

THE LASSES.

BY MISS BALAMERU

Air—"Green grow the Rashes, O"

There's some sweet charm to every land,
O'er which the sunbeam passes, O,
By angels brought, at Heaven's command,
To deck its bonny lasses, O.
Blest be the lasses, O,
Fair bloom the lasses, O,
For man's delight to soul and sight,
The bright and bonny lasses, O.
The maid of Spain, whose stately air,
Her beauty's power enhances, O,
The belle of France, more debonnaire,
By sprightly grace entrances, O,
Blest be the lasses, O.
Italian eyes flash lore's own fire,
And Grecian orbs its splendor, O,
E'en Lapland feels the electric wire,
And gives a twinkle tender, O,
Blest be the lasses, O.

The blue-eyed German's softly beam,
Like moonlight o'er the waters, O,
And beautiful as poet's dream,
America's fair daughters, O,
Blest be the lasses, O.
The English rose, all bloom and smiles,
To home gives Heaven's attractions, O,
Sweet Nora Creina's artless wiles,
Drive mortals to distraction, O,
Blest be the lasses, O.
But charms divine, however displayed,
No true Scot o'er classes, O,
With awe that grace the mountain maid,
His own lov'd Highland lassie, O,
Blest be the lasses, O,
Scotland's bonny lasses, O,
The mountain maid, in mood and maid,
Dear Scotland's bonny lasses, O.



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. 22, v. 6

A CITY RHYME.

I saw two children in the streets,
Two little maidens, yester' eve,
And one was pale, and both were fair,
And both did make me grieve.

Nestling in robes of silk and down,
On velvet cushions, one rolled by;
One went a wan and ragged thing—
A tear-drop freezing in each eye.

One sped to Fashion's princely seat,
To learn the guile that jewels sin;
The other groped through dismal doors,
And found her mother dead within.—N. P. W.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

CADETS SOIREE—DOVER.

Last night our little town was enlivened by the sound of the merry sleigh bells coming to attend the first festival of our Section of Cadets No. 130—and I question very much if Dover, (or by the by) any other place ever witnessed such a congregation of happy faces. There were the old, the young and middle-aged—met to enjoy one happy evening—and to countenance the first efforts of our Cadets. And why not nourish this germ of morality and virtue. We feel it is our duty to smile on the efforts of the Cadets and help them too—for we look on them as the nucleus of an association which will far outshine this generation in intellect, moral rectitude, and literary attainments—being sober in their youth—and weaned from the prevailing vices of the day—namely alcohol-drinking and tobacco-chewing, their reasoning faculties will be unimpaired.

Business commenced about 7 o'clock with a free discussion of the creature-comforts, which were abundantly supplied by our ladies. It takes our Dover Ladies to do the thing right in the shape of pyramidal cakes, and all other cakes necessary to our enjoyment here. There was one huge cake noticed very conspicuously among and above the rest, with a flag raised on a pole in the centre, the stars and stripes of Brother Jonathan under our Coat of Arms in the shape of a huge pound-cake. I recollect the Yankees invaded Ireland not long ago with corn, meat, and pumpkins, &c., &c.—and it went off first-rate—so the papers say. The speeches on the occasion were admirably adapted to add to the conviviality of the occasion. Brother Nickerson with that zeal that has always characterized his career as a teetotaler, and Brother Woolsey—with that earnestness and candour that a man would put forth when wrestling with the anaconda, (a new name by the way for the demon of Intemperance,) and our old friend Mr. Rusling, addressed the meeting. Then the Band of Dover—all Sons of Temperance, not to be beaten round these parts—enlivened the time with their sweet strains. The Cadets recited pieces selected for the occasion—the Church was decorated with evergreens and a triangle bearing the initials "V. L. T." The Beauty of the Fair Sex, adorned in the most beautiful attire,—the latter I cannot wonder at so much seeing it is Valentine times, added to the pleasantness of the Soiree.

These pleasant gatherings all go to show that we can be merry without using the Cup that intoxicates. I think our Grand Division ought to take the Cadets under their fostering care—and we know they have the well-wishes of the Daughters and the Sons.

R. M. S.

Port Dover, 16th Feb., 1853.

