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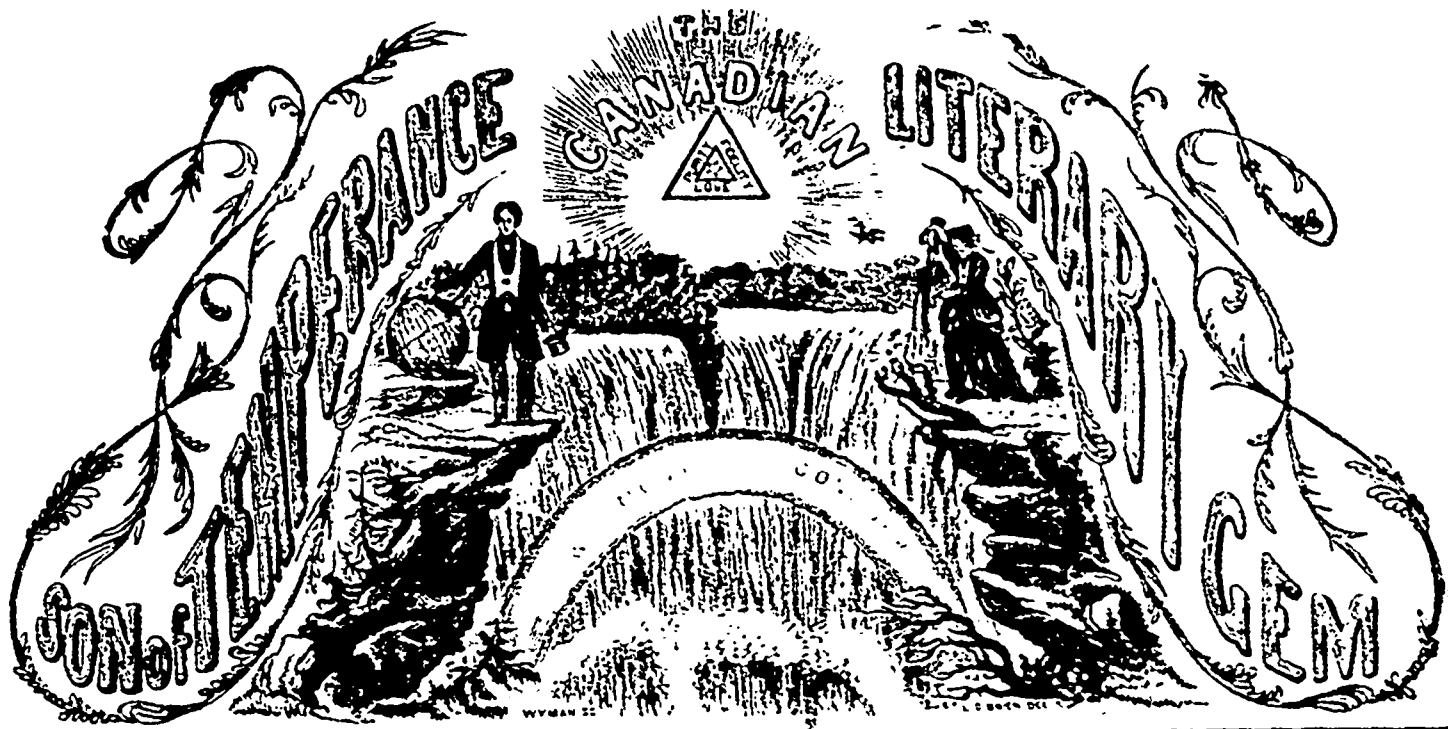
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE GRAYS OF THE EMIGRANTS

They sleep not where their fathers sleep,  
In the village church-yard's bound;  
They rest not 'neath the ivied wall,  
That shades that holy ground.

No, where the solemn organ's peal  
Pours music to the breeze,  
To ope the dim aisle at even hour,  
And swells amid the trees.

No, where the tulip is ever green,  
And spring-flowers blossom fair,  
Upon the graves of ancient men,  
Whose children sleep not there.

Where do they rest—those weary men,  
Who left their native shore,  
To earn their bread in distant lands,  
Beyond the Atlantic's roar!

They sleep on many a lonely spot,  
Where the mighty forest grew—  
Where the giant oak and stately pine  
A darkling shadow threw.

The wild-bird pours her early song  
Above their grassy graves;  
And far away, through the still night,  
Is heard the sound of waves.

And the breeze is softly sighing  
The forest haughts among,  
With mournful cadence ringing,  
Like harp by angel's string.

And moss, nursed by weeping dew,  
Shed here their blossoms pale;  
And spotless snow-flowers lightly bend  
Low to the passing gale.

The fire-fly lights her sparkling lamp  
In that deep forest gloom,  
Like hope's dim light, that breaks the night  
And darkness of the tomb.

The mossy stone or simple cross  
Its silent record keeps,  
Where, mould'ring in the forest shade,  
The lonely exile sleeps.

Yet deem him not by all forgot:  
Kind hearts have breathed a prayer,  
And tears of faithful love been shed  
By those who love him there.

Oskanda, Rice Lake, Nov. 4, 1853. —Old Countryman.

THE MOQUIS: A CURIOUS PEOPLE LIVING AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Far away beyond the Louth Pass, on the head waters of the Colorado River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and in many respects for more than 40 years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basin. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far in the desert, with whom he could barter. The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meats and water they struck right out into the heart of that great desert, where no white man has before or since been, and which the hardy mountaineers will only venture to visit. After five days' travel the party arrived at three mountain peaks, rising in grandeur in that solitary waste. These mountains were covered with a diversity of forest and fruit trees. In streams of the purest water tipping down their declivities, their base was a numerous agricultural people, surrounded by waving fields of corn and a profusion of vegetables. The people were dressed in leather; they knew nothing of fire-arms, and only the bow and arrow; and for mile after mile, circling the base, were added houses two and three stories high. Mr. Bridger was not allowed to enter any of their towns or houses, after remaining three days, bantering scarlet cloth and iron beads for their furs, which they, not, however, before being given to understand that they had no intercommunication beyond their own settlements. These are the people that once inhabited the

banks of the Gila and Colorado, and left these monuments of wonder, the "Casse Grand," which so deeply attracted the followers of Fremont and Dampian, and they vanished like a dream, there can no longer be a doubt.

Months after this conversation with Bridger, I had another with Mr. Pappin, the agent of the American Fur Company. He told me that another of the party, Mr. Walker, the mountaineer, who was in one of the mountain passes is named, and who is known to be a man of truth, had given him the same description of these isolated people, and in my mind there is not a shadow of doubt of their existence.

According to Captain Walker, through the very centre of the Great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquito or Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it, is the river San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land, broken occasionally by sierras of no great length, which shoot up above the general elevation. About half way between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is the country of the Moquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a table of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if the same great power had shaved off the summit. Away up here the Moquis have built three large villages, where they rest at night perfectly secure from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the north and east of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached up a steep flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land, where the Moquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards, filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Captain Walker says, are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, but very few beasts of burden and cattle. They are a harmless, intelligent race—kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked.

The warlike Navajos who dwell in the mountains to the north-west of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is movable from their farms, and fly for refuge to the mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the top of the rocks and houses watching his movements. One of their villages at which Captain Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar, one of them adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and even three stories high. The tables are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woven clothing, blankets, leather, basket work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this country, the women work within doors, the men performing a laborious and arduous life. As a race, they are lighter in color than the Dey or Indians of California. Indeed, the women are so white by far in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them, Captain Walker saw three villages, where each had a hair and light eyes. He saw a number of the same kind at the Zunyi villages, nearer the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Aztecs, and probably gave rise to the rumors which have prevailed of the existence of white mountains in the Basin.

