Huron Signal.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1852. NUMBER XIII.

Poetry.

TO MY SISTER ON HER BRIDAL.

BY ANNA CORA MOWETT.

A myrtle wreath, with rose buds white,
I bound upon thy brow;
The myrtle told thy changeless love,
The buds were pure as thou.
And o'er the locks that round thy face
In shining clusters hung,
With hands that loved their tender task,
The bridal veil I flung.

I watched the smiles and tears that formed
Hope's rainbow on thy cheek;
And read the thoughts within thy soul—
The thoughts thou couldst not speak.
I led thy bridegroom to thy side,
And caught the fervent tone
That whispered to thy happy ear,
"Forever mine—mine own!"

From round my neck thine arms were loosed,
To meet his dear embrace;
While tear-drops vanished from thy cheek,
And blushes took their place.
How I have loved thee, whom all love,
Not warmest words can tell—
I scarce could bear to yield thee thus
To one who loved as well.

Oh! happy bridegroom of a bride
As fair in soul as face,
Forget not that her father's hearth
She left, thy hearth to grace.
Forget not that her only home
Is now within thy heart;
Remember that her happiness
Is only where thou art.

And when she trembling clings to thee,
Upon life's troubled wave,
Oh! shield her from the angry blast,
She is not wont to brave.
Gentle she is, and formed to list
Affection's voice alone—
Thou wilt not teach her timid ear
The sound of harsher tone?

I trembled not to hear her breathe
A vow 'twere crime to break—
Her love is founded on the rock
That tempests cannot shake.
I shrank not when the bridal ring
Her slender finger pressed,
For joy was in its circlet bound,
And Heaven the pledge had blessed.

I trembled not to see her hand
Within her bridegroom's lie,
For truth, that in his spirit dwells,
Was beaming from his eye.
Thus hand in hand, as fondly knit,
Be life's rude pathway trod,
With hearts in meekness bowed—and eyes
Turned trustingly to God!

And may the bond that binds you now
Unite your spirits ever,
That ruthless death, who breaks all ties,
May fail that tie to sever.
And when ye seek the better land
Where love conjoins alone,
That nuptial vow ye may renew
Before your Maker's throne.

MAIDEN BEAUTY.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

Her hands like a lily—
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip!
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leaves a blessing
Wherever they go!

For each one she's something
To comfort or cheer;
When her purse fails her wishes
She gives them a tear!
E'en the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief!

Her mouth's like a rose bud,
Just budding half through,
When it opens at morn
Amidst fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
Where angels might rest;
And forget their own heaven
In that of her breast!

AGRICULTURE.

SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE.—When we say that science is of great value to agriculture, we do not mean only where large capital is invested, but it is of as great value to the farmer who has no capital.—It is not true that every part of the earth is capable to make a good farm, and the young farmer should have a good knowledge of geology to understand the soil. If he wishes to produce vegetables, he should study the law of vegetable physiology that he may be enabled to understand the various effects of soil, rain and air. He should also study chemistry to have a knowledge of composition and decomposition whereby he may be able to employ the proper kinds of manure to the effectual cultivation of the soil. An old Roman bard has sung, "happy is he who knows the cause of things," and at this day happy is he who knows the science of agriculture.—*Prof. Fowler.*

RADISHES require a warm or rather hot soil.—The more sand there is in its composition the finer will be the flavour of the roots, and the less likely will they be to suffer from insects and disease. It is not to be understood however that manure is unnecessary, unless the quality of the land is such as to ensure a good growth without it. Warming and highly stimulating manures are preferable to such as are more cold and tardy in their action. The seed should be got in early, and no weeds allowed to grow in the beds, the surface of which it will be well to stir frequently in hot weather, in order that, by retaining the upper stratum finely pulverised, the soil may have the important benefit of a nonconductor to retain the heat of the fermenting manure and of the soil beneath and above the roots.—*Olive Branch.*

