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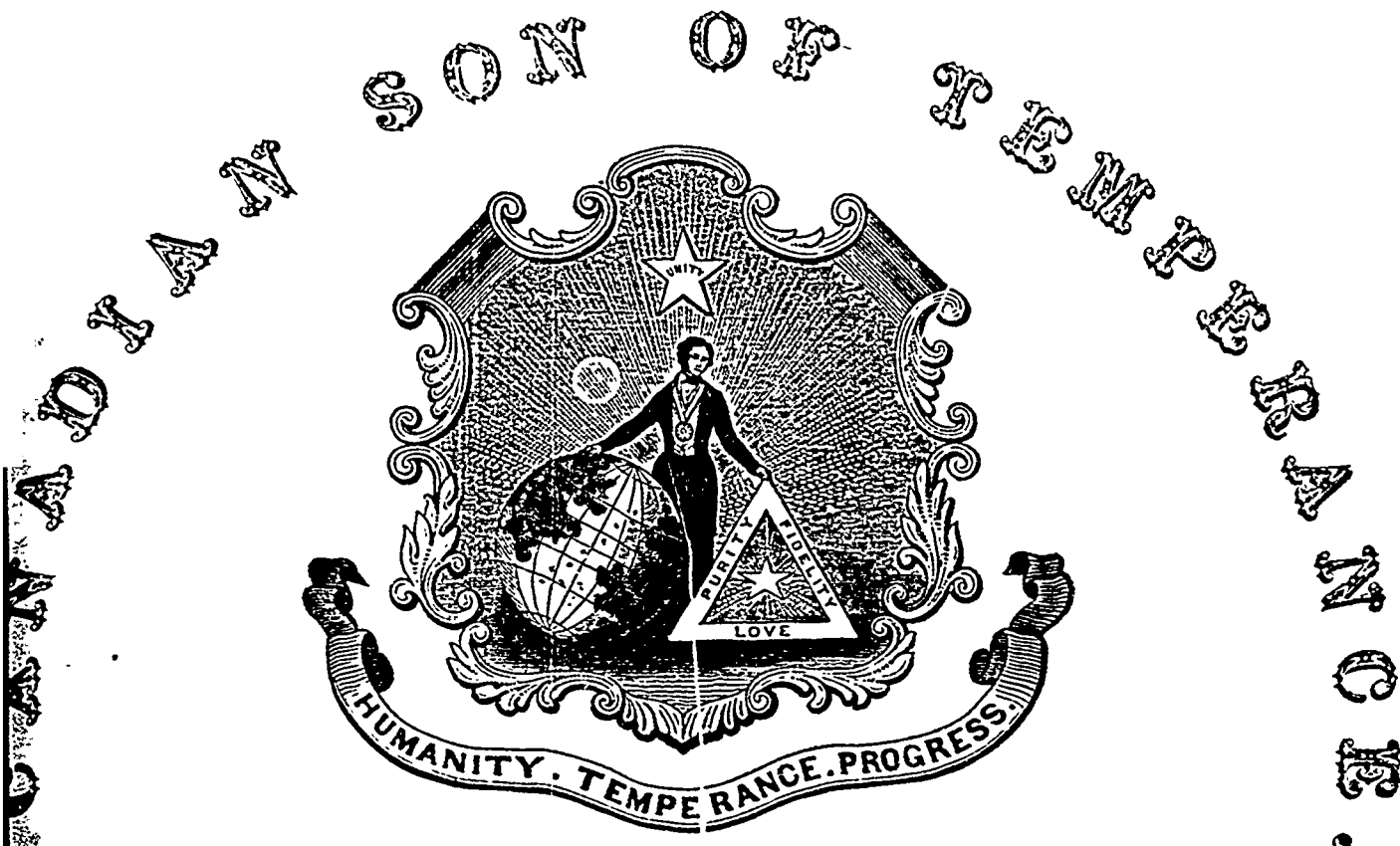
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WRITTEN ON THE ALLEGHENIES IN 1836

The broad, the bright the glorious West,  
Is spread before me now!  
Where the grey mists of morning rest  
Beneath you mountain's brow!  
The bound is just—the goal is won—  
The region of the setting sun  
'Is open to my view.  
Land of the valiant and the free—  
By own Green Mountain land—to thee  
And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,  
For what thou yet shalt be!  
I hail thee for the hopes that rest  
Upon thy destiny!  
Here, from this mountain height, I see  
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,  
Thine emerald fields outspread,  
And feel that in the look of fame  
Proudly shall thy recorded name  
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,  
All glorious as thou art,  
A cloud is resting on my brow,  
A weight upon my heart,  
To me—in all thy youthful pride—  
Thou art a land of cares untold,  
Of untold hopes and fears;  
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;  
But for the far-off land I leave,  
I look on her with tears.

Oh! brightly, brightly glow thy skies  
In summer's sunny hours!  
The green earth seems a paradise  
Arrayed in summer flowers!  
But oh, there is a land afar  
Whose skies to me are brighter far,  
Along the Atlantic shore!  
For eyes beneath their radiant shiner,  
In kinder glances answered mine—  
Can these their light restore!  
Upon the left hand I stand  
First parts the East and West;  
Score me—as a fairy land;  
Behind—a home of rest!  
Here, Hopo her wild enchantment sings,

Portraying bright and lovely things,  
My footsteps to allure—  
But there, in Memory's light, I see  
All that was once most dear to me—  
My young heart's treasure!

So sang "Viola," (Laura M. Hawley, of Vermont), sixteen years ago, standing in her young girlhood on the summit of the Alleghenies, and casting her prophetic soul forward into the region to which she was emigrating. Her words live in my memory, as do also the lineaments of her fine face; but in a quiet grave yard, near the fane of the tomb, she was laid to rest a very few years afterwards, and sleeps there "the sleep that knows no waking," except in the Heaven provided for the good and beautiful in the great hereafter—*Correspondent of the National Era.*

OLD MYRES, THE PANTHER:  
A TALE FROM REAL LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In a country, like ours, of almost boundless forests, rapidly filling up with a growing and widely-spreading population, the pioneers of the wilderness, those hardy daring spirits, who take their lives in their hands and march in advance of civilization into the wild woods, to endure privation among the wild animals, and run the hazard of wild warfare among savage tribes, form a very peculiar and interesting class. Whether it is a natural hardihood, and boldness, and love of adventure, or a desire for retirement, or a wish to be free from the restraints of civilized society, that thus leads this peculiar class of people into the wilderness, it matters not now to inquire. Probably all these motives in a greater or less degree go to make up the moving principle.

At the head of this class is the renowned Daniel Boone, whose fame will live as long as his own Kentucky shall find a place on the page of history. He was the great Napoleon among the pioneers of the wilderness. But there are others of less note, whose lives were also filled with remarkable adventures and curious and interesting accidents. Indeed, every state in the Union has had more or less of these characters, which make up the class. One of these was Old Myres, the Panther, a man of iron constitution, of great power of bone and muscle, and indomitable courage that knew no fear.

Four times, and in four different States, had Myres pitched his lonely tent in the wilderness among savage tribes, and waited for the tide of the white population

to overtake him, and four times had he "pulled up stakes" and marched still deeper into the forest, where he might enjoy more elbow-room, and exclaim with Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

And now, at the time of which we speak, he had a fifth time pitched his tent and struck his fire, on the banks of the Illinois river, in the territory which afterwards grew up to a State of the same name. Having lived so much in the wilderness, and associated so much with the aborigines, he had acquired much of their habits and mode of life, and in his new location on the Illinois river, he soon became rather a favourite among the Indian tribes around him. His skill with the rifle and the bow, his personal feats of strength and agility, were well calculated to excite their admiration and applause. He often took the lead among them in their games of sport. It was on one of these occasions that he acquired the additional name of 'the Panther.'

A party of eight or ten Indians, accompanied by Myres, had been out two or three days on a hunting excursion, and were returning laden with the spoils of the chase, consisting of various kinds of wild fowls, squirrels, raccoons and buffalo tongues. They had used up all their ammunition except a single charge, which was reserved in the rifle of the chief for any emergency, or choice game which might present itself on their way home. A river lay in their way, which could be crossed only at one point, without subjecting them to an extra journey of some ten miles round. When they arrived at this point, they came suddenly upon a large panther, which had taken possession of the pass, and like a skilful general, conscious of his strong position, seemed determined to hold it. The party retreated a little, and stood at bay for awhile, consulting what should be done.

Various methods were attempted to decoy or frighten the creature from his position, but without success. He growled defiance whenever they came in sight, as much as to say, 'if you want this stronghold, come and take it.' The animal appeared to be very powerful and very fierce. The trembling Indians hardly dared to come within sight of him, and all the reconnoitering had to be done by Myres. The majority were in favor of retreating as fast as possible, and taking the long journey of ten miles round for home, but Myres resolutely refused. He urged the chief, whose rifle was loaded, to

march up to the panther, take good aim and shoot him down, promising that the rest of the party would back him up closely with their knives and tomahawks in case of a miss fire. But the chief refused; he knew too well the nature and power of the animal. The creature, he contended, was exceedingly hard to kill. Not one shot in twenty, however well aimed, would despatch him, and if the shot failed, it was sure death to the shooter; for the infuriated animal would spring upon him in an instant, and tear him to pieces. For similar reasons every Indian in the party declined to hazard a battle with the animal in any shape.

At last Myres in a burst of anger and impatience, called them all a set of cowards, and snatching the loaded rifle from the hands of the chief, to the amazement of the whole party, marched deliberately towards the panther. The Indians kept at a cautious distance to watch the result of the fearful battle. Myres walked steadily up to within about two rods of the panther, keeping his eye fixed upon him, while the eyes of the panther flashed fire, and his heavy growl betokened at once the power of the animal. At about two rods distance, Myres levelled his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired. The shot inflicted a heavy wound, but not a fatal one; and the furious animal maddened with the pain, made but two leaps before he reached his assailant. Myres met him with the butt end of his rifle, and staggered him a little with two or three heavy blows, but the rifle broke, and the animal grappled him, apparently with full power. The Indians at once gave Myres up for dead, and only thought of making a timely retreat for themselves.

Fearful was the struggle between Myres and the panther; the animal had the best of it at first, for they soon came to the ground, and Myres was underneath, suffering under the joint operation of sharp claws and teeth, applied by the most powerful muscles. In failing, however, Myres, whose right hand was at liberty, had drawn from his belt a long knife. As soon as they came to the ground, his right arm being yet free, he made a desperate plunge at the vitals of the animal, and, as his good luck would have it, reached his heart. The loud shrieks of the panther showed that it was a death wound. He quivered convulsively, shook his victim with a spasmodic leap and plunge, then loosening his hold, fell powerless to the earth. Myres whose wounds were severe, but not mortal, rose to his feet bleeding and much exhausted, but with life and strength enough left to give a grand whoop, which conveyed the news of his victory to his trembling Indian friends.

They now came up to him with shouting and joy, and so full of admiration that they were almost ready to worship him. They dressed and bound up his wounds and were now ready to pursue their journey home without any impediment. Before crossing the river, however, Myres cut off the head of the panther, which he took home with him, and fastened it up by the memorial of a deed that excited the admiration of the Indians in all that region. From that time forth, they gave Myres a new name, and always called him 'the Panther.'

Time rolled on, and the Panther continued for years to occupy his hut in the wilderness, on the banks of the Illinois river, a general favorite among the savages, and exercising a great influence over them. At last the tide of the white population again overtook him, and he found himself once more surrounded by white neighbors. Still, however, he seemed loth to forsake the noble Illinois, on whose banks he had been so long a fixture, and he held on, forming a sort of connecting link between the white settlers and the Indians.

At length hostilities broke out, which resulted in the memorable Black Hawk war, that spread desolation and sadness through that part of the country. Parties of Indians committed the most wanton and cruel depredations, upon the white settlers in every direction, often murdering old friends and companions, with whom they had long held a friendly intercourse. The white settlers, for some distance round, flocked to the cabin of the Panther for protection. His cabin was transformed into a sort of garrison, and was filled by more than a hundred men, women, and children, who rested almost their only hope of safety on the prowess of the Panther and his great influence over the savages.

At this time a party of about nine hundred of the Iroquois tribe, were encamped on the banks of the Illinois, about a mile from the garrison of Myres and nearly opposite the present town of La Salle. One day news was brought to the camp of Myres, that his brother-in-law

and wife, and then three little children, had been cruelly murdered by some of these Indians. The Panther heard it in silence. The eyes of the people were upon him to see what he would do. Presently they beheld him with a deliberate and determined air putting himself in battle array. He girded on his tomahawk and scalping knife, and shouldered his loaded rifle, and at open mid-day silently and alone bent his steps towards the Indian encampment. With a fearless and firm tread he marched directly into the midst of their assembly, levelled his rifle at the head of the principal chief present, and shot him on the spot. He then deliberately severed the head from the trunk, and holding it up by the hair before the awe-struck multitude, he exclaimed: 'you have murdered my brother-in-law, his wife and their little ones; and now I have killed your chief. I am now even with you. But now mind; every one of you that is found here tomorrow morning, at sun-rise is a dead Indian.'