THE CADETS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY came of last night in the Music Hall, the lower part of which was well filled with a highly respectable audience. On the platform were the Honourables Dr. Rolph and Malcolm Cameron, Messrs. Hartman, M. P. P., Wright, M. P. P., Gibson, late M. P. P., for South York, Thomson, White and Cole. After the chairman, Dr. Rolph had been introduced by Mr. Cole, the W. P. of the Cadets the orchestra played a most excellent overture. The chairman's opening address, was, as expected, most eloquent. We took a report of it, but we have no time to-day even for an outline. We shall endeavor to publish it in our next. The dialogue of the Temperance Reformer by the Cadets was very creditably performed. The first part represents the struggles of a temperance man anxious for the formation of a teetotal society. The characters were Joe Blubberlip, a drunkard, Squire Take-a-drop, a believer in moderation, Captain Chandler, a retailer, and Mr Jenkins, the reformer. The character of Joe Blubberlip was well sustained, his recitation of "out of the tavern, &c.," was really capital, and put the audience into roars of laughter. In the second part two new characters are introduced, Mr. Thomson, a Maine Law man, and Dogherty, a drunkard. It is a discussion on the Maine Law, and although rather less interesting than part I, it nevertheless passed off admirably. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron delivered a most humorous address, telling anecdotes of Irish, Scotch, and Dutch drunkards, in order, as he said, to prevent jealousy. He wound up with a very amusing parody on "the house that Jack built." M. T. White also addressed the meeting, asserting that as yet the legislature of this country had done

nothing to repress the evils of intemperance. In order to prove his assertion, he took up the last Temperance Act for Lower Canada, and commented upon and ridiculed it, showing that its actual tendency, so far from being to repress intemperance, was actually to make its victims the victims of crime. The orchestra of the Sons played several very excellent pieces of music during the evening, and amply sustained their reputation. All persons seemed well pleased with the entertainment, and the company separated about ten o'clock. We have only now to congratulate our young friends the Cadets upon the success of this their first temperance meeting, and hope that the encouragement they last night met with from the citizens of Quebec will stimulate them to renewed exertions in their labor of love.—Quebec Gazette.

A GOOD PLEDGE.

Notice to all is hereby given,
That one whom appetite has driven,
In former times to strange excesses,
His change of purpose thus expresses:
Resolved, Therefore, in time to come,
To drink no brandy, gin or rum,
Whisky or cider, wine or beer;
But keep my head and stomach clear,
From those intoxicating critters,
That formerly we drunk as butters:
Being convinced that since the flood
To man they've done more harm than good.
Dated at Rockton, and the time,
Is March fifteenth, forty-nine.
Thus I will hereafter maintain,
Witness my hand, ALEXIS CRAIG.

CIPHERING.—"How do you get on with your Arithmetic and Catechism?" asked a father of his little boy the other night. "How far have you got?" "I've ciphered through Addition, Subtraction, Justification, Sanctification and Adoption!" answered the little fellow. It used to puzzle us a good deal, we remember when a boy to "cipher out" the meaning of several of those last named sums.—Knickerbocker.

"What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent, the other day, of his hopeful son and heir, a shaver of about ten years or over. "My composition, thir." "What is the subject?" "The higher law, thir." replied the youthful transcendentalist. "But, really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them a logical relation if I am to be interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

BORROWING A KNOCKER.—"Why you'd better knock the door down! What do you want?" "Och, my darling, don't let me wake any of your family, I'm just using your knocker, to wake the people next door. I'm locked out d'ye see, and they've never a knocker, rap, rap, rap."

ANECDOTE.—The following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Arkansas. A man had been drinking until a late hour at night before he started for home. Honest folks had been long in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon shed, and lay upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have undoubtedly frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs, which rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave the biped companion the middle of the bed; some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of the quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning he awoke, finding himself comfortable, and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed, "Why, mister, when did you share last?"

DILIRIUM TREMENS.—One of the most shocking sights that can be imagined was seen on Saturday morning, in one of the saloons on Randolph street. The corpse of a man (whose name we omit in order to avoid an additional pang to his friends) lay upon the floor, covered with his cloaked blood, and his face most dreadfully cut and mangled. He was by profession a lawyer, and came here from a Southern city a year or two since. He was highly educated, and his deportment to all was respectful and gentlemanly, for which good qualities he was an invited guest at most of the public dinners and suppers, to which he contributed always a portion of the intellectual repast. His death was caused by jumping through a window in the third story of the building, in a fit of delirium tremens, and striking, head first, the pavement. His neck was dislocated, and being taken up and carried into the house, breathed a few times and expired.—Chicago Advertiser.

IF THE TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF YORK passed a resolution to have no inns within it in 1853, but upon application of some inhabitants, with marked irresolution, by another resolution cancelled the first. When will men have the moral courage to do their duty in the matter. If taverns that sell alcohol be evil why this hesitancy to prevent their doing so?

IF BROWNVILLE DIVISION.—This Division are to have a grand Soiree on Thursday next, music, speeches, &c. The members of the Concord Division have given up their charter, and many of them are joining this Division. It contains thirty members.

