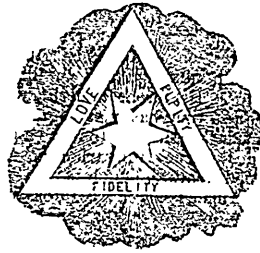


CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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OLD MUSIC AND FRIENDS.

Give me old music ! let me hear
The songs of days gone by.
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,
If to thy notes a falling tear
Should make a mute reply :
The songs that lulled me on the breast,
To sleep away the noon;
Sing on—sing on ! I love them best,
There's witchery in the notes impress
With each familiar tune.

Give me old friends !—the tried, the true,
Who launched their barks with me
And all my joys and sorrows knew,
As chance's gales the pilgrim blew
Across the troubled sea :
Their memories are the same as mine—
Our loves through life shall last.
Bring one—bring all your smiles to shine
Upon our good old songs and home
Like sun-beams from the past.

—Knickerbocker Magazine for Oct.]

MEN AND WOMEN.

From the Ladies Companion,

A woman is naturally gratified when a man singles her out, and addresses his conversation to her. She takes pains to appear to the best advantage, but without any thought of wilfully misleading.

How different is it with man ! At least it is thus that woman in general thinks of man. The mask with them is deliberately put on and worn as a mask, and we beside the silly girl which is too weak or too unsuspecting, not to appear displeased with the well-tuned compliments and flattering attentions so lavishly bestowed upon her by her partner at the ball. If a girl has brothers she sees a little behind the scenes, and is saved much mortification and disappointment. She discovers how little men mean by attentions they so freely bestow upon the last new face which takes their fancy.

Men are singularly wanting in good feeling upon this subject ; they pay a girl marked attention, flatter her in every way, and then, perhaps, when warned by some judicious friend that they are going too far, "can

hardly believe the girl could be so foolish, as to fancy that anything was meant."

The fault which strikes woman so forcibly in men is selfishness. They expect too much in every way, and become impatient if their comforts and peculiarities are interfered with. If the men of the present day were less selfish and self-indulgent, and more willing to be contented and happy upon moderate means, there would be fewer causes of complaint against young women undertaking situations as governesses when they were wholly unfit for so responsible an office. I feel the deepest interest in the present movement for the improvement of the female sex ; and most cordially do I concur in the schemes for this desirable purpose laid down in "The Ladies' Companion" ; but I could not resist the temptation of lifting up my voice in testimony against some of the every-day faults of men, to which I think many of the follies and weakness of women are mainly to be attributed.

Mr. Thackeray is the only writer of the present day who touches, with any severity, upon the faults of his own sex. He has shown us the style of women that he thinks men most admire, in "Amelia" and "Mrs. Pendennis." Certainly, my own experience agrees with his opinion ; and until men are sufficiently improved to be able to appreciate higher qualities in women, and to choose their wives among women who possess such qualities, I do not expect that the present desirable movement will make much progress. The improvement of both sexes must be simultaneous. A "gentleman's horror" is still a "blue stocking," which unpleasing epithet is invariably bested well upon all women who have read much, and who are able to think and act for themselves.

A YOUNG WIFE.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

Taking the whole of northern Europe—including Scotland, and France and Belgium, (where education is at a low ebb,) we find that to every 21 of the population, there is one child acquiring the rudiments of knowledge ; while in England there is only one such pupil to every fourteen inhabitants. It has been calculated that there are at the present day in England and Wales nearly 8,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, nearly one half of the population. Also, that of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of instruction. These statements would be hard to believe, if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look into the Gazette at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling, perhaps, in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the experimentum crucis of "his mark." The number of petty jurors—

in rural districts especially—who can only sign with a cross, is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office shows them to be not only "men of mark," but men of substance. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her tradesmen's bills to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country have fallen, are too common to bear repetition. We can not pass through the streets, we can not enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields without the gloomy shadow of ignorance sweeping over us.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

THE OLD MAN AND THE PRINCESS.

There was once assembled in Doctor Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons, some to consult him, and some out of curiosity ; among them were many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention.—A young French Marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the notorious doctor ; but the latter, though not acquainted with the French language, answered so cleverly, that the Marquis had not the laugh on his side. During the conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company to aid his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the medicine for her without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The Marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour, Michael, was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations upon his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old fellow. The Russian Princess, hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who bro't her a salver. The Princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it handed to the Marquis, who, of course, could not decline to add twelve others. Then the tall Russian went up to the old peasant, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country." Saying this, she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the salver, with these words : "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a proof that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age.—*State's Little Princess.*

MINISTRY OF SPACE.—In *Holsholl Words* it is said—"Imagine a Railway from here to 'the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send