All this was accomplished without the least molestation from the amazed savages. These people are accustomed to regard any sudden and remarkable deed of daring as the result of the supernatural agency, and doubtless so considered the present incident. Believing their chief had fallen a victim to some unseen power, they were stupefied with terror, and looked on without any thought of resistance. Myres bore off the head in triumph to his cabin, where he was welcomed by his anxious friends almost as one returning from the dead. Next morning not one Indian was to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Their camp was deserted, and they had left forever their ancient homes, and their dead, and that part of the State was not molested by them afterward.

The last account we have of old Myres, the Panther, was in the year 1835. The old man was at that time eighty years of age; but his form was still erect and his step was firm, his eye was not dim, nor his force abated. Up to that time he had remained on the banks of his favorite Illinois. But now the old veteran pioneer grew discontented. The State was rapidly filling up with inhabitants, the forms and restraints of civilization pressed upon him and discommodated him. The wilderness and the freshness of the country were destroyed. He looked abroad from his old familiar hills, and he saw that in every direction the march of civilization had broken in upon the repose of the old forests, and his heart again yearned,

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression or deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach him more."

The old man began to talk of selling out, and once more pulling up stakes to be off.

"What!" said a neighbor, "you are not a-going to leave us, Father Myres, and take yourself to the woods again in your old age?"

"Yes," said Myres; "I can't stand this eternal bustle of the world around me, I must be off into the woods where it is quiet, and as soon as I can sell out my improvements I shall make tracks."

The venerable squatter had no fee in the land he occupied, but the improvements on it were his own, and it was not long before a gentleman appeared who offered him a fair equivalent for these, with right to purchase the soil. The bargain was completed, and the Panther began to prepare for his departure.

"Where are you going father Myres?" said the neighbors.

"Well, I reckon said the old Panther, I shall go away off somewhere to the further side of Missouri; I understand the people haint got there yet, and there's a plenty of woods there."

He proceeded to array himself for his journey. He put on the same hunting shirt which he wore when he killed the Indian chief. He loaded his rifle, and girded on his tomahawk and scalping knife; and having filled his knapsack with such articles as he chose to carry with him, he buckled it upon his shoulders, and giving a farewell glance around the cabin, he sallied forth and took the western road for Missouri. When he had reached a little eminence some rods distant, he was observed to hesitate, and to stop and look back. Presently he returned slowly to the cabin.

"Have you forgot anything, Father Myres?" said the new occupant.

"I believe," said the old man, "I must take the head of the Panther along with me, if you have no objection."

The old man took down the dried up remains of the

panther's head from the wall where it had hung many years, and fastened it to his knapsack. Then, taking one more last, lingering look at the premises, turned to the occupant and asked if he was willing should give his "last yell," before he started on a journey.

"Certainly father Myres," said the gentleman; wish you to exercise the utmost freedom in all your matters before you leave."

At that the old Panther gave a long, loud and deep whoop, that rang through the welkin, and was echoed by forests and hills for miles around.

"There," said the old man "now my blessing on the land, and on you. Your ground will always be an abundance, and you will always prosper."

Then old Myres, the Panther, turned his face to the westward and took up his solitary march for the vast wilderness.

[ORIGINAL.]

### MAN MAY BE POOR!

Man may be poor! is that a sin?  
The coat between do I wear,  
May hide a cancer'd heart within,  
Or be the dress of woe and pain,  
There is not one of all our race,  
Who willingly would show it,  
Yet I AKAH! IS NO DEGRACE,  
If I can truly see that I am!

The linen gown may clothe a form,  
Of fair and living splendour;  
The peasant's brow with labor warm,  
May own a bosom tender  
'Tis not the language, nor the dress,  
The carriage, nor the feature—  
That makes a man, the more, or less—  
A noble minded creature!

The coronet may make a lord,  
The squire's gown, the lady—  
The prince may make a better knight,  
And braved just as ready;  
The judge's wig betrays the plan,  
Whence by thy gaiter's knowledge  
But if you want a noble man,  
Just go to NATURE'S COLLEGE!

You'll find him there, a stalwart lord,  
Perhaps with men unparaly;  
Unversed, indeed in bell or roud,  
His manners tell you plainly,  
But he has learn'd to walk upright,  
Like one who tears his Maker,  
His conscience hark is trim and tight,  
And tears no show—'maker!

Untaught to walk in hidden ways,  
You need not fear deception;  
But trust the truth of what he says,  
Nor are of a "cool retreat" in  
Was honest heart, and open hand,  
And nature for his motto!  
He makes a true man's noble friend!  
And greets you as a brother!

'Mid weal, or woe—in joy, or pain—  
In bright, or cloudy weather—  
If his affliction once you gain,  
You'll sink or swim together!  
He'll share the blessing: keep the curse!  
Go out for you, his pleasure!  
His strength of arm and length of purse,  
OLD TIME, ALONE CAN MEASURE!

FREDERICK WRIGHT

PENSCVILLE, C. West, 1852.

**IMPORTANT FACT.**—The cholera has severely scourged the city of Rochester during the past season, more than at any previous visitation. Hundreds of poor fell victims to the fell destroyer, and were hurried away with little time to make preparation for the concerns of eternity. Yet, is it not a pleasing fact, related by the *Rochester Temperance Journal*, notwithstanding the virulence of the disease, and a large number who were its victims, not one person connected with the different temperance organizations of the City, died of cholera. Is this not a significant fact?

**YANKEE ENTERPRISE IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The schooner *Lamarine*, which cleared at this port yesterday for Cumana Venezuela a party of adventurers go out, furnished with a complement of machinery, the purpose of raising treasure from the wreck of a Spanish vessel *San Pedro*, which was lost off Venezuela more than a century ago. It is supposed that the vessel had about \$3,000,000 on board, which was seized by the Home Government to pay off troops in its dominions in the New World.

[ ORIGINAL ]  
SHE HAS GONE

BY SYLVICOLA.

O she was like the simple flower,  
That blooms within some tranquil glade,  
Congenial to the morning hour,  
Or evening's balmy shade

Her's was the mild, the soft, dark eye,  
The sinless, sweet, and steadfast gaze,  
The lips that parted but to sigh,  
Or smile that she might please.

The pale, pale cheek—the silver tone,  
Soft as the breathing of the lyre,  
Yet in her dark eye's sustenance shone  
The spirit's changing fire.

Some burning thought to life would spring,  
And then her cheek awhile was flush'd,  
Her eye spoke the amazing  
Which from the soil had gush'd.

O she was fair! I thought her brow  
Had all the light that earth could own,  
E'en a memory bears her image now  
Unfaded and alone

O she was fair! An angel form,  
In which an angel soul was shined,  
That e'en a word, a glance, could charm  
The most ungentle mind.

She lov'd' but ah! the mystic flame  
Was all her own—the light her doom;  
And the that now records her fame,  
Has wept upon her tomb.

C. S.

It has been said that it is necessary to use spirits in warm climates. The Asiatic laws, Mahomet, Moses and Lycurgus, thought otherwise; and below we have an unpretending, but a soldier, proving the inutility of the usage.

## EAST INDIES.—THE VOICE OF A SOLDIER ON INTEMPERANCE.

The Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

RESPECTED SIR AND BROTHER,—In these days of temperance reform I believe it is the duty of every man to lend a hand to overthrow the arch-enemy of freedom, and hurl the tyrant alcohol from his throne; and pledge to the fulcrum, sonship the moving force, and it will be done. Every man has some talents bestowed on him for good and wise purposes; and neglect to use them we are told, they shall be taken away. Some have five, others three, and some one. Now, as I am one of those who have talents, there cannot be much expected of me.—I do not "bury it in a rapkin," but send it to you, Editor, to do with it as you like, believing that your practical knowledge of the drinking habit of society is worth a pound of theory. I do not expect to remedy on a large scale the evil that I see my brethren of the Order deplore, but if I can do a little help to our glorious cause, and stir up zeal to individual and practical reform, it will be worth the effort.

We have observed of late that the rumocracy have been ampering with some of our brave and gallant officers at Kingston. Having been in Her Majesty's service for some time, and served in Europe, Asia, Africa, I think I ought to know something about the drinking customs of the army, and should this be the eye of any of my old comrades, I sincerely trust it will cause them to make a hasty retreat from the path they are pursuing by forced marches to the cells and triangle, cause them to halt and return to the right-about, step off in double file, and form a rallying square around the triangle of temperance. There is a difference between the two triangles. The upright triangle is the place of punishment and disgrace; the drunkard is sure to be made acquainted with it if he persists in his soul-destroying habits; once brought there, his chance of success in getting out is doubtful; he is doomed to SEXTRY-GO and a day after. The Temperance Triangle is the highway to happiness, respectability, and peace; and if he is a true Son, and carries out

the principles our Order inculcates, by having sweet communion with his fellow man, he is better prepared to hold sweet communion with his God. Mr. Editor, I have resided in the EAST INDIES for the space of fifteen years, on services in CEYLON and MADRAS; was at the conquest of the BURMAN EMPIRE, under Sir Archibald Campbell, and accompanied him to take possession of the ceded provinces of Tenasseive. I have therefore seen and felt the practical working of DRINKING ARDENT SPIRITS. I will take a retrospective view of some of my early years. In 1822 I went to the Isle of CEYLON, landed at COLOMBO, and marched to KANDY; previous to my embarkation I never drank six glasses of ardent spirits in my life; when on board of ship we were served out with a ration of two drams of rum per diem; at first it was disagreeable to us youth, and we were THREATENED WITH PUNISHMENT if we did NOT DRINK our allowance!! Mr. Editor, we were apt scholars—it is astonishing how quickly we learnt our duty in this respect—it was not long before any of us would admit double allowance, if we could get it!!! I have often, with others, been aroused out of my bed at 4 o'clock in the morning, and made to drink my morning dram, "AGREEABLE TO GENERAL ORDERS," it being the opinion then, (1822) that it was absolutely necessary to use spirits to counteract the effects of the climate on the European constitution. We thus soon obtained an appetite for ardent spirits, which could not be controlled; and through this baneful practice, I AVER MORE LIVES ARE LOST, and MORE DISEASE IS CONTRACTED by the soldier serving in India than from any other cause. The climate is not always the cause of sickness and death among our troops, I must say it is in a great measure to be attributed to hard drinking; and as far as my experience has taught me, by living a regular life, whatever climate a man is called upon to serve in, his health is in his own keeping in a measure. If we transgress the organic laws of nature, we are sure to pay the penalty sooner or later. I have been blest with a good constitution—never was sick, I have had a share of the vicissitudes of life, and have been a Son two years, and at this moment feel as strong and as well as ever I did, and can fearlessly contradict the assertion that "COLD WATER DRINKERS are a puny effeminate class of men; and if they persist in their practices they will cause our species to degenerate." Mr. Editor, those individuals have a perfect right to have their opinions, but I will not permit them to impose on me such sentiments, being in my own person a contradiction to it, for I am neither puny or effeminate; judge when I tell you that I am 50 years of age, and weigh over 200 lbs., and can show as healthy a front-piece as any man, thanks to God for it!

When in the service, I often thought it hard that government taught us to drink, and served the liquor out to us as a part of our ration, thus, not only creating the appetite, but pandering to it, by opening canteens in our barracks, where liquor could be got at all hours, day or night, either "under thumb or over the thumb"—entries and general orders to the contrary notwithstanding. So you see the poor soldier has the power of making himself a drunkard, and he braves the chances of his being WELL FLOGGED, according to court-martial-law. Should not this go hand in hand with the licence system of Canada? I must relate to you. Mr. Editor, an instance of drinking, and its effects, of which I was an eye witness. When I was at Madras, laying in FORT ARNEE, we received the route for Hyderabad; the night previous to our marching was spent in excessive drinking; when the bugle sounded at 2 o'clock, a.m., to advance, I believe I can with safety say, out of 600 men, there were not 100 but had a touch more or less of the demon, and what were the consequences? The men marched 16 miles that day, suffering from the carouge and thirst, DRINKING ANYTHING IN THE SHAPE OF A LIQUID, without reference to its fitness. The men were in a bad state to commence an arduous march of upwards of 700 MILES. However, before we could get clear of

the chain of mountains of which the Doctor's Nova forms a part, the cholera made its appearance, and swept off over 200 men, women, and children, in less than fifteen days, at Madras, was remarked at the time, that those ADDICTED TO HARD DRINKING were sure to fall under the attack. I will do the officers justice in this case, for they used every exertion in their power to prevent the men from drinking, but that was no use. I never was so situated whilst in the service but what I could get liquor if I had money. DYSENTERIES in their worst forms follow the practice of excessive drinking in the East! In 1833 the MEDICAL DEPARTMENT held a consultation on this subject; they had proved by experience, that they could cure five mad men easier than one case of dysentery. What was the consequence of this decision? Why there was a greater quantity of OPIUM put into the liquor drunk by the soldiers. What effect did this have upon those who used this VILE COMPOUND to excess? It caused them to be bereft of their reason, shooting their officers, non-commissioned officers, and each other! During my time in the service, I knew of twelve bright, clever, gallant young men who forfeited their lives to the offended laws of their country, and in every one of those cases the sole cause was the too free use of alcoholic drinks; and how many have I seen expire with the DELIRIUM TREMENS, cursing the God that made them! Oh, my fellow man, will not a day of retribution come if the maddening bowl is not driven from our land! Is it not our duty to erect in every locality an ARK OF REFUGE as a dwelling for the Angel of Mercy, who is willing to deliver her message of love to the members of the human family? The illustrious Order of the Sons of Temperance is THE ANGEL—BE INITIATED IS THE MESSAGE.