CABBAGES.—There is a great diversity of opinion, at present, among the cultivators of this vegetable, as to the character of the soil most suitable for its habits—some contending that clayey loam is preferable to sandy, and others that the reserve is true. For my own part sandy or loamy land is much better than clayey, and on such, my efforts have almost invariably been attended with success, whereas on soil of an opposite texture, they have not unfrequently failed. My method of late has been this. I either start my plants in seed beds, or plant in hills without subsequent removal. The latter I consider the better method for two reasons: in the first place it obviates labor, and in the second, it prevents loss of time to the crop, which increases steadily, without interruption, which cannot be where transplantation is resorted to. I dig my holes large and fill them with old hog manure, with which as large a portion of unleached house ashes has been mixed as is necessary to change the appearance of the manure—say one peck of the latter to one bushel of the former, or one fourth by measure. This is placed low in the hill and covered over with one inch of loam, well wet with fermented urine. Over this half an inch of very fine moist garden mould is spread to receive the seed. Into every hill thus prepared, I put from eight to ten seeds, and cover them with fine mould, pressing the latter close around them, and sprinkling over the whole a handful of pulverised charcoal, with about the same quantity of gypsum and house ashes, (unleached.) Salt is then dissolved, and every hill moistened with the solution, which operation is repeated the liquor being about as strong as sea water) till the plants appear. As soon as the seed is fairly up, I stir the soil around them, and put on about a common handful of fine butter salt to each hill—taking especial care not to allow the salt to come in contact with the plants, or nearer to the stalk than one inch. All is then left till the rough leaves are as large as a dime, when the surface is again stirred and another application of salt, and an equal quantity of ashes, is made. The weeds are kept carefully down till thinning time, when such plants as are not wanted in the hill—and two is the proper number to leave—are taken up and either thrown aside or re-set in such hills (if any) as have failed to produce or preserve the requisite number. Hoeing is practiced as often as circumstances will admit, and applications of house ashes, gypsum, salt, and guano mixed with urine, are followed weekly, in small quantities.—The more and the oftener land is stirred and thoroughly worked about cabbages, the more rapid will be their growth, and the less likely will they be to suffer from insects and disease.—The value of the strong manures is to keep off the cut worm, in part, though they tend greatly to energize and stimulate the soil, and consequently to ensure a healthy developement of the plants. Salt is one of the most grateful manures that can be applied to the cabbage family, which is of marine origin;—it strengthens the fibre, and keeps up a healthy action in all the parts, radical as well as topical.

LETTUCE requires very nearly the same kind of soil, although it is often successfully grown on clayey lands. If the weather should be hot and dry, the plants will do well in beds composed almost wholly of clay; but extreme moisture is unfavourable, if not fatal. The sooner lettuce is sown after the soil can be wrought, the better. Some recommend sowing in the autumn, and I have raised very excellent crops in this way myself. Where it is required for very early use, or for marketing, this method has its advantages, and may be adopted with almost invariable success. There are quite a number of varieties in this vegetable—some of which are very valuable—others nearly worthless. The kinds in common use are, perhaps, as deserving of suffrage as any. Both the single and double, the curly and smooth, have their claims to regard, and should all be cultivated in precisely the same way. I have generally, where composts are needed, made use of the following: one bushel of soot, two pounds of sulphur, one peck of finely pulverised charcoal, one quart salt, half a bushel of lime, and one bushel of wood ashes—the whole to be moistened with putrid urine, in which guano has been dissolved in as large quantities as the liquid can be induced to take up—the whole to be applied often in small quantities—say once a fortnight from the first weeding till the roots are fully grown.