The Moquis have probably acquired notions of travelling the top of the mountain as a safe route for their caravans. They have cut out the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms, for manufacturing woven cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never see each other with bows and arrows. The Navajos carry off their stock without opposition. But on the almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Captain Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be had exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a park robe of a red colour, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins

part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a large rosette. The effect is very striking. The married women wear their hair twisted into a club behind.

The Moquis farm in the plain by day and retire to their villages on the mountain at night. They irrigate their lands by means of the small streams running out of the sides of the mountain. Sometimes when it falls to snow on the mountains in winter, their crops are bad. For this reason they always keep two or three years provisions laid up, for fear of famine. Altogether, they are a most extraordinary people, and in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent. They have never had any intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here for the adventurous traveller!

COBDEN ON POPULAR IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Cobden in an address before the Mechanics' Institution, Birmisley, drew the following deplorable picture of popular ignorance in England:

Give me voluntary education, or State education—but education I want. [Loud applause.] I cannot accept statistics to prove that the people are educated, because I cannot shut my eyes to what is evident to my senses,—that the people are not educated. That they are not being educated (Renewed applause.) I was talking only yesterday with a merchant in Manchester who told me that he had attended at the swearing in of the militia in one of the largest manufacturing towns of England, and that not one-half of those sworn in could read, and not one third could sign their names. (Hear, hear.) Now, without wishing to utter any fanciful opinion with regard to the peace question, I must say, with all sincerity, I think it would have been much better to land these young men over to the schoolmaster rather than to the drill-sergeant. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) For I think the safety of this country would be more promoted by teaching them to read and write than by teaching them to face about right rightly. (Laughter.) I was talking this subject over to an old friend of mine at Preston, and he said, "I attended the coroner one day last week at an inquest. There were thirteen jurymen; five signed their names, and eight made their mark." Can I shut my eyes to what is going on around us? I cannot, and therefore I say we are not an educated people; and I say it is our duty, and our safety calls upon us, to see that the people are educated; and I know of no place more fitting to discuss this subject than in such a meeting as this, because I take it for granted you are all interested in it. You all admit the deficiency of juvenile instruction, or you would not have attended to the defective adult education. (Hear, hear.) We are not an educated people, and I have no hesitations in asserting that, in point of school learning, that the mass of the English people are the least instructed of any Protestant community in the world. ("Shame!") I say that deliberately. I remember quite well at the time of the Hungarian emigration into this country after the revolution a very distinguished minister or religious teacher of Hungary was talking to me on the subject of our education, and I told him a large portion of our people could neither read nor write. He could not believe it, and said, "If it is true a large proportion of your people can neither read nor write, how do you maintain your constitutional franchises and your political liberties? Why, it is evident to me that your institutions are rather a sham to your people, and that this so-called government is only a habit with you." It is a habit, and we will cling to it and hold it; but I want a safe foundation. I want to have our civil government a habit of appreciation—something our people will be proud of, and not a wretched habit, and there is no security unless it is based upon a wider intelligence of the people than we meet with at the present moment. It meets us at every turn—you can't do anything in social reform, but you are met with the question of education. Take the question of sanitary reform. Why do people live in bad cellars, surrounded by filth and disease? You may say it is their poverty, but their poverty comes as much from their ignorance as their want, and their wiles often spring from their ignorance. (Applause.) The great mass of the people don't know what the sanitary laws are, they don't know that ventilation is good for health, they don't know that the windows of an unventilated street or impure alley is productive of disease and disease. If they did know these things people would take care

they inhabited better houses; and if people were only more careful in their habits than they are, and husbanded their means, they might get into better houses. If And when I hear persons advocate temperance, which I, as one of the most temperate men in the world, always like to hear advocated, I say the best way is to afford them some other occupation or recreation than that which is derived only through their senses—the best way is to give them education. If the working man is deprived of those recreations which consist of the intellectual and moral enjoyments that education and good training give, he naturally falls into the excitement of sensual indulgence, because excitement of all human beings must have it. If Therefore, when you wish to make them more temperate, and secure moral and sanitary and social improvements among the working classes, education, depend upon it, must be at the bottom of it all—Gentlemen, I see in different parts of the country a great social movement going on between different classes of the community. For instance, in the town of Preston you have 20,000 to 30,000 persons out of work, and there is in that place not a chimney but is cold and cheerless—neither smoke nor steam cheering your eyes. Look at the destitution and misery caused by having a town in this state for a month or six weeks. Why is this? I answer, it springs from ignorance. (Hear, hear.) Not ignorance confined to one party in the dispute. (Applause.) It is ignorance on both sides, and deplorable is its result. (Renewed applause.) But do you suppose that when the world becomes more enlightened you will have such a scene as this, of a whole community stopping its labours for a month or six weeks, and creating misery, immorality, and destitution, that may not be remedied for five or six years to come? (Hear, hear.) When masters and men understand the principles upon which the rate of wages and profits depend, they will settle their matters and arrange their differences in a less bungling way than that which now brings so much misery upon all parties to the quarrel.— [Applause.] Even now, however, we see great progress in this respect. I remember the time when the cessation of labour by 25,000 persons would have led to riot and disturbance, and the sailing out of the military. This is not to be seen now. [Hear, hear.] We see passive resistance and firmness to an extent which, if they had policy and propriety at their back, would be highly desirable and most commendable. [Hear, hear.] But, gentlemen, we shall probably live to see the time when another step will be taken onward. You will live to see the time when men will settle these matters, not by resorting to blind passion, by vituperation, and counter-vituperation—when the question of wages will be left to the master and man to arrange according to their own interest—when the whole question of wages and the rate of wages will be settled just as quietly as you now see the price of any article fixed in the public market. [Hear, hear.] They did not find that people who went to market with cattle, potatoes, or anything else, struck against the buyers of those cattle or potatoes. They did not find that the seller of the cattle struck against the seller of the potatoes, and that the buyers and the eaters of the potatoes stood quietly by and starved while the potatoes rotted. They did not find men doing such things; but they found that it was by the higgling of the market that they tranquilly decided its price; they thus fixed the price of the day, and the whole thing was quietly settled without the irritation and waste of property, without that misery and suffering which I consider most painful, and as a sign of the intelligence of the day, the most discreditable—that struggle between master and work-people which is passing in our time.

