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CANADIAN SON OF THE BRANCHES.



VOL. II. TORONTO, C.W., SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852. No. 13.



NO MORE LET US DIFFER.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

No more let us differ, as oft we have done,
 Let our anger go down with the light of the sun,
 And a well spring of joy shall gush forth in the breast,
 And calm as his smile in the far-distant west.
 No more let the life-blood career through the heart,
 Like the glory of summer we come and depart;
 But o'ne like that glory, if gentle and kind,
 We have both a perfume and beauty behind.

No more let us differ! If falsehood or wrong
 Have blotted our judgment, or set on our tongue,
 Let the act be atoned for—regret be conveyed
 In the pain we have caused, for the wound we have made;
 For who, of the thousands that look up to heaven,
 Can hope by his God to be freely forgiven,
 Who live not a life of perseverance and love,
 Who withhold from mankind what he asks from above?

No more let us differ! we've plenty to do,
 To add sunshine and warmth we travel life through,
 To temper our frail hearts from drifting astray—
 To stand firm with 'neath our feet by the way.
 Who stand in his who forgive and forgets,
 Thus anger goes down with the sun when he sets,
 Thus and is secure for a bright world of bliss,
 For the friendship and love it has cherished in this.

THE AZTEC CITY.

The alleged existence of a secluded city of the Aztecs, somewhere in Central America, has been much mooted here, though by some entirely disbelieved. The presence of the Aztec children in this city, has given occasion to considerable inquiry and discussion on the subject, and will continue to do so. We find in the New York Picaune the following interesting statement, which encourages the hope, not only that we may learn something more of the antiquities of Central America, but that the ancient whereabouts of the lost tribes of Israel may be made manifest. It has long been the opinion of some that the missing tribes found their way to this continent, and the alleged discoveries here-

inafter referred to, lend countenance to that opinion.—We know nothing of the gentleman who is the Picaune's authority, but that paper would not make such statements without satisfactory assurance of their truth. The volume spoken of is in the hands of the editor, and of that he speaks from personal inspection of course. We quote now from the Picaune:

About three weeks since, a gentleman, who had recently returned from Tehuantepec, placed in our hands a volume composed of a number of layers of parchment, bound together with brazen clasps, and presenting appearances of great antiquity. It was obtained from an Indian curate—there are many in that part of Mexico—and the history of it, as related by himself, is this: He said he had purchased it from a native trader who, once a year was in the habit of visiting a city among the mountains, towards the south, which is inhabited exclusively by Aztecs. The name of this city is Coaxchencingo, which, in the language of the tribe to which the curate belongs, signifies "the mystery of the mountains." Within an inner apartment of the grand temple of Coaxchencingo are kept about fifty volumes similar in appearance to the one referred to, which, it is said by the priests, were preserved from the extensive collection of records known to have existed in Mexico at the time of the conquest, and which were destroyed by Cortez in his intemperate zeal against the paganism of the Aztecs. The volumes preserved at Coaxchencingo are regarded as holy things, and are only to be seen on days of great public rejoicing or solemnity. It was on an occasion of this kind that the Indian trader succeeded in abstracting one of them.

This volume, which we have now before us, is filled with hieroglyphical characters almost all of which are, of course perfectly unintelligible to us. But one circumstance connected with it is of the highest importance, and tends to confirm the theory that the Aztecs are descendants of a race which migrated to this continent from the eastern shores of Asia, about twenty centuries ago. It is remarkable that on one or two pages of the volume, immediately beneath the hieroglyphics, there are inscriptions in Greek characters, forming words in that language, but written backwards in the Oriental style.—On the first page, these Greek inscriptions run thus (we give English characters for want of Greek): *not nepnot agel*, which reversed reads, *O'logos ton panton*—literally, "word of all things." It is to be presumed from this, that the book is a history of the mysterious people

among whom it was found, and could it be thoroughly deciphered, it would, no doubt, completely solve the problems of our aboriginal archæology. On another page there is a picture of water, and under it the word, "*scasalakt*," which is evidently "*thalasses*," Greek for the sea. A representation of a vessel full of men accompanies this, and conveys the impression that it refers to a voyage or migration from beyond the sea.