LIQUID MANURE.—Those farmers who have not barn cellars to enable them to save all their manure in the best manner should contrive to save it in some, though attended with more trouble than those who have made preparations for this purpose. In barns without cellars, the liquid manure may be saved by using various absorbents as may be convenient; and almost every farmer has loam road, or other material at hand which are useful. Some use coarse fodder, for this purpose; but in most cases the use of a fodder cutter, and a little attention in preparing it, it may be used for food, affording nutriment for the animal, and be readily converted into manure. Sawdust is a good absorbent; so are fine shavings, and the dust from carpenter's and other shops. Charcoal dust is another valuable absorbent. From many shops and manufactures much refuse matter may often be obtained, that is not only valuable as absorbents, but they will greatly add to the quantity of manure. Some farmers take up the floor in their cattle house, and fill loam, muck, or sand under it to catch and absorb liquor manure, and then replace the floor. The soil becomes saturated with rich matter during the winter, and is excellent manure in the spring. Another mode is to remove the floor, fill up with loam to a suitable height, and let it be a bed for the cattle; and on removing the manure daily, remove the loam that has become wet. Some farmers provide loam or earth, and place it where it will be convenient to scatter over the floor, there is a great advantage in having dry loam for that purpose; a ton of it will absorb as much as four tons of moist loam, thus saving much in carting and shovelling. As the liquid manure of animals is worth as much as the solid, every farmer must be aware of the importance of saving it, and he should make arrangements for that purpose.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—In taking up trees for transplanting, regard should always be had to their size and due proportion should be preserved between the size of the tree and the amount of root attached. A deficiency of root may be partially, but not wholly compensated by a diminution or entire removal of the top, but there should always be root enough to supply nourishment to the body, (which, if large, requires the more to sustain it,) and top enough to digest it. A deficiency of top, however, is less fatal, especially in the early part of the season, than a deficiency of root; for if there be enough of the former as fast as it shall be needed, but if there be a deficiency of root, although the tree may live and even grow for a time on account of its innate vatal energies, yet it will probably die before the close of the season. It is for this reason that many trees that "start well" are often found to die in the latter part of the summer notwithstanding all other circumstances seem to favor their preservation. It is a mistake to suppose that if a tree once begins to grow all risk is at an end. The first season will not always decide; for if that shall be peculiarly favorable, a small root may sustain a tree through it, but the consequence of a small root may be a correspondingly small top, and of both, a dead strip running the whole length of the tree, occupying, perhaps, one-third or one-half of its whole circumference. Some trees have a much greater tenacity of life than others, and hence may grow with a much smaller root, or even with none at all. But with these exceptions there should always be a direct proportion between the size of a tree and its root, and an inverse proportion between the root and the tenacity of life; i. e. the less the tenacity of life the greater should be the root.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Literature.

A SNAKE BIT IRISHMAN.

As a "Monseer" would say, "one gran, magnifique, pretty good" Deer Hunt came off in Morgan county, Tennessee. The party, made up of the best material, consisted of Judge A———, J. M. W———, and some two or three veteran hunters, rife for the sport and full of fun. As my objects is not to give a detailed account of the hunt, but only one of its incidents, I shall content myself with merely saying, that after a four days hunt the three gentlemen named returned with twenty pair of hams and divers specimens of smaller fry. J. A. killed a fine buck at 160 yards off hand, shooting at the head and hitting it. Judge A———(an ardent sport-man and splendid rifle shot) also killed at "long taw." But a truce to this, and now for the incident.

As every day hath its night and every rose its thorn, so this morneful party had its "pest," in the shape of a huge raw-boned loquacious Irishman, who, uninvited had quartered himself in the camp, boarding and lodging at the expense of the crowd, and contriving, in countless ways to render himself a nuisance when awake, and when asleep accomplishing the same praiseworthy end without any contrivance at all—it being a natural gift, and used by the possessor with most tormenting effect. *The man snored,*—and *how* he snored, will presently appear; suffice to say, a more unmitigated nuisance was never abated in a more summary manner.

They soon learned by his conduct and behavior that he was afraid of snakes generally, and "ould *snakes*" in particular; indeed, I think that the sequel warrants the assertion that he would have given long odds in favor of a Stock Greek gouging, rather than face an 18 inch moccasin with 'bells on his tail,' as he termed rattles. The man had heard some awful snake yarns or *tales* since his 'laving the sod;' this was evident from the morbid dread, yes, horror, he felt of the crawling tribe. Well, with the Queen of Sheba he might truly say that 'the half had not been told him,' after a night's experience at a hunters' camp in Tennessee.