In the course of his speech Mr. Cobden made the following reference to the United States:

I went to that country 20 years ago, and I published a record of my opinions. That was written in 1835, and I stated that England would be brought to the consciousness that it was to that country she would have to look with apprehension as to manufacturing rivalry; and now I am delighted that it should turn out as I have stated, that it has come from a quarter—from a person so well qualified to procure correct information that no one will question the truth of his report when it comes out. I say I am delighted, because I want England to know her danger, if there is one. [Hear, hear.] Napoleon used to say to those in communication with him, "If you have any bad news to tell me, awake me at any hour of the night, for good news will keep, but bad news I cannot know too soon." (Hear, hear.) I say, then, I am delighted with this, for let but Englishmen know of a danger to face, and of a difficulty to surmount, and there is nothing within the compass of human capacity which they will not accomplish; but the great misfortune is that Englishmen are too much given up to and incensed with their insular pride and prejudice,—a sort of Chinese notion of superiority,—that they will not awaken up and use their eyes as to what is going on in other countries until it is too late. (Hear, hear.) I am glad, therefore, that this question is to be brought forward; but why should America be better educated than England? Do you think that a new country which has the wilderness to cultivate, primal forests to level, roads to make, and every bridge and church to erect—do you think such a country is in a position to rival the old country, if that country will only do its duty as its people? [Hear, hear.] No, an old country has greater advantages and facilities at command than a new one; and if you find a new country beating an old one in this matter, depend upon it, it is because of some fault in the old one. (Hear, hear.) We don't read in ancient Greece, when she sent forth her colonies, that they became the teachers of the mother country. No; Athens always remained the teacher of the whole world. And it is a shame if a new people, sent out from us only yesterday, is to be held up for our admiration and example, and that too in the matter of education. [Hear, hear.] Now, I hope that it won't be said that there is anything in these remarks which is out of place in an assembly such as this. It appears to me that if there can be a meeting at which each a subject as this should be discussed it is just such a meeting as this. [Hear, hear.] We are all here, at all events, presumed to feel a great interest in the subject of education, and therefore anxious to promote it. [Hear, hear.] And I don't despair even now. I should not despair of this country, if the people of this country would only resolve to do it, surpassing all the world in a generation or two. [Hear, hear.] and applause. But we must not refuse to adopt the improved machinery of other countries. [Hear, hear.] We must not be like the Chinese with their junk, who refuse to build their ships after our improved model; we must not refuse to copy what we see in other countries if better than our own. If we see the Americans beating us in their spinning-jennies and in their sailing-boats, we adopt their improvements; if they send

over a yacht which beats ours, we wind over and build one which will beat them; if a man comes over and picks our locks, we may wonder how it is he makes better locks than we do, but we buy them; and so it is in other matters of this kind. But, on the question of education, they have in the United States adopted a system which we in this country have not adopted, except in Scotland to some extent; and which is so natural as that we should follow the same rule in this matter as we do in the manufacture of our machines for spinning cotton, and in the construction of our ships? (Hear, hear.) I take it that, the result being in favor of American education, it proves that they have adopted better means than we have, and, if we would rival them, we must not be ashamed to adopt their plan, if better than our own.

Humorous.

A fair one-time was and was, Is relished by the worst men.

EPHRAIM SMUG.

Ephraim Smug was a trader smug,  
A Quaker in faith and feeling,  
Little given to heed distinctions or creed  
In matters of worldly dealing,  
And as sharp a blade, in driving a trade,  
As lives between Bow and Ealing.

He'd a horror of war, and he'd sell the Czar,  
Steel or powder for Turk or Tartar;  
The slave-trade did hate, but would send a freight  
Of handcuffs for African barter.  
And though pious himself would have furnished for pelf  
The faggots to roast a martyr.

His stock in hand to suit each land,  
Was various in assortment;  
In game and grace he thrived apiece,  
Till quite dignified grew his deportment;  
And he kept a strong box, with three patent locks,  
And he knew what taking "a shot" meant.

A FAST STORY.

A Yankee was bragging of the speed on Yankee railroads to an English traveller, of a "fast train," in the United States. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Englishman an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Englishman.

"We are approaching a town," said the Yankee. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in England yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Englishman: "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so deuced fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Yankee.

"Fact," said the Englishman, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam-whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate, hurricanes were nowhere, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trumpet. It screamed awfully, but it was no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the road side, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon and dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close on behind it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station telegraph telegraphs all along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say that is true—the rest I know to be so.

Some years since, there resided in R. an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion, by the name of Driver, but more familiarly known by the name of Tom Driver, who loved a good joke, no matter what it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day, while returning from a visit to a broker clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with:—

"Well friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough! I'm in the mud and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, 'Who so giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied, "That is not the reason."

"Well, what is it then?" asked the divine.

"Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R.," replied the farmer peevishly: "they want a darn'd sight better driver than they've got!"

An Irish sailor fell from the mizzen-top of a ship. Every person on the quarter deck thought he must have been killed by the fall. The poor fellow got up, apparently but little hurt. The captain who was near him enquired where he came from. "Plaze your honor," replied he, all the while rubbing himself, "from the North of Ireland."

A droll fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. "Why," says he, "my father had one and so had my grandfather before him; it runs in the blood."

Ladies' Department.

SWEET FANN.

Sweet Fanny, you were pretty once,  
Your eye was very blue,  
Your cheek had just enough of  
rose,  
Your lip enough of dew;  
Your form was like a fairy's fan,  
Too beautiful for words,  
And when you spoke, 'twas  
sweeter than  
The melody of birds

But, Fanny, you are ugly now  
Your cheek hath lost its hue,  
And though your eye is gentle,  
Fan,  
It does not look so blue;  
Your form no more with grace  
accords,  
Your time to win is o'er,  
And when I heard thy music  
words,  
Their music charms no more

And, Fanny, we were lovers once,  
Oh! those were lunny 'ys,  
But when to make you love me,  
Fan,  
I had so many ways;  
When to my earliest suit delay'd,  
A thousand times and one,  
So condescendingly you said,  
At last your heart was won.

Poor Fanny! (for I sung the  
lay,  
Not meaning nought on earth,  
Than just to give my fancy play,  
And give my nonsense birth.)  
Poor Fanny turn'd away at this,  
I saw the words were kept,  
And when I asked her for a kiss  
She sat and only wept.

And, Fanny, we were wedded  
once,  
Aye, to my arms you came,  
A wild and winsome creature,  
Fan,  
Too beautiful to name,  
And then, of all the charms pos-  
sessed,  
Confidingly and free,  
I follow'd on thy gentle breast,  
Did dream of heaven and there.

I saw—I was myself in tears,  
And fast they fell and free;  
And should I live a thousand  
years,  
The truth will present be—  
I saw an idle look can pain,  
An idle word can sting;  
It struck me, and I've thought  
since then,  
Love is a holy thing

LUXURIOUS KISSING DESCRIBED.

Almost any writer can describe emotions, joy, anger, fear, doubt, or hope: but there are very few who can give anything like an adequate description of the exquisite, heavenly and thrilling joy of warm, affectionate kissing. We copy below three of the best attempts that we have ever seen. The first is by a young lady during her first year of courtship:

"Let thy arm twine  
Around me like a zone of love,  
And thy fond lip, so soft,  
To mine be passionately pressed,  
As it has been so oft."

The next is by a lady shortly after her engagement. It will readily be seen that her powers of description are far in advance of the one quoted above:

"Sweetest love,  
Place thy dear arms beneath my drooping head,  
And let me lowly nestle on thy heart;  
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press  
My parting lips to taste the ecstasy  
Imparted on each long and ling'ring kiss."

But the best thing we have seen is the following, by Alexander Smith. We quote again, however, with a contemporary in thinking that when a man so freely indulges in esculant nectar as to imagine he is "walking on thrones," he should be checked off. Hear him:

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;  
What then to me were thrones,  
Or pain, or death? Earth was a mound of bliss:  
I seemed to walk on thrones."