The existence of these Greek words in this volume is a very singular circumstance, and proves conclusively that it must have been the work of some nation from the old continent which held sufficient communication with Greece to learn the language. That it is Asiatic is proved by the fact of the reversed writing, which method is used by all oriental nations. A coincident fact with this one is the discovery lately made of a Hebrew volume found in the possession of a western tribe of Indians, an account of which has already been given in almost all the newspapers, and will doubtless be remembered by our readers. To what nation the authors of this Aztec volume belonged, is yet a mystery, though the facts would seem to indicate a Jewish origin; for although there are no Hebrew characters in the book, the known fact of the disappearance of the twelve tribes, the many similarities between the customs, rites and ceremonies of the Aztecs and those of the ancient Jews, and other circumstances of the same nature, lend plausibility to the theory of a Hebrew origin.

This singular manuscript will be submitted to the learned for their opinion.

Comprehensive Minds.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently delivered a lecture in the Tabernack, in this city, on the "Law of Precedents." In respect to mental qualities of nations, he adduced the following:—"In a recent report on English education, it is proved that one nationality is distinguished from another, in the sphere of mind. Men of all nations have been tested.—French, Italians, Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish. In each nation men are to be found of equal capacity to do a thing, to execute a plan which they see before them. But no nation can plan like that of the Scotch. They have, above all other, the faculty of comprehension."

Over 500 messages were sent over the Bain Telegraph to Boston, in one day lately, besides those transmitted for the Press.

[ORIGINAL.]

DESTINY.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

They say thou rulest invisible, unseen,
A mystic power, omnipotent, I woen;
Aye, it is thou that rules—that guides our course,
That shapes our reason—gives mind its force,
Great genius thou: to guide us o'er life's tide,
To wrack our barque, or bid us safely ride;
Thou lightest up the beacon by whose blaze
We journey onward through life's busy maze.
Thy talismanic voice, electric touch,
Can make us nothing or can make us much.
Thy fiat spoken, quick thy lightning spring,
To mould a beggar or create a king.
'Tis thou, oh destiny, that mak'st the man,
Completing that creation had begun.

And what is destiny, hark reason asks?
The sceptic doubts, but reason only masks;
And reason answers, but with voice subdued
From mirth's bright smile or gloom of solitude.

'Tis not the glittering dross of nature's hoard,
'Tis not the vengeful fiat of the sword,
'Tis not ambition's will or power's sway,
A destiny can make or cast away,
'Tis here—ye sceptics doubt it if ye dare,
'Tis here—a moment lays the secret bare;
But gently now, an angel breathes the truth,
And man conveys it to the ear of youth,
Alone—a mother's influence can span,
Can mould, can seal the destiny of man.

Yes, mothers, 'tis your noblest task to fill
To lead the twig or point the budding will;
To mould the plastic mind and there to trace
Those principles no time can e'er efface,
The germ to foster and its course direct,
To train each virtue and each vice detect;
'Tis yours to crouch the mind and bid it swell,
A candidate for heaven or for hell;
To mould the embryo soul and bid it wear
Fair Virtue's impress or a villain's stare.
And ye may make that soul (a pearl of price)
For heaven a gift—for hell a sacrifice.
Ye sow the seeds of principles to be,
And this, and only this, is destiny.
Then oh! beware of how the task ye fill,
Earth may not task your work, but heaven will.
Oh train the germ, tis ye alone that can
Implant the principle to make the man.
A mother's influence must last long hold,
A mother's teaching life's long page unfold;
A mother's whispers (once they were your choice,
But death, cold death, has hushed that sacred voice;
Aye, long ago—long, long—yet still I hear
A mother's promptings swelling on my ear);
Oh mothers, guard them, watch the budding mind,
A hidden store of mingled health enshrined,
Oh frame the plant heart with mother's skill,
With angel wisdom guide th' untutor'd will;
Sow ye the seeds and watch ye how they shoot,
Pluck up the tares and watch the virtuous foot;
Care not altho' the structure may seem rude,
With virtue cherish'd and with vice subdued,
Implant the principle in youth's bright dawn,
And time and life will lay the varnish on,
Train ye the youthful mind for virtue's prize,
And saints will bless you in their native skies;
Watch ye the budlings of the youthful soul,
And train its virtues by your mild control,
Oh train them good, for they in death shall see,
A MOTHER'S TEACHING IS MAN'S DESTINY.