THOMAS LUFFE.

Smithville Division, Lincoln.

(To be continued.)

OUR COUNTRY.—In 1792 the corner stone of the present Capital at Washington was laid. At that time Gen. Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Fifty eight years afterwards, viz., on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty one. Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty three. Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has over 137,000. Philadelphia had 43,000, now it has 400,000. New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000. Then our imports were \$21,000,000, now they are \$178,000,000. Then our exports were \$26,000,000, now they are \$151,000,000. The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles it is now 3,300,000. Then we had no railroad, now we have 8,500 miles of railroads. Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,500. Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is 5,000,000. These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.

A noble sentiment—American Paper.

OUR WONDERFUL SOCIETY IN AUSTRALIA.—The singular spectacle is now presented in Australia, says a late writer, in one locality, of 50,000 persons by universal consent, abstaining from labor on Sunday, besides rigorously excluding ardent spirits as an article of traffic within the mining grounds. We do not believe the world ever before produced so gratifying a state of society from such material, so instantaneously done. This wonder is not second to the gold discovery. It stands forth to-day the greatest miracle of the age.

EGGS—EXTRAORDINARY.—Over thirty tons of eggs were brought into Sandusky, last week, on the Sandusky Mansfield and Newark railroad. The Register learns that they are all from one point, viz., Mansfield.



## Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)  
CANZONETT TO L—

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Dearest why so soon away—  
Tarry longer still, I pray;  
Tarry till the sun be set,  
And I'll sing my canzonett  
Feel how mild the zephyr blows,  
Laden from the balmy rose,  
Sweeping o'er the hawthorn's bows,  
Now with dours fans our brows.

List, dearest, list—oh hear,  
My canzonett shall be,  
Whilst thou art list'ning near,  
To love, and there

Yonder comes the silver moon,  
Milder than the blaze of noon,  
See around her pathway hung,  
Pearls on heaven's bosom flung;  
Oh the scene is rich and bright,  
O'er the pallid breast of night,  
Glorious though it seems to be,  
Richer far when viewed with thee.

Then dearest, list—oh hear, &c.

Pillow'd on thy gentle breast,  
Let my heart a moment rest;  
Only, dearest, only there,  
Can I soothe the heart from care.  
Let thy anburn ringlets fall  
O'er my brow, a silken pall,  
And thy voice I love so well  
With my harp its breathings swell.

List, dearest, &c.

Let me on thy features gaze,  
While thy balmy breathing plays,  
Halo sweet my brow above,  
Gushing from the fount of love,  
Let me breathe it with my own,  
Till I feel thou'rt mine alone,  
From thy lips one nectar kiss  
Give me—woman's pledge of bliss.

Give, dearest, give—and here.

See the evening glories fade,  
Twilight now invests the shade,  
Beauty round the glowing west  
Folds her softest, brightest vest,  
Behn sits her couch above,  
Surely 'tis the hour of love:  
Haleyon hours like these are rare  
With the richest sweets of life.

List, dearest, list—oh hear.

Tarry, dearest, tarry still,  
Till my cup of pleasure fill,  
Till thy beauty, ere we part,  
Graves its likeness on my heart;  
Till thy love declares its goal  
Link'd forever to my soul:  
By thy side I'm kneeling yet,  
Till I sing my canzonett.

Then dearest, list—oh hear.

TRISTAN C. S.

The lady's hand that is unfamiliar with the needle in its most humble task, ill becomes the pen which should persuade females to become useful, kind and only great as they are good.—Mrs. Ellis.

## A WHISPER TO GENTLEMEN.

BY FANNY FERNS.

Jupiter Ammon 'don't I wish I was a man, just to show the masculines how to play their part a little better' In the first place, there ain't a mother's son of you that has got as far as A B C in the art of making love, (and I've seen a few abortions in that way myself, as well as the rest of the sisters) What woman wants to be told that "her feet and hands are pretty," or "her smile and form bewitching?" Just as if she didn't know all her fine points as soon as she is tall enough to peep into a looking glass!

No, you ineffable donkey, if you must use the small coin of flattery to pay toll at the bridge of her affections, let me whisper a secret into your long ears. Compliment her upon some mental attraction she does not possess (if you can find one) and don't wear the knees of your pet pants threadbare at her feet, trying to make her believe she is your first love. We all know that is among the things that were, after you were out of your jacket and trowsers. What a splendid husband I (Fanny) would make to be sure! had Providence only ordained it! Do you suppose when the mother of my glorious boys wanted a sixpence to buy their shoe-strings I'd scowl at her like a hyena, and pull my portemonnair out of my pocket as if I was drawing a tooth? Do you suppose when her blue eyes grew lustreless, and the rose paled on her fair cheek, trotting round the domestic treadmill day after day, that I'd come home at night sulky and silent, and smoke my cigar in her face till her eyes were as red as a rabbit's? Or take myself off to a club or a game at ninepins, or any other game, and leave her to the exhilarating relaxation of darning my old stockings?

Do you suppose I'd trot along like a loose pony, at her side in the street, and leave her to keep up with me or not as her strength will permit? Do you suppose I'd fly into a passion, and utter words to crush the life from out her young heart, and then insult her by offering a healing plaster in the shape of a new bonnet? And don't you suppose, when the anniversary of our wedding day came round, I'd write a dainty little note and leave it on her toilet table, to let her know I was still a married lover? Pshaw, I'm sick of you all! You don't deserve the love of a generous, high souled woman! If you want a housekeeper, hire one and be done with it. If you want a wife—but you don't.

One woman will answer as well as another, to sew on buttons, and straps, and strings, and make your puddings, and—so on and so forth.

Do you suppose we have cultivated our minds, and improved the bright and glorious gift of intellect, to the best of our capacity, to minister only to your physical wants? Not a bit of it! When that's over, we want something rational. Do you ever think of that, you selfish wretch! when you sit with your feet upon the mantelpiece, reading the newspaper all to yourself, or sit from tea time till ten o'clock, staring the fishes in the grate out of countenance!

Lord Harry, if I had such a block of a husband, I'd scare up the ghost of a lover somewhere, if there is any wit in woman.

**FEMALE EQUESTRIAN**—The custom of females sitting sideways upon their horses when riding is not universal, though adopted by most civilized nations. In Wales, in the remote provinces of France, in Spain and other countries, the women ride like men. The manner of riding sideways, was introduced into England by Ann of Luxembourg, consort to Richard II. whose example has caused it to be adopted as the most becoming manner of riding for women.—From History.

Bayard Taylor, in his letters from the Nile, confirms the story of men with tails being found in Africa. He says the women are in all respects human, "but the men have faces like dogs, claws to their feet, and tails like monkeys." Dr. Werne, a German traveller, gives the same account of them.

Mrs. Prigg married her second husband, not because she admired the sex, but "because he was of the size of her first protector, and would come so handy to wear his old clothes out." Considerate woman, that.

The cause of Ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, has been universally attributed to the friction which is produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with more gallantry, and perhaps with equal truth, that it is owing to the sweetness of their lips, as it is admitted that sweet things spoil the teeth.

'May I ask what was your maiden name, Mrs. Simmers?'

'My maiden name! I'd have ye know I never had any. Why, I was married at fifteen. Good gracious, do you spose I was born an old maid?'

PRIVATE PRESS—A lady remarked to a Printer the other day, that although he might print a kiss, he was never publish it.

**THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE BILL BEFORE THE HOUSE.**—A Committee was appointed to report on the "Prohibitory Liquor Law," now before Parliament, consisting of Messrs. Patrick, Wright, White, Sanborn and others. They have been for two months past busily engaged in obtaining information, examining witnesses, &c. in order to make a full report to the House, of the necessity of the law. The report was not ready on the adjournment of the House, but will be in February or March when the House shall resume its business. On this report coming in the bill now before the House will either be read a second time or rejected entirely. The probabilities are that it will not pass, although it may with amendments. As yet we have not seen the Bill, and know not its provisions. We applied to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron for a copy but it seems he has not been able to furnish one. The Bill we presume is similar to the law of Maine. Any Divisions or Temperance Committees who have not yet sent in their petitions, can yet do so. All who can furnish the Committee with any important facts, might do so on their meeting again in Quebec on the 14th February. It would be well for addresses or Deputations to be got up in the different counties and sent to the members, and meetings might be called in all parts of Canada in January, at which members should be invited to attend. The opposition to the Bill will come from a section of the Lower Canada members, and from the majority of the conservative members of Upper Canada as also from a small number of the reform members. Sir Albin McNab and Messrs. McDonell and Smith of Kingston, and Murney will oppose it strongly. Mr. Hincks will probably oppose it.

**CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES**—The Madrid correspondent of the Kolnische Zeitung writes under date of Oct 3, that he knows from a sure source that the American Ambassador at that Court has lately renewed the offer of \$180,000,000 made under Mr. Pelt administration for the Island of Cuba. The Ministry, after having made the matter the subject of special deliberation, replied that Spain no longer thought of parting with the island, but would employ her utmost power to keep it. As for the attempts of the filibusters to which the Ambassador had alluded in making his proposal, he no longer feared them, but was ready to suppress them as they should be made. The army of the island was strong, loyal and trustworthy, and a civil officer would prove faithful to the last. The reply concluded by requesting the Ambassador not to read the proposal. The general belief at Madrid, says the writer, is that the filibustering reports are got up by the American government, in order to induce Spain to sell the island. Accordingly, this reply of the Ministry gives general satisfaction to the public of that city.

**NOTICE.**—Subscribers wanting back numbers of vol. 2, or the full volume, can obtain the same on application to the proprietor, single copies 3d. each. The full volume including all back numbers 3s. 6d. in advance. Application must be made soon.



## Youths' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

TOO OFT WE O'ER OUR TROUBLES SIGH.

Too oft we o'er our troubles sigh,  
Instead of meeting them,  
With fearless heart, and steadfast eye,  
Like bold, undaunted men!  
Who ever feebly cowers down,  
When ills and griefs betide,  
Can never wear the golden crown,  
Of independent pride!  
Look danger boldly in the face!  
And bid your griefs begone—  
They are a coward sneaking race!  
That honest battle shun!  
Should disappointment thwart your course,  
Your well laid plans prove vain!  
*Let patience be your foster nurse!  
And go to work again!*

There's nothing like assiduous care,  
A calm unruffled mind!  
How oft the spider treads the snare,  
When sever'd by the wind!  
Should grief upon thy brother's heart,  
Have laid her leaden weight;  
Remember, all must bear a part;  
While in this mortal state!  
Go succour him, if thou hast aught,  
That may his need supply—  
Let friendship cheer the pensive thought,  
And dry the moisten'd eye!  
Gold, may our fleshy wants relieve,  
But never can impart;  
Such joy, as, loving words can give,  
*Fresh from the loving heart!*

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West, 1852.

## CADET FUNDS.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

DEAR SIR,—In this age of Electricity and Steam, when the onward march of Empires steadily winds its way through the dense forests of the great west, leaps over the rocky mountains, and unfurls its banner to the breeze and chaunting wail of the western Pacific,—when societies of every hue and kind are to be found in almost every town in North America, the fountain heads of each luxuriating upon the general funds; it becomes necessary in order to maintain a unanimity of feeling among the subordinate associations, to ascertain precisely where all the percentage, on dues, fines, and initiation fees, finds a resting place. I cannot discover the philosophy of the tributary societies, continuing paying from an ill furnished treasury, and the Grand Section wallowing in the wealth constantly accumulating in their coffers. There may be some religion in that, but I cannot perceive it. The Section to which I belong has paid a large amount of money over to the Grand receiving Section, and has never been honored even with a report of the funds thus expended. Now it would be particularly gratifying to us to receive some information in respect to this, and to learn if possible what becomes of all the monies we send them; and whether some happy-going might be not feasting upon foreign fruit. Some are making money, and who is it? that's the question.

A CADET.

Norwichville Cadets, Nov. 10th, 1852.

REMARKS.—The above letter has been sent to us

for publication, and whether its remarks are warranted we do not pretend to say. Since last May the officers at the head of the Grand Section have been very responsible and well known Sons, in whom the utmost confidence ought to be reposed. Prior to that time we believe, things were not conducted so regularly. The Grand Secretary of the Cadets, Br. Nixon of Newmarket, is a gentleman fully competent to his duties, and as for the pay he receives, (about £40 we believe a year.) it can hardly compensate him for the duties he performs. If no report of receipts and expenditure of Cadet funds is laid before the Subordinate Divisions semi-annually, it is of course an omission. How this is we do not know. As a Son and citizen of a free country, we believe in all bodies, and in our Government too, fully explaining at periodical times, what they receive and what they expend in detail. We believe with care, under its present heads of departments, with discretion among subordinates, that the order of Cadets may be greatly advanced this winter. Let next May show an increase of at least 50 Sections, and a membership double the present number. But to do this a great deal depends on the boys themselves. More harm has been done to the order by the admission of unworthy boys than in any other way. Let each Section be a useful evening school, to go in at 7 and come out at 9 o'clock. Let there be less talking and more thinking, writing and order, and boys will receive a real good from the order.—[Editor Son.

