

everything—even his wife (the tempter who first placed the destroyer in his lips), is forgotten, and wine has become its pride! But this cannot last always. Poverty comes in His money—his fortune, perhaps—is exhausted. Wine is weak and expensive. Good whiskey is substituted. Lower and still lower runs his finances. Good whiskey becomes too expensive. A stimulus he must have! Mean whiskey, common strong beer. Drink and drink—quart upon quart. Money all out. Pocket handkerchief, hat, coat and boots, pawned at some low dissipated shop. Delirium tremens. Death. "A new grave and an old acquaintance," exclaims one standing by, while reviewing the spots that cover the fallen one. "Poor fellow. A clever man. Belonged to a respectable family. His father left him a snug little fortune. He has left a young widow, but a heart-broken widow. None can console her, for she feels too sensible that she it was who first tempted him to drink. Peace to his memory and may the Lord in His mercy send consolation to her who, in Her love and thoughtlessness, led him astray whom she should have led aright."

Ladies think of this picture. O, that we only had the ability to depict to your minds the abominations—the tears and afflictions—the curses and cries—the maniac grins, grimaces—the howling of despair, and the murders that are committed by men made demons by alcoholic drinks—by wines and cider—by cordials and brandies—and the various other names that the evil one has given to his sweet poisons prepared for the destruction of human happiness and life; then ladies we know that you would falter, every one of you, ere you handed a glass to your lovers' lips. We feel sure if the ladies only appreciated their power and influence in this great and glorious cause, that they would soon discard its use entirely.

The ladies are said to have been thrown into the greatest consternation at the recent appointment of a number of lawyers in all parts of England, to register the DEEDS of married women.

REVIEW OF UNCLE TOM.—Archbishop Whately has addressed a letter to the Editor of the Liberator, denying that he is the author of the celebrated review of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which appeared in the N. B. Review, and was imputed to him. This credit was not given by the English literary journals, which are usually very shrewd in detecting the disguises of anonymous writers, but originated with a guesser in this country. The Archbishop states, however, what is more surprising than that he should have been the author of the article in question, that it was written by a lady, a clergyman's widow, in the South of Ireland. The article being the most logical, eloquent and comprehensive discussion on this difficult subject, that has appeared in any English periodical, there will be a natural anxiety to know who this clergyman's widow may be.

WESTON SOIREE, on the 16th inst., is to come off with great eclat. A tea meeting and a temperance meeting are to be held at Weston on the 16th instant, for the purpose of building a new Hall in this thriving and beautiful village. A procession will be formed at 2 o'clock, P. M., and at 3 o'clock tea will be served in the Chapel. A splendid Band will attend and several eminent speakers will address the audience. Tickets 1s. 3d.; children half price. The co-operation of neighboring Divisions is requested. The Weston Division is one of the most praiseworthy and flourishing in this county, and let all who can, turn out and give them a hearty time of it.

The Erin Division Sons of Temperance celebrated their annual temperance anniversary on the 1st September inst. An attendance of about 500 persons was present. The Guelph Herald gives a glowing account of the soiree. A branch league was formed at the time.

The whole world Temperance Convention came off in due course in New York City 1st and 2nd September. The New York Tribune gives a long string of resolutions passed at this convention—what the attendance was we do not know. The New York temperance papers are as silent as death on this subject; they were afraid, we suppose, lest it might do harm, being the ox and the dog in the manger. However, these little differences will arise.

An attempt to rally the temperance men of Peterboro' for the coming elections is about to be made.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Jewett and a Mr. Beebe, said to be a great anti-temperance orator in Ohio, had a great discussion on the "right to enact and utility of the Maine law." The discussion took place at Columbus, and Dr. Jewett was decidedly successful in argument, as well as in being supported by all the men present. The Grand Division of Michigan met a fortnight ago, and the Grand Worthy Patriarch says now that the people have enacted the Maine law, there is still as much necessity as ever to keep up the order. The proceedings of the New York City world's Temperance Convention will be published in our next. It came to hand too late for our present number.

Ohio is just now the great battle-ground of temperance. The recent election came off last week—its result we have not heard. The New York elections this fall will turn much on the temperance question. Another struggle will be made in time. Many parts of Massachusetts are now enforcing the law thoroughly. Gough, in England, from all accounts, has been successful in his lectures. The Grand Division of Lower Canada met in August at Aymer, on the Ottawa River, and a large demonstration took place. Brother Craig, from the Gough Division, Quebec, called on us ten days ago. Temperance in Quebec holds its ground well.

YORKVILLE TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.—A temperance festival at the Sons' Hall, Yorkville, will take place on Friday evening, 1st September, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the liquidation of the debt standing against the Temperance Hall in that place. The Rev. Messrs. Harper, Goldsmith, Jeffers, Barras, Hamilton, and others, are expected to deliver addresses. Tickets 10c. each.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company refuse to transport liquors on their road. Several attempts have been made to impose upon the officers by means of false labels and novel means of conveyance, but they have generally been detected.



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

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY MRS. C. DUNN.

How feeble are all earthly things, Another day has gone, And evening paints the western sky, Where sank the summer's sun. The crescent moon doth shine amid Her starry diadem. The birds have hush'd their vesper hymns, And sweetly they repose. The heavenly peace, my bosom fill, When life to me shall close. And thus the age of giddy youth, Is like a swift lived day, He smiles, nor marks the rolling hours That steal his bloom away. Thus, we should learn by flying time, The passing of a day, To lay rich treasures up in Heaven, When death shall call away. The night, and many a silver star, The firmament does gleam,

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

We find in one of our exchanges, the following notice of the author of that exquisite and touching title song, 'Sweet Home':

As I sit in my garret here, in Washington, watching the course of great men, and destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions of the eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.'—I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul for Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor poet subjected to all the humiliation of office seeking. On an evening we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we pass. Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group that we would stop, and pass silently along. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings—his trials and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy a meal, or a place to put my head. Yet I have been a wanderer from childhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish is to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers and sleep in obscurity. I met him one day looking unusually sad. Have you got your Consulate? said I. "Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis: I shall never return." The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne: his wish was realized, he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country I know not. They should be, and if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and for an inscription the following:

HERE LIES

J. HOWARD PAYNE,

The Author of "Sweet Home."