MEN AND WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.

Somebody is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of "Father Langley," who is a very sensible old gentleman. The following is his opinion of the present generation:

"Failed, has he! I wonder they don't all fail! For what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of the men and women now-a-days, where is it all to end? Call themselves "Sons of the Pilgrims" do they? I wish in mercy their old grandfathers could see them! They were the true grit—real hearts of oak—but these popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering!—When I was a boy, it used to be the fashion for boys to be apprentices till they learnt their trade; but now they are all bosses! There ain't no boys now-a-days!—They set up for themselves as soon as they are weaned—know enough, sight more than their fathers and grandfathers—you can't tell them anything—they know it all! Their fathers sweated and tugged in the corn field at the tail of a plow, or else over an anvil; but they can't do it! They are far too grand to dirty their fingers! They must wear fine cloth, and shirt collars up to their ears—be made into lawyers, lara docturing, set themselves up as preachers, telling us we ought to do this or that, or else get behind a counter to measure off ribbia and tepe! Smart work for two-fisted men!—Maz, did I say? They ain't worth mor'n half men!—If we go on at this rate, the race will run out by another

generation—we shan't have nothing left but a mixture of coxcomb and monkey!

The women, too, are no better—it is just even!—They are brought up good for nothing under the sun, but to put in a buffet! When I was a boy it wasn't so—the spinning wheel stood in the kitchen, and the Aytub in the corner! They were put to work as soon as they could walk; they didn't have no nursery maid to run after them; their mothers warn't ashamed to tend their own babies! They could sew on a patch, and rock the cradle beside. The gals were good for something in those times—they could spin and weave woolen, linen, lincey woolsey, red and blue, and wear it, too, after it was done! They could eat bean porridge with a pewter spoon, and they were enough sight happier, and better suited, than the gals are now, with their silk gowns, their French messes, and silver forks; yawning and moping about, silly, pale-faced iffings, with nothing to do! SET THEM TO WORK! Set them to work!—Put them at it early! Idleness is the devil's foreman; and no chain is so strong, as the iron chain of habit!—Waits was nobodys fool, I can tell you! He knew what was what. Folks don't stand still here in this world; they are going one way or t'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down! Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no 'Irish gal,' nor 'nigger wench,' to wait upon her! What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant! Adam wasn't nobody, Eve wasn't nobody, they know it all.

But they can't work—they are so delicate—they are 'so weakly!' What has made them weakly? Send off your chamber maids, your cooks, your washer-women; and set your own gals about it! It made smart women of their grandmothers—if the old blood ain't run out, they'll be good for something yet.

It used to be the fashion to be honest; if a man got in debt he tried to pay; if he didn't make an effort, public opinion set a mark upon him; but it ain't so now, he tries not to pay; he'll lie, cheat and steal; (for what better is it than stealing?) and the one that can cheat the fastest is the best fellow! It is astonishing how slippery these fellows are! Slip through the smallest holes—don't make any more of it than a weasel! Just as soon think of catching a fee sapping, as one of them!—They drive fast teams without bit or curb; buy all they can; pay for as little as possible; pocket all they can carry; then fail; make a smash; snap their fingers at their creditors; go to California, or to grass, nobody knows where, and begin again! Good gracious, if some of these fellows had lived forty years ago, they'd have clapped them in prison and shaved their heads!"

