

keep from traffic that which they themselves had not strength to resist. Money was worse than thrown away, in intoxicating drink, and to an extent sufficient to build the Railroad.

On presenting six petitions from the ladies, Hon. Mr. Morton read one of the petitions, and said, that these, coming from ladies might be expected to have more than usual influence on the House. The petitions were numerously signed, and should have due weight. Women were great sufferers by their husbands, and sometimes their sons, using intoxicating drinks. No wonder they applied to the House for a remedy; it was heart rending to observe the state to which females were often brought by the drinking habits of those who should be their protectors. He hoped for the honor of the province, and the respect due to ladies that due attention would be paid to it.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

FRIDAY, February 4.—In the forenoon the time of the House was occupied by the presentation of Petitions, among others one from females in the county of Cumberland, praying for the prohibition of the manufacture and traffic in intoxicating drinks, which was presented by the Hon. Prov. Sec'y, who said—

"I rise, Mr. Speaker, to ask leave to present a petition from Ann McKenzie and 300 others,—women of the County of Cumberland in favor of an alteration in the law relating to intoxicating liquors; and I only wish, Sir, that I had the honor of presenting to you the Petitioners themselves; for sure I am, that if you could see them, as I have had the privilege of seeing them, in those happy homes on the Mountain sides of Cumberland which are adorned by their beauty, and sanctified by their domestic virtues—if you could see them as I have, in holiday attire, blooming with health in the warm sunshine of summer; aye! or in the depth of winter, their mountain slopes covered with snow, and they the light and joy of their households; I am sure that the high purpose of this petition, which shows that they have been engaged in the good cause of temperance—not less than their personal charms and mental endowments, would recommend their prayer to the favorable consideration of this House. I present the petition and ask that it may be read.

To the Editor of the Canadian Sun of Temperance.

ANCASTER TRAGEDY—HORRORS OF DRINK.

Sir,—I have selected, for the occasion that has called into existence the observations that I am about to make, the following text of Scripture, taken from ISAIAH, Chapter lxx., verse 2nd:—

"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walk in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts."

The sudden death of an unfortunate man, in this neighbourhood, on the 20th ult., from the effects of a long life of intemperance, forces upon my mind the conviction, that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Sons of Temperance—public and private lectures upon the same subject,—the denunciations from the Pulpit, the Bench, and the Bar, (not the bar of the groggery) against intemperance,—the frightful multitude that are hourly and daily hurried by an untimely end, to an early and premature grave,—arraigned at the bar of justice—consigned to prison cells—to the Penitentiary, the workhouse, and but too frequently to the scaffold, for the perpetration of crimes, arising out of the indulgence in this most horrible of all horrible vices; appear not to have had, so far, the effect of checking the pernicious practice, nor as a result the consequences arising therefrom. Would that some Divine manifestation, for nothing short of such, it seems will answer; might be permitted to every poor fallen degraded inebriate, that would alarm and awaken him to a sense of the danger of his situation, and to a sense of that duty that he owes to God, his wife, his children, his neighbour, his country and himself—to throw off the shackles of combined habits, and cause him to exclaim in the language of contrition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," support me in my resolution to rise in the dignity of man, and say: that having by my example been the cause of inducing many an unreflecting acquaintance to depart from the ways of temperance and sobriety, and as a consequence, to induce all the miseries, degradations, and wretchedness, that as a natural result follows. That I may be permitted to abandon my former habits, and by leading another and a better life, make amends so far as in me lies, for the wrongs, that that example has caused.

So much has been written and spoken, upon, and about intemperance, that the subject appears almost to be exhausted; but while we write and speak with but small hope of success in reforming the drunkard, it is still our duty to write and speak, to toil on, to exert ourselves, never despairing so long as a chance or a probability exists, that our endeavours may reclaim and save one fallen or a falling Brother.

I have been led to make these remarks from the circumstance mentioned at the beginning of this paper; in the hope that that part of the history of poor George Bennett, with which I am acquainted, and which I am about to relate, with an account of his miserable end may cause many to pause in their mad career of guilt and folly; and to reflect, enquiring of themselves, to what is this leading; whether doth it speed; independent of the palpable, and obvious, every day misery, wretchedness, degradation and contempt, to which the inebriate's every day experience, ought if it does not, to convince him that he is consigned, and of which he cannot but be sensible.

