

MORAL COURAGE—WHAT IS IT?

It consists in doing that which is known to be true and right in the perspective of selfish expediency and the frowns of a wicked custom or public opinion. Public opinion may be right—or it may be wrong. In the Southern States of the United States public opinion is in favor of the degradation of the coloured race—of their enslavement—of their oppression—and it is wrong. In Italy it consists among the clergy in non-tolerance of conscientious opinions—it is wrong. In a majority of European countries the liberty of the press is crippled, and a sort of public opinion among certain classes sustains the tyranny. In nearly every country the sale and licensing of the use of spirituous liquors are sustained by public opinion. In all these cases public opinion is wrong, and moral courage consists in taking a stand for the right. In Canada and the United States the press is continually giving an account of the evils of the license system and its fruits of blood and crime, yet want of moral courage, fear of loss of patronage, deter the conductors of it from taking a moral stand against the whole system. In Upper Canada there are a few Sons who own and conduct presses—moral courage would lead them to banish from their columns all LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS, yet they fear to do their duty,—selfishness being in the way. Among professed temperance men there will be found expediency men—crying *toleration! toleration!* to evil custom—*don't go so fast—let the wolf live a little longer—do not ask sons to act differently in the conduct of the Press from ruminates.* Let us make money from evil customs and receive the wages of our sin. Now is not the time for a bold moral stand. The following story is exactly in point, and we commend it to all who are wavering between doing their duty and evil customs. We commend it to the "Spirit of the Age" and his Hamilton allies who have brought upon the temperance cause a FOUL STAIN, by upholding the PROPRIETY of advertising innkeepers' drinks. In connection with it we call upon the Sons of Canada to get up a GREAT HUNT and KILL THE WOLF IN HIS DEN.—*Editor Son.*

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

AN OLD STORY WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

When General Putnam lived at Pomfret a gaunt and hungry wolf who loved mutton more than he feared the farmer, assumed the freedom of helping himself to the tenderest lambs and fattest sheep the flock afforded. This wild beast continued to butcher the unoffending and innocent sheep, night after night, heeding not their piteous looks nor their bleating for mercy. By and by the farmer drove his flock into the barnyard, still the venturesome wolf continued his nocturnal visits and destroyed the sheep.—Dogs were then employed to watch the flock, and keep the enemy at a respectful distance—but the wolf cared no more for the watch-dogs than rum-sellers do for police-officers—for he continued his depredations. The farmer then erected a fence to protect the harmless and helpless sheep and lambs;—but the wolf climbed the fence; for hunger as well as love, laughs at stone and wooden walls. Finally the brave and wise old General, suggested the idea of hunting the wolf. Some of the neighbours opposed this measure (we will suppose so at any rate) because it was an unusual practice—besides the wolf was a good creature of God, and good enough in his place. They thought Putnam was going too fast and too far, and that it would be impossible to execute such a measure for the citizens were not prepared to back him in such a movement.

In hunting the beast they would have to trespass on lands belonging to other people and pent their property and their lives—General Putnam cared not a fig for these excuses. He called his friends around him and with torch and trumpet commenced the chase. Across the plains, and over the hills, and through the woods, they went—until they found his wolfship in a swamp with heaps of bones in the vicinity of his lair. They pursued him to his den. Putnam proposed to follow him. "I think it is high time to stop," said one. "We shall bring about a reaction if we do not halt here," remarked another. "The best thing to be done now is to regulate the matter by allowing the wolf to go out and in at stated times and hold him responsible for all damages," observed another. "I object to the severe and stringent plan proposed by Mr. Putnam" exclaimed a fourth.

During all this time the old soldier was priming his gun, and lighting his torch, and his fellow hunters who made the greatest sacrifices—wood by him and encouraged him to proceed.

They fastened a rope around his waist and accompanied him to the mouth of the cave willing to share the danger. In he went with "a moral assasin torch in one hand and a legal gun in the other." He explored the cave and discovered at a remote corner a heap of bridle hair—a set of white teeth and a pair of fiery eyes. Regardless of the growling and gnashing of teeth—he levelled his gun—took good aim and shot the wolf. Then with the assistance of his neighbors who held fast the strong rope, he pulled the bleeding beast out of the den. There was no reaction. The wolf never came to life afterwards. All rejoiced at his death—even the expediency men who looked on and did nothing, complimented the hero and his associates.

