

plete, and each piece :- a trophy which has cost the enemy dear. Mussulman enthusiasm surrounds him with a religious aspect; but he, with an elevated and tolerant spirit, leaves to all his soldiers, as well as the population under his authority, the free and full exercise of their worship. Liberty in this respect contrasts so advantageously for him with the religious despotism of the Russian Government, that it has gained the sympathies of the Christians persecuted by the official church of the Emperor."

MORAL HEROISM OF SONS.

It was harvest time. There was a deformed farmer in — Division who could not procure hands to harvest his grain without furnishing liquor. All his neighbours and former friends refused to help him because he was a Son, and would not employ whiskey in his fields. Their own harvests were going bravely on with good cheer, and they laughed and made themselves merry, at the expense of the poor 'Son,' toiling alone in his large and waving fields. Once he was a 'hail fellow well met,' and could idle away his hours, and his fields were neglected, his prospects for comfort were put in peril; and his family, and all that was sacred to his heart were suspended upon a pause over the gulf of perdition by intemperance. By the well timed, and well directed effort of the Sons, he was brought to consider—a moment's reflection unmasked the demon destroyer in all its fearfulness, just ready to devour him.

With temperance firmly established in the heart as a principle of action, there was created cheerfulness of spirit, a quiet and agreeable habit, that carried itself to the domestic circle, and rendered itself peaceful, happy, and prosperous. No wonder that the fields rejoiced to return from their fruitful bosoms a rich reward to the renewed industry and watchful care of their regenerate lord. But, alas! harvest with her golden treasures, her laden fields—the end and object of all his toil and care, came with its stern demands! The fields must be reaped! Interest, duty, and necessity all clamoured—they must be reaped! "But who shall reap them?" he asks, while he stands alone before his attentive wife and dependent babes. They ponder the question and answer "who?" His neighbors stand ready on one condition, to enter the fields and gather the harvest quickly home. That condition is—*re must have rum!* Here principle and policy stand up and look each other full in the face.

Principle triumphed gloriously in the heart of the Son! He cast his eye to the motto on the banner, and read with renewed delight, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," and felt his heart grow strong in faith and hope at that moment.

With a glad heart our hero entered the field alone!—alone he threw the cradle with its circling sweep into his winned field, and laid at his feet the long swath of mown grain. At every sweep of the cradle, amidst the jeers and scoffs of his merry dram-loving neighbours, his heart grew with the sentiment that if I am to loose a part, God will give me comfort with what my own arm will save. Yea, it is because I have acted on principle, that these rich fields wave in plenty before me, and God forbid that this should be the occasion of my fall or offence! I will do my duty and leave the rest with God.

Thus alone, laboring and musing, the toilsome but patient hours wore away. Saturday evening drew on, and our honest and unflinching Son had left his field to seek repose in the peaceful circle of his thrice blessed family, where, with peaceful heart, quiet conscience, and wearied limbs, he gave himself to the embrace of nature's sweet restorer.

His Division was some miles distant. His brethren, however, had heard of the floods that were lifted up against him, seeking to overwhelm him, and forthwith called a meeting. They met in secret, and secretly banded together to arm themselves for, and to go to the field of action in a body, and work their way through!

It was night and the moon shone calmly and brightly upon the scene. Our heroic Sons sallied forth, and arming themselves with cradles, hooks and rakes, they moved in an unbroken column towards the silent field. At every step the bounding heart filled with glee and joy, all joined in singing their favorite chorus—

"Pledge brothers, pledge, should e'er affliction crave,
We'll fly to succour and to save."

On they went, and soon arrived at the unrecaped field. There it lay in silent loneliness, with a slight impression made on one border by the "lone Son." They stealthily slipped into the enclosure, stole a march upon the unsuspecting hour, and one after another led off—slaying each a broad swath, followed by rakers and binders. The action thus began was cheerily kept up until there was not a standing spire of grain in the field. The next duty was to gather up the well banded sheaves and arrange them in neatly formed handstacks, setting upon each a crown. This accomplished nothing remained but to make a quiet and secret retreat to their respective homes, bearing off each their successful scythes, sickles and rakes, and be found in bed before the sacred Sabbath should arrive.