Bennett was a man of about fifty years of age; old enough like many of us to be wiser; of excellent sense; respectably connected; had a good education; was honest in his dealings when sober; and a man in his sphere of life, much respected (barring the grog). He followed, I suppose from necessity as a means of living, the business of a lime burner, in which he might have done well; but his foolish bargains when under the influence of liquor, frequently too forgetting to whom he had sold, neutralized, and rendered every attempt at success impracticable. For many years he led this kind of existence, for life it cannot be called; until an unusual lengthened bout of drinking put an end to his struggles, follies and miseries in this world. Three days before his death, he boasted to a neighbour who happened to go into his slanty about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, that he "had drunk half a gallon of whiskey that morning to his own clock." On the night of his death, he went to bed with a fellow inebriate, after having pledged himself to give up drinking, for ten months after that day, pretty well wretched, observing that as he was to have so long a drought, he would lay in a good stock of wet before he began. Little dreaming poor unfortunate, that his resolve would never see the light of day. About one in the morning his bed

fellow awoke in the dark, and spoke to him, but he answered not; the cold clammy hand and face revealed to his affrighted comrade, that he was dead; a fact that the poor creature could not for some time comprehend, "seeing as now poor George had gone to bed so well at night." An inquest was held, and the Coroner's Jury returned a verdict, unfortunately of but too frequent occurrence, of "died from the effect of intemperance."

Upon the occasion of his funeral, his comrade, just before the removal of the body, came to the door of the slanty with a half gallon jug of whiskey in his hand, and with tears in his eyes, invited all the persons who had assembled outside the house to attend the burial, to take a drop, saying "it was that that killed poor George," none however partook of the beverage so recommended.

The poor man George, was in consequence of his intemperate habits, cut off in the prime of life, away from his wife and family (for he had a wife and family in England); among strangers and in a strange land, hurried into the presence of his Maker, called, without preparation, to answer to that God, before whom we must all appear for the deeds done in the body, and to receive at his hands that sentence, which shall forever, and to all eternity endure. The thought of what that sentence may be, may well make the inebriate pause and reflect, ere it be too late, that his end may be as sudden, and the probabilities of the condition of his soul after death, be as poor George Bennett; whose mortal remains have found a resting place at the hands of strangers, far from that home, and those friends, that his heart clung to and yearned to see; in a strangers grave; and in a stran' land.

ONE OF THE ANCASTER DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ancaster, 2nd March, 1853.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. vi., v. 6.

[ORIGINAL]

NONE SAW HIM DIE—THE EMIGRANT BOY.

Lights last and glittering rays had fled, His boyhood days—his long loved tale, Youth's hundred friends, that round him throng, A Mother's tear—a father's smile— Ere his anguish added to his woes, Till his soul and reason wrapt in gloom, He shuddering from his fevered soul, Wh' hectic's flush preaged the tomb, As misery's last and welcome goal!

GOT HIS HEAD IN THE BASKET.

There is hardly a more laughable sight than that of a horse with his head in a basket. Absorbed in the delightful occupation of eating his oats, the common routine of life may go on and it is all unnoticed. What in his moments of leisure might have started our sterdship from his equilibrium, or at least caused him to turn his head, now passes under his very feet and disturbs him not. Look where he may he sees nothing but oats—oats are in all his reveries; his speculation tends to oats; and he munches on entirely satisfied with himself and the world at large.

A few reflections might be drawn from this sight—as for instance, when a man is perfectly satisfied that he has made just money enough to keep himself comfortable and benefit only himself and his through life, he has got his head in a basket.

When a college youth thinks that he has acquired just about sufficient knowledge, and it would be impossible to teach him anything farther, he has got his head in a basket.

When a young lady imagines that she has got nothing more to do in life than to catch a husband, settle down and be at ease, she has got her head in a basket.

When a christian sums up his religion in going to just so many meetings, and saying so many prayers, confident that he is good enough, he has got his head in a basket.

When a minister learns that all his parishioners, to the number of a thousand expect him to call upon them just once a week, he will find his head in a basket, and a pretty tight one.

When a father whips his child for breaking a cup, and allows him to break the commandments without reproof; he has got his head in a basket.

Finally, dear readers, as I ere is not one perfect person in the world, and we each ride our favorite hobby, let us come to the conclusion that until we have sowed the oats of folly we have all got our heads in the basket.

