

# The Watchman.

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS O! JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THEIR PEACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

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## Poetry.

### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land!—*Murmon.*

The stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er the peasant land  
The deer across their green sward bound  
Through shades and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladness! look of household love  
Meet, in the mudy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunelessly along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the Holy quietness  
That breaths from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fames,  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves,  
And fearless there the lovely sleep,  
As the bird beneath their caves.

The free, fair Homes of England!  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

## Miscellany.

### Uncle Ben's New Year's Gift;

OR

### WHAT A NEWSPAPER CAN DO.

Continued from page 353.

So soon as this favorable change in affairs took place, Mr. and Mrs. Miller conferred together about Henry and Ellen. The reading of a newspaper, weekly, for nearly a year, had gradually filled the mind of the former with an entirely new class of ideas. They now saw in education the only sure way to prosperity and social elevation for their children, and were mutually prepared to make sacrifice for its attainment. When the mother said,

"I think, Peter, we ought to send Ellen and Henry to school."

The reply was—  
"Just my own view. They must not remain at home a week longer. Ellen has been sadly neglected."

"Indeed she has. It troubles me when I think of it."

They were really in earnest in all this. Ellen and Henry were immediately sent to school; and in the place of the former, a young woman was hired to assist Mrs. Miller in her household duties.

During the Christmas Holidays, Uncle Ben came over to see them on a visit, in order to see what effect his New Year's Gift had produced in the family of his nephew and niece. That there could be a salutary change, if the newspaper were read, he knew, but he was not prepared to see effects so remarkable as were presented. On arriving at the farm house—he came unheralded—he was struck with the air of greater thrift and comfort that was presented in the external appearance of things. No one observing his approach, he walked up as far as the door, and was about opening it, when he paused to listen to the voice of Hannah; she was singing one of the old pleasant songs he had heard her warble so often when she was the happy inmate of his own house, and there was as much heart—so to speak—in her voice as in days gone by. The old man listened for a few moments, and then lifting the latch, stepped into the room, taking his inmates by surprise. Miller sat with the newspaper in his hand, so intent upon what he was reading, that he did not perceive that any one had entered the room. Hannah stood at the ironing table, and Ellen, tidily dressed, and looking so engaged in everything that Uncle Ben hardly re-

cognised her, was sewing; while Henry sat as much engaged with a book as his father was with the newspaper.

"Uncle Ben!" exclaimed Hannah in a glad voice—she was the first to observe his entrance. Instantly Peter Miller was on his feet, and approaching the old man, grasped his hand tightly.

"You have forgiven me then for saying that you was not a good farmer? Ha! my boy!" said the old gentleman, laughing as he returned Peter's hearty shake.

"Yes—yes a thousand times over."

"And I was right, was I not?"

"Undoubtedly you were—undoubtedly."

"That's the *Gazette* I see in your hand. Do you read it?"

"Yes, every line."

"And it's been of use to you?"

"Of use! I guess it has. It's paid off the mortgage, and left me something over."

"Hardly done so much as that, Peter?" replied the old gentleman, incredulously.

"I tell you it has, uncle Ben. Why, I would not be without the paper for a hundred dollars a year!"

The meaning of all this was explained to Uncle Ben with great particularity during the next hour.

"It's all turned out in the way I hoped, only a great deal better," said he, when Peter had given him a full history of his year's experience. "I was going to lend you enough money to pay off your mortgage, but judging from what I saw and heard at my last visit, I concluded that it would do no real good. In a year or two, going on as you were, all would be involved again and my money lost. You worked hard, so did Hannah, and everybody around you, but it was work without wisdom, and such work never turns out well. It is like rowing with a single oar in the teeth of a strong current. What I saw wanted I saw at a glance, and I determined to supply the want. A man who does not take and read the newspapers, and yet expects to succeed as a farmer, is not much wiser than the sailor who puts to sea without chart or compass, and will be as likely to reach the ultimate haven of success."