Now for the new application of this threadbare story. The wolf Intemperance has assailed the human family so frequently and ferociously, we all have suffered: if not in our own person in the persons of our friends. The wail of sorrow comes up from every heart—the weeds of mourning have been worn by every family. We have led our flocks into societies for mutual safety—but the wolf has followed us. We shut the gate of moral reason against him—but he bounded over it. We put up the pickets of total-abstinence—but he leaped over the fence. We spiked our walls with the principles of Washingtonianism, but he breched not the sharp points. We enclosed ourselves in tents, temples, divisions, unions and sections—but the wolf came in and stole away our sheep and our lambs. We sought shelter in the church and even there the monster assailed us. Now we go for

* Dr. Jewett.

a hunt. Who will join in the chase? Who will bear the wolf off in his den? Who will take hold of the strong rope? Who will carry a torch in one hand and a gun in the other? Where shall we find the strong arm and stern courage of Putnam? Did you hear this response? It made the heavens ring again. It came from an army of hunters—who have prepared for the chase. They came from hut and hall—from church and court—from tent and temple, ark and union—division and section with belt and brand and battle-axe. There are doctors of physic, law and divinity—merchants, mechanics and farmers, men and women and children—with banners and badges. There are ministers armed with the sword of truth. Patriots who trust in heaven and keep their powder dry. Philanthropists who would elevate humanity so that while it stands on earth its heart shall beat beyond the clouds. Reformers who would roll away the stone from the sepulchre of a man's animalism and search for the angel of his nobler nature. The bells clang in every town and city—beacon fires blaze on every hill-top—banners wave from every summit of the monument at Charlestown and from the reef of the old cradle of liberty. The people are hunting the Wolf. They have pursued him over the plains of Lexington and Concord Battle-ground—and fired at him from Bunker Hill. They have driven him into the cave at the State House. Our Legislature is the strong and stern Putnam with the torch and gun. The masses of Massachusetts are the hunters with that strong rope the Maine Law. God grant that the wolf may be destroyed during the present session of the Legislature, so that our flocks at our fireside may be safe.

G. W. HUNGAY.

Humorous.

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

SQUIRE JONES'S DAUGHTER

Sweet is the gush of waterfalls,
The melody of birds,
The murmur of the rivulet,
Or leaves by zephyrs stirred,
And sweet the sound of lute and voice,
When borne across the water,
But sweeter still than these the voice
Of Squire Jones' daughter.

Bright is the star whose mellow ray,
Can reach from heaven to earth;
And bright the tin pan newly scoured,
Placed on the blazing hearth
Bright is the sword with blood unstained,
By blood in bloody slaughter;
But brighter still the flashing eye
Of Squire Jones' daughter.

Red is the rosey posy's hue,
That grows down in the hollers;
And red is Uncle Nathan's barn,
That cost a hundred dollars;
And red is sister Sally's shawl,
That cousin Levi bought her,
But redder still the blooming cheek
Of Squire Jones' daughter.

Hot is the lava tide that rolls
Adown Vesuvius' mountain;
And hot the tide that bubbles out
From Iceland's boiling fountain;
And hot a boy's ears boxed for doing
That which he should not oughter,
But hotter still the love I feel
For Squire Jones' daughter.

SMUTZ.

Q "What do you drive such a painful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?" asked a person of an Irish carman, about his horse. "Heavy coat of flesh" mavoureen? Be all the blessed powers now when the creature can scarce carry the little flesh there is on him!"

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—The New Hampshire Oasis commends the following lines to one of his correspondents, "who had forgotten good manners in writing upon his own business, and saddled us with a postage of five cents to save himself three:

The man that now-a-days will write
And not prepay his letter,
Is worse than the heathens are,
What don't know any better.

THE LAZIEST FELLOW YET.—One of our exchanges speaks of a man named John Hole, who is so lazy, that in writing his name he simply uses the letter J., and then punches a hole through the paper just after it.

AN AMERICAN EDITOR, advertising his runaway wife in his own paper, goes into more particulars than he probably would if he were obliged to pay for his own advertisement at so much a line. His wife, Dorothy, he indignantly advises the public, has eloped with a bandy-legged swivel-eyed, crooked-backed tailor. The artisan of cloth has taken his duck and left his goose behind.

WELL QUALIFIED.—"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Pilot of a car. "Sure, I do," was the answer; "wasn't it I who upset your honour in a ditch two years ago?"

A LITERAL DANKIE.—"Cuffy, is that the second bell?" "No massa, dat's de second ringing of de fus bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis are hole!"

DE CONGREGATION WILL PLEASE TO SING "The thousandth and a twelfth psalm," said a Dutch Parson, as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Well, den, please to sing so many as tare pe."