On the second night of his intrusion he made himself more than usually welcome, by 'getting, sir, somewhat, sir, shot,' as Tom Murray said when an ounce of lead took up its lodgings in the 'fork,' of his breeches; thinking (if lead can) no dowbt, that it had more *room* there than in the powder bed of an old brass boring iron. He told long, dry yarns, all having a more or less remote bearing on his prowess or skill, and more than once insinuated a desire to make a demonstration, by having the use of the skull of 'any jintlemin present, and a two fut thorn, for jist a minit!' Well, all this was very pleasant, and I had no doubt perfectly satisfactory, so far as he individually was concerned, but with his hearers it was quite a different thing; yet still they endured it; but the cup of patience was nearly full; and that it quickly overflowed, bearing off on its boiling current, the 'cause' of the 'rise,' to regions far away and unknown. After he had wearied himself with his 'blather,' and showed symptoms of turning in, Jim A———told *him* a *few* yarns bearing on the much dreaded snake subject, and particularly on their size, variety, and amiable tempter in those parts, dwelling at length upon their *apparent* social disposition, assumed only with fell intent to those whose *nearer* acquaintance they sought. This evidently did not sit well on the excited stomach of this pugnacious sprig-of-shillalah, as was manifested by the furtive and uneasy glances he ever and anon cast at his blanket and 'location.' But bed time came and after reconnoitering his sleeping ground he proceeded to count his beads and the chances of being 'snake bit' before day, then 'tucking in' his blanket and wishing 'the sowls' ov all snakes in these parts in purthiculer,' in a country where, to say the very least, they would have but a slim chance for indulging in their natural torpidity, he fell asleep.

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long, occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt; terminated with 'snakes, by jabers, blast their sowls!' 'Ugh! ugh!' when there came the variation of chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to drive them through his jaw or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars, that I could spell it! It was a sort of cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of the whip-poor-will's coy until say half an hour before day-break, when J. M. W. (Jim W. we'll say.) whose stock of patience had long ago evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, 'Humph! I'll stop that infernal concert or *start* the maker of it, see if I don't!—He then awoke Jim A. and the Judge, when a plot was laid and thus carried into execution.

W. got his hunting-knife and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of *gut* and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, he tied one end of it fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's shirt tail that had wandered through a 'rent' in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake-like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage-horn snores with the 'snakes sowls' variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, 'HU WRE! HU WRE! A big copperheaded black rattle-snake, eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches and is tying himself into a double bow-knot round my body!' giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels! Of course, all the noise and hurting awoke him quick and wide; in his first movement he laid his hand upon the nice cold coil of gut at his side. Hissing out a 'Jayzus' from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip! Casting one wild blazing look behind he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling, saze im! saze 'im by the tale! Oh, howly Vargin, stop 'im! Och, Saint Patrick; tare 'im into jabletts! A wha! A wha! Bate 'im to smitteereens wid a gun, can't yees! He's got me fast howld by me—! och he has, by Jabers! an he's mendin his hoult, a wha! Howly Father, he's got a shark hook on 'is tale! Och, murther, he's forty fut long!' On making this last circuit he ran through a part of the smouldering camp-fire, and the twine at the aft end of the gut caught fire; this brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate; round and round he went!—'He's a fiery sarpint. Och, murther! Howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by! Och, help! I'm swallowed (jumping a log) intirely all but me hed! He's sixty fate long, if he's a foot! Tired on his bloody, fiery tale, wil yees! Thry to save me!' then, as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out, 'Shoot Jim! shoot 'im! but don't aim at 'is hed! Shoot! shoot!'

Now here was a picture! There stood the Judge hugging a sapling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back emitting scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a chilk's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with the Judge. All sounds, at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal frame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steam boat. Yonder stands Jim A—'fat Jim A—'fat Jim' with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, 'Snake!—*Snake!*—Snake!' at the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags, and 'Snake! Snake!' reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the melody of sounds of 'snake! murder! help! fire! saxty foot! Howly Vargin!' &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

'Umph,' said Jim W. (after stopping his laughing hiccough.) 'umph, I thought *that gut* would stop snoring at *this* camp at least! Umph.' The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one arm and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half exploring attitude. When he was hailed by Archy Mc———with, 'Which way, Paddy?' casting round at the speaker a sort of a hang-dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, 'Strate to Ireland, by Jayzus, where there's no snakes!'