A THIRTY-SIX MILLION HEIRESS.—The Southern papers mentioned, some time since, a rumour that the wife of the Rev. Samuel Clawson, of Virginia, had fallen heir to an immense fortune in England. The Western (Va.) Herald says the facts of the case are as follows: There was originally the sum of thirty six millions of dollars in the estate of the Earl of Lancaster, in England; and upon the death of the Earl and his brother, a dispute arose between the house of York and the house of Lancaster, (instituted by the former,) because of an intermarriage between the two houses, the house of York suing for the heirship. The suit was protracted from the lower to the higher courts, from fifty to a hundred years, and was finally decided at the Exchequer, (the Queen's Bench,) in favour of the house of Lancaster. After this decision, advertisements were scattered abroad over the world for the heirs of the Lancaster estate; and the mother of Mrs. Clawson, wife of Rev. Samuel Clawson, is one of the heirs. Attorneys are employed by the heirs to secure their interests, and it is supposed that the whole affair will be settled up during this winter, when the heirs will receive their portions. The above sum of thirty-six millions has been at interest for more than sixty years, which interest will pay the cost of law and leave the original clear.

John Walker a Cincinnati brewer, recently deceased, left an estate estimated at \$200,000, of which \$70,000 in real estate. By will he devised to his wife in cash, \$10,000, but dowry of one-third in all real estate, for her natural life, &c. This, it is alleged, would give her in interest about \$2,500 a year. She claims, as they were childless, she being a second wife, that she, as next of kin, is entitled to the whole of the personal estate besides her dower in the realty. The minor heirs of Walker claim that if Mrs. Walker elects not to take by the will, she relinquishes the \$10,000 legacy, and all the personal property, and can only take her dower in the realty. The case is in court.

There is only one stone in the Washington monument contributed by the fair sex for insertion in the column, and that bears the inscription:—

"From the ladies of Lowell, Massachusetts,  
"Here industry her grateful tribute pays,  
To him whose valour won our prosperous days"

They have got a queer law case in Citrus, Massachusetts. A young lady, who married a rich man under promise of being beautiful, is discovered to have painted, with henna, and other wise disguised her natural imperfections. Her husband sues her for obtaining money under false pretences.

LOST DILLIE.

BY ALICE CAREY

Don't you remember the old apple tree,  
That grew in the edge of the meadow;  
And the maiden who titherward straying with me,  
Threw over the sword but one shadow?

You remember the bridal-time, bright with the flow  
Of the cup as deceitful as cheery,  
And the neat little cabin-home, always aglow  
With the sweet smile of Dillie, my dearie!

The path going down to the apple-tree still  
Winds over the slope of the meadow,  
Thy dear little cabin peeps over the hill—  
But the rose runs wild in the shadow!

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—When we consider the fame acquired by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—the universality of the reading of "Fern Leaves," books both written by unpretending women, this must emphatically be called the age of "Womens' Rights." No authors have influenced so many morally, have held the Saxon public in such continual applause as Mrs. Stowe and Fanny Fern. No books issued for many years have had such an extended circulation as these two. So far as power of intellect is concerned, these two authors, and Miss Bremer, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Carey, Madame Plueffer, Mrs. Jamieson and others, have clearly demonstrated within the past ten years that women have it equally with men.

Fanny Fern's "Fern Leaves," now some four or five months out of press, has had a sale of over 40,000 copies, and is still selling as fast as two power-presses can print. The authoress, but recently fighting a brave but unequal battle for the bare sustenance of her orphan children, has already received over \$5000 as copywright for this work, and will probably receive as much more.

LEATHER FLOWER MAKING.

A writer in Household Words, says: "Leather flower making is becoming an occasional resource for industrious ladies. And a very good resource, too. Why should crochet and embroidery continue to reign without a rival? It is so pleasant to make anti-Macassars slippers and collars and furniture covering, that no new employment for spare half-hours need be sought? If a lady should deem it unpleasant to have to deal with little bits of damp leather, let her remember there is great scope for the display of taste—always an important matter, whether in business or in pleasure. When we mention picture-frames, we must be understood as referring to their ornamental decorations only. A carpenter or a frame maker prepares a flat deal frame, with neither mouldings nor adornments; the fair artist covers this with leather ornaments, and then paints the whole to imitate ancient oak, or in any other way which her taste may dictate. The preparation of the ornament depends on this fact—that leather can be brought into almost any desired form while wet, and will retain that form dry. The leather (a piece of common sheep-skin will suffice) is cut with scissors or sharp knives into little pieces shaped like leaves, stalks, tendrils, fruits, petals, or any other simple object; and these pieces are curved, and pressed and grooved, and marked, and wrinkled, until they assume the required form. It is not difficult to see how, with a few small modelling tools of bone or hard wood, all this may be done. And when done, the pieces are left to dry; and when dry they are tacked or pasted on the frame, and when tacked or pasted, they are finished just as the ornate taste of the lady-worker may suggest. If a picture frame may be thus adorned, so may a screen, a chimney ornament; anything, almost, which you may please.

If we mistake not, the leather-embossers have begun to sell the simple tools, and to give the simple instructions, requisite for the practice of this pretty art. But whether this be so or not, a tasteful woman can easily work out the requisite knowledge for herself. Our lady readers, however, need not be wholly left to their own resources in the practice of this little art. Madame de Conde, in her little essay on the leather imitation of old oak carving, tells us all about it. She instructs us how to select the best of sheep-skin, how to provide a store of card-board, how to cut the leather from the card-board patterns, how to make the fibres or veins with a blunt point, how to pinch up the leather leaf in imitation of Nature's own leaf; how to make stems by strips of leather wrapped round copper wire; how to imitate roses, chrys-anthemums, daisies, China asters, fuchsias, and other flowers, in soft bits of leather crumpled up into due form, how to imitate grapes, by wrapping up peas or beans in bits of old kid gloves; how to obtain relief ornaments by modelling soft leather on a wooden foundation; how to affix all these dainty devices to a supporting frame work; and how to varnish the whole. These items of wisdom are all duly set forth.

Frederika Bremer says she does not think much of the beauty of American women. An exchange paper says that neither the American women or men think much of the beauty of Miss Bremer. It would be difficult to imagine how anybody could.

PREMIUMS ON BABIES.—We find in the papers the following:—At the late Georgia State Fair a premium of a silver cup was offered for the best looking native baby, and it was taken by a "promising" daughter of Robert Glover. Next year the premium for the same article will be \$50. The competition will be brisk, and we may soon expect an improved stock.

Youths' Department

Train up a Child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. Proverbs 22 & 6

(ORIGINAL)

THE GRASSY HILL—THE DREAMS OF YOUTH

Can I forget the Grassy Hill,  
Around my humble mossy dwelling,  
Can I forget the simple rill,  
Its many tales of fancy telling!  
Can I forget the days gone by,  
When I upon that hill was strolling,  
Or warmed by summer's genial sky,  
Amid the violets blue was playing?

Woodstock Mrs. CAROLINE DUNN

STATE OF THE ORDER OF CADETS IN CANADA—REPORT.

To the Grand Section C of T. of the Province of Canada.

Your Committee appointed to report on the state of the Order, beg leave most respectfully to report, that after looking at the books of the Grand Section, they find that out of one hundred and eighty Sections, not more than eighty can be said to exist, and that of these only twenty-five have sent in their returns for the quarter ending the 30th ult.

Your Committee are of opinion that the causes of the declension of our Order are—

1st. The neglect of the Sons of Temperance, through inattention to the interests of the Cadets, their not visiting the Section-rooms, and the D. G. W. P.'s and the W. P.'s, not making their returns in proper time

2ndly. The keeping the Section open too late at night, many of the Sections not breaking up previous to 10 o'clock, an hour quite too late, in the opinion of your Committee.