But for the trickish thought of the signal and bloodless victory that had been so silently won—the great surprise of the lone Son, when he should awake and find all his grain in shocks—the chagrin, shame and mortifications of those whiskey-loving neighbors, who could witness triumphs of virtue and principle over them in spite of whisky, jeers, or scoffs, but for those busy thoughts, we say, our noble boys would have fallen into a refreshing sleep after their nightly toil. But the inspiring energy of Love to the brethren, Purity of purpose, and Fidelity to the cause of virtue, had filled their hearts to overflowing. Over such a feast the heart must tarry and regale itself to the full! It is truly a luxury to relieve oppressed virtue, and administer to the protection and support of the man of principle and integrity. On these dainties the Sons of Temperance feast upon ladden innana.

The night passed off in quietness, and the light of the Sabbath morn had again made visible the unsurpassed beauties of those prairies and woodlands, now in a state of cultivation, along the borders of the beautiful Wabash. Never did the sun look down upon richer fields of grain than adorn this Egypt of the West. The man of toil and of principle arose from his couch with the cherished anticipation of a sweet day of rest—rest to the wearied limbs and anxious but unbending mind. He walked forth upon the porcho to catch the morning breeze, and cast his eye o'er the shocks and fields, as he was wont to do, to see if all was right. His eye lit upon his reaped field! He started as if he had lost his reckoning, and it was some other field. "But no, that's my field certainly!" But these shocks—what! how can this be? Amazement over came him—he paused. "Wife," he cried

"come here, do you see that field, reaped, bound and shocked—the whole of it? Do you see my children? Tell me who harvested this grain so neatly—who, wife?—children who came in the night and cut my grain, and put it up for me so handsomely into shocks?" All stood in speechless wonder for a moment, when he exclaimed: "The Sons—THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE have done it! God bless the Sons of Temperance," he exclaimed. Each heart responded—"God bless them," while tears of gratitude stood in the eye of every member of the family circle.—*Kentucky Era.*

A NEAPOLITAN'S FIRMNESS.—The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted and was executed.

USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.—The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendor to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the region of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendor is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues; his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colour resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.—*Couch's Illustration of Instinct.*

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

DEFINITION OF DOGMATISM.—"Robert, my dear," said Jenny, with the deferential air of a scholar, "Robert, what did Mr Carraway mean when he said he had a dog—dogmatism?"

"Toops was puzzled.
"Robert, my dear," Jenny urged, "what in the world is dogmatism?"

"Now it was the weakness of Toops never to confess ignorance of anything to his wife. "A man should never do it."

"Toops had been known in a convivial season to declare, "it makes 'em conceited." Whereupon Toops prepared himself, as was his wont to make a solemn, satisfactory answer.

Taking off his hat, and smoothing the wrinkles of his brow, Toops said:

"Humph! what is dogmatism? It is this of course—dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth."

SAX SLICK'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—"Samuel, Samuel, beware of the women that reads no newspaper's! You father married a woman that read none, and you're the sad consequence! You're as ignorant as a 'orse! Ignorant people says its throwing away money to take papers, and foolin' away time to read 'em!"

A correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* says he saw a cockney the other day, who after dilating on the superiority of English over American poultry, said that he was "astonished at the hexem-pifications of ignorance displayed by the Hamerican people in raising of 'ens."

A SEEKER AFTER SHORT.—A "gint" of a mind romantic, went forth and stopped beneath the window of a mansion in the South, where lives a fair and queenly dame. There, with pulsive finger, did he touch his instrument, which echoed to his lay of love, and in music's voice of silver sweetness did answer make to his passion's plaint. Thus he sang—

"Ah! tell me wherets fancy bred?"

And no further did he sing; for a demure of the sex feminine, and of Afric's line and lineage, did the window open and thus addressed the minstrel.—

"Look heah, you dar b'low! we's hed two monkeya, two organs, tree tamborinens, and a triangle oeth to-day, young missus tink we had quite nuff! If you want to know where they sell fancy breed, guess if you go to Massa Nichols, corner of Camp and Natchez Street, you find it dar in any quantity. Who! Go away white man!"

On the whole, we think we rather admire the coolness of the man, who, upon finding it necessary to "post" his wife for sundry violations of conjugal uprightness, did so by putting written notices of caution not to harbor or trust, &c., upon the walls of his sleeping apartment, and who, upon being reminded that it would be necessary to have them posted in some public place, replied that he had put them in the most public place he knew of.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]
MYRA THE FAIR.