A CROCODILE STORY.—When the British brigade under Sir David Baird, was marching up the Theban bank of the Nile, towards Cairo, a number of stragglers fell behind, unable, to fatigue, to keep up with the main body. A rear guard was conse-

quently detached to protect the stragglers and keep them together. One of them a Scotch Highlander, however, became so exhausted that his comrades were obliged to leave him to his fate. He had not been long alone when he saw a large crocodile waddling towards him with a very portentous aspect. Poor Donald eyed the crocodile as it approached him, with feelings of instant alarm, and although almost unable to walk, he mustered up his little remaining strength, and abided the onslaught of the enemy. As the unwieldy brute was slewing himself round to seize him, Donald dexterously got astride on his back and kept his seat. He at once drew his bayonet (for he had parted with his musket) and every time the animal turned round its head to bite him he pricked it severely behind its foreleg, or wherever he could make the steel penetrate. How long the contest continued Donald could not tell, but it seemed an age. When the rear guard reached head quarters, the general, on being informed that Donald had been left behind, immediately despatched a corporal's guard to bring him in. On coming up to Donald there he was still astride of his Bucephalus which was by this time nearly exhausted with the wounds inflicted by the bayonet. The market soon accomplished what the bayonet had begun, and Donald was brought into camp little the worse for his extraordinary encounter, and was ever after known in the regiment as the Crocodile Dragon.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Twenty independent Yankee men, under thirty years of age, who dare wear coats in the streets, with a patch the size of a cent and a half on the elbow.

WANTED.—The same number of native-born Americans, in good standing in society, who dare wear their hats, though sound as a well-conditioned life-preserver, if the nap is a little short, and the rim half an inch narrower than the latest fashion.

WANTED.—The same number of gentlemen who are members of "the three learned professions" or in the mercantile line, that would prefer wearing an overcoat three winters in succession, to running in debt for a new one.

WANTED.—Twenty spruce dry-goods clerks within the City limits, who would be satisfied to dress no richer or more fashionably than their employers.

WANTED.—Twenty gentlemen of strong and robust body, who could help their brothers to carry a trunk four blocks on Broadway by daylight.

WANTED.—Twenty, ten, or even five gentlemen respectably connected, and enjoying an extensive circle of acquaintance, who dare saw a stick of wood before the door of their city residence.

If the above named gentlemen will meet at any convenient gathering place, something may turn up to their mutual benefit. They may be sure of honorable intentions in this call. It is not to offer proposals from Barnum, or any of that sort. Young men of common sense, rally!

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

It takes 300,000 gold leaves to make an inch in thickness, and 17,000 silver.—It has been estimated that there are in London above 16,000 beggars, who obtain from 1s. 6d. to 5s. daily.—The London and Birmingham Railway cost £5,000,000, or £44,444 per mile, there are seven tunnels on the line.—The term "Oyez," as used by public criers, is a corruption of the word "oyez" hear ye!—A man is taller in the morning than at night, to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.—Horse-power in steam-engines is calculated as the power which would raise 33,000 lbs, a foot high in a minute, or 90 lbs at the rate of 4 miles per hour.—The various clucks of the hen display anger, grief, or joy; the language of the cock is distinctly varied for every purpose.—Most animals vary their tone by various passions, though the vanity of man does not regard it.—A generation or age, is taken by a French economist to be 33 1/2 years, or three to a century, and the determination is made on registers of joint ages at marriage, and of mean age at the birth of children.—The first coach in England was built in 1565, for the Earl of Rutland.—In 1661, a stage coach was two days going from London to Oxford (51 miles) and the "Flying Coach" in summer was thirteen hours.—Zerah Colburn, the calculating boy, could in a minute or two give the exact product of five or six figures by five or six, or extract the square or cube root of eight or ten figures. George Didler another calculating boy, could do the same.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has, in his maturity and strength, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 65 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,168 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and impelled bodies it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only 50 paces a day; a worm crawls only five inches in 40 seconds; but a lady bird can fly 20,000,000 times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in two minutes, an antelope in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly ten leagues in an hour, and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of 10 hours. A violent wind travels 60 miles an hour, sound 1152 English feet in a second.

THE REV. MR. JOHNSTON, OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Some friend has sent us a copy of a pamphlet containing the correspondence between this gentleman and the Aylmer Division. Our opinion has been briefly expressed on the controversy before, and it is needless to refer to it again, except to say that the objections of the Rev. Mr. Johnston seem to be of the most silly kind. He says the institution of the Sons of Temperance is a "Godless" one—that an atheist may co-operate with our rules provided in a Division. That may be so, because the Order is not a religious one, but a benevolent and a temperance one. As it was intended to include all ranks of the people, all nations and creeds, it was not thought expedient to have any religious test. If we were to do so, our Order would embrace only a narrow circle of members. It is a small objection.—Unitarians, Methodists, Presbyterians and others, who are in the ranks of Temperance. A great deal is said now-a-days about "Godless institutions" by those who are very godless and uncharitable themselves.