THE BOY.—A writer thus describes a real boy:—"He is the spirit of mischief embodied, a perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny or tumbling heels over head. He must go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, make drum heads of the doors, turn the un pans into cymbals, take the best knives out to dig worms out for bait, and loose them, as boon companion of the sugar barrel, searching up all the pie and preserves left after supper, and eats them, goes to the apples every ten minutes, hides his old cap in order to get his best one, cuts his old boots accidentally when he wants to get a new pair, tears his clothes for fun, and for ditto tracks your carpet and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, blustering, and in all his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He does not pretend to much until he is twelve then the rage for frock coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too large to chop wood, or do other chores. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world, but from fifteen to twenty—may we be clear of the track when he is in sight; he knows more than Washington and Franklin together; in their words he knows more than he ever will know gain.

The North American Newspaper of Thursday last has made a covert attack on the Editor of this paper. The cause of his slanderous remarks no doubt is in part, our having taken the part of Mrs. Thomas in her discussion with him. We took her part simply because the Editor of that paper after having invited a discussion of a subject on her part, and after having ridiculed her arguments meanly refused to allow her to reply. Such conduct on the part of the saleable Editor of the North American was not to be wondered at. We have never had (privately) but one opinion of this overgrown school boy politician, and that was, that he is the most hireling Editor of Canada—a person who would sell his party,—swallow his own principles and words, and do the dirty work of any citizen or set of men who would pay him for it. Our original opinion (often expressed to intimate reformers; that not, we are sorry to say, been unfounded. Whilst his paper in 1850, prior to the formation of the coalition ministry was extremely ultra in its political

views and platform, the whole country knows that since it has become the alleged organ of the present government, it has been the meanest, flattest, sycophantic paper in Canada. The Editor has spent his time as a Government hanger on at Quebec, writing down all his old principles and platform. This Quebec scribbler—writing in view of Government advertisements, has taken offence at the above matter and also at one or two allusions we have made during the past fall, to his traitorous conduct towards his once friends the old reformers of Canada. The Editor pretends to be a friend of Temperance, yet not one word has he ever written from Quebec, during his sojourn there in favor of the Cause. We have never forsaken the flag of true progressive principles during a period of over 21 years in Canada. We have never ceased as a Temperance man to do our duty in private and public; and as for the professional misconduct to which he alludes—all who will turn to his paper of August and September 1850 will see that he there stated that we had been wronged by the case alluded to,—yet he now turns round on us and contradicts his statements made at that time, as he has turned his back on his once pretended ultra radicalism.

His spite arises then because we have been independent enough in speaking of the public wants of the country, to warn the people against the insidious attempt of a traitor to his principles and former professions. Now what course does this Editor take to injure this paper? He inserts a caption "Canada Temperance Advocate," "J. C. Beckett, Montreal," then goes on to laud this journal to the skies, (a task which he had never before seen the propriety of doing during a career of three years, and which was much more needed two or three years ago, when the temperance cause was comparatively weak) in order as he vindictively thinks to injure our circulation. The Advocate of which we have always spoken in a friendly way, until it without any provocation attacked this paper last January, is still, notwithstanding this difference, viewed by us in no other light than a friendly one. Well the editor of the North American, in his new friendship for the Advocate, attacks our efforts to do good in the same way—and imputes to sinister motives what our conscience tells us has been done from a desire to benefit our country morally. And thus comes from a man who formerly, when we first started this paper, hailed it as a NECESSARY PROJECT, and wished us UNBOUNDED SUCCESS. Our readers, however, will remember that at that time, he was receiving some £220 a year from us, as he is now receiving some £1000 GOVERNMENT PAY.—This sum of £220 and upwards paid by us to him for exorbitant printing, no doubt greatly aided him in upholding a then tottering but SEEMINGLY HONEST PRESS. He in his love for Temperance principles, about which, he cares as little as he does, for private friendships or political consistency, would set two Temperance Editors at difference!! What is worse than all in him is to allude to professional misconduct!! when he has in the STRONGEST LANGUAGE THAT MAN COULD USE upon several occasions asserted our INNOCENCE, and the injustice of the act of the Court in 1850. What can the public think of a man who will so stultify his own conduct and belie his former acts? What has happened since those Editorials of his written in our favor in September and October 1850? We know of only two things. The one is that he bar of Upper Canada, (of all shades of politics,) without any hesitation; and the court of Queen's Bench, too, UNANIMOUSLY restored us to our former position, tacitly acknowledging that we had been wronged. The other is that the editor of the North American, who was then CASSIUS-LIKE prowling about for a chance to betray the honest hearts of Upper Canada, for Government proreuder—has become the mere CATERER for and APOLOGIST of any dirty job that may be done—in all this, quite forgetful of the Beaty-Hunks-discussion road-job—Elevate Sacrifice—French cliquesism—Rectories, &c. &c.



## The Literary Gem.

[ ORIGINAL. ]

### THE GENTLY FLOATING MOON.

The silvery moon, night's gentle queen,  
I love to watch in the still night;  
When nature hushed, is calm serene,  
I love to muse beneath thy light.

I long for wings of angel spirit,  
To lie me from life's many ills;  
Thy sweet calming peace to inherit,  
And rest on thy valleys and hills.

Oh, so bright and so lovely, they seem,  
Like the mantle of virtue all white;  
I watch them, as 'twere in a dream,  
Whilst the soul stretches to them in flight.

To thee, the gentle maiden, makes her vow,  
Beneath thy sweet, thy love breathing beams;  
And feels in her heart, love's first purest glow,  
Whilst gazing on thee, thy star spangled gleams.

Her bright rolling eye, in rapture is turned,  
On thy face, as she vows, to be true to her swain;  
And thy soft silver light in her bosom is urned,  
In a bosom all pure, and unspotted with stain.

The Hebrew shepherd, on Judca's plains,  
The dark eyed Arab, in his desert wild;  
Bright moon, have sung to thee, their native strains,  
Their passing evening hours beguiled.

Thy gentle beams, on golden Thebes shone,  
On olden Belus, and on Nineveh;  
Their proudest pomp, their glories thou hast known,  
And thou hast watch'd them in their long decay.

Gone are the glories of the mighty dead.  
Great Rome, learned Athens, passed away;  
On their crumbling columns, thy light is shed,  
And silence reigns, where science held her sway.

Yet thou, oh moon, dost shine on night's dark brow.  
As young and bright, as in olden times;  
Thy youthful glory, no decay doth know,  
Beauteous alike, to all ages, climes.

Man's golden palaces, and his towers of stone,  
Have passed away, like the ocean waves;  
Mystery—dark mystery, hast o'er them thrown,  
The dust of ages, and forgotten graves.

Where armies walked, and kings in grandeur sat,  
The cricket sings, the scorpion hisses there;  
There the wild dog howls—and there the drowsy bat,  
With owls and wild beasts—builds its dreary lair.

Yet thou, oh moon, dost shine a work sublime,  
On Europe's empires, and on Asia's slaves;  
Yielding thy light and peace, to every clime,  
Flashing in brightness, on each ocean's waves.

God made thee bright, and made the king of day,  
Empires and palaces, are the works of man;  
The one will fall—the other, never know decay,  
Till He shall end His Universe's plan.

C. M. D.

### EARLY RISING.

Many of the greatest men that have lived have been famous for the practice of early rising, and not a few of them for entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Regularity in habits tends to health and vigor of mind—and early rising results from going to bed early. The practice begets order in mental occupation. It is gratifying to think that a man of

such bright intellect as Webster was, bears testimony to the utility of the practice of early rising. Many of the ancient philosophers were accustomed to rise early. He who wishes to have vigor and freshness of mind and health of body, should rise with the sun. The sun the grandest emblem of the beneficence of the Deity.

MR. WEBSTER ON THE MORNING.

The following beautiful letter, from the pen of Mr. Webster, was written to a friend some years ago. It will be read with much interest, not only for its intrinsic beauties, but as a purely literary production:—

RICHMOND, Va., }  
Five o'clock A.M., April 29. }

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early habits of rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high; the James river runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period "the morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning."

But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings"—a rising sun that shall scatter life, health and joy throughout the Universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new.

The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment.

We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how thus might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted

with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a duly new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyment, and new gratitude.  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

[ ORIGINAL. ]

### MIND—THE GLORIOUS MIND!

I sing of mind! the daring, and the free!  
That spans the heavens, and that ploughs the sea,  
Whose eagle glance no boundary confines—  
Nor mountains' height nor depth of gloomy mines  
Can bar its vision, or curtail its flight!  
Unforg'd the chain that can withstand its might!  
Viewless, ethereal! though thy nature be  
What can compare, mind infinite! with thee?  
To Thee we owe of all that's Good and Great;  
That can our growing nature elevate!  
All that adorns! all that beautifies!  
All that sustains our fainting energies!  
All that can stem the tyranny of force,  
All that checks the zealot in his course,  
All that can soothe the pangs of misery!  
Or kindle joy! 'tis all! we owe to Thee!  
All that we feel! and all that we may share  
Of love or hate! of hope, or bleak despair!  
All that inspires to high and noble thought!  
That science gave us! or that genius brought!  
All, that can give to manhood strength and grace!  
We owe to Thee! the glory of our race!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West, 1852.

### THE BLACKHEAD OR LITTLE FANTAIL BIRD.

This is a beautiful little bird, having very splendid plumage and colours. In its movements it is very sprightly and active, and frequently spreads its tail like a fan, which the tail resembles some, having a broad bar of brownish yellow on the middle—the rest of the tail is black—the tail is long. In the male the rest of the plumage is purple, excepting a patch of reddish yellow across the shoulders of each wing. The female in general partakes more of a greenish dun in the majority of her plumage and the yellow on the tail, and on the wings is less vivid. The breast appears to be somewhat dashed with crimson and green. This little bird is about the size of a pheebee or a little smaller. I have never seen a nest belonging to these birds, and indeed I wish I knew more about them. They visit the southern parts of Canada in the summer months, and may be seen at times in bushy thickets—blackberry and raspberry patches. The figure is exceedingly neat—the habit shly.—Written in June, 1833.

### THE CANADA RED DEER.

Mr. Souls, of East Gwillimbury, during the first week of November killed within a few days seven red deer, averaging in weight from 100 to 206 lbs. One large buck weighed 206 lbs, a rather unusual weight. The red deer is still very common in the back settlements of Canada. It is a beautiful animal, in gait, figure and speed. Its colour is a reddish grey on the upper parts of the body, neck, tail and legs. The muzzle is blackish—the belly, underparts of the thighs, tail and breast, white. The tail is from one to two feet long—bushy, and when expanded and erect in running, has a fine appearance. The hoofs are black and very sharp—so much so, that the stroke of the buck with his fore feet would kill a man or the largest dog, if not warded off. The legs of the deer, especially the fore legs are very muscular, and when the buck is wounded he turns upon his pursuer and defends himself with his fore legs. The legs are long, sinewy, and very strong. The full grown male deer stands sometimes four feet high, and his neck and antlers three feet higher. The male only has antlers which appear on the animal arriving at the age of one year. On the second year the horns put out a branch thus denoting that the age is two years,

so from year to year a new antler sprouts from the horn, until the forest buck bears upon his head two horny trees, having from a dozen to twenty branches. In open ground he can defend himself with these horns. In the bushy woods, however, they are a great hindrance to him, as well as defence as speed. These horns are shed annually, we believe in the beginning of winter, and again grow out during the spring and fore part of summer. In speed the deer exceeds all American forest animals—or the swiftest hound. They can be easily tired out by dogs or wolves. At times they run in circles, and when hard pressed take to the water. The wolf when he discovers the deer generally obtains by a peculiar call, the aid of one or more other wolves, who set out at a slow gallop pursuing, until they tire the animal down, or are led down themselves. The young of the deer are lovely little creatures, red with white spots over the body, and born in the months of April and May. They soon run with great rapidity. The deer is easily tamed, and when domesticated will eat from the hands, bread and many substances about the house. It is peculiarly fond of bread, and many a dogging have we received when a boy from them, with their fore feet, standing erect for a refusal to supply them with this loved article. When the snows are very deep in the forests, at times from three to four feet in the northern parts of Canada, the animal finds it difficult to run through the frozen crust, and may be taken by hunters on this account. The Indian pursuing the deer in deep snow, wears the famous snow shoes.