3rdly. The high amount of weekly dues—the G. Secretary having informed your Committee that several Sections have requested the Grand Section to lower the weekly dues, as many parents complain that they are too high.

4thly. The want of order in the Section-room, courtesy to one another, as well as the mismanagement of the books of the Section.

Under these circumstances, your Committee respectfully recommend this G. Section to draft a circular, and have a copy of it forwarded to each Sub-Division near which a Section of Cadets is organized, calling upon the Sons of Temperance to support and sustain the Cadets in their vicinity; and also that the matter be brought before the Grand Division, praying the members to interest themselves in forwarding the interests of our Order.

2ndly. Your Committee recommend each Sub-Section to close as early as nine o'clock.

3rdly. That the present rate of weekly dues be reduced from 1 1/2d. to 1d. per week.

4thly. Your Committee recommend the G. Section to have W. P.'s enforce good order in the Section-rooms, and also to have the first A. P. to see that the books of the T. and A. T. are properly kept; and also that the W. P. be directed to look over the minutes immediately before the close of the meeting, and see that they are correct. All of which is respectfully submitted.

WM. J. A. CASE, THOMAS NIXON, JOSEPH FAULKNER, ANDREW MUNROE, THOMAS W. CAREY. Kingstown, Oct. 1853.

The following is the list of officers elected for the G. Section of Cadets for 1854:—

Bro. Dr. Case, Hamilton, G. W. P.; Bro. Jos. Faulkner, Hamilton, G. A. P.; Bro. Thos. Nixon, Newmarket, G. S.; Bro. Wm. J. Rattray, Toronto, G. A. S.; Bro. M. Stone, Oshawa, G. T.; Bro. Andrew Munro, Brockville, G. G.; Bro. Richard R. Donnelly, Hamilton, G. W.; Bro. J. M. VanNorman, Wellington Square, G. C.

Moved by Bro. Rattray, seconded by Bro. J. M. VanNorman, "That this G. Section hereby give their consent to the formation of a G. Section for Canada East, provided they are willing to become responsible for the debts due this Grand Section by Sections in that part of the Province, and that the G. Secretary be authorized to offer them our Ritual at cost price.—Carried.

A CURIOUS PUZZLE.—A man having a \$20 bill entered a shoemaker's shop to buy a pair of boots, the shoemaker had a pair that suited him, but had no money in the shop to make change. The man wishing to buy gave the shoemaker his \$20 bill to pay for the pair of boots, the price of which was to be \$5. The shoemaker having no money in his shop—carried the \$20 bill to a neighboring shop to get it changed into smaller bills. He did so, and returned to the shop and gave the money to the buyer. The buyer gave the shoemaker \$5 of it for the boots, and took them away with him and also the money less the price of the boots. Soon after he had left the neighbor who had changed the money came to the shoemaker's shop and told him the \$20 bill, which the latter had given him, and had got of the purchaser of the boots, was counterfeit. Thereupon the shoemaker paid the neighbor his \$20 back again. The question is how much did the shoemaker lose by this transaction?—[ENTROR.

SONG OF THE UNITED STATES

Our Country 'tis a glorious land,  
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
She hears the dark Atlantic roar,  
And nurtured on her ample breast,  
How many a good prospect lies,  
In nature's richest grandeur dress,  
Enamell'd with her levellest dyes

Rich Prairies deck'd with flowers of gold,  
Like sunlit oceans roll afar,  
Broad takes her azure heavens behold,  
Reflecting clear each trembling star,  
And mighty Rivers, mountain born,  
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,  
Through forests where the bounding fawn,  
Beneath their sheltering branches creep

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,  
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty smile,  
Where love the air with music fills,  
And calm content and peace abide,  
For plenty here her fountains pour,  
In rich profusion o'er the land,  
And sent to seize her generous store,  
There grows no tyrant's aurling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—  
This bounteous birth land of the free;  
Where wanderers from afar may come  
And breathe the air of Liberty!  
Still may her flowers untrampled grow,  
Her harvests wave, her corns rise;  
And yet, all time shall hold his wing,  
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

A REMARKABLE MAN—REWARD OF PROBITY—Andrew Johnson

Johnson, who has just been elected Governor of Tennessee, (over the most popular Whig in the State, Major Henry, whose oratorical gifts are hardly second to those of any other gentleman in the Union,) is an extraordinary man. Indeed there is more in his history to encourage probity, industry, energy, and ambition, in the youth of America of all degrees, (says the Washington Star,) than in that of any other public man we know of. At two years of age, Mr Johnson was (we learn from those in whose knowledge of his early history we place every confidence) an inmate of the almshouse of Wake county, North Carolina, where he remained until his eighth year, when he was apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh. His master, it is said, failed to teach him even the rudiments of an English education, at least trained him up to love the truth, work hard, and be straightforward in his dealings with every one. When his apprenticeship was up, Mr. Johnson married a woman after his own heart, who knew enough from books to be able to aid him in mastering the arts of reading and writing.

On marrying just after he became of age, he emigrated to Eastern Tennessee, trading barefooted, it is said, with his faithful helpmate by his side, and his pack upon his back. Assiduous labor at tailoring, at the end of ten years placed him in comfortable circumstances for his position in that region, and by that time, by dint of hard study during his leisure moments, he had become to be actually a man of considerable general information. Being a good talker on the stump, he was elected consecutively for a term or two to both branches of the Legislature. From thence he was transferred to the House of Representatives of the United States, where he served six years. As a member of Congress he has been distinguished for the integrity of all he did. Whatever may be thought of views such as he at times takes of public affairs, all do him the justice to believe that a more upright legislator was never in the Congress of the United States.

Mr. Johnson is not more than forty-seven years of age at this time, having so much public service as any other man of his age, notwithstanding the trials and drawbacks by which his early years were surrounded.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

SCOTLAND.—Some weeks since we alluded to the alarming prevalence of intemperance in the land of Wallace and Burns, and gave some extracts from Parish reports to the General Assembly of the old Kirk, showing the blindness of the established Church. We then said there was a brighter side to the picture and subsequent accounts reveal the cheering fact the masses are moving in the right direction. At the recent annual meeting of the Scottish League at Glasgow, Prof. Stowe and the Rev. Chas. Beecher explained the nature and operations of the Maine Law. Their addresses called forth expressions of admiration and applause from the immense auditory. The Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, in his concluding address said:

"A vast body of returns from the various parishes in Scotland exhibit three points; according to the number of the dram-shops are the drinking habits of the people; that the introduction of these houses has demoralized a sober population, and that their removal has invariably been followed with an improvement in the social conditions of the community. There is nothing in this for us but to follow the example of those States in America which have abolished the traffic as a great public nuisance. If Scotland but will it, her Majesty the Queen will put her hand to the bill as cheerfully as she did it the other day to the bill which abolishes the traffic in New Brunswick."—Ochs Ochs.

Father, is your son in danger of becoming a drunkard, while the guinea-bait is permitted to be set for him? Is not that drinking poison to which he sometimes resorts, to him the way of death, going down to hell? Is not your daughter in danger of becoming the wife of a drunkard? Then use a father's influence in removing the temptation beyond their reach. VOTE. Vote for the prohibition of the traffic. Vote for the protection of your homes, for the safety of your sons and daughters.

Wife.—Why don't you call oftener, you might. Now do call and be sociable. (Gate closes.) There, I'm glad she's gone.

Husband.—If you are glad she's gone, why did you press her to call again so urgently?

