

placed in the throw stick by a sort of magic, for no apparent motion accompanies the operation; the weapon is poised, and sent with unerring aim and fatal effect. The native or natives now, with hideous yells, pursue the wounded animal, which of course does all in its power to escape but is soon obliged by pain or loss of blood, to cease running; it then takes up a position with its back to a tree or rock, determined to defend itself or its progeny; but a few well directed spears soon decide the contest. Poor kangaroo dies, is carried away in triumph, and is soon devoured.—Keppel's Indian Archipelago

MAINE LAW PRINCIPLES IN INDIA.

The South India Temperance Journal of the 20th Novr. last, furnishes gratifying evidence of the operation of Temperance principles in that distant land. That intemperance should there have been introduced, fostered, and encouraged by the direct influence of British rule—and of the East India Company, for purposes of gain, and in contrast too with the native princes of India, is surely a blot upon our Christian country; a blot so deep and foul that it cannot be easily effaced. Great is the guilt of those who have abused and perverted the influence which Providence has intrusted to their care for the Christianization of India, who have had no higher motive than pecuniary advantage who have turned into a curse to that country the power that ought to have proved a blessing, and have been instrumental in pouring among these dense masses of people the desolating flood of intoxicating beverage. But to expose the abomination, voices are now lifted, which will not be silenced, until the power that brought the evil is employed effectually for its removal. The following extracts exhibit the iniquity of the licensing system, with a clearness and a force for which we are not prepared, as coming from that part of the globe. Our opponents fancy that Maine Law notions are entertained only by the temperance Enthusiasts of America. We would ask them to ponder on these testimonies, and consider that at the very time this Continent is arousing for the suppression of the unrighteous traffic, there should exist a similar feeling on the other side of the earth. Is not this, to the friends of total abstinence, an encouraging sign of the times? Light is spreading. Truth is advancing and must prevail.

"Of all the vices which Europeans have brought with them to this country, intemperance in drinking is perhaps the worst. A few years ago, the use of wine was considered by the Hindus in general as disreputable, and pernicious to all temporal and religious interests. Hence it was discountenanced by the prevailing custom of the country, and the abstinence of the higher orders of the people. It entailed shame and disgrace on the individual that was addicted to it. He had to abide the frown of the priest, the contempt of his friends, and the scoff of the rest of the community. But the reverse is now the case \* \* \* The more the natives give themselves up to drinking and habitual intoxication, the greater is the pecuniary advantage of the government. But the ruling authorities are said to be enlightened men, and profess to be christians, avowedly believing in a creed which says—drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. How such men could allow, without feeling the stings of conscience, the sale of liquor in every part of their vast dominions for pecuniary consideration, and thus freely permit the people they govern to become the miserable victims of intemperance, vice and immorality, appears indeed a strange paradox of human sensibility."

Baboo Shamachurn, sen., in a paper read before the Bengal British Indian Society, says:—

"It is not the circumstance of the setting of an European example only that has bred, and is still breeding, drunkards in the country; the chief cause is the total want of a legal check, and the increased establishment of licensed liquor shops. There is hardly a single village in Bengal, however limited in its extent, which does not boast of the peculiar honor of paying Ablaree revenue into the coffers of Government.

"He says it may be still in your recollection that the laws of our ancient Hindoo Kings, on the subject, were marked with an unusual degree of severity and stringency. \* \* \* I cannot better illustrate this than by the following quotation from the work of the Hon. Mr. Shore. He says:—"In contrast I will mention the conduct of a native chief, related to me by an old gentleman, who came to India more than sixty years ago. Shortly after his arrival, on being sent to reside at Kishnagar, he was obliged to ask the Rajah's permission to have a man sent to procure toddy for his friend; the Rajah consented on the condition that a sentry of his own should accompany the man, to see that he brought just no more than sufficed for his master's use, for fear he should repent and sell it, and thereby introduce drunkenness among the people."

The native Rajah did not want a revenue obtained at the expense of the morality of his subjects; while the British Indian Government encouraged as much drunkenness as possible, provided they reap some profit from it."

We next call the attention of our readers to the memorial of the native inhabitants of Satara, to the Right Hon. the Governor and President in Council, Bombay, on the spread of intemperance 14th August last:—

"2. That we are now under the government of the English, is by no means, in itself, a cause of sorrow to us; but we are filled with anxiety and alarm in the view of the fact that the evil of strong drink so invariably follows the introduction of British rule. When this great evil once gets a footing, it cannot without much difficulty, be eradicated. All remedies fail. If Government once begin to raise a revenue from this source there seems little or no hope that it will ever be relinquished at a future time.