#### DUCKS AND PLOVERS—BIRDS OF CANADA

The most numerous species of birds in Canada consist of the Duck and Plover tribes. They are various in habits as in size and colour of plumage, some of them are even splendid in plumage, as for instance the male of the woodcock. We are not prepared to give an exact account of any, or to mention all the various kinds of ducks that visit the Canadian waters. So numerous are the varieties that we doubt if any naturalist has ever performed his duty correctly and fully. Some species visit us only temporarily, others rear their young during the warm seasons, and leave us in November, whilst a few remain all the winter. The same remarks, except the last, will apply to the plover species. The most common species of the duck tribe are these: The teal, male of beautiful variegated plumage, with a crest—female of brownish grey—has dusky legs and bill, white breast—breeds in Canada from June and July—builds its nest in trees near swamps and swamps. The eggs are greenish. The grey duck, a large species, male and female very similar, as large as the tame duck, which it resembles, has yellow legs, feet, and bill, breeds in Canada. The black duck of a brownish black—larger than the last—breeds in Canada—not very common. The grey and black ducks have (as most ducks have in the males) greenish wing coverlets. Blue winged teal—green headed teal—bald-headed teal, having no feathers on the head, or but a fuzzy down—larger than the two last. The spoon-billed teal, with a bill the shape of a spoon. The two first kinds of teal are very common in our waters, breeding to some extent in the fall—are excellent eating and sport to the sportsman. The two first varieties are small, perhaps twice the size of a pigeon, or woodcock, plumage mostly grey and brown, except the wing coverlets which are of a bright green and blue. Head black, especially the crown—bill dark, with a red

band over the middle. They congregate in immense flocks in September and October, then go South. The other varieties are scarcer, and larger in size. The little white duck or wigeon—the size of the teal, nearly snowy white, with a black crest. This bird is very common in Canada, congregating in large flocks—lives chiefly on fish—the first duck of the spring and the last of the fall. Some of them stop with us all winter. A flock of these snowy little birds, playing on the water and sailing together, looks very beautiful. They are very playful, uttering at times a peculiar cry. They dive very readily—and are supposed not to be very good eating. The male has a large white and black crest—general plumage of both male and female, whitish, with some black. There is another variety very similar to the last, with more black on its plumage, called the frost duck or saw-bill—believed by hunters to be a distinct species.

The Snipe—the broad bill—the pigeon tail, a duck with a long forked tail like a pigeon—about the size of a woodcock—The blue winged duck—The red headed duck, a large species.—The whistling-wing—the swan—the wild goose of a greyish black colour, rings on the neck—and the brant nearly white, the size of a goose—The shell drake is between the black and grey duck in size—colour green on the head with a tuft of long feathers, rising like a comb of the same colour in the male. Bill brownish flesh colour, nearly two inches long, of a long cylindrical form and gently curved at the top,  $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of an inch across the base—mandibles strongly denticulated; Plumage on the under parts quite white, sides of the body a beautiful tabby—back dusky, wing coverlets white and black—feet yellow—female colours less showy—The whistling-wing is in size between the teal and woodcock, and in colour very similar to the female of the woodcock, with less white on the under parts of the body—feet dusky—bill of a sky-blue colour, legs placed very far back on the body.

The Broadbill has a light plumage on its under parts, broad blue bill—black head—greyish white bands over the wing coverlets. The male differs in colour from the above—Under plumage very white, wing coverlets white and black—head green, with two white spots at the base of the bill, under part of the throat white, also above the rump. Eyes bright hazle, feet yellow—There are several other varieties that we cannot here describe—suffice it to say they are beautiful in colour and shape. We once saw a curious species of the diver duck, about the size of a teal, with sharp wedge-shape bill an inch long, very pointed, resembling that of a woodpecker. Plumage on the back and wings dark brown, breast and abdomen white—neck and throat an ochre colour. Head crowned with a tuft of reddish feathers. The tuft is an inch long, and when erect, and contrasted with its black form in the water, has a beautiful appearance—The eyes are very small, scarcely discernible in the thick fuzzy down—We are under the impression, that there are three species of the diver—The kind above described, which may possibly be the male of the next, but we think not, the dun and white diver and the loon.

The divers stay with us all winter in some cases. Of the Plover species, those with which we are acquainted are as follows—The small sandpiper—the killdeer, known by its cry of "killdeer" "killdeer."

The grey plover of the lakes—the golden plover and the curlew—the snipe and the black-hearted plover. Of the grey plover the plumage is whitish grey—tips of tail and wing feathers black—breadth of wing two feet—legs yellowish, six inches long—feet webbed—head shape of a pigeon's—back resembles a pigeon's, and of black colour, an inch long—in size it is about that of the pigeon. The golden plover is of a golden or yellowish colour, mixed with grey, in size nearly similar to the last. The black-hearted is nearly as large as a snipe, of a plump form—plumage above of a dunish grey—abdomen white—white under the wings—they have a black spot on the breast, whence the name. Large flocks of these

birds assemble on the southern parts of our lakes, prior to their flight to the north, and they are accounted very good eating. An account appeared in the New England papers a month or two ago, giving an account of the appearance in Maine, of a flock of birds, millions in number. They were driven there by a north easterly gale, and the description answers the above very nearly. The size of the black heart is about that of a robin. The curlew is as large as a pigeon, body of dunish grey colour above, whitish beneath, the bill black and yellow—three inches long and upwards, curved in at the point like a sickle. The bird wades into the water like a stork and feeds on small fish and perhaps seeds and worms. The snipe is a bird familiar to most persons, and is the favourite with the woodcock, of our Canadian hunters. It very much resembles the woodcock in make, size and colour—its colours are more grey, whereas the woodcock is of chestnut brown.

We could dwell on these subjects much longer, but room will not permit. The things of nature are so beautiful and their ways so simple and lovely. Days, hours and years have been spent by us in watching and noting their actions and habits. We love to watch them in the silent woods—on the still lakes—the vast prairies—the gentle river banks—the green fields—or the mountain rocks. At morn or eve their plaintive songs or whistlings come home to the heart like the days of happy childhood—like long forgotten songs.

### Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, November 27, 1852.

*My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*—Proverbs, Chap. 23.

#### ODE.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

Triumphant powers of Song, awake!

A noble theme demands a lay;  
An influence doth the nation shake,  
And we its praises shout to-day.  
A thousand happy homes shall hear,  
Ten thousand hearts the joy prolong;  
The eye of sadness dries its tear,  
And sorrow bursteth into song.

All hail the power that comes to speak  
Sweet comfort to degraded men;  
Relume Beauty's pallid cheek;  
And light the star of Hope again!  
That breaks the chains of lust and shame,  
And lifts the veil of sin and gloom;  
Points to an honored life and name,  
And kindles joy beyond the tomb.

Cheer for the fallen! Brother, stand!  
The day of Hope hath dawned for thee!  
We gladly take thy chameless hand,  
And bid thee muster with the free.  
And cheer for her who sorrowed long,  
O'er hopes her youthful fancy knew;  
A happier life reclaims her song,  
And sparkles with its early dew.

Still brighter blaze the glorious star,  
That lights the ransomed and the free!  
And onward roll the Temperance car  
From victory to victory!  
In the deep strength of love move on,  
With manful heart and willing hand;  
Till the full triumph shall be won,  
And its loud pean fill the land.

A health to all who love the rills—  
The pure, cold beverage of the free!  
That leap down the craggy hills,  
With cheer and song to meet the sea  
Bright be the lip that joys to quaff  
The cup of Heaven's own offering!  
His path to age with blessings laugh!  
And health to all who love the spring

—N Y Daily Tribune.



## PATRONS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Within a few weeks we are going to present to you, as we have before mentioned, A WELL GOT UP WEEKLY TEMPERANCE, LITERARY, AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL—in quarto form, containing 8 pages on good paper. The type will be new and the style and matter such, as will commend it to every family in Canada. The cause of TOTAL ABSTINENCE, and a prohibitory law will be our grand subjects of agitation and discussion. Yet we intend to give a larger amount than heretofore, of Literary, Agricultural and general news—embracing a full weekly compendium of foreign, domestic and parliamentary news. The paper will be conducted as a non-political and unsectarian one, yet claiming the right to make passing remarks on the events of the Province, political and otherwise.

Having conducted a moral, literary, and temperance journal for two years past to the satisfaction of our readers generally—and we trust for the benefit of the Orders of the Sons, Daughters and Cadets—as well as the literary amusement and instruction of all—we ask you again to come forward and aid in the upholding of this enterprize. During the past year we have disseminated over Canada about 3000 copies of this paper in semi and tri-monthly editions—constituting when complete 30 numbers, and 90,000 copies. The members of the Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council have been supplied for about 4 months with copies. All this has been done at no small amount of mental labor and expense. Few have any idea of the vast expense of publishing a large edition of a paper, averaging, as ours does, about £0,000 fresh EMS each issue, equal to most weeklies. The credit system to us has been a losing one, and the charge of 6s. 3d. per copy to those not paying in advance, has by no means compensated for the large losses sustained by persons leaving the Province—refusing to pay, and collecting expenses. Had all our subscribers paid 4s. in the beginning of the year, it would have been better for us than to receive 6s. 3d. from many, with losses of others at the end of the year.

### FOR THE YEAR 1853,

Our terms will be 5s. in advance at the time of subscribing, or within the month of January. All not so paying will be charged 7s. 6d. cy, if paid within six months. All leaving their subscriptions unpaid until the end of the year will be charged 10s. currency. Six months subscribers will be taken at the same rates. It will be better for us to receive 5s. in the beginning of the year than the advanced rates at the end thereof, and incur

losses and expense of collecting. We are very anxious that subscription lists should be obtained and forwarded during the month of December, if possible, with the money pre-paid. The first number will be issued on Monday, the 3rd day of January, and subsequently the day of issue will be Tuesday, during the year. To new agents we would say that all sending six new subscribers with the money, or guaranteeing the due payment within January, shall receive a seventh copy free. To old accredited agents using means to further our circulation, and sending us ten old or new subscribers, and seeing to the collection of the money, we will send a free copy. A list of our present accredited agents will appear in our next number. In conclusion we would say that to obtain the passage of the Maine Law it is necessary that information should be spread abroad by newspapers, and we advise our friends and agents to get subscribers to this paper, as well among those who are Sons and Temperance men, as AMONG THOSE WHO ARE NOT. The recording scribes of Divisions would oblige by reading this prospectus in their Divisions when the same is sent to them. Agents would oblige by immediate attention to the circulation of lists for subscribers. It will be evident to all that without an increased subscription list for a weekly paper at the price of 5s. a loss must fall on the proprietor.

☞ THE REV. MR. ORMISTON'S LECTURE ON THE MAINE LAW—This able lecturer delivered to a very large audience in the St. Lawrence Hall, a lecture on the Maine Law, on Thursday the 18th inst. The Mayor took the Chair and made some suitable remarks in favor of Temperance several ministers were on the platform. We should judge, the audience, which was a very miscellaneous one, would number at least 800. The lecturer's manner and arguments were decidedly good and some of the last new to us. Having heard him before in Oshawa, we can say that he is a very superior man and a most valuable acquisition to the Canadian Temperance Cause. The Rev. Mr. Ormiston is a true Son,—a man of intellect and enlarged philanthropy, and has our best wishes and recommendations among all Canadian communities.

☞ JUDGE MARSHALL OF NOVA SCOTIA, has been lecturing in various parts of this country. He lectured in this city on Thursday last, and has been very well received everywhere. His mind is well stored with facts bearing on the utility of Temperance. The course he adopted is very praise worthy, and we believe his lectures are entirely gratuitous. He has written a very able Book on the subject of intemperance in Great Britain.

### WE WANT ARGUMENTS FOR THE CAUSE.

There are many who object to the stale and oft told stories of Temperance lecturers—there are others who think them prosy, without a spice of wit and fun,—and there are others who say the eternal DRAG DONG about temperance is nauseating. An intelligent man and an official asked us the other day if we were not tired of so much Temperance agitation. "You are," says he, "carrying it too far,—you

have too many societies. Where is the agitation and the novelty to end?" It has been the misfortune of the bulk of men, that they cannot continue long in a course of good—the mass flag in their moral movements. Meanwhile the selfish few—the aristocracy of men, like the fascinating reptile, gradually enchain the many and draw them into their selfish coils. This has been the case in France until her liberty of 1848 is turned to a degraded political serfdom and sycophancy—of the masses to the few—the minions of Napoleon. When men attempt to overturn a long riveted custom,—one that hangs like a deadly incubus around the Saxon race, and for a time use extraordinary efforts to accomplish it, then comes the reaction,—and the minions of the tyrant alcohol and wicked appetite cry out, "Why this agitation?" "Where is its utility?—You are going too far." ☞ WE WANT ARGUMENTS to prove its necessity! Then cavillers will arise who will condemn lecturers on various grounds—condemn excitement and wish us to let society and its OLD WAYS ALONE. This has been the fate of truth in all ages, and men are now morally and constitutionally the same as in the days of Rome or Judea. A thousand Socrateses have lived and will yet live—who will become martyrs of the truth. We agitate the Temperance Cause because we believe it is the great Cause of the Saxon race. We agitate it because we believe the drinking of alcoholic beverages subserves the cause of tyranny, vice, ignorance, superstition, crime, and pauperism,—and that of all the evils that afflict Europe and America, this is the greatest. We need only refer to the fact that 60,000 persons die annually in Great Britain of drunkenness—that 40,000 persons die annually in Germany of the same cause and chiefly of delirium tremens; and that the United States and her great cities, are full of crime, violence and murder, that spring from the use of these maddening and stimulating beverages, to prove our position correct.