A gentleman being called on to subscribe to a course of lectures objected, "Because," said he, "my wife gives me a gratuitous lecture every evening."

Mr. Paradox, occasionally, takes some of the stiffening out of his dignity, when chatting at home, with his wife. Said he yesterday at the breakfast table—"pry tell me, Sally, in what respect I resembled a Union partyman when I returned from Daboll's last evening?" "I don't know, I'm sure," replied the worthy lady as she poured out the coffee. "Because," said Paradox, laughing loud enough to be heard half a mile, "I knew no North, no South, no East, no West."



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF UNION No. —, NORTH
GOWER.

Roused in a noble cause ye rose,
Fair Daughters of the North!
To crush the giant source of woe,
That long had curd our earth:
Armed with your sunny smiles alone,
Inspired by Truth ye seek,
To cast from earth a tyrant's throne,
Where blood of thousands reek:

On this the demon of disgrace,
Whose unlovely curse each shore,
Has sat and ruled the human race,
With vengeance heretofore
The broken hearts—the blighted fame,
Of sister, son and sire,—
With brows once proud—now sullied
name
Attest that vengeance dire:
Kempville, 1853.

But brighter days shall shortly shine,
The Daughters of the North!
Arrayed against the god of wine,
To day have rallied forth,
To show a wondrous world that—they
In purity of soul,
Determined are, to speed that day
When peace shall kiss each pole!

Pale pity's mild and pearly eye,
Implores you to go on,
In heart and soul unitedly
Till victory be won:
And every fair and verdant vale,
Rolls forth the joyous sound,
(More distant borne by gladome gale)
Joy 'Joy' earth's feast is bound:
HENRY KEMPTVILLE

THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.—On Wednesday evening last, the Perth Union of the Daughters of Temperance held a public meeting in the Sons Hall. The chair was occupied by Sheriff Thompson, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. O. Buel, W. M. Shaw, M. Cameron, Jr., and John Campbell. Songs were sung by the Daughters, and by Mr. John Campbell. The brass band was in attendance, and enlivened the evening by playing appropriate airs. The Daughters appeared in full regalia, and really looked well—so well indeed, that we should not be surprised to hear of proposals from some of the Sons to form a union with some of them ere long. The hall was crowded to excess.—*Bathurst Courier.*

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. J. B. Wakely, F. W. Williams, Esq., P. W. P., of E Plunbus Unum Division, No. 61, to Miss Lucy Graves, late G. S. Scribe of the Grand Union D. of I. of New York and North America.

Williams, without a fee or bribe,
To love a willing slave,
Has carried off our late Grand Scribe,
And overcome the Grate.
May health and happiness be theirs,
And, if desired, a dozen heirs.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.—At a rustic merrymaking, Roger was seated facing Patty: enamored of her beauty, and stung by the arrows of the little god, he only ventured his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. Patty, either fearful that the purity of the hose might be soiled, or determined to make the youth express a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why, tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings."

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

HOW TO CURE FAINTING.—There are various remedies. A glass of cold water is effective: burnt feathers have their charms; pinching is not without its effect; cutting the stays has been known to succeed, especially when the stays have been a new pair; but there is nothing like a glass of vinegar—in every case of a velvet or silk dress, the effect is instantaneous.

Mrs. Partington in illustration of the proverb, "that a soft word turneth away wrath," says that it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him, for no good comes to nobody that never speaks no good of no one.

The Leeds Intelligencer describes the following exciting incident: ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.—On the evening of Christmas-day, as a young woman was carelessly gazing at a leopard in Batty's menagerie, now exhibiting at Huddersfield, she sauntered within the reach of the tiger's den, when one of the ferocious animals thrust forth one of its paws through the wires and seized her by the plaited hair behind the crown of her head. Fortunately a woman of slender frame but of heroic fortitude, was standing by, and saw the tiger seize his intended prey. This woman, with an extraordinary presence of mind, seized the girl by the waist, and, notwithstanding the terrific growling of the beast, maintained her hold and pulled with masculine vigor. The tiger still retained its grasp, and roared and plunged terrifically. At this moment the struggle was a fearful one. The people inside the menagerie set up shouts of alarm, which communicated with the crowd outside, and produced a scene which may be better imagined than described. At length the comb dropped from her hair, the coal unbarred, and the young woman was rescued, leaving the tiger's paw full of her hair, and a silk handkerchief which she had thrown over her head when the tiger seized her. The unfortunate girl fainted, but soon recovered again, and we are happy to add, without having sustained any injury beyond the fright and the loss of about a handful of hair.