

had better run for the glazer to put a ventilator in the window ; or for the carpenter to bore ventilating holes in the door ; or, better than all, send the children out to Doctor Green-fields, and get the hue of health back into their cheeks again.

Screw the ribs within stays ; strap up the chest, so that vulgar nature shall be kept within fashionable bounds ; and then, if vertigo, nervousness, indigestion, or consumption should ensue—run for the doctor !

Let young ladies expose their chests in hot, draughty rooms, where they are alternately half stifled and half frozen—taking now a cup of hot coffee, and then an ice-dashing through a waltz at fever heat, and next minute cooling themselves by standing in the passage or the door way ; and then if a fit of coughing, or a sore throat, or inflamed lungs should ensue—run for the doctor !

Shut out the light, and shut out the air ; use cold water sparingly, and hot water, "mixed with sterner stuff" copiously within ; take liqueurs, pastry, pepper, and ale, mixed with cheese, nuts, wine, and olives ; sit up late, and wear little shoe-leather. When you go abroad, ride in a carriage ; and when you sit at home, soak and eat, poking round the fire, with all the windows listed up so as to keep out "the draught ;" and depend upon it, there will be no want of bad health ; and the cry will be frequent, of "run for the doctor."

If people could run for a little common sense, even though they paid well for it, it would be much better for them. But common sense is still at a heavy discount, where health is concerned.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FEMALE INFLUENCE FOR THE MAINE LAW.

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down,
And yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how the bitter tears do flow
The while he holds his riot in that town
Yet he will come and chide ; and I shall weep.
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears
I had a husband once who loved me ; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow ;
But yet, I cannot hate. Oh, there were hours
When I could hang forever on his eye ;
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then ; he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile ;
The memories of our love will ne'er depart.
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness ; and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I will with kindness all my wrongs repay.
Until the penitent shall weep, and say
How injured and how faithful I have been."

HANDSOME WOMEN.—You put this question—how comes it to pass that the greater part of your handsome women, are exceedingly ignorant and childish in their manners ? I believe I can account for it. It is not that nature has been less kind to their minds, because lavish to their bodies ; nor that they are born with less capacities than others, but because they neglect to cultivate their minds, and to improve their mental faculties ; and they are vain, and desire to please and to be admired. An ill-favored woman knows that she cannot be loved for her face ; this induces her to endeavor to draw attention by her intelligence and wit. She applies her mind to books, and bends the whole force of her attention to her improvement ; and in spite of nature and all her unkindness, she becomes agreeable. The beauty, on the contrary, has only to make her appearance to please ; her vanity is gratified, as she never reflects, she never thinks that her beauty is only for a season. She is, besides, so taken up with dress, with the care of being at every assembly, to appear with advantage, and to hear herself praised, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, however convinced she might be that it was necessary. Thus, of necessity she becomes a fool, taken up with childish tricks, the vain frippery of dress, shows and sights. This may continue to thirty, at most forty years of age, if the small-pox, or some other disorder, doth not tarnish this beauty.—When youth is over, the time for improvement is gone ; then this young lady, once, now no longer a beauty, continues in ignorance all her life long, though nature has given her as great an advantage as any other ; whereas the homely looking young woman who has now become very amiable, defies old age and sickness that can take nothing from her.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THE WIFE'S UNIVERSAL RIVAL.—It must ever be borne in mind that man's love, even in its happiest exercise, is not like woman's ; for while she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his, and these perhaps neither the loftiest nor the best. It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day ; to make up her mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love ; and among these I would mention one, whose claim it would be folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of this competitor. I mean the newspaper, of whose absorbing interest some wives are weak enough to cringe a sort of childish jealousy when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper.—*Mrs. Ellis' Wives of England.*

MINNESOTA.—A gentleman writing to a friend at the East, says :—Our new liquor law works well ; though we have hardly had a fair chance to try it. We are "fixed" like the Boston folks, i. e., about twenty of our rum-sellers, just before the new law, procured licenses, and under the sanction of those paper indulgences they claim the right (?) to sell for another year. Before that time expires they will doubtless make a desperate struggle to get the law repealed. Such a struggle will be fruitless, as the upper House in our territorial legislature is to be constituted precisely as at the last session, the members being elected for two years.

