

a babe which, though coloured it was, and doomed to become as deep hued as its sable mother, was her baby still, with all the tender and helpless ways of a baby—and that mother loved it as fondly as the fairest skinned mother of this land could love her own. But it was deemed an *incumbrance* to its mother in the slave mart. So they tore it rudely from her bosom! It was that which caused the shriek of agonized affection—the speechless utterance of a bereaved and tortured soul! Yes they tore that tender child from its mother, and she became the inmate of a gloomy prison!

“For what cause?” you ask. “Had the woman committed any crime?”

Not the least possible crime was she guilty of, except it really be a crime to wear a black skin. But she was a slave; at least she was claimed as such. Besides you see they only transferred her from one prison to another; for what is slavery but imprisonment! in fact, it is generally imprisonment of the worst kind—*imprisonment for life*.

“What became of the babe?” some anxious mother impatiently asks.

I cannot answer further than it was left with a coloured woman, who promised its mother to take care of it. This it is probable, she was allowed to do until it was old enough for the Southern market.

Mothers of the land—ye who have born children, and felt the feeble pulsations of their little hearts respond to your own—know you not how to commiserate that cruelly bereft mother? I trust you. Then plead earnestly for the cause of the slave! Strengthen the hands of your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and their stern conflict with the giant Wrong—amid their self-denials and their sufferings—in the face of private malice and public scorn! Woman can do much if faithful to her mission—so much that with the co-operation of the wives, and mothers and daughters of our guilty land, the “*Lib-*

erty Bell” would soon cease to send forth such heart-rending tones as the shrieks of the Childless Mother.

From the (Cobourg) Enquirer:
Lines, on seeing the Sword of a Christian.

Thou dreadful instrument of war,
Thy glittering surface I abhor;
Thy fiendish slaughter I detest,
’Tis cruel at the very best.
Thou should’st not rend dear human veins,
Nor shed man’s blood for paltry gains.
Go beat thyself into a share,
The ground to turn and grass to tear;
And let all wars and fightings cease,
And reign forever glorious peace.

P. AMICUS.

CURIOUS NOTIONS RESPECTING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

THE RED MOON.—It is believed generally, especially in the neighborhood of Paris, that in certain months of the year, the moon exerts a great influence upon the phenomena of vegetation. Gardeners give the name of *Red Moon* to that moon which is full between the middle of April and the close of May. According to them, the light of the moon at that season exercises an injurious influence upon the young shoots of plants. They say that when the sky is clear, the leaves and buds exposed to the lunar light redden and are killed as if by frost, at a time when the thermometer exposed to the atmosphere stands at many degrees above the freezing point. They say also that if a clouded sky intercepts the moon’s light, it prevents these injurious consequences to the plants, although the circumstances of temperature are the same in both cases.

Any person who is acquainted with the beautiful theory of dew, which we owe to Dr. Wells, will find no difficulty in accounting for these effects, errone-