Wife.—Because we're got to keep up appearances, you know.

Husband.—Well, you women are queer folks, but I don't believe in false civility. Show your true heart say I, and I'll be a friend to you, whom we shall all be glad to see indeed.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS

The paper will be issued... Terms for 1853... Single subscribers \$1 in advance... Credit terms: At the end of 3 months \$1 1/2...

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red... like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1853.

TO OUR DEFAULTING SUBSCRIBERS—1853 is now closing, and it becomes necessary to remind those in arrears that we need immediate payments.

THE TERMS OF OUR VOLUME FOR 1854—This paper will be continued to be issued weekly on superior paper.

The only material alterations we intend to make are as to its matter. The paper will contain its usual complement of temperance news, but will give more local, Provincial, and foreign news.

Great attention will be paid to the literary and poetical character of the paper. Also a large quantity of matter suitable and useful for farmers will be given; if possible one page will be devoted to this department alone.

THE TERMS ARE AS FOLLOWS: Single subscribers \$1 in advance. Payments in December or January will be considered in advance from all subscribers.

CREDIT TERMS: At the end of 3 months \$1 1/2. At the end of 6 months \$1 3/4. At the end of the year 1854 \$2. Any old subscriber sending two new ones with himself will be charged only \$1 in advance...

Agents now on our list, will receive a copy for \$1 in advance, or gratis if they collect and send \$50 from old subscribers, or send five entirely new names with the money.

We cordially invite all the friends of this paper, or of Canadian Literary and Temperance progress, to exert themselves for a few weeks to come to send us a large list for 1854.

Agents and friends will oblige by obtaining and sending names to this circular. Address: CHARLES DURAND, Editor, Toronto, C.W.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR QUESTION AND PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.

As the matters stand, the public are aware that township and city Municipal Councils are in doubt how to construe the laws, vesting in them power to refuse to license, or to allow spirituous liquors to be sold on the Sabbath.

do, vesting in them full powers to act as they please in refusing to license any liquor-selling man. We do not by this mean to say that we wish the Maine Law passed over.

ENGLISH TEMPERANCE PROCEEDINGS—MR. GOUGH—Just now it is highly gratifying to see the activity displayed in England in the temperance cause. It is questionable if the cause ever stood better than it does now in that Island.

William Wilson, Esq., of Sherwood Hall, Mansfield, moved the adoption of a declaration, as the basis of the movement now inaugurated.

DECLARATION. The general council of the United Kingdom Alliance, hereby affirm and record the following declaration:—

- 1. That it is neither right nor politic for the state to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people.
2. That the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as a common beverage, is inimical to the true interests of individuals, and destructive of the order and welfare of society, and ought, therefore, to be prohibited.
3. That the history and results of all past legislation in regard to the liquor traffic abundantly prove that it is impossible to satisfactory limit or regulate a system so essentially mischievous in its tendencies.
4. That no considerations of private gain or public revenue can justify the upholding of a system so utterly wrong in principle, suicidal in policy, and disastrous in result, as the traffic in intoxicating liquors.
5. That the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic is perfectly compatible with national liberty, and with all the claims of justice and legitimate commerce.
6. That the legislative suppression of the liquor traffic would be highly conducive to the development of a progressive civilization.
7. That, rising above class, sectarian, or party considerations, all good citizens should combine to procure an enactment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, as affording most efficient aid in removing the appalling evil of intemperance.

Resolutions on the appointment of lecturers and other agents, the formation of auxiliary bodies, the offering of a prize of £100 for an essay on the legislative suppression of the liquor traffic, the preparation and circulation of tracts, and other measures, were unanimously adopted.

THE TEMPERANCE PRESS.

We are not about to write a glowing puff of our own sheet, says the Michigan Temperance Advocate, nor to particularize any, but to state the claims that temperance papers have upon temperance men, eye, upon all who prefer virtue to vice, prosperity to ruin.

The temperance papers labor under many disadvantages. First. Their circulation is mainly confined to those who live and act up to the total abstinence platform.

What the main spring is to a watch, so is the temperance press to the temperance cause. Who would have known of the Washingtonian reform, if the press had not heralded it?

We have heard the reformed man, in his experience, state that he has spent from two to three hundred dollars a year for rum; and we have asked that same man, do you take a temperance paper, and he has answered, "No! I cannot afford it."

Again—we ask, what would have kept alive the temperance cause fifteen years ago, when the clanking of the machinery of nearly ten thousand distilleries, were heard from the rising of the sun, until the going down of the same; aye, throughout the long dark hours of night, till the morning's sun again broke upon them, had it not been for the temperance press, which toiled manfully against all odds until the people became aroused?

Do not then the Christian, the Temperance, and the Moral World, owe a deep debt to the temperance press and are they willing to repudiate it? We believe not. All moral causes demand, in trumpet tones, that it should be sustained.

THE TEMPERANCE PRESS.—We give above a few remarks from an American contemporary, and in our first December No. gave extended extracts from the report of the most Worthy Scribe of the National Division to that Body at its Session at Chicago last June, in reference to the positive necessity there is to support a Temperance Press, if the cause is to prosper.

MR. GOUGH IN ENGLAND.

From what follows it will be seen that Mr. Gough is doing a good work in London. He addressed about 7000 persons on one occasion. It will be recollected that Mr. Gough is a thorough Maine Law man, and the seeds of a future law will be scattered through England and Scotland.

Mr. J. B. Gough, the great transatlantic Temperance Orator, delivered the second lecture of the course commenced by Sir James Stephen, last Tuesday evening.

Never before, we may safely affirm, did Mr. Gough address an audience that might, in all points be compared with it. Never did he make his appeal to such a mass of cultivated and Christian minds—mind thoroughly competent to deal with the subject, and form a proper estimate of the speaker.

The Literary Gem.

CHRISTMAS.

Sweet day of joy to each on side,
As wont in days of yore, has come,
With blessing come, with a good cheer,
Died our misdeeds with presents, home
The rich and poor alike receive,
And happy children welcome near,
Day after day with laughing voice,
Bids every heart awake to cheer
See yonder group with smiling faces,
Assembled in the household here,
Sweet words smoke—the bright fire blazes,
Waist each world's wanderings doth reveal
That group so full of heartfelt mirth,
Once called this house their childhood's home,
To talk they've met round the hearth
Of calendar days—of years to come!
The hearts of millions welcome thee,
Christians, joyous with thy cake and pea,
A Christmas morn'g bright with glee,
Then long to all thy wishes
Generations beneath the ground,
Our hearty fathers, rejoiced to see
Our country ever joyful seem,
Could laugh and joke and merrily be

Before another Literary Gem greets our readers, Christmas has passed by us with its festivities. Let us be cheerful and happy, thankful to a kind Providence for all the blessings that surround our Canadian homes. Gentle readers we wish you a happy Christmas.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND EVENING IN CANADA IN DECEMBER, 1853.