VALUABLE ANIMAL.—A trusty house dog is sometimes the best of friends. We have an instance before us. A Mr. Betts, in Sandersford, Massachusetts having gone out on a visit, directed the oldest boy, about ten years old, to place wood under the stove to be in readiness for the morning fire. This the boy did and then went to bed with the other children up stairs. Soon after the fire communicated with the wood, and the faithful spaniel seeing it, went to the room where the boys were three times, barking and howling, before he succeeded in alarming them. The smoke convinced them that the house was on fire, and on going down found the dog scattering the brands with his teeth and paws in every direction.—N. Y. Sun.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES.—Some months ago, at the Royal Institution in London photographic images were obtained of a printed paper fixed upon a wheel which was made to rotate very fast, the light being produced by an electric discharge.

NATURAL COMPASS.—It is a well known fact that in the vast prairies of Texas, a little plant is always to be found which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or a compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

LONG LIVES.—Under the usual head of deaths in the Boston Traveller, last Friday, we find the deaths of 12 persons, accidentally brought together, one of whom has lived ten years over a century; 5 others, 90 years and upwards, 4 upwards of 80 years, and only one under that age. The aggregate age of the whole twelve is one thousand and seventy-nine years, and the average is a fraction short of 90 years.

THE TRUE AND FALSE IDEAS OF A GENTLEMAN.

A LECTURE, BY THEODORE PARKER.

The lecture at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening was delivered by the Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston. His subject was the "True and False Ideas of a Gentleman." It is, said the lecturer, the aim of the material world to produce and make perfect the creature. Other things have their perfection as well as man, they all serve to perfect him. As nature blossoms in the material man, so society produces the gentleman, or the refined and perfect. As in the material world there is a constant tendency upward, from the lower creature, to man, so there is in society a constant tendency from the rude to the cultivated. Few is a harmonious development of all their powers, but rather types of overgrown particularities—thus St. Bernard was so great a Saint, that he could keep on his bones; he could not look upon woman; but that if he did he might be tempted to forget that he was a saint. Thus, while he gained the character of a saint he lost that of a man. Leander was another of these great exaggerations. Some men are good for nothing more; all their manhood has been turned into deaconhood; newly married couples are but human love, not loving men and confiding women. In proportioned bodies we do not admire the parts, but the whole. In the Greek statues of the lower gods, the peculiarities were prominent—the whole was sacrificed to the part; while in the statues of the higher gods the whole is carefully proportioned; so the gentleman of the higher order of man—the perfect whole. Thus a false and a true idea of a gentleman. The one is a vulgar gentleman, and the lecturer drew a picture of class Money, and nothing but money, make up the vulgar gentility. But to this there are two or three cautions; the miser may be rich but he is not counted as the vulgar gentel. The gentel-vulgar man must stoop to labor; his hands must be free from toil; his a disqualifying circumstance, and takes all the vulgar gentel out of the would-be gentleman. Vulgar gentility consists in costly houses, splendid equipage, furniture, in having leisure time and the kind of money brings. It matters little how the money was obtained, so that you have it. To be a vulgar gentleman, you need not have intellect or taste, or refinement in intellect, in morality, in affection, in sympathy, would take you out of the pale of vulgar gentel. No reformer can be thought gentel by the vulgar any city of the Union. Vulgar gentility never goes out—it is lasting—permanent. Though as in the case of a miser, it may be dormant for one or two generations, it is still there, and, like the gout, will some day show itself. The vulgar gentleman must have manners, but they must not be the native, artless grace of a child, nor the natural grace of manhood—not the manners of the individual—but of the class. The vulgar gentleman must bow to a lord, but may kick a peasant in the street; he can put on and take off his manners as we turn on and shut off the gas at our public gatherings. The vulgar man is the subordinate of his own class—you never think of the man but of his riches—he is eclipsed by his own gaslight. You eat his dinner, you think of them—not of him who provides them. He has no ideas of his own—the popular press makes his religion, and the party paper makes his political opinions. Having thus sketched the character of the vulgar gentel man, the lecturer next examined the gentleman's development of the grub to the full-grown beetle. A young man comes from the country to the large city to make his fortune, he comes with a few dollars, and good principles and correct ideas, and youth, industry and perseverance. From the laborer on the wheel at the stable, he grows to the clerk and the silent partner—the "& Company," that we see on signs—then the junior, and thence the senior partner, until he becomes rich, and he is known as the wealthy Mr. and So. But while he has thus been growing rich, his purse has been expanding, his manhood has been contracting. When he started in the world he had a shilling and a tear for poverty; now he is rich, he might as well try to get a tear and a shilling from a monument on Bunker Hill, as from him. Once he went to church to see God, now he goes that he may be seen of men. As he has gone up from nothing to the corner of wealth, his morals have gone down from the same height to the nothing of selfishness. The lecturer showed the changes through which the man passes as his wealth accumulates, from the time when he