[We earnestly advise all to read the following remarks from one of the greatest men of the United States, and lately a candidate for the Governorship of the great commercial and literary State of Massachusetts.]

### LETTER FROM THE HON. HORACE MANN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WEST NEWTON, Oct. 9, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, containing the following question.

"Are you in favor of the repeal or enfeebling modification of the Law, entitled "An act concerning the manufacture and sale of Spirituous or Intoxicating Liquors," passed by our Legislature at last session?"

During the first part of the present year, and while the Maine Law, so called, was before the Legislature of New York, I was requested to lecture and did lecture, on the subject of Temperance, in several of the principal cities of that State. On those occasions I advocated to the full extent of my humble ability, the great principles of the Maine Law.

Before I received the nomination to which you refer, and when I had not even an imagination that it would be conferred upon me, I had made arrangements for publishing two lectures;—one entitled "The effects of intemperance on the poor and ignorant," and the other, (the one above referred to) having been delivered in the State of New York, entitled "The effects of Intemperance on the rich and

educated;" in the latter of which my views on the Maine Law are set forth. Those lectures are now published, and I take the liberty to send you a copy of them. On page 108—118 inclusive, you will find my opinion of the Maine Law; and of the leading provisions of the Massachusetts law also, inasmuch as they agree in their essential characteristics.

I adopt this method of answering your inquiry, because a man's well known and often avowed or published opinion, before he is a candidate for office is justly held to be more valuable than any pledges he may give after becoming a candidate.

I have only to add that my opinions remain unchanged, unless the growth of my conviction, and my better knowledge of the beneficent results of such a law wherever it has been enforced, may be deemed a change.

I have seen it reported within a week, that in one of the counties of Massachusetts, where no licenses have been granted, I think for the last sixteen years, the grand jury, at the last term of the court, met and dispersed, without having a single complaint or bill laid before them; while, in the city of New York, where the sale of intoxicating liquors is substantially as free as the sale of bread, eight murders, or assaults with intent to kill, were committed during the same week on which the court above referred to was held. These eight murders, or felonious assaults, I suppose bear about the same proportion to the other crimes which were caused by intemperance, during the same time, that the number of total eclipses of the sun do to the number of clouds that pass over its surface.

It may be said that this is comparing the populous city of New York with a single county in Massachusetts. True; but to prevent the comparison from telling in favor of Temperance, the Massachusetts county should have no population at all.

The results in Lowell, Providence, and other cities, even under that imperfect enforcement of the law which attends its early administration, give the most flattering auguries.

Indeed, if any one can doubt that the fair enforcement of the Maine Law, as other laws are enforced, throughout New England and New York would prevent nine-tenths of all the pauperism of our native-born citizens, and nine-tenths of all crimes, by whomsoever committed, he must be so incorrigible a skeptic, that nothing short of imprisonment under its provisions, could make him believe in the existence of the law itself.

If those things be so who can overrate the obligations that rest upon every man who had the honor of the Commonwealth, or the welfare of his fellow-beings at heart, to do his utmost, not only to continue the law to which your question refers, but to enforce it?

I am, gentleman, Yours very truly,

HORACE MANN.

To ROY. EDWARD OTHEMAN, Corresponding Secretary and Messrs. Edwin Thompson, Moses Mellen, Charles Tappan, Joseph H. Allen, Daniel Frost, P. W. Taff, B. C. Dunbar, C. D. Basset, John Hamilton, Joshua P. Trask, and Samuel Hoar the other members of the Committee.

[The passages in Mr. Mann's Lecture, which are referred to in the above letter as expressive of his views of the Maine Law, are as follows.]

"And now, my friends, in view of these appalling evils, which make our past history look black, and threaten to blacken our future history also; what is to be done? I speak as a practical and religious man to practical and religious men; and in profound anxiety, I ask, what is to be done? We have a right to expect the blessing of God upon all our wise efforts to reform; but we have no right to expect reform through a miracle of God, superseding our own exertions. Governments have essayed to stop the ravages of the enemy, but they have hitherto failed. It is more than two centu-

ries since Massachusetts commenced regulating or licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks. In this she has been followed by other States; but during all this period, drunkenness with all its woes has accounted; and probably its victims at the present time are relatively more numerous than when the first licensing law was enacted. Regulation has not regulated it. Licensing for public good has proved to be licensing for both public and private evil. And beside, this system has given birth to a vast amount of collateral crime; evasions of public law, always to be deprecated, perjury, tampering with jurors, and corrupting the pure channels of justice, have been its constant and woeful return. Because then, its concomitants have been evil, and its results inefficient for good, I hold that, after an experiment of two hundred years, we are admonished, nay, required to adopt some other plan.

Some philanthropists;—among whom was that excellent man, Doctor Woodward, late superintendent of the Worcester Hospital, who wrote a series of essays on the subject, for the press,—have proposed the erection of an hospital for inebriates, like a hospital for the insane, where the victims of intemperance may be sequestered from the walks of men, until the fire which alcohol has kindled in their veins can be quenched. While honoring the benevolence of this suggestion, I have never seen reason to adopt it. Why incur vast expenditure for machinery to inject disease into the body politic, and then repeat the expenditure to supply a remedy? Instead of the unnatural process of turning other men into drunkards, at an immense outlay of human happiness and wealth, and then attempting to turn the drunkards back again into sober men, by another outlay; why not keep the sober men in the first instance, and thus save all cost in machinery, partial losses in all cases, and total loss in many? I would not contract a consumption, even if an experimenter could prescribe a certain, instead of his uncertain nostrums for my cure: I would not melt a purse of gold and mingle it with dross, even on the mint-master's assurance that he would refine it and coin it for circulation again. And for better reasons than these, I would not consent to forfeit years of happiness, and incur loathsome degradation and consuming pain, even though God himself would assure me by one miracle that he would restore me by another.

My friends, the only true and proper Asylum for inebriates has been constructed. It was constructed in the State of Maine. Neal Dow was the builder,—a nobler architect than Sir Christopher Wren, or those who poised the dome of St. Peter's in the upper air. It is the greatest Asylum ever erected or conceived; for its base embraces the whole territorial area of the State; its walls are co-extensive with the boundaries of the State; and it has a dome no less lofty and resplendent than the arch of heaven above. Wherever the means of inebriation are excluded, there is the true asylum for inebriates. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have spread the protecting arches of this roof over their soil. The youthful territory of Minnesota has already done the same,—like a young man resolved to be strong and great, and therefore takes the early vow that promises wisdom and length of days. I trust that the Excelsior State of New York is about to follow their example, and to become an empire State in morals as well as in power; and then, from the ocean to the great lakes, water and not fire shall be the nourisher of man, and joy and not woe the companion of his household.

'The meeting of two conditions is always necessary in the formation of a drunkard.' Appetite and Opportunity. Take away either of these conditions, and a drunkard is impossible. Remove appetite, and a man may dwell his life long, unharmed, amid the flowing and ubiquitous ruin. On the other hand, though the appetite exists, yet if the opportunity for indulging it be taken away, it will soon cease its cravings and then die out. Now, the old license system took away neither opportunity nor appetite.

Not taking away the opportunity, it left to the appetite the means of self-perpetuation; not extinguishing the appetite, the opportunity became a certain peril. The hospital system proposed to take only the victims already made, and place them for a time out of the way of opportunity; but, at the end of the curative process, it proposed to place them back within the danger of the opportunity:—into the very mouth of the lion from whose jaws they had been plucked; and what was worse still, it left opportunity and appetite to work their ruin upon the other members of society. The Maine law removes opportunity from all, not only from those who are whole, but from those who are sick, and, is therefore, at once, both prevention and cure.

'Take another view of the subject. It is not within the powers or functions of government to foresee who will commit murders and arsons, who will destroy the peace of families and of society, who will arouse shrieks of woe and lamentation in hearts of innocence, and then having foreseen who these enemies are, to collect them all into one great Acceldama, or field of blood, and there destroy them, for prevention's and for humanity's sake; instead of waiting till their cup of crime is full and destroy them through retribution. But it is within the proper powers and functions of government, to search out those fatal beverages which stimulate to all crime and inflict all sufferings, and give them to destruction. If we would not doom the one to the gallows, let us doom the other to the gutter. If we recoil from taking human blood, we can take the blood of the vine before it maddens the human brain. If we may not dash out a man's brains in order to destroy a passion that lurks in his mind, we may dash in the heads of rum puncheons and brandy casks. It is terrible to inflict capital punishment on a fellow-creature, but mere pastime to inflict it on a gin barrel. The ever-living beauty and excellence of the Maine law is, that it is prevention instead of cure—that it kills the fiend before he gets into the man, instead of waiting till we have to kill the man in order to expel the fiend.

'And further; this law digs up the Upas tree by the roots, while all our previous laws only trimmed off a few of its leaves. Taking the whole history of our country, I cannot doubt that, for every glass for which the illicit trader has been punished, he has sold hogsheds with impunity. The fines on the unsuccessful violations of law have been compensated more than a hundred times over, by the profits on the successful. If so, then the force of the temptation has been to that of the restraint as more than a hundred to one, and surely, incitements far less urgent than these, are sufficient to tempt bad men to destroy their fellow-men, and to stab society to its vitals. But under the ample protection of the new law, if one gill be sold by the owner, from a warehouse or a ship load, the whole stock or cargo may be confiscated and destroyed. The importer or vendor may refuse to take the pledge of teetotalism himself, but we can administer it to his premises. Ask the agonized Laocoon,—and every father of an intemperate child is a greater sufferer than Laocoon,—what is the difference between killing the serpents after they have strangled his children, and crushing them in the egg!

'Objection has been made that the Maine law invades natural rights; but I deny that it invades natural rights. In a state of nature, men have the power to do wrong; but neither in the state of nature, nor in society, can any man have a right to do wrong; and if the evil consequences of action are any test of their moral quality, what greater crime or calamity has ever existed amongst us than the unrestrained traffic and use of intoxicating drinks?

'It has been further objected to this law that it permits sales for certain purposes, while it prohibits them for other purposes; as though there were any necessary contradiction or inconsistency in this. Those who make this objection must judge of the moral quality of conduct, by looking at the outward

net, instead of inquiring into its object or motive. Our statute book, the common law, and the divine law, abound in precedents, and principles too, which refute so obvious a fallacy. We are surrounded by precedents and principles which allow acts under one set of circumstances, that they prohibit and punish under another set of circumstances. The manufacturer of gunpowder may make it in the country, but he cannot make it in the city; and the dealer in this article may store it in the former place but not in the latter. I believe all the States have licensed lotteries and the sale of lottery tickets; while, at the same time, they forbid the sale of tickets of unlicensed lotteries; and now, a few States, having awakened to a more adequate sense of their mischiefs, prohibit all lotteries and all sales of lottery tickets whatever. New York has incorporated such provision into her State constitution. For medical and scientific purposes, the physiologist describes the human form in words, and delineates it in pictures; and his books are found, without offence, on the shelves of the professional man and in public libraries; but if the self-same plates are put into obscene books, accompanied by such descriptions as may excite impure imaginations or corrupt the mind of youth, they may be lawfully seized and destroyed. The colubination of unmarried persons is one of the gravest moral offences; but the moment the marriage ceremony is performed, this impure relation is converted into one of the holiest on earth. Here is the same external state of life in both cases; yet the one is hallowed and the other punished because of their different object and motive. God discriminates in the same way. The fourth commandment in the decalogue says, 'Six days shalt thou labor!' but on the seventh, 'thou shalt not do any work.' Why cannot the objector meet this with the exact logical formula of the liquor dealer's sophistry, say,—*Work is right, or it is not right; if right, why prohibit it at all, if not right, why command it at all!*

"Our justifying analogy is plain and complete. Intoxicating liquors, for certain purposes, medicinal and medicinal, are good, and may be used; but for the human organism, and to be taken as beverages, they concentrate all evil, and therefore should be abolished.

"I have heard it further alleged that the law is unequal, as between the rich and the poor; because the former can appeal and give bonds, the other cannot. But why is such an argument urged against the law, when, if it has aught of validity, it would overthrow every law of the land, of which bail is an incident. In all cases whatever, whether criminal or civil, where bail can be demanded, the rich man can give it, while the poor man may be unable to do so. If this be a hardship and an inequality, then it belongs not to this law, but grows out of the state of society, and is involved in the administration of all laws. The poor man cannot command the services of eminent counsel, as the rich one can, but is that a good reason why he should not be tried for the offences he may commit? This opportunity of poverty, the Maine law will lift, as a heavy burden, from the shoulders of the poor and it is, therefore emphatically, the poor man's friend. And hence I invoke the poor by every motive of self-interest as well as of duty, to unite the introducing a great public blessing, of which more than a common share will be their own."