In the annals of the weather of Canada, the 10th of December will be a memorable one. I speak of the vicinity of the city of Toronto. In the morning the ground was covered with a beautiful white hoar frost, similar to that which we often see in the early part of October. The air was calm and still, pure and bracing. It was also mild, at least for December, the thermometer standing at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. I opened my window curtain and beheld the glorious sun rise, as fresh as in his original glory. His rays were warm and beautiful, and seemed to speak as if the voice of God was hidden behind their magnificence. Oh, what benevolence is displayed in this glorious luminary. The little sparkling frost points glittered in his morning light, and the flies and insects from their warm nooks, where they had sought shelter for the winter, looked out to see what this December spring day meant, to ask themselves if indeed they had already slept their long and usual sleep of winter. The sun took his flight somewhat to the south of us, his beams shining upon us in a slanting direction, yet with a warmth unusual to winter. The air was calm—the trees still—the sky blue with scarcely a cloud athwart its arch. The bees ventured out to sun themselves. The autumn leaves rustled beneath the feet of the little squirrels and woodmice. The winter creeping birds ran up and down the trees in delight; the jays called aloud from the beech ridges to their mates in the distant valleys. The roads thawed under the sun's rays, and became muddy towards night; the pools became partially open. It was delightful to breathe the bracing air—to walk in the stillness of nature. Yet our good city was thoroughly crowded with teams from all parts of the country twenty miles east, west, and north of Toronto. One could not help but think how happy, how content d, how thankful, Canadians should be for the blessings which kind Providence showers upon us. Peace, health, and abundance are in the doors of most of us. The afternoon was equally fine, mild and sunny, a gentle breeze blowing like the breath of affection, from the south, just enough to make the blue smoke take an angular course to the sky. The flies and little insects were flitting about—the thermometer standing at about 45 deg. in the open air. But the two scenes to come were still more beautiful. In the winter months of Canada, the sun rises about half-past seven and sets at about half-past four o'clock. He sinks very suddenly in the west, and the west becomes suddenly brilliant—reddish yellow, then of a light saffron, succeeded by deep blue. So on this delightful evening, as if to eclipse all that went before, the sun sank with an unusual brilliancy to his rest, and I saw thousands of flies dancing in his rays, to give him a night's farewell. The western horizon seemed, and so it was probably, for hundreds of miles, an ocean of melow yellow light. I gazed on it while walking a mile—and then assumed a pale saffron hue and became a blue twilight. Suddenly on this dark blue appeared the gentle, yet bright star of the evening, the little Venus, with her sparkling face, shone out in brilliant silvery beauty, with light borrowed in its light as splendid light which I had just seen sinking for the night in darkness and to rest. Then turning to the east, the pale and peaceful moon shone in queenly majesty, and a contemplation, as so has been for ten thousand years—as she was when the shepherds of India watched their flocks beneath her beams or the daughters of Zey couched beneath her love begetting smiles. The air was calm, mild, and invigorating, thus closed this glorious day and opened this lovely December evening. Gloves and overcoats were quite unnecessary by day or at night. Lake Ontario in the morning was as smooth as a mirror,

of opinion a tribute, naturally and vigorously exercised, and under the influence of Christian principles, never more remarkably exemplified. Asking nothing, he obtained everything. Making no claims, he came simply as a friend, he was allowed, by common consent, to make a complete conquest of the unadorned heart of his country through. The assembly had no other the same one of his associates to discharge the functions of criticism. They had before them a man rich in the gifts of nature, who commenced his operations by divesting himself of all pretensions to praise or consideration on the score of scholastic culture or literary acquirement. They heard the disclaimer, but thought no more about it; and, once laying their hearts open to the full power of his subliming influence that resides within him, they fell under the charms of his inspiration. Logic and criticism were both seen a-picking; they were deemed an impertinence on such an occasion. The speaker presented to the assembly a heart, and, in return, nothing but hearts were presented to the speaker. The success was complete; the triumph was perfect.

Mr. Gough has been delivering several other lectures, or rather courses, in the same Hall, and in the Music Hall, during the week, and everywhere with a like success. In nearly all the great towns both of England and Scotland, he has also met with a hearty reception, and has induced a large number to sign the Temperance pledge. He is intending to remain in England till the Spring or Summer.—Cor. of Globe

MECHANICS INSTITUTES AND DIVISIONS IN TOWNS AND CITIES.

Divisions to be successful and truly useful must connect with their doings something more than the mere routine of business and temperance discussions. They must have open social meetings, music, and lecturers on various intellectual subjects. They must have small libraries and reading rooms connected with their divisions, especially in villages, towns and cities. It would be an excellent plan if the divisions in large places like Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, London, St. Catharines and Belleville, could get the control of the Mechanics Institutes. By this means rooms to hold their Divisions in, or at least rooms in which to hear lectures, might be secured. In Toronto the basement story of the Mechanics' Institute seems to be used for some kind of an evening saloon. It was reported last year that liquors were sold there. We hope this is not the case now. Sons of temperance must connect the subject of temperance with educational and literary advancement. Every Division should have a reading room and a small select library. It should also secure some person to give a lecture twice a month on some useful subject—and as often on temperance subjects. We have ever advocated this course, and further reflection has strengthened our first impressions.

OUR ORDER MUST BE SUSTAINED.—Just thirteen years have elapsed since the Order of the Sons of Temperance was instituted. During that period, has it accomplished anything of good? To this Order, and its kindred associations the Templars, Cadets, Knights of Jericho, Leagues, Encampments, Tectonians, Rechabites, etc., can not but be unquestionably attributed any and all of the Temperance agitation that has been existing in our land of a political bearing. There is a higher association, the Church of the Living God, that has ever denounced the vice of intemperance as a social and moral evil, blasting human happiness and all hopes for the unknown future, and has ever adjured men to abstain from the excessive use of ardent spirits, by all that is holy in undefiled religion, and beautiful in unspotted individual character. But, to the organized associations for the suppression of intemperance, belongs the responsibility of calling for the aid of the Law, to protect against the defilement and influence of those who know no church, the mother and her daughters at the domestic circle, the youth of the country at its various seats of learning, and the noble and gifted of all conditions of men that everywhere fall helpless before the tempter.

Shall these associations be sustained? Not only, shall our own members retain their zeal, and work out to its solution, this problem of a nation's emancipation from the thralldom of intemperance, but shall not others—ought not all good men to connect themselves with our Order, and thus preserve it vigorous, all there is no longer any necessity for temperance societies?—Crystal Fountain.

RESOLUTIONS OF MARTINTOWN DIVISION IN THE EAST

Resolved 1st. That this Division view with feelings of the deepest regret the arbitrary and urgent resolutions adopted by the Ohio Grand Division and confirmed by the National Division of North America and the Grand Division of Canada West, making it necessary to reject men of colour, who may be otherwise qualified as fit and proper persons to become members of the Sons of Temperance
Resolved 2d. That this Division do instruct its representatives to the Grand Division to use their best endeavours with that body to repeal the said resolution, preventing persons of colour from entering sub-Divisions.
Resolved 3d. That this Division recognizes no distinction between men of colour and themselves, both having souls equally precious in the sight of the Great Being.
Resolved 4th. That this Division views the declaration of the National Division in reference to the use of sweet cider making it a violation of the pledge to use the article previous to its possessing alcoholic properties, as also arbitrary and unconstitutional and in variance with the pledge and contrary to the rights conceded to local Divisions in their charter.
Resolved 5th. That this Division do instruct its representatives to the Grand Division to use their best endeavours with that body to adopt a resolution praying for the repeal of the same, and leaving it an open question with subordinate Divisions
Resolved 6th. That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Son of Temperance for publication
W. HAMILTON, R. S. pro tem.