You cannot say 'snake' to either member of the party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons or producing a 'stich in the side.'—*Sporting Herald.*

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.

1. Keeping her accounts in preference to an Album.
2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.
3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.
4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a day.
5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postcript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world," or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."
6. Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.
7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."—*Punch.*

NATURE.

Nature is always at work, night and day. Men do little else but apply her productions to their own use.

All the wealth in the world is produced by Nature.

What a bountiful provider! Bow thy head, oh, man, and worship!

Congress assemble; they sit through a long session, pass *Appropriation Bills*; then rise, and coolly declare "we have enriched the country!"

What a libel on Nature, who has been to work every minute, day and night—by sunshine—shower—dew—and evaporation—to produce stores of wealth for ungrateful and idle men.

The Financier looks wise, and talks big, and promises to save the nation! But he lefers his schemes till Nature has produced the treasure; and then, with character coming on, he steals the credit of her labors. The Financier does nothing but talk; Nature does all the work, except the Farmer and Planter, who are the supervisors of Nature.

The Politician, the Financier, the Orator—what are they but the quacks who pretend to do what nature herself performs?

"Hard times! hard money! Jackson Pills! Biddle Banks! are all cured by Nature, who sweats and labors to bring forth from her bowels all that we call treasure.

The Plough—the spade—the shuttle—the sledge hammer—the trowel—and the saw—these cause man to be useful, by imitating Nature.

"Hail to our Peasantry! their country's pride,
Who all our comforts, all our wealth provide."

WITCHCRAFT OF WOMEN.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is a miller at Mansfield, 'who cares for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small, sweet courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is so still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender looks, and little acts and attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing.' This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and your sex their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will read the solitude of the Upas tree around you, in the same way, by the evanation of a poison which kills all the juco affection in its neighborhood.—Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seed of love can never grow but under the warm and gentle influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all that a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God bless you.—*Wm. Wirt to his daughter.*

From the Globe.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The progress which the Temperance, or rather Abstinence cause has been making in Upper Canada for some time past, is most remarkable; and in spite of old prejudices and habits, all men are forced to admit that the objects is good, and the realized results decidedly satisfactory, and stimulating to further exertions. The innumerable evils, the wretchedness, the misery, the crime, of which intemperance is the prolific parent, no pen can tell. But it needs not to be told—the story has been told a thousand times in the most distressing reality, to every member of the community. Our street, too often present the sad spectacle of the drunken parent reeling home to his wretched family, for any one to be in ignorance. The midnight fights,—the scenes in our Police Courts,—the inmates of our Gaols and Asylums, and Penitentiaries, give proofs of the awful consequences of intemperance, which no man can gainsay—from which no patriot can turn away, and refuse his aid in ameliorating. In an economic view, too the Temperance Cause is little less interesting. The moderate use of spirits is not a necessity of life; it is a luxury, which all could do without,—which probably all would be better without. Does it give enjoyment?—Well, if it does it is a gross enjoyment, a selfish enjoyment, the enjoyment of a moment. It leaves no good behind it; it helps him not in his business; it does not elevate his moral feelings. No human being could suffer by the want of intoxicating liquors, further than a deprivation of an indulgence. And this the best view of it. But think of the other: the ill it does and may do. How absurd, then, appears the enormous annual expenditure for this momentary indulgence, which does no permanent good, but is fraught with unspeakable misery to thousands! In 1850, the spirits and liquors imported into Canada, at their declared value at the place of export, amounted to no less a sum than $306,311. The quantity manufactured in the Province we have no means of ascertaining, but its vast amount may be gathered from the fact, that fees for Still Licenses alone, in 1850, came to, over forty thousand dollars. Now all this property is sunk,—lost, for the gratification of a moment. How much real comfort, permanent good might it not secure, if otherwise expended? But this is not all. Think of the vast amount of labour now lost in the traffic, which might be devoted to profitable employments.—We have some four hundred taverns and groceries in Toronto alone, each diverting so much labour from profitable pursuits. Suppose all the money sent out of Canada for foreign spirits, and all the grain and labour lost in manufacturing liquor in the country, and all the labour spent in drinking it were saved, what an impetus would be given to the industrial progress of our country! And how much happiness now unknown would it bring to many thousands of families.