"4. The way in which this evil commences seems to be that when Europeans begin to reside in any place, intoxicating drinks are in the first instance brought for their use. But our people soon become great proficients in this vice and spend upon it those means which are required for the support of their families, thus leaving their wives and children to suffering and want. This state of things is then turned to account by the government, which raises a large revenue from grog-shops and distilleries, on the plea of checking the progress of intemperance.

"5. But if the object in view in imposing a tax on distilleries and liquor shops is to save the people from intemperance, then would it not on every account be better to suppress them altogether, and thus nip the evil in the bud? The remedy now resorted to by Government seems wholly inadequate; for not

withstanding the tax imposed, drunkenness and ruin continue to spread on all sides.

"6. Possibly it may be said that it is not the duty of Government to interfere with the wishes of the people in regard to what they shall eat and drink. But let the ruin caused by intoxicating drinks be considered. The Government should not forbid the use of that which is nutritious and beneficial; but it is the bounden duty of Government to save the people from ruin, when they, through ignorance and folly, are rushing into it.

"7. It may be thought that some are required by their religion to use intoxicating drinks, and to suppress the distilleries and grog-shops would be an unjust interference with the religion of such parties. But the use of spirits is not required by any religion whatever. On the contrary, all religions dissuade from their use. According to our Hindu religion the person who drinks spirits commits a sin from which he will seek in vain to be purified. Other religions may not severely condemn the use of spirits; but according to no religion is it a sin to abstain from their use.

"We earnestly, therefore, beseech the Government not to allow the great evil of intoxicating drinks to enter and devastate our happy territory. As we are mercifully protected from thieves and robbers, so let our city be carefully guarded against the entrance of this destroyer. And should the Government refuse to listen to this our humble prayer, your memorialists will continue from time to time to urge their request, until it shall be finally granted."

We shall only add another extract; it respects Ceylon, and is given from a native paper in that island:—

"The better classes of natives justly regard the dram-shops as an unmingated evil; and they view with surprise the course of government in authorising their establishment throughout the country. The wide spread impression is, that in licensing these shops, the government manifest the most heartless indifference to the welfare and the wishes of the people. This is everywhere a subject of loud and bitter complaint. Europeans generally have no proper idea of the feelings of respectable natives on this subject, nor of the amount of reproach and censure which is daily cast upon the government in consequence of its connection with dram-shops. The whole license system is regarded as a cruel, heartless device for extracting money from the people."

NUMEROUS.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men

A PARODY ON ALICE GRAY.

She isn't what I painted her—  
A thing all hearts to win—  
I saw no beauty when I found  
She hadn't got the 'tun.'  
I loved her upwards of a week—  
But found it wouldn't pay;  
So I took my hat and went ashore,  
And cut Miss Alice Gray.  
Her dark brown hair was all a sham—  
Her hair was 'Jones's' white,  
One eye an artificial one,  
The other far from bright.  
Oh! she may twine her purchased curls—  
She musen't look this way—  
My heart is far from breaking  
For the love of Alice Gray.  
I've sunk a very pretty sum  
In rides and sweatshops past;  
And haven't now the first red cent—  
She drained me of the last.  
How green I was, in earnest grave,  
I certainly must say;  
I shall be cut by all the 'bhoys'  
For courting Alice Gray.

WIDE-AWAKE.—A Scotchman who lately put up at an inn in Hudson, was asked in the morning how he slept? 'Troth, man,' replied Donald, 'nae vera weel either, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for deil ane o' them closed e'e the hale nicht.'

VALUE OF CHARACTER.—The New York Day Book says that on a recent trial for slander, in that city, upon which the damages were finally fixed at \$6,000, the jury stood first five for a verdict of \$15,000, six for \$10,000, and one, a Jew, "toot dat von taus-and tollar vas a good deal, an' more as anybody's character vas wort."

SUETT'S JOKE.—'The candles you sold me last were very bad,' said Suett to a tallow chandler. 'Indeed, sir, I am sorry for that.' 'Yes sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and then would burn no longer.' 'You surprise me; what sir, did they go out?' 'No sir, no, they burnt shorter.'

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle—familiarily called Nick Biddle—was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey, 'Well, wha is your name, my old friend?' 'Harry, sir—o' Harry, sir,' said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

'Old Harry!' said Biddle; 'why, that is the name that they give to the Devil, is it not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the colored gentleman, 'sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick.'