and glowed like burnished brass beneath the rays of the sun. As the sun sank to his rest, the tall trees, especially the sombre pines in the College Avenue, stood up in the darkness as if they were living beings gazing upon the beautiful night. Sunday following, the 11th, was a day nearly similar to the above.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—THE LATE HUGH SCOBIE, Esq.—The sudden death in this city of Hugh Scobie, Esq., engaged as he was in a lucrative business, having a large book-bantery, book and stationery store, and three papers under his management viz two weeklies, the Colonist and Weekly News, and a daily under his control, has filled our citizens with sad reflections on the great uncertainty of life. Mr. Scobie was in the prime of life, only 49 years old, and was seemingly prosperous in business. His name is known in all parts of Canada through the distribution of his papers, and especially through the use of his Almanac, a manual filled with a vast valuable information of use to every one. In the midst of his busy life, this apparent worldly prosperity, he was suddenly cut down and now his mortal home is the silent coffin, the vault, where the rich and poor, the young and aged, the dead of all ranks and grades lie promiscuously together. He had recently purchased a valuable and pleasantly located lot on Ann Street, on which he had erected a new and comfortable brick dwelling house. Everything about it, garden, trees, walks, had out-building, seem to have been arranged in view of an expected future life of comfort. A few weeks of illness dissipated all these fond expectations, and all that is mortal is carried to a tenement six feet long by two feet wide, in which the dust of men must be forever Bessed are they who in this life can look beyond this unstable state of things to a glorious future, where, in the presence of God, the cloud will grow more perfect eternally. About one hundred printers and persons engaged in printing attended the funeral besides a large concourse of citizens.

DOINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.—We see by the Atholium and Telegraph from these Provinces, that the friends of temperance are striving to do all they can, but have great opposition to encounter. The papers complain of want of support. The first says its publication will be discontinued unless a better support is afforded. It says Br. Johnson, of New Brunswick, late G. W. P., an efficient lecturer, has engaged to lecture in Nova Scotia in 1854. The Telegraph speaks of much opposition. A circular was some time ago issued by the temperance people there, recommending an agitation for a thorough Maine Law, and an opposition to the mongrel beer law now in existence, and a foolish counter circular has been issued by the rummers, trying to controvert its statements. A convention of temperance people is to be held in Halifax the latter part of February, whilst the Legislature will be in session. The Telegraph says a large Union of Daughters has been recently formed near St. John, at Portland; it speaks highly of this Order.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS OF TORONTO AND CANDIDATES.—Mr. Bell has declined to run for St. David's Ward, making way for Mr. Allan and Adam Beathe. George Brooks, John Carr, Charles March, and E. B. Gilbert, are out for St. Andrew's Ward. Mr. Mowan, an excellent and true inspector, is up again for the office. He has by his energy brought into the city treasury £27 10s 6d in fines on low groceries, more than his salary, and than all the other inspectors put together have done. Every true Son and good citizen should give him a vote. There are several candidates out for the office of Inspector in St. James' Ward; we believe several of them are temperance men. It is a foolish notion. If temperance in a run against each other, they will all be beaten. Why are not temperance inspectors selected to run for St. John, St. George, and St. Andrew's Wards. It may be thought useless, yet the experiment is worth trying. We always find the rummers when beaten, at it again. Want of moral courage, despair at repeated reverses, are getting to be too much the characteristics of Sons.

THE REV J. ROSE of this city, is giving a series of able lectures on the subject of Roman Catholic superstitions and errors, and the necessity of watchfulness on the part of protestants. He is a very capable man for such a laudable purpose. The lectures will continue through the winter.

IS MITCHELL, THE IRISH PATRIOT, A PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC?—We see this question asked in some of the American Journals. It is said by those who are well acquainted with the subject that Mr. Mitchell is a protestant, comes off an Irish Presbyterian family. Smith O'Brien is a protestant, so also is Martin. The agitation of 1848 was not confined to persons professing any one religion creed, Protestants and Catholics were promiscuously engaged in it. So it was in 1795. Lord Fitzgerald and Emmet were protestants. The leaders of the rebellion, or rather the agrarian of 1848, were very talented men, and we believe included well for Ireland. For some time cause their persons were proscribed, as they were with the Canadians in 1837. Ireland would do better if she were protestant, and such she will be in twenty-five years. We in Canada in 1837 were not sufficiently acquainted with American politicians. We knew not the tyranny of the South, slave-cerery, and out of that incident result good governments, or at least vastly improved form of government has arisen. It is to be hoped the same may be the case with Ireland. That country should be used by England as a sister having equal rights in all respects, in representation, &c. It is reported that Mitchell is to start a paper in New York City, to advocate Irish interests.

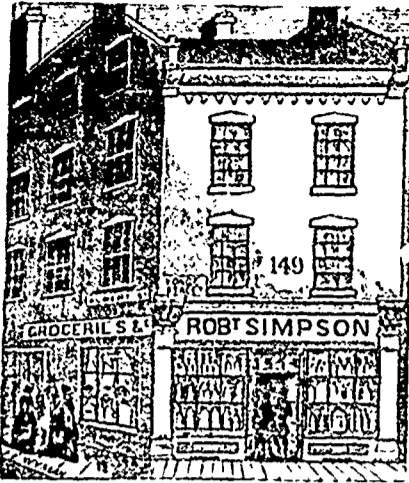






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JOHN DALG

Informal notice... Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY POLE, BUFFALO CITY.

DR. N. BURNIE, BRADFORD, MEMBER OF THE Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honorable Society of Apothecaries, London, England.

To Farmers & the Country Generally. The undersigned, at No. 3, Erie Building, Yonge Street, Toronto, has the honor to advise you that they have in their possession...

McINTOSH & WALTON. Toronto, 29th March 1853.

R. H. BRETT, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAKER, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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BURGESS & LEISHMAN, Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto, have on hand THE LARGEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS IN CANADA WEST. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

We have a full and complete assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods, which, upon inspection, our customers will find to be the most and most Fashionable in Canada, and in general.

Table listing various clothing items such as Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, and Men's Merino Shirts, with prices listed for each.

Men's Paris Satin Hats—Black and Drab. New Style Business Coats—in all materials.

Table listing various dry goods such as Mustard, Flour, and other household items, with prices listed.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto, January 1853.

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WILLIAM POLLEY, 60, King Street East, Toronto.

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his numerous customers that he has now received his Spring and Summer Goods.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

INCLUDING THE LATEST STYLES IN PLAIN AND FANCY STRAW BONNETS, PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, PRINTED MUSLINS, SILK PARASOLS, BONNET RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINCE, &c. &c.

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street.

Advertisement for Robert Taylor, featuring a large illustration of a windmill and the text 'GOLD-GOLD-From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR, Merchant Tailor, 71, Yonge Street, Toronto.' It also mentions '50 YEARS IN ADVANCE OF OUR Rivals' and 'ROB TAYLORS EXPRESS'.

GOLD-GOLD-From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR, Merchant Tailor, 71, Yonge Street, Toronto.

HIS GROCERIES ARE THE CHEAPEST IN TORONTO—THEY COMPRISE FRESH GREEN TEAS, BLACK TEAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, SPICES, FRUITS, RICE, CONFECTIONARIES.

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T. PRATT'S, J. McNAB, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., Toronto, January 1853.

J. MURPHY, PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GRAINER, PAPER HANGER, SIGN WRITER, &c. &c., No. 13, Adelaide Street, West of Yonge Street.

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS, VETERINARY HORSE AND BLACK SMITH'S SHOP, HORSE AND CAT MEDICINES, DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yonge Street, Toronto.

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READY-MADE GARMENTS, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, Buffs, and Gentlemen's Wear in General.

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