A wanderer in life. He whose songs were sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart;

NEVER HAD A HOME:

HE DIED

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

At the period alluded to in the above sketch we often met the poet in his halcyon strolls, and gazed upon him with a sorrowful heart, his personal appearance indicated the character of the man. He seemed to prefer solitude, yet the force of circumstances drove him to the national capital, in the humiliating capacity of an office beggar. How little regard is bestowed upon the memory of the man who edited it, "Home, sweet Home,"—for no language was ever put together so sensible and captivating. How few among the millions who repeat those verses, ever know the name of the author. His immortal lines should serve as an everlasting monument to his name.

A letter from London, received by the Africa, states that the third volume of Macaulay's History of England will appear in a few weeks; the manuscript had been delivered in to the printer's hands. It is added that the excessive use of opium has destroyed Mr. Macaulay's health, and incapacitated him for continued mental labor.

ALGALIA.—In the month of April last, there were 90,000 persons working on the Australian gold fields. Two pounds sterling per week is paid for a wretched cottage with two rooms.

A gentleman has given \$2,000 to Bowdoin College, to aid indigent young men in getting an education. No one is to derive any benefit from this donation who uses either rum or tobacco.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS

Oh! childhood's sweet and sacred days, Remind me of my early days, While gush'd in our simple ways, By my fond parental care, Those happy hours of halcyon youth, And fillings, taught this mournful truth, Care must henceforth accrue. Rememberance of those bright hours that I had over childhood's bliss, A tinge of joy with sadness, That for a space can bleed The proud, the stern, the scornful eye, With sparkling tears of bliss, As 'twere that eye youth's phantoms fly, And print their angel kiss. Yet few e'er view the things that past, Amid the throng of life, For borne by fate's creative blast, Deep through the stormy strife, Man's almost only aim and care, Seems to fill o'er life's way, In golden craft with brittle ware, Till each'd by—was away!

HEAVY REMEMBRANCE.

A WONDERFUL MAN.—David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey says the Madison Banner died, after a short illness, in Dearborn county, Indiana, in August, aged one hundred and seven years, two months and 10 days. He had had five wives, and at the time of his death, was the father of forty-seven children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundredth and fourth year, mowed one week for Esq. Pendleton, of Hamilton county, Ohio, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place.

TAKING THE CREAM OFF A HOOSIER.—One of the Indiana Senators in the Rhode Island, of coming from a State so poor that the Governor was obliged to raise calves and peddle milk, because his salary would not support him. "True," Clark replied, "we sell milk and raise calves, but we don't send them to Congress as your State does."—The Hoosier felt as though he was badly skinned.

A "PROGRESSIVE" YOUNG LADY.—"You see grandma, before you suck this egg, or more properly speaking, before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base."

"La, my dear, how very ingenious! Why they only need to make a hole in each end in my time. Well, I declare they're making improvements in everything now-a-days!"

THE NORTH AMERICAN "casting about in his mind's eye for some new state of political existence." The political hypocrite who controls the SOLD NORTH AMERICAN is about to be thrown overboard to make room for the BEATY. Hence his paper of last week, as the cronus begin to leave him and RAP EBS, mutters coming thunders against the Administration. He has for a little Government patronage written down in 1852 and 3, everything he said in 1849 and 1850. Let any one compare his files of papers of those respective years. Every subscriber he has—every honest reformer of Canada—should hoot such an editor and his paper from their presence. The present Administration he says is failing, and who can wonder at it? Have not the combination Ministry, with the exception of the Clergy Reserve Bill, and even here Mr. Price's plan was adopted, trampled into the dust every political plank this platform patriot, McDougall, paraded before the country? We have his files of papers and knew his course in 1850, and it disgusts us to peruse them. The reform party have been infamously betrayed by a party of hungry office-seeking Editors and officials. Rolph has allowed himself to be duped by — and other influences, and Cameron is a base, unprincipled politician, like Hincks. When we write on the subject of politics or temperance, we write pure-handed; no living man can say we ever were an office-seeker—McDougall has always been such, and his opposition to Price and Baldwin originated in their refusal to give the upstart and hungry owl the office of custom-house officer of Toronto. He is an illiterate attorney, whose abilities never could raise him to the grade of barrister.

We invite attention to two articles in this number—Victor Hugo's admirable speech, and the account of the terrible plague of New Orleans.

The Editor's health is now partially restored, and he intends, during the balance of this year, to make this paper the most interesting to be found in Canada. A great amount of literary matter will be given, with very choice poetry, and the temperance columns shall increase in energy. Our present patronage does not warrant any such exertion, yet so long as we conduct a paper, it shall yield to none in interest.

OUR EXCHANGES.—The Western Literary Messenger of Buffalo, for September, is an excellent number. This is a very interesting magazine—price \$1 1/2 per year. The Templar's Magazine, Cincinnati, is improving, and we are happy to hear of increasing its circulation. It is a neat and well got up monthly—price \$1 per year. The Garland of Cincinnati, has not come to hand. The Anglo-American Magazine for September, is a good number—contains a representation of Montreal.