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.
FREE SCHOOLS.—No. 2.

To show that Free Schools are not utopian—that they do not appear splendid only in theory, we need only point to the free schools in the Eastern States, where they have existed for more than two centuries, and their practicability and superiority over all other systems, will appear manifest. The Pilgrim Fathers, with their characteristic acuteness, and far-sightedness, perceived very plainly that the scion of liberty, which they had planted in their adopted land, and for which they endured the privations of expatriation, would not flourish, and grow to the mighty tree, destined to overshadow this vast continent, under whose branches were to repose so many millions of free men, unless it were carefully pruned by the hand of an enlightened judgment,—unless the genial showers of knowledge, continually watered its expanding foliage, and dissolved the various ingredients that were to be assimilated to its structure. They therefore proclaimed to the world, and adopted it as a law by which they and their successors were afterwards to be governed, “that all the children of the State shall be educated by the State.” The Eastern States are now the best educated States in the Union; and it might be safely said, that in no country is knowledge more diffused; is law more sacredly revered; and order more strictly maintained, than in the Free School States.

In New York State also, a system of schools, if not nominally free, at least practically so, has been lately established: and hear what Governor Hunt says in his late message, respecting them:—“A system of education, by which knowledge is placed within the reach of all, and our youth being taught to comprehend the rights and duties of citizenship; the supremacy of law and order; the consequent advancement of every agricultural, mechanical, and commercial interest; are results which serve to demonstrate the advantages of free institutions, and the capacity of our people to preserve them in their original purity, and integrity.”

Without enlarging any further on the practical utility of Free Schools, I will at once proceed to discuss the justice of them, by answering some of the most popular objections to their equity. Says one:—“I do not object to the justice of other general taxes; for as Government is bound to protect my life and property, it is no more than right to pay for that protection; but it is the height of injustice to force me to pay a school tax, whereby my neighbor's children are schooled.”

My objector must know that a large item of these taxes goes to defray the expenses of prisons, criminal officers, and the military department. He should also know that the necessity of these, and consequently the expense of each would be materially lessened, were education to be more widely diffused. If then it be just to expend money in punishing crime, is it not also just, and much more beneficial to expend that money in preventing it? The following extract from the report of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, bears on this part of the subject: As our Government was founded upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, it was rightly concluded by its framers, that without a wise educational system the government itself could not stand; and in ordaining that the expenses of educating the people, should be defrayed by the people at large, without reference to the particular benefit of individuals, it was considered that those, who, perhaps, without any children of their own, nevertheless would still be compelled to pay a large tax, would receive an ample equivalent in the protection of their persons, and in the security of their property.”