VERMONT.—The Green Mountain Boys are wide awake, preparing for the great battle on the 2 Tuesday of February, the day when the people decide whether the new law shall go into effect in March next, or its action be delayed until December. The *Green Mountain Eagle* says that "nearly every religious and neutral paper in the State, and more than one-half of the political papers are standing up boldly in defence of the law."



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. vi. v. 6*

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The pleasant days of childhood,
How sweetly have they flown,
Like young flowers in the wood
When Autumn winds have blown.
They're gone, they're gone forever,
They will no more return,
Though memory holds them in the heart,
Like ashes in the urn.

The happy days of childhood,
When innocence and grace
With gentle figures, turned the heart
To music wild and free,
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like rivers to the sea,
Their dancing waves of joy and mirth
Will ne'er return again.

The holy days of childhood,
Ere evil thoughts came near,
When in the hearts no sin was found,
And on the cheek no tear ;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like foot-prints on the shore,
Washed out by Time's relentless waves,
They will return no more.

The pleasant, holy, happy days,
Life's only blossom, rare,
Where are your buds which promise gave
Of flowers in Summer's prime ?
Though gone, though gone forever,
Ye haunt the heart and brain,
And memory keeps ye in remembrance
Life's sinner years of pain.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

DESCRIPTION OF BEAMSVILLE—ITS HOUSES AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

BY A CADET.

Beamsville is a small village, beautifully situated at the foot of the mountain, about midway between the city of Hamilton and the town of St. Catharines, the former being one of the principal cities in Canada West. Beamsville is intimately connected with the Great Western Railroad, which passes about a mile distant, and has a depot as near as possible. This village, from its convenient situation, and the intelligence of most of its inhabitants, is destined to become a large city—situated on the main road which extends from Niagara frontier to Detroit. The village is considerably longer than it is wide, and extends some distance on the hill. It is regularly laid out, the principal buildings being constructed of brick with tin roofs, making a splendid appearance when viewed from the mountain. It is adorned with four churches ; in the steeple of one there is a large bell, the sound of which is sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly five miles. It is rung three times during the day. The Town Hall is a very massive building constructed of brick, the upper story belongs to a Division of the Sons of Temperance, namely CLINTON DIVISION No. 55. This is a large Division, composed of nearly one hundred and eighty members in good standing. There is also a Section of Cadets which meets in the same hall. There is belonging to the Division a brass band, called the *Clinton Amateur Brass Band*, which is admitted by all who have ever heard it, to be one of the best in Canada. Among the many productions of this village there is one of very great importance, that is, a public LIBRARY, which is kept open two nights each week, namely *Thursday and Saturday*. The inhabitants of Beamsville as well as those of most other villages in Canada, feel the effects of intoxicating drink. It is here retained at two different places, and notwithstanding the check which the Temperance movement has produced, they still do a good deal of injury, and are still endeavoring to sustain their cause by inviting all the RED ROKES and EXHALLED LIES to public dinners and great balls. This village is intersected by a stream which affords water enough to carry on a large tannery, also a steam foundry. As this village increases, in size and age it becomes more and more soiled by all. Not long since it was not sufficiently large to afford accommodations for all the travellers that passed this way, but at the present time it accommodates the public well, being the only village in the Township of Clinton, the general elections and town meetings are held in it and these generally cause quite a stir. It never suffered much

from fire on account of the different fire companies formed in it. The company is provided with an engine and all the other materials.

Jan. 3rd, 1853.

A PROBLEM.

Given $+ - 1 = 2 \times \frac{2}{+}$ to find the value of +, to be solved by quadratures—Solution to be given in full.
Glanford, 4th January, 1853 P.