BY MRS. C. PUNN.

Be not so proud 'cause nature gave
Myra, to thee a hand-some face;
Look not so high, 'cause in thy form,
Is centred every quently grace.

Knowest thou not that beauty fades,
That all that's fair and now so sweet,
Will blasted be by the fading tomb,
Or withered by time so fleet.

Love no more such charms as fade,
But treasures seek that are less light,
And oh! believe me Myra fair,
Thy treasure then will know no blight.

Oh! wake thy heart the fairer gem,
And in a priceless casket prize,
Then praise with truth will be bestowed,
Praise pure as incense will arise.

LADIES' TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—On Monday evening, the Ladies' Association for the suppression of intemperance held their anniversary meeting in the Temperance Hall, Nelson street, when about 250 persons took tea together. William Nesham, Esq. occupied the chair, by whom, and by the Revs. Messrs. Phillip, Riddell, and M'Allum, and Messrs E. Ridley, J. Benson, and G. Charlton, addresses, bearing on the temperance question, were delivered. Mr G. Whitehead, the indefatigable agent of the association, read a report. The treasurer's report, read by Mr Benson, showed a deficiency in the funds, but before the assembly broke up, a subscription was entered into to meet it. The proceedings closed, with a vote of thanks to the ladies and the chairman.—*Newcastle Guardian*, Feb. 1853.

Miss Catharine E. Beecher is reported to have offered to endow the Professorship of a Female Seminary in Dubuque, Iowa, with the sum of \$20,000. — J also to furnish books and apparatus to the amount of \$1000, provided the citizens of Dubuque will erect a building and guarantee a certain number of scholars.

In Meurs, a Prussian town near Dusseldorf, an aged Jewess, died on the 8th ult. She was born there in 1746, and had consequently reached the age of 104 years. On the first of the same month at another town called Humme, Miriam Goldstein died still older, having been born at Metz, May 11, 1745—making her nearly 105 years of age.

"FANXY" ON CURIOUS THINGS.—"What a curious trait that is in women—their exaggerated anxiety to see one who has been loved by the man in whom they themselves take an interest." Well—yes—rather curious. Great many curious things in this world. Curious your husband will insist upon knowing who gave you that little gold ring on your third finger! Curious that such an ugly brown comes over his phiz when he sees those cabalistic marks (in a masculine hand) in the margin of your favorite port. Curious you can't name your oldest boy "Firman" without telling him your confidential reasons. Curious that he makes you change your seat at a concert for fear of a draft, whenever one of your old lovers approaches. Curious you never can unlock your little writing desk without having his married eyes peeping over your shoulder. Curious he's always most gracious to the most uninteresting men who visit the house. Curious he's dead set against your riding on a horseback when everybody says you're "just the figure for it." Curious he makes his partner take all the little business trips of the firm. Curious he'saverse to your "taking the air" unless he sniffs it too. And marvellously curious, and decidedly disagreeable whenever you ask him for money, that he's always so busy reading the newspaper that he never hears you!

FANXY FERN.

There is a lady at Frostville, France, 101 years of age, who has not been out of mourning once during the last 70 years. She has successively lost her father, mother, two husbands, seven uncles, eight aunts, four brothers, five sisters, six brothers-in-law, three sisters-in-law, three sons, four daughters, and thirty-two grand children. Spite of these continued afflictions she is in the full enjoyment of all her faculties. She has but one relative left—a grand-daughter aged 72. The old lady lives with great economy; giving as a reason that she must lay something by for a rainy day; she may get old.

On Saturday, 19th ult., a meeting of the originators of the "Women of England's address on Slavery to the Women of America," was held at Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland presiding, and about forty ladies were present. A report was read, stating that the number of signatures to the address is 362,848, including some few from Paris, Jerusalem, and elsewhere, and that Mrs Stowe had undertaken to give it the greatest publicity in the United States. The address is illuminated on vellum, and the signatures bound in 26 folio volumes, and placed on view at the Caledonia Hotel, Adelphi, London. By a great effort a copy of Mrs. Stowe's new work—"Key to Uncle Tom"—was obtained in advance, from the London Publisher, and presented at the meeting to the Duchess of Sutherland. Some of the papers notice Mrs Stowe's Yankee keranness in publishing her new work in England, so as to turn English admiration to profitable account.