## AROUSE! AROUSE! THE CAUSE IS IN DANGER!!

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SIR AND BROTHER,

While turning the pages of vol. II. No 26 of your truly valuable paper my eye caught the words "A peep behind the curtains—shalt we have the law." I quickly read the annexed letter from your Quebec correspondent; but, sir, you can but faintly

imagine my feelings when I saw by the concluding paragraph of that letter that there was little or no prospect of the "MAINE LIQUOR LAW BILL," passing the house of Parliament at this session.

Sir, is it true, that the wants and wishes of the people of Canada must thus be disregarded and their hopes which were but a short time ago so brilliant fade like the evanescent splendours of the rainbow? Must their voice, which has been heard from the rough romantic Gaspé to where Erie spreads its bosom to the sun, be hushed within the walls of the house of Parliament. Shall the foul and blood stained monster Intemperance be allowed to immolate upon his altar more of the inhabitants of our flourishing country? May Heaven forbid it!

I feel quite confident, sir, that there never was a bill which came before the house of Parliament, which was more called for than the "Maine Liquor Law Bill." The very drunkard, in his sober moments, says from his heart "give us the Maine Law." Gladly would he break the bond spell which binds him; but he knows not how—he feels his bondage and longs to be free.

The youth of our country plead for the Maine law. As things now are, they are assailed by temptation on every hand. They meet the poisonous cup in the social circle, and around it, are thrown the false colours of hilarity and mirth. The poisonous dart of the monster Intemperance is wreathed with flowers which briefly serve to make it more fatal. Here let me remark, that too often the "cup which utereth like a serpent" is borne to the lips of the youth by parental hands. We read with thrilling emotions of the heathen mother, who in spiritual blindness, stands by the river Ganges and casts her offspring into the yielding wave. Onward rolls the dark current, and no sound is heard but the cries of suffering innocence. But what better are those who cast their offspring upon the river of Intemperance which has borne away into forgetfulness so many of the sons of earth. Can any parent, with human feelings, look at the rosy cheeks, the bright and star-like eyes of his child, and watch the lofty and time overleaping intellect in its unfolding, and then give it that which will sink it to the disreputable grave of a drunkard? Parents answer. The "Maine Law" is the great desideratum, and I am quite confident that the Temperance men of Canada will not hold their peace till it is obtained. Although we may have to struggle hard, yet, ours is a glorious warfare. We fight not for the bloody wreath of laurels which deck the brow of the warrior, but we fight to free our country from the despotic power of Intemperance. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, to the pulling down of the strong holds (*Distillery and Taverns*) of iniquity. Then, onward Brethren, to the fight! Let the tricoloured flag of our Order be unfurled upon the pure breeze of Canada, and on its silken folds may we ever behold the noble trio of "Love, Purity and Fidelity"

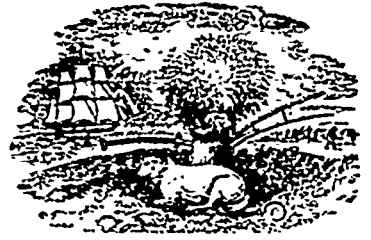
The tears of a drunkard's wife as she mourns in hopeless solitude, shut out from the comforts of life, plead for the Maine law. Shall they plead in vain. When we view the wrongs of Intemperance in every department of society, and hear the call of the people for the Maine Law, and see with what studied indifference our Legislators treat the subject, we feel to exclaim, "O! ye angels of the third heavens bear on your pure and stainless wings to heaven's metropolis the tears and prayers of suffering innocents—regress with pens of living light our groans and wails, brood o'er the darkness of our fallen world, till man shall learn to feel for his fellow men."

There is no time for slumbering, let all who love the cause of Temperance awake, and stand to their posts till the foe shall be vanquished, and earth's millions shall join in the shout of victory, and exclaim, the accuser of our brethren is cast down

Yours in L. P. & F.,

F. B. ROLF.

Oroon, Nov. 7th, 1852.



## Agriculture.

[ORIGINAL.]

### SONG OF THE FARM.

Ye chilly winds of Autumn howl around  
The farmer's home, his home of thrift;  
We soon shall hear the merry sleighbells ringing sound,  
And mingle with the snow's wild drift.

Hark the axeman's stroke in the forest far,  
Reechoes on the drowsy air;  
Crash goes the tree with thundering jar,  
The winter's fire to warm prepare.

Heap high the wood on the family hearth,  
And the chilly winds may howl outside;  
The snow clad fields may rest till spring gives birth,  
Again to nature's budding side.

Have back ere bright, crack goes the rattling whip,  
And merrily whistles the farmer's son;  
While the milk maid homeward with lightsome trip,  
Lies with her milk pails, dressed in blue home spun.

The favorite cows, old cherry and spotty, are there,  
And Sally goes home with a blooming check;  
The rich drowsing pig and supper prepare,  
While trusty old Toby lies sleeping so sleek.

The fat loving herds to the farm yard come,  
And seek for food in more the pastures dry;  
And the bleating sheep have ceased to roam,  
To graze the hills, or the dying grasses try.

The forests are still, no sound do they know,  
Save the wood-pecker tapping the tree;  
The red squirrel chattering on the beech bough,  
Or the browned forest leaves, as they flee.

C. M. D.

REMARKS ON THE SEASON.—The weather since the 13th instant has been very reasonable—part of the time dry and sunny. We had some beautiful Indian Summer days from the 15th to the 20th, with fine clear moon light nights. The roads were considerably dried up. Winds generally westerly. A few heavy gales have occurred on Lake Erie and Ontario—no sail found shelter at one time in Whitchy harbor. In the neighborhood of Toronto there has been some snow; to the north snow has fallen at Parrie. Ice however has skinned the water, and the weather has been at times reasonably cool. The farmers are bringing into this market large quantities of pork, which sells very readily at an average of \$5 per 100 lbs. Some very large hogs bring \$6 per 100 lbs. Wheat is also coming in freely; Hay and Oats are in high demand, the former readily bringing \$14 per ton. The prospect of the provision market is good, owing to the number of men that must be employed on the railroads, and the money market being plentiful. Poultry is bringing high prices, also butter. It has been said we have six months winter in Canada, but it is a lie, for up to this time we have not seen in this country what one would call a winter day, and farmers could work all the fall in the fields. Our winter is now just setting in, and it will last until the end of March with intermissions of occasional fine open warm weather. Success to the farmers—may they have happy homes—good prices, and smiling wives and families.

Since writing the above we had a damp snow storm from the east, the snow melting as soon as it fell. Some of the Boats are still running on the lake.

MANAGEMENT AND PROFIT OF FOWLS

A late writer says that since the exhibition of fowls in November, there has been great interest shown in regard to the breed of hens and their management. Most persons are trying to obtain the largest hens. I think that small hens are much more profitable as layers. They lay more eggs than the large breed, and can be kept at half the expense of those that are extremely large. My object is to obtain hens that will yield the most eggs according to expense. I have purchased a pair of Poland Topknots from which to raise stock for next year. They weigh about seven pounds to the pair.

I will give you an account of my management of the past winter. I kept twenty-five hens and a protector of the native breed. My pullets that were hatched in April, commenced laying in December. I have not kept an account of the number of eggs laid during the winter. The first week in January they laid ninety-two eggs in the first two weeks in February, they laid one hundred and ninety-two. I sold the eggs at fifteen cents a dozen, and during the winter the cost of keeping the hens was only equal to two-fifths the value of the eggs.

I give my hens corn and cob meal every day mixed with milk or hot water. I kept corn, barley, and oats for them all the time and also, ashes, lime, and oyster shells. Raw meat was given to them every day. I kept my hens in a house twenty by fifteen feet with a large window on the south side. I find no difficulty in keeping my hens lay in the winter, most people fail by endeavoring to supply animal food as a substitute for the various insects which they devour in the summer.

Hens should be let out a few hours every day when the ground is bare. The best layers should be selected as breeders and the protector changed every day. The principal reason why some farmers find no profit in keeping hens is because they only half feed them; therefore they are always in mischief, scratching for food. When farmers plant corn, they should give their hens a good supply, and they will not scratch it up. If hens are well managed they afford more net profit than any other stock.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Coarse bread is better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and not wear nightcaps.

Children under 7 should not be confined over 6 or 7 years in the house, and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and their shoulders back while sitting, reading or walking.

The best beds for children are of hair, or in winter, of cotton.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bending the neck.

We have known 13 cases of insanity, terminating in death, which began in tight lacing.

Sleeping rooms should have a fire-place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows.

Every person great or small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

The more clothes we wear, other things equal, the more food we need.

From one to one pound and a half of solid, is enough for a person in the ordinary vocations of life.

Persons in sedentary employment should drop one-third of the food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young people, and others, cannot study much by daylight with impunity.—*London Lancet.*

**HECTIC AND SNEEZING.**—To cure hiccup, let the person affected hold in his breath as long as possible—the re-oxygenation of the blood deadens the irritability of the nervous system so much, that in most cases, it may be repeated 2 or 3 repetitions. To prevent sneezing, let the nostrils be pressed severely, it intercepts the nervous communication so that the proper muscles can not be called into requisition for the act; pressure will break the extent of nervous communication as a broken wire does the telegraph; it is best to press near the nose. I am confidently recommend both plans from seven years experience.

**A NOVEL BEE HIVE.**—A correspondent writing to a *Dover, N. H.*, informs us that a day or two since some workmen entered the building of the Orthodox church in that town to make some repairs, when they found it occupied by a large swarm of bees so numerous as to make it impossible to work till they were ejected. This was done, and a large tub of honey was obtained in the building, as the result of the labour of the bees.—*Boston Tea*

**SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN!**—James Elder of North Chester has a partridge as tame as a kitten. The bird came to the house when a mere chicken, alone and destitute, and though quite shy at first, became less so through the kind attentions of Mrs. Elder, until it seemed to feel that the hand giving it food and shelter, could not harm it. It came often around the house, and to the door, and finally allowed its generous friend to test her sincerity by occasionally touching, until its fear became lost in the enjoyment of her liberal gifts—and now, a full grown and noble looking bird, it hops upon her shoulder, rests in her lap nestles on her bosom, follows her in every part of the house, garden and fields, as if conscious of the strong hold it has upon her affections, and also of the whole family.

**DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SNAKE.**—One of the attendants at the London Zoological Gardens, was recently killed by a Cobra, a venomous serpent. The man, whose name was Garing, to show his courage and "in-ner-gation," as he called it, first took out a Boco snake and let it run over him; and then went to the Cobra's glass and took him out, and put him under his waistcoat, and suffered the venomous beast to crawl round his body. He then took it a between the head and the middle of the body, with the serpent made a dart at the face of the man, and gave him a deadly bite on the nose. Garing had consideration enough to place the dangerous reptile in his case and call for help. He immediately became faint and unconscious, his face livid, his respiration very imperfect; and though by artificial respiration and galvanism the action of the heart was kept up some forty minutes after natural respiration had ceased, nothing could save the poor man. On examination small punctures were found, four on one side and six on the other, of the nose, the largest being about the sixth of an inch in diameter and the eighth of an inch deep, from which even after death, a thin bloody fluid continued to exude. The lungs congested and turned black.

Amongst the many objects of interest now on exhibition at the fair of the American Institute there is none more worthy of the attention of the scientific mechanic or the frugal housewife, than an unpretending little machine, rendered more valuable by its extreme simplicity, cheapness, usefulness, and yet completeness, which occupies a place in the upper gallery. We allude to a sewing machine recently patented by Dr. Orr Avery, of Honesdale, P. C. The apparatus of this useful article is comprised in two cast-iron wheels, two shafts, two spools, two needles, two crank-wheels and a weight. The crank-wheels, and those communicating motion to the shaft, and the shafts work the needles, between which the cloth to be sewed is placed. The cloth is held in its place and drawn along as fast as it is sewed by the weight. The spools contain the thread, and unwinding furnish a supply as fast as it is needed. The peculiarity of the machine, however consists in the stitch, which is of such a nature that each is independent of the other. The seam will not rip if a few stitches get out; and seams of all shapes and kinds can be sewed with equal facility. In our presence the machine sewed thirty stitches in a second, and the same machine is suitable for the finest cambric or the thickest cloth.

The stitch alone is patented, as the machinery is too simple to need protection. We could hardly help wondering, whilst looking at it operate, that it has never been invented before. It is eminently worthy of examination by the lovers of the curious.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

**BREXIT AGAIN.**—On Friday last a bear, made his appearance on the 4th consideration of Peel, and enjoyed a sanguinary repast on the carcase of an unfortunate row-er aged two years and weighing nearly 200 lbs., which fell in his way. The crew of her majesty's ladyship aroused the neighbors, who turned out and, after a smart chase, succeeded in slaying the depredator. He was accompanied by Mrs. Bruin, but she escaped whilst her lord and master was being over hauled.—*Backwoodsman.*

UNIFORMITY OF NATURE

The lark carols the same song and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his companion's ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screeams through no other octaves. In the same key as ever traced an ocean waltz, while all the three mood chords of the cracks have ever been in B, since Tubal Cain first read them in his smithy, or the Iphigeneia in their rich overture. Never has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A nor that of the house fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with color as it has now, and the right angles of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first tutlets of Cam's city, as it is now said to do on one of the pyramids. The trump, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat, four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport among the first billows that the Indian Ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of the birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their songs together analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on their laid blue-egg in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from its throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first that was eagle, or other sung to augur to man in the natural spirit. Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean storm. Five million two hundred and eighty ammalcules could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japheth, over which they have ever waved plumes, of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever robed. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal, and the first horse fly produced twenty millions eighty-three hundred, and twenty eggs, in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to day, from whatever country you collect them. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the roon followed the footsteps of Noah as they do ours.