REASON IN BRUTES.—The Orang-outang, without being taught, will do what a dog can't be taught to do, and, untaught, cannot think of doing ; he will untwist or unravel his chain or cord. If the dog is chained and the chain becomes in any way jammed between things lying about, or twisted upon itself, the animal drags hard upon it, away from the point of entanglement, perhaps increasing the evil becomes alarmed, cries out, and never thinks of slackening the chain, and returning back to see what the cause of the inconvenience is. Not so the orang-outang ; the moment such an accident occurs, he deliberately sets about putting matters to rights. He does not drag away from the point of resistance—does not insist upon running forcibly counter, but instantly slackens his chain, as a human being would do under the like circumstances and goes back to see what occasions the obstruction. If the chain has got entangled with a box, or any other article of furniture, he disengages it ; if it has become twisted, he considers the matter, and untwists it. We had in our possession a dog of the shepherd breed, which happened to be tied up one day when a friend called upon us, who was eating a bun, a piece of which he threw to the animal. It fell to the floor before him, a few inches beyond the reach of his outstretched fore-paw. After several ineffectual attempts to get to it, the dog to our surprise, turned round and scraped the bread within his reach by his hind paws. This was a process of reasoning, an adaptation of means to an end, like that exhibited by the orang-outang above mentioned.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Adam's, the discoverer of the planet Neptune, was the son of a poor farmer in Cornwall. Sir Wm. Cubitt, when a boy, worked in his father's mill in Norfolk. Locke's father was a breakman at Barnsley coalpit. Professor Lee, of Cambridge, was in the early part of his life a working carpenter. Lord Campbell and Dickens were both reporters for the *Morning Chronicle*. Gibson, the sculptor, was a cabinet-maker. Carleton was a poor Irish peasant's son, and has painted his own life in "The Poor Scholar." Cobden and Carlyle were both sons of small farmers, the one in Sussex, the other in Dumfriesshire. W. J. Fox was, at an early period of his life, a weaver boy. Joseph Brotherton was a factory lad. Dr. Kitt was a poor cobbler.

ETHIOPIA.—Bayard Taylor, writing to the *New York Tribune* from Khartoum, the capital of Egyptian Soudan, describes his ride down the Nile. He says :

"Here, where I expected to ride through a wilderness, I found a garden. Ethiopia might become in other hands the richest and most productive part of Africa. The people are industrious and peaceable, and deserve better masters. Their dread of the Turks is extreme and so is their hatred. I stopped one evening at a little village on the western bank. The sailors were sent to the houses to procure fowls and eggs, and after a long time two men appeared bringing, as they said, the only chicken in the place.—They came up slowly, stooped and touched the ground, and then laid their hands on their heads, signifying that they were as dust before our feet. Achmet paid them the thirty paras they demanded and when they saw that the supposed Turks had no disposition to cheat them, they went back and brought more fowls. Travellers who go by the land route give the people an excellent character for hospitality. I have been informed that it is almost impossible to buy anything even when double the value of the article is tendered ; out, by asking for it as a favor, they are cheerfully given whatever they have. On the third day I saw the first hippopotamus. The men discerned him about a quarter of a mile off, as he came up to breathe, and called my attention to him. Our vessel was running towards him, and the sailors shouted to draw his attention : 'How is your wife old hoy ?' 'Is your son married yet ?' and other like exclamations. They insisted upon it that his curiosity would be excited by this mode, and he would allow us to approach. I saw him at least within a hundred yards, but only the enormous head, which was more than three feet across the ears. He raised it with a tremendous snort, opening his huge mouth at the same time, and a more frightful monster I never saw. He came up in our wake after we had passed, and followed us for some time. Directly afterwards we spied five crocodiles on a sand bank. One of them was a grayish color, and upwards of twenty-five feet in length. We approached quietly to within a few yards of them, when my men raised their poles and shouted. The beasts started from their sleep and dashed quickly into the water, the big yellow one striking so violently against the hull that I am sure he went off with the head-ache."

ENGLISH TEMPERANCE NEWS.—The *London Temperance Chronicle* comes to hand regularly, and is though a small yet an ably conducted monthly temperance periodical. It is doing a good work in England. We will give some interesting extracts from it in our next issue.

Meetings are constantly taking place in the various towns of England in furtherance of temperance, but the influential classes and the churches are opposed to total abstinence. The public mind is not yet awakened here. A man like Gough, if he were to spend a year in England, would do a vast deal of good. Moral suasion is all that can be looked for in England we fear for some years to come. This will cost many poor men, but it merely affects the *order* of the system itself remaining firm and growing more rooted. Scotland is doing better, there the influential classes are taking hold of the subject. In LANCY it is said is growing more intemperate, Father Matthew is there but is too feeble to work in the cause.

A RARE DOG.—The Port Hope *Guardian* says that a horse and buggy, with a dog in the latter, were left by the owner tied to a post in one of the streets of that town. In the owner's absence the horse got loose and started off. The dog immediately sprang to the horse's head, and held it by the nose till some one came and re-tied it.