We may wrap ourselves in our old prejudices, as we like,—there is an importance attached to the Temperance movement, not to be denied. It affects us all, individually, socially, nationally—it thrusts itself into every human relation. There is no escaping from it; and this is every day pressing itself more evidently on the public mind.—The time was when a voluntary obligation to abstain from drinking ardent spirits was treated as little less than insanity; but these days have gone past, and no man now denies that in this, as in other countries the advocates of the Temperance cause embrace in their ranks crowds of our most intelligent and estimable citizens. Nay, the cause has taken a step in advance; public opinion has been imperceptibly changing; and, from acting on the defensive, the once ridiculed Tee-totallers are become aggressionists. Restrictions on the granting of Tavern Licenses were their first aim, and they gained it; next, they sought to have the number of Taverns limited in every municipality, as public opinion demanded, and last session they obtained a Bill for that; now, they are out demanding the adoption of the Maine Liquor Law—the total prohibition of the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks in the Province of Canada; and, for our part, we will not be astonished, if, some years hence, they get this too.

The Maine Liquor Law is a great fact. It is now the established law of Maine; it has been adopted in Massachusetts, and even in the Province of New Brunswick; and in several other States it is being discussed with exciting earnestness. Canada, as we have said, has not escaped the infection. There have been several meetings in various parts of the country to consider the Maine Law, and at all of them, so far as we have noticed, the verdict of the auditors was in favor of it. Even in the good City of Hamilton the Law carried the day; and petitions are everywhere in progress of signature. It is full time that every one should know the provisions of a measure receiving such attention. Briefly then, it prohibits entirely, under the most severe penalties, the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks, directly or indirectly, except as medicine. Each Municipality is authorised to grant a license to some one person to keep and sell spirits, as agent for the State, for medicinal purposes, and for these only. The agent keeps a book in which he enters the quantity and description of each sale he makes, the name and address of the purchaser, and great precautions are taken to avoid deceit. Persons may have spirits in their private houses and use them, but if they dare to sell a drop, the house that moment becomes a Tavern, and, on information, it may be searched, and any liquor found, destroyed, besides other penalties. The provisions are of the most minute and stringent character—anticipating every loop hole of escape, and securing, as far as a Law can secure, prompt and certain punishment when the offence has been committed.

Were this Law in force in Canada, and carried into effect, it would cut off entirely from the great mass of the people, the use of every intoxicating beverage. Has the Legislature power to do so? If it has, would it be morally justifiable to exercise it? If morally justifiable, would it be expedient? These are the questions which at once present themselves. As to the power, there is no doubt; under our form of Government, the three branches of the Legislature can do anything not expressly prohibited in, the Union Act—and this is not. As to the moral justice of saying by law, "No man who resides in Canada shall make or sell spirits after this date"—there is more room for debate. Doubtless, there will be volumes written on it, pro and con, ere many months elapse, so we may as well leave that question open. But this may be safely affirmed, that the Law has done far more violence to personal rights, many a time and oft, for objects petty and contemptible in comparison with this; and we doubt not that were public opinion sufficiently advanced, ample justification for it would be found in the books, in the shape of constitutional precedents.