IF THE Hamilton Division has voted £5 to send a M. Law agent to Quebec to lobby for the Maine Law, and a neighboring Divisions to assist in raising a fund of £25 to send such agent down.

COLIST KAN DEDICATION OF HALL.—The assemblage at the dedication was very large, about five hundred persons being present; the Rev. Dr. Burns spoke there, Mr. Alcorn, and the Rev. Messrs. Irvine and Howard made some remarks. The evening passed off very pleasantly. We were not present.

WINE.—20,000,000 of gallons of wine are annually consumed in this country. 6,000,000 of gallons are imported. 300,000 gallons are manufactured from American grapes, the remainder brandy, cider, rum, logwood, whiskey, rain water and sugar.

JENNY LIND.—The friends and admirers of this peerless singer will be glad to hear from her, and to hear that she is still devoting her divine gift to the best purposes. The last English papers give us the following information:—"Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has just presented a considerable sum in money, clothes, bedding, and provisions, to two charitable institutions recently established at Stockholm—the hospital of St Magdalene and the institution of the Deaconesses. The celebrated cantatrice, who is at present residing at Dresden, has promised to visit Stockholm in the holy week, to take part in two religious concerts, which are to be given in the cathedral, for the benefit of the poor. In these concerts Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'St. Paul,' and Handel's oratorio of 'Messiah,' with the instrumentation of Mozart, are to be performed. They have never yet been executed in public at Stockholm."

Nine Female doctors were recently graduated at the Female Medical College at Philadelphia.

THE REV. MR. JOHNSTON, PRIESTLY ARROGANCE, AND THE SONS OF AYLMER AND BYTOWN.

For two or three months past the Bytown papers have been filled with letters of various kinds for and against the institution of the Sons of Temperance. It seems a Reverend Gentleman there, by name Johnston, has been using his HOLY ENDEAVORS to root up the only society that is really effecting much in a temperance way in Canada, on account of some strange dislike he has taken to them. This dislike is probably similar to that of poor Miller of Guelph. It is a monomania, springing from a superabundance of vanity and some private pique. It seems the effect of this Rev. Priest's writings has been to cause some few Sons to break their pledges, return to the slough and hell of drunkenness, the bar-room, where blasphemy and cursing, the giddy laugh, the oath and stench of alcohol, are heard and seen to exist!! What a consolation it must be to him to think that he has sent a few men on their road to perdition, and filled their homes again with misery. A long controversy appears in the last Ottawa Citizen consisting of letters from and certificates in favor of this Mr. Johnston, also a very able letter from some Son, showing the miserable sophistry to which the Priest has resorted to prove that the Sons are opposed to religion. There are few men in Canada better acquainted with the working of the order and the effects of its principles on its members and on society than we, and it is our decided opinion that all the tendencies of this institution are favorable to Christian truth, and it is impossible for a man to be a true Son and not at the same time a moral man and more inclined to Christianity, than he would be without the order. Our principles, teachings and ceremonies, from the beginning to the ending of them are moral, and incline men to love their fellow men and their God. What is religion but this? Religion does not consist in worshipping priests, in fattening drones puffed up with their own holiness, holding themselves aloof from their fellow mortals! No, religion, in the words of Christ, who denounced with terrible language the Phariseism of his day, consists IN LOVING GOD WITH ALL THE SOUL AND OUR FELLOW MAN AS OURSELF. This duty is recommended in every division, and he must be a willful and vile perverter of the truth who dare to say the contrary. Good men should look with marked suspicion, upon such priests as this Mr. Johnston. It is time indeed that men awoke from the lethargy of the dark ages, and remembered that priests are men and dust, worms of mortality like all of us. Will a priest be superior in heaven to his Christian hearers? Why this man-worship of priests? The word of God was written for all of us, let us open it and read. It is the foulest libel ever uttered by the wickedness of man to say that the Order of the Sons is an irreligious one. Its object is of course not directly religion, but it draws men to religion. Its aims are benevolence and total abstinence, both of which are connected with and the handmaids of religion. We know little about the merits of this controversy, but will venture the assertion that one of two things lies at the bottom of this Rev. Mr. Johnston's opposition; viz.—a love of CHRISTIAN MODERATE DRINKING or a jealousy of the influence of this Order that teaches man to use his own energies and value his individual powers. Fears are entertained that the Priest's the Pharisee's domain will be intruded on, and that man, as Christ wished he should, will worship God with an individual independence, without looking through the SURFICK OF A FELLOW WORKMAN. Far be it from us to undervalue the efforts of ministers of the gospel. We value and duly estimate the noble self-denial and exertions many of them put forth in favor of every laudable movement.