**HORNED RATTLE SNAKE.**—Mr. William H Thomas, of Quayle Town, Haywood county, N. C., writing to the *Asheville News*, says, that a Cherokee Indian named Salo, captured a snake on the Smokey Mountains, which he describes "of the usual size of the Diamond Rattle Snakes found in the mountains of this country, of a dark color—on its tail it has ten rattles, and on its head two forked horns of about three-fourths of an inch long." The Indian said it seemed to be a king among the snakes of its species. Nothing of the kind has been heretofore seen by any of the oldest white inhabitants.—*Southern Paper.*

**FLOUR BREAD.**—By Mrs. J. V. Wilson—My bread is made in the following manner—1 boil six octonary sized potatoes and mash them very fine, then pour on them a pint and a half of water in which has been boiled a handful of hops, to this mixture I add a cup of flour, and when milk warm I add two or three table-spoonful of yeast. The above is my manner of making my yeast, which will keep a week with the addition of a little salt. To make my loaf of bread, I use 1 quart flour, 2 spoonful of yeast, with a spoonful of tart, mix with warm water and let it rise over night; in the morning I knead it over, put it in pans, let it rise half an hour and bake.

**FLOUR BREAD.**—Mrs. G. E. Shores—Take 1 cup of new milk, 1 of hot water, 2 of flour, a little salt; let it rise 6 hours. Then put in 2 quarts of flour; add new milk enough to knead it; stand 1 hour to rise; bake in a quick oven. Made of wheat of your own raising.

**WHITE FISH EXTRAORDINARY.**—The *Canada Advertiser* says a white fish was caught the other day in the neighborhood of Sandwich, weighing 74 lbs. There are some five or six fine foliages between Sandwich, and Petite Cote three miles below.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The House of Assembly adjourned on the 10th inst. It seems Mr. Sanborn is not dead. We are very glad of this as he is a very useful man. It is the duty of the people everywhere to let their members know fully what they think of their three months' conduct, and especially to press on them the necessity of the passage of the Prohibitory law against the licensing system. Let agitation of this kind generally be got up. There were some sixty bills passed during the late session a majority of which were local measures. None of the great leading measures received even a second reading. The great Trunk Railway Bill was passed, and numerous bills to incorporate religious and benevolent societies. Mrs. Antrobus, the widow of Col. Antrobus who lately died in Quebec, was pensioned off at the rate of £200 for life. Mr. McKenzie objected to it and the system generally of pensioning the wives of deceased officials. The representation of the county of Sherbrooke has become vacant by the appointment of Mr. Short its member to a Judge-ship, and Mr. Galt of Montreal is going to offer himself as a candidate. We observe that the *Pilot* newspaper of Montreal, is opposing the Government to some extent. An attempt has been made by Mr. Cauchon of Quebec to create a disaffection of the French members from the Government but it is supposed it will fail—at least for the present. It seems the Government have agreed to lend its guarantee to the great Trunk Railway Company to the extent of £3000 sterling per mile. This sum per mile will nearly build the road, (not including cars or stations.) The Governor General has appointed as directors, the Hon. Messrs. Hincks, Cartier, Morris, Ross, Mr. Crawford, M. P. P., and Messrs. Galt, Holton, and Ryan, of Montreal. The county Council of Hastings has taken \$50,000 stock in the Belleville and Peterboro railway. Thursday the 18th inst., was observed in Canada as a day of mourning, in memory of the Duke of Wellington. Snow fell in Barre three inches deep about the middle of this month. Messrs. C. S. Gzowski & Co., have contracted to build the railroad between Toronto and Guelph, at £7402 per mile. Several railroad routes from Barre to Lake Huron have been surveyed and all the surveys are now completed. It is said that the shortest and cheapest one (about 23 miles in length) is from Barre to Nottawasaga River. This one will be adopted if a good harbor can be made there. The granting of a pension of £200 a year to the widow of Col. Antrobus, seems to be condemned by many persons in Canada. The deceased had the greater part of his life an income of £1600 a year. Mr. Hincks just before Parliament closed, introduced a bill to establish a decimal currency in Canada. The Parliament have voted a large sum, about £30,000, to a company to establish a line of Ocean steamers, to run between Canada and England. Mr. McKenzie, just before the close of the session introduced resolutions for free grants of land to poor settlers in the Ottawa country. It is to be hoped the Government will adopt this plan. It is an excellent one. Mr. McKenzie is the poor man's friend on all occasions. Messrs. Dickson and Dr. Wolfred Nelson the gaul inspectors have reported to the Government. And it seems the Canadian gauls and their inmates the prisoners are in a wretched condition generally. It is said gold has been found in the Owen Sound country. Some of the country newspapers say that the cholera exists in Toronto, but with the exception of a few poor inmates who died of a dysentery, something similar to the cholera, nothing of the kind has occurred. Our citizens are generally very healthy. Dr. Hoar late of York, was drowned in Wharby on a full day, in the middle of this month. It was said that he was in the water trying to get his gun. Several persons who committed suicide lately have committed at Brantford. The 5th Nov. was kept as a day of rejoicing by the orangemen of Canada, it being *Guy Fawkes Day*. The cholera is said to exist in Hamilton, but we apprehend that it is more an aggravated kind of dysentery among poor uncleanly people. Dr. Rolph has introduced a bill for the better management of the Lunatic Asylum. It lies over until February. The opening lectures in the Mechanics' Institute are postponed until the 1st day of Dec. on account of the sickness of Mr. Cumberland the president. There is to be a new gaul built at Hamilton. The St. Mary's College bill, and three Rivers Bishop's Church Taxation bill, passed the House of Assembly just before its adjournment. Snow fell in London, C. W., to the depth of 12 inches last week, but soon thawed off.

FOREIGN NEWS.

UNITED STATES.

On the 20th ult., quite an excitement prevailed at San-lu-ky, Ohio, an account of the attempted rescue of some fugitive slaves by persons from Kentucky. The Kentuckians attempted to stop the slaves as they were about to quit the wharf for Canada, but were resisted by the colored people and whites—and the slaves escaped—although the resistance to an unjust law in a country which has a constitutional government is wrong, because the people should resort to the means of the Ballot Box and Polls, yet resistance to a law that would enslave human creatures against their will on a soil called free we take to be just and honorable. God gave man liberty of action and the right freely to pursue happiness as he might choose, consistently with the rules of morality and he who would deprive his fellow man of this right is a robber of the worst description. The fugitive slave law of the United States is therefore a blasphemy in the eye of Heaven. An important slave case has just been decided in the city of New York. It seems by the laws of that State, a slaveholder bringing slaves into the state *ipso facto* sets them free. The fugitive slave law only applies to slaves who have escaped from slave States; it slaves by this decision, belonging to a Virginian were set free. Some trouble is apprehended with Bly Bowlegs and the Seminole Indians in Florida. They have promised to leave but it is feared they will not. North Carolina cast its vote for Scott. RACE OF CLIPPERS FROM CANTON.—A Liverpool paper says.—Great interest has been excited from the fact that five of the most celebrated clippers, two English and three American, are now on their way to this port and the port of London, with cargoes of tea. The *Chrysolite*, for Liverpool, and the *Sornaway* for London, both English, sailed on the 4th of July. The *Surprise* and the *Challenge*, for London, and the *Racehorse*, for Liverpool, all American, sailed on the 15th of July. We may add that a few wagers are pending on the result.

EUROPEAN.

The entry of Napoleon into Paris on his return from his country tour in France was considered very grand, but it is said it was got up chiefly on Government money and by Government employes and officials. Poor France is the puppet of a renegade tyrant! It is said the Prince of Canino, a relation of the President, is to be made her president in the case of any accident. It is rumoured that a coalition is in contemplation between the whigs under Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Derby. The French President has released the Great Arabian Chief Abd-el-kader, and he has been sent to Broussa in Turkey, and is to be pensioned and set free in his own country. 100,000 cattle from Scotland have been sent to Ireland, and thousands of emigrants are going thither to till the earth in place of the expatriated Irish. There are now nearly as many Protestants in that country as Catholics. We are sorry to see that Mr. Heyworth the great champion of Temperance, has not been elected as a member of Parliament in England. Ten sail of British Battleships are to be fixed up with Screw propellers for active service. It is said the annual salary of Louis Napoleon is to be thirty million francs, equal to about six million dollars. He is also to have a large Imperial body guard. This is pretty well for the renegade prisoner of Hax. The Duke of Tesceara with a numerous Staff went from Portugal to attend the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Disraeli has sent circulars to all the members of Parliament to be in their places in Parliament to sustain the Government. The Duke of Ossula will represent the Spanish army at the funeral of Wellington. Dr. Naphegyi the pretended Hungarian Secretary to Kossuth, late of Paris, Canada, it seems, is now in Kentucky playing off some of his tricks on the Kentuckians. He is said to be a very slippery impostor. It is said Austria has demanded satisfaction of Belgium for the insult offered by its people to Haynau. Lord Seaton, (late Sir John Colborne of Canada,) now Governor of the Ionian Islands, it seems, has acceded to a government over the Islands, much more democratic than anything in Canada. Vote by ballot, a free Press, an increase fourfold in the number of voters and other improvements are to be incorporated in the Government scheme. Large numbers of slaves are escaping into Canada from the Southern States.

Samuel Sherwood has been appointed Chief Constable of this city.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

New Jersey at the recent election elected men favorable to the Maine Law, and it will be carried either this winter or in the winter following. Vermont has also introduced in her Legislature a law very similar to the Maine Law, which will be enacted. Neal Dow addressed the Legislature on the subject. In Massachusetts the recent election has resulted in favor of a majority of men favorable to the present law there. It seems however that, owing to the state parties, more than half of the State Senators and representatives, and federal representatives are still elected—not having received a majority of all the votes—yet a majority of those elected are Maine Law men. This is a result greatly to be rejoiced at. It is hoped it may all turn out well. Rhode Island has refused to repeal the present Maine Law by a vote of 17. Some fears are yet entertained of the election in Massachusetts, not completed. Horace Mann is elected yet had a very large vote. There is no candidate of Governor, there having been three candidates Myron Lawrence, an eminent temperance man is dead in Massachusetts. KENTUCKY.—Six thousand Kentuckians are said to have assembled at New Castle Ky., on the 22nd of July and to have passed the following resolutions: Resolved That as patriots, our utmost energies shall be employed with ceaseless efforts and unyielding firmness, until the leading principles of the Maine Liquor Law are incorporated among the laws of the State of Kentucky. A general Convention of the State was called to meet in Lexington on the 22nd of October. It seems at a recent election in Michigan, a majority of the Legislature elected, is in favor of the Maine Law. Upon the whole we can inform our Canadian friends that in the United States the question is progressing having got such a hold on the affections of the best men there, that it will never retrograde. Reverses may happen in some States and defeats occur, or even the law be repealed in some States, yet a return to the old criminal practice of licensing crime-breeding taverns, will disgust the people that they will almost unanimously turn out and put down the traffic. It is said that Gough and Dr. Jewett are to be elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. The last American *Temperance Magazine* contains a short but good account of the life of Col. S. of New York city, one of the founders of the *Order of the Sons*, and a most unflinching advocate of total abstinence. He is a very eloquent man, as noble in nature as in intellect. This Magazine is really well worth Canadian support. SCOTCH ALMANAC.—We have received a copy of this truly valuable Almanac for 1853, filled with most useful Canadian statistics. It should be on every man's table. The November number of the *Anglo American Magazine* is on our table, and as usual full of useful matter. It contains a good view of Toronto. Mr. Maclear has just issued a second edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 5000 copies,—having sold 1000 copies before. Price 2s. 6d. Mr. Pollock of the Toronto Division gave a lecture in the Temperance Hall on Wednesday the 1st of November. We did not hear it. The Provincial Normal School was opened in Toronto on the 24th—a large concourse of people attending. Remarks were made by the following gentlemen, Hon. Francis Hincks, Sir Allen McNab, C. Justice Robinson, and others. The Normal School Buildings are now open for occupation and are an ornament to this growing city. The steamer *City of Hamilton* was about days ago blown ashore near Fort Credit, but got without damage. She also encountered a very bad gale last Monday in coming down. The Hon. Mr. Morris, at the close of the session stated that the Government did not intend to proceed with the proposal to make the Legislative Council elective. This is a strange movement; for a moment make when the general voice of Canada calls for a measure. We presume it is too reckless. It is said the Great Northern Powers have a note to Napoleon to say that they have no objection to his becoming Emperor, provided he does so as a free Elector, but they cannot tolerate the doctrine of an elective Emperor by the people. The American Japan expedition consists of two dozen war ships, of all sizes, 390 guns, and 4000