But as to the expediency of passing such a law. It is obvious that it can only be done when there is a majority in favour of it—and it is quite as sure that even if passed, it could not be carried out until a great majority of the people are on its side. No one, we imagine, will assert that public opinion is yet up to the mark, when, even if possible it would be expedient to pass such a law—or near it. We wish it were. There is much yet to be done, ere that point is attained; and, were we to give an opinion, we should doubt the policy of forcing so ultra a demand prematurely on the public mind. The Bill of last session it appears to us, presents the proper field for present exertion. It contains most stringent provisions,—not so stringent as the Maine Law, but tending directly in that road. It would be useless to ask a more stringent law from the Legislature, when the existing one is too stringent for public opinion, and is, in consequence, almost a dead letter. By the second clause of the Bill of last session, it is enacted that "The Municipality of each Township or Incorporated Village, the Town Council of, of each Incorporated Town, and Common Council of each city in Upper Canada," shall have respectively the power to "make By-Laws for preventing the selling of wines or spirituous liquors, or the keeping of Inns, Taverns, or Houses of Public Entertainment, by persons not thereunto duly licensed;" and by the second clause of the Act of 1850, they have the power of "limiting the number of Inns or Houses of Public Entertainment;" nay, they have the stringent power of "PROHIBITING" the issuing of ANY SHILLE LICENSES, for ANY house in their respective municipalities." Here, then is the present aim of the advocates of Abstinence. Let the Towns and Townships, and Cities be agitated to prohibit the granting of licenses to all except Temperance Houses. Let Municipal Councillors be pledged at the polls. Let the Municipalities be forced to carry out the present Law by the strong pressure of public opinion. Then, but not till then, may the Maine Law be demanded from the Legislature. The undertaking is a vast one; but it can be done, and the Temperance men are just the kind of people to do it.

CLERGY RESERVES AND RECTORIES.

SPEECH OF THE REVEREND THOMAS M'PHERSON, AT THE STRATFORD REFORM MEETING, 6TH APRIL, 1852.

The Rev. THOMAS McPHERSON, being called on to second the *second* Resolution, said: That he had no idea when stepping into this meeting by mere accident, of taking any part in its proceedings; this was the first political meeting at which he had ever been present, but he conceived that in those peculiar times of the history of Canada, and of the world, every man is bound in duty to use his influence on behalf of freedom and of truth. He had no faith in the vulgar proverb, that "clergymen should not intermeddle in politics." This sentiment is especially inconsistent when expressed by a party whose whole history is in notorious opposition to it, and whose ecclesiastical functionaries have ever been indentified with the most despotic and oppressive political measures. If, however, the sentiment be correct, why is it not equally applicable to all? Why is it to be disregarded by the Priests of Rome and the dignitaries of the English Church with impunity, while the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers are forbidden to trespass, in the slightest degree, its sacred limits! If politics did not interfere with the church—if politics would let religion alone—then there might be some propriety in calling upon church officers in their official capacity, to let politics alone; but, so long as politics presumes to encroach on the hallowed precints of religion, so long as politicians arrogate to themselves the right to make invidious distinctions of the Christian Church—to set up a dominant party or parties—to lavish the property of the country in pampering the pride, and it may be the idleness and vice, of these, whilst a brand of inferiority and degradation is offered to all others—and so long as the funds thus perverted are known to be employed by the favored few, in attempting to perpetuate this iniquitous monopoly—so long he will hold it to be the bounden duty of every faithful minister of righteousness to raise his voice, and use all legitimate means to abolish for ever such bare-faced injustice. It appeared to him that the resolution refers to the great, almost the only, ground of political difference in this country. Settle the Clergy Reserves and Rectories questions, and you at once bring together Whigs and Tories. Take away this bone of contention and you hear no more of Conservatism.—all will agree on Reform principles. Man's natural love of liberty will always prompt him to adopt measures for its security; but, if facilities are continued for men to have the name and forms of religion, without the expense of its support, hypocritical selfishness will still sacrifice the liberty of others at its own ungodly shrine. Real religion will not be thus promoted—for real religion never requires fraud and oppression for its promotion. Its adherents cheerfully contribute towards its maintainance as a privilege, the blessed relex influence of which they have invariably experienced in habits of liberality, and due appreciation of Gospel truth and Christian ordinances; whilst those whose religion costs them nothing, generally value it like every other commodity, at its price; he would therefore utterly reprobate any legislation which steps in between our church members, and a sacred duty and high privileges; it is based on unphilosophical principles,—on ignorance of the constitution of the human mind; and which he acknowledged, the unchristian spirit of many members of churches thus supported, he maintained that to put a church into a position that requires no liberality from its members, is to deprive them of one great means of grace. The proof of this principle is readily seen in the comparitive piety of the various churches throughout the world.—We are met then, to deliberate as to a suitable person to represent our views before the Legislature of this country relative to the important questions. Two candidates are expected to solicit our suffrages in a short time: one (Mr. Cayley) has already for several years, stood in the