And Uncle Ben was right.—*Cin. Gazette.*

### THE CANADIAN AT THE FORGE.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

Some three years ago, while travelling in Lower Canada, I stopped a while to view the charming scenery around the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. On the road from the city to the fall, is a steep hill. As I was descending it in one of those indescribable vehicles, called a caleche in Quebec, the driver entertained me with a story, which, if true, possesses a moral that we hope will not be lost upon our young readers. Indeed, the story has a moral, whether true, or not, and no one who reads it ought to lose sight of that moral. The tale is something like this:

Many years ago, where now is seen that neat French cottage, stood a blacksmith's forge. These forges in Canada had then and many of them have now, an apartment adjoining them where are kept for sale different varieties of intoxicating liquors. A farmer residing several miles from the forge, visited it one day in winter, and asked the blacksmith to shoe his horse. While the blacksmith was engaged in his task, the farmer went to the window where the liquors were sold, and called for a glass of whiskey. It was brought to him, and he drank it. Shortly after he called for another glass. At this time, a man who was standing near, remonstrated with the farmer, and begged him not to drink any more, intimating that he was afraid he would become intoxicated and probably perceiving some intoxication at the time. The farmer was angry, and told the man, who was trying to dissuade him from drinking, that he would do well to mind his own business, and that he could take care of himself.

"John" said the other, familiarly and tenderly, for the two were friends, "John you have a wife and child I should not have spoken so freely, if it had not been for them. I see I have displeased you, however, and I will bid you good evening. But remember Susan and the little one, John remember them before you drink any again."

And the faithful man rode away. John did remember Susan, and the little one at home, and he paused long before he tasted the draught that had been poured out for him. That was a terribly solemn moment. On the one hand, there came up in his mind images of his happy home—for he was devotedly attached to his family—and he was almost persuaded to set down the glass, and to leave the contents untasted. But then he reflected, on the other hand, that it would be playing the part of a coward to yield the glass after he had ordered it. Take care, John. Let thy better judgment prevail. Beware of yielding to the

tempter. He concluded that he would drink this time, and be wiser afterward. Poor John! He drank—the horse was soon shod—the farmer mounted and turned homeward. The dusk of evening began to gather, as he left the smith's forge; and the poor man had many miles to go before he reached his family, and it was very cold. Alas! hour after hour passed, and the fond wife watched in vain for her husband. Day dawned, and a party of friends proceeded toward the forge, anxiously searching for the poor farmer. They found him. Stretched on the cold snow, they found him with his faithful horse at his side. He had fallen in a state of intoxication, and there, at the foot of that hill near the little white-washed cottage, he was frozen to death!

### CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

From the New York Evangelist.

The following passage is from an address recently delivered by Professor Mapes, before the Mechanic's Institute of New York.

I mention the following facts only in the hope of showing you, that there is a pleasure in studying the sciences, and when we come to Natural History, we shall find the study of that still more amusing. The animal and vegetable worlds are well worthy of observation. Probably you all know what is meant by a *cycloid*. If we make a spot on the periphery of a wheel travelling on a plane, the figure which that spot describes is a *cycloid*. Now, there is no figure in which a body can be moved with so much velocity and such regularity of speed, not even the straight line. Mathematicians discovered this not many years ago; but nature's God taught it to the eagle before mathematicians studied for many years to discover; and when they had discovered it, they found they had the form of a fish's head! Nature had "rigged out" the fish into just such a figure.

The feathers of birds, and each particular part of them, are arranged at such an angle as to be most efficient in assisting flight. The human eye has a mirror on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which these reflections are conveyed to the brain, and thus we are enabled to take an interest in the objects which pass before the eye. Now, when the eye is too convex, we use one kind of glasses to correct the fault; and if it be not convex enough, or if we wish to look at objects at a different distance, we use glasses of entirely another description.

But as birds cannot get spectacles, Providence has given them a method of supplying the deficiency. They have the power of contracting the eye, of making it more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere, and catch them for food; and also of flattening the eye, to see a great distance, and observe whether any vulture or other enemy is threatening to destroy them. In addition to this they have a film, or coating, which can be suddenly thrown down over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity with which they fly, and with the delicate texture of their eye, the least speck of dust would act upon it as a penknife thrust into the human eye. This film is to protect the eye, and the same thing exists to some extent, in the eye of the horse. The horse has a large eye, very liable to take dust. This coating in the horse's eye is called the *haw*, or third *cycloid*, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend and return with electric velocity. It clears away the dust, and protects the eye from injury. If the eye should catch cold, the *haw* hardens and projects, and ignorant persons cut it off and thus destroy this safeguard.

