiveness	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Consumption,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections,
Debility,	Liver Complaints,	Worms, all kinds.
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January, 1853.

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WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

WESLEYANS, and the Public generally, are respectfully 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 and other Religious Literature, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, &c. Prices to suit the times for Cash. Among the Books on hand may be found

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Do for the Young
Do for Ladies
Do for the Fireside
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Be Diligent. Be Good. Be Patient. Be True. Be Wise
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