WHAT LOVE WILL DO.—An excitable fellow recently 'got the muten,' and was so worked up in consequence, that he broke out in rhyme all over. Here is a sample of what he proposes to do by way of revenge:—

I'll flog the young earthquake,  
The earth I will physic,  
Volcanoes I'll strangle,  
Or choke with the phthisic.

Grattan says that Burke thought he was representing his country, when it was all the while his salary. A sharp stick that

Ladies' Department.

THE BEAUTY OF PRAYER.

In youths' bright day, mid learning's hills, Prayer sacred seemeth there and then, When each young heart in secret calls, Or echoes forth the deep hymn And 'ere each seeks his little cot, Pours forth the holy leathened appeal, To Him who lights us every spot, From whom man nothing can con- ceal	For time has made it half divine, And fashion clings to it with care, Lest we who have had no earthly shrine, The scorching portions of despair But from the cold world's emptiness, Where flows 'tis do bad and blight un- seen, Deep in the wild woods lone recess, Where jaysy pearl the moss beds green, My soul more sacred homage knows, More fervent and sincerely glow, While whispering the heart heav'd prayer
When in the chamber's still recess, Where reigns each polished art and care, Some humble maid with broidered tress, Lights up her soul in solemn prayer, Oh! holy is it, there and then, Its influence can calm the heart, And who shall dare grieve in it vain, Because not poured with studied art	Or through the lonely shades of night, While silver spheres bestud the sky, The mind will take unnoticed flight, To the empty throne on high, Where seated is the great I AM, Mid myriads whose choral strain, Pours forth the praises of the Lamb, That for a guilty world was slain

KEMPTVILLE, April 1853

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

SHAWLS.

The passion for shawls among all women every where is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow the head, like a veil; in another, it is knitted round the waist like a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body for a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their native hills, and the goats of Thibbet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes to furnish the materials for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial the patterns we know so well have been handed down as half sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which even put Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and heart, been glittering in India looms, in those primitive pits under the palm tree where the whimsical pattern grow like wild flowers springing from the soil. For thousands of years have eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day when an eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls to the value of thousands of pounds together with jewels, perfumes, wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings of Egyptian tombs show us to this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any Queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one and another by their shawls as by their diamonds.

In France the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarters allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dress-maker go to their work with the little shawl pinned nearly at the waist. The lost gin drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding, and it washes and dyes until having wrapped all the babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wear a shawl at mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it any season than without her cap.—When a son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which he puts on with deep consideration—parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in the pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night for another Sunday's wear, and so on until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus from China round the world to Oregon, and from the Queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste.—Dickens's Words.

FANNY FERN.—'If your husband looks grave, let him alone; don't disturb or annoy him.' Oh, pshaw! were I married, the soberer my husband looked, the more fun I'd rattle about his ears. Don't disturb him! I'd salt his coffee—and pepper his tea—sugar his beef steak—and tread on his toes—and hide his newspaper—and sew up his pockets—and put pins in his slippers—and dip his segars in water—and I wouldn't stop for the great Mogul, till I had shortened his long face to my liking. Certainly he'd 'get vexed,' and there wouldn't be any fun in teasing him if he didn't; and that would give his melancholy blood a fine healthful start; and his eyes would snap and sparkle, and he'd say, 'Fanny, will you be quiet or not?' and I should laugh and pull his whiskers, and say, decidedly, 'No!' and then I should tell him he had no idea how handsome he looked when he was vexed, and then he would pretend not to hear the compliment—but he would pull up his dickey and take a sly peep in the glass (for all that); and then he would begin to grow amiable and get off his stults, and be just as agreeable all the rest of the evening as if he was not my husband; and all because I did not follow that stupid bit of advice 'to let him alone.' Just as if I didn't know! Jas. imagine me, Fanny, sitting down like a cricket in the corner with my forefinger in my mouth, looking out of the sides of my eyes, and waiting till the man got ready to speak to me? You can see at once it would be—br— Well the amount of it is, I should never do it.—Oliver Branch.

A CHEAP LUXURY.—As a weary traveller was wending his way through the mnd, out in a far west region of the country, he discovered ahead a young maiden in the door of a small log house. He rode up and asked the young maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days offered her a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and the dime. The traveller was about to resume his journey, but the maiden never before having seen a dime, asked: 'What shall I do with the dime?' 'You may use it as you wish,' he replied, 'it is yours.' 'That being the case,' she replied, 'I will give you back the dime, and take another kiss.'