You all know, if you take a pound of iron, and make of it a rod a foot long, what weight it will support. But if it be a hollow rod, it will support a weight many times greater than before. Nature seems to have taken advantage of this also, long before, mathematicians had discovered it, and all the bones of animals are hollow. The bones of birds are large, because they must be strong to move their large wings with sufficient velocity; but they must also be light, in order to float easily upon the air. Birds also illustrate another fact in natural philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air-tight, and put it under water, it will support a large weight, say an hundred pounds. But twist it, or diminish the air in it, and it will support no such weight. Now, a bird has such an air bag. When he wishes to descend, he compresses it at will, and falls rapidly; when he would rise, he increases it, and floats with ease. He also has the power of forcing air into the hollow parts of the body, and thus to assist his flight. The same thing may be observed in fishes. They also have an

air bag to enable them to rise or sink in the water. All they find their temperature. If they wish to rise, they increase it; if they wish to sink, they compress it, and down they go. Sometimes the fish, in sinking, makes too strong an effort to compress it; then down he goes to the bottom, and their remains for the rest of his life. Flounders and some other fish, have no air-bag; and so they are never found floating on the surface, but must always be caught at the bottom.

In this way are the principles of science applied for almost everything. You wish to know how to pack the greatest amount of bulk in the smallest space. Mathematicians labored hard for a long time to find what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found, that it was the six-sided figure, and also that a three-plane ending in a point, formed the strongest roof or door. The honey-bee discovered the same things a good while ago. Honey comb is made up of six-sided figures and the roof is built with three-plane surfaces coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be emptied of air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. And if a tube partly filled with fluid, be emptied of air, the fluid will rise to the top. The bee understands this, and when he comes to the cup of the tall honey-suckle and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and then exhales the air, and so possesses himself of the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and lizards are constructed on a similar principle, and they thus walk with ease on glass or ceiling. Their feet are so made as to create a vacuum beneath them, and so they have the pressure of the atmosphere, fifteen pounds to the square inch, to enable them to hold on. The cat has the same power to a less extent.

Plants require the sunlight, and some flowers turn themselves towards the sun, as it travels round from east to west. The sunflower does this, and so does a field of clover. The facts, though we have not yet got a reason of them, are still extremely interesting.

The Virginia creeper throws out tendrils in the form of a foot with five toes; each toe has a large number of hairs or spines, which entering the small opening of brick or lime, swell and hold on; but when decaying, they shrink, and the plant falls off. The vanilla plant of the West Indies exhibits a similar construction, except that it winds itself around other objects.

The gastric juice is worthy of remark. It is a tasteless, colorless, inodorous, limpid fluid, like water, and is adapted, in different animals, to different purposes. In the hyena and other carnivorous animals, it will dissolve dead flesh. These creatures they live upon other animals and even bones are soluble in their gastric juice, while it will not dissolve vegetables at all. On the other hand some animals live entirely on vegetables, and their gastric juice will not dissolve animal food.

Man cannot alter the nature of an animal by changing its food. It will still belong to the family. In this particular, bees are better instructed. When they lose their queen bee—which is an entirely different animal from the working bee—if you present another to them within twenty-four hours, they will not accept of her nor obey her. They prefer taking an ordinary grub, before it has become a flyer, and feeding it with a particular food, and treating it in a particular way—and when it leaves the grub state, it becomes a queen bee, and they always suffer themselves to be governed by her.

The habits of ants are extremely curious. We all have heard of ant houses, sometimes twenty feet in diameter, filled with halls and rooms of great size and strength. These and beaver dams are constructed upon strictly mechanical principles.

In some insect species, the males have wings while the females have none. This is the case with the glow worm; and the female has the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, and were it not for this, the glow worm would never find its mate.

The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half of the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness.

A BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED THOUGHT.—It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful, than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

From one upright, genuine resolve, and it will uplift into higher air your whole being.

The intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.