But says another “my children have all grown to maturity, they have received their school education; it would be highly wrong now to make me pay for the education of my neighbor's children, especially as my money would go not only to assist the indigent, but also those who are quite as wealthy as myself, while I can receive no benefit.” We answer, that part of what you complain of, arises from the necessity of the case, and not from the partiality of the application of the principle. Had our Fathers been more wise you would now be deprived of this objection; yet, we could not suppose a time in which the free schools would be established, without placing some in the same disadvantageous circumstances, which you now complain of. But that you receive no benefit is not true. In the first place, you receive it, as the foregoing extract shows, in the increased security of your person and property. In

the second place, if your own children do not reap the immediate advantages, your children's children will.

But the most doleful complaint comes from the old bachelor. To be without the advice, attention, and consolation of a loving spouse,—to be deprived of the prattling glee, and joyous sunshine beaming forth from the features of promising sons, and beautiful daughters, are quite enough in themselves to make his lot anything but enviable;—to be obliged often to mend his own pants, sew on his own shirt buttons, which his washer-woman had either carelessly, or intentionally rubbed off, in order to drive him into matrimony, are altogether beyond endurance. But besides all this, to be compelled to pay a school tax! when he has no children to send to school, is quite enough to set him frantic. Poor fellow! I really pity you! The only advice, however, that I can give you is to get married, and put yourself in a way to receive the benefits. But, if after all, you are too lazy or too stingy to support a family, and pertinaciously persist in your celibacy, it is no more than right that you should at least be made to assist in educating the children of your neighbor—that you should at least give community this small remuneration for the trouble you are likely to give them, in looking after your welfare, when you are unable to take care of yourself. But seriously. Without referring again to the better protection you would receive under this system, we would ask, is it reasonable to expect Government to prevent a law going into operation, because apparently it clashes with the interests of one individual out of every hundred who chooses to make himself singular from all others; while, on the other hand, it is of paramount importance to the other ninety-nine? Were such a doctrine allowed, we would have no laws.

Were we told that one half of the children of this province are perishing through the want of bodily nourishment, no one would hesitate a moment in saying that Government should use its exertions in making ample provision for their sustenance; but when we are told that the same number are in a state of intellectual starvation, it hardly elicits a sympathetic emotion, much less a noble exertion for their relief. Why this difference? Is it because this gross material body is of more importance than the immaterial spiritual essence? Is it because the interests of the body are more enduring than those of the soul? Ah no! When the inorganic substances of which this body is composed, shall have mingled with their native earth, and the organic with their kindred gases, incorporating themselves into other living bodies; here seen in the composition of the blushing rose; there in the less attractive blade of grass; now observed in the tiny lichen of the arctic regions; then in the towering palm of the torrid zone; sometimes embodied in the unwieldy elephant, at others forming the imperceptible amuleta; and afterwards constituting part and portion of other human beings, yet the soul shall retain its own identity, inseparable, indestructible, and unimpaird.

“The cloud cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The great globe itself, yea all that it inherits,
Shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a
vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Yet the immortal mind is capable of living on, for ever on! unburdened by the pressure of accumulated ages; ever enjoying the freshness of eternal youth! Then all other considerations, no matter how important in themselves, when having no relation to our eternal interests sink into utter insignificance.

We believe that proper education does bear that relation. We believe also, that in proportion as we properly cultivate our faculties here, in some such proportion will our happiness be hereafter; and consequently we must add to our belief, that it is not only the duty of Government, but also individuals, to make this education accessible to all.

CONSTANTIA.

Your St., April 19th, 1852.

BRITISH PENNY POSTAGE.—The number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom for the year 1841 was 360,500,000—an increase of 13,000,000 over the previous year. Besides there were about 6,000,000 franked letters. In 1839 the whole number of letters delivered was 76,100,000.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—The French press during the last ten years, has given to the world 82,000 works of literature and art.

and respect honest toil—until he comes to think that Pope was right when he said that “wealth makes a man.” Some Sunday morning, when the rain has driven the church of his presence, sitting before the fire, he falls to meditation, and having some faint recollections of his mother's counsels his loving mother, whose grave the violets have blossomed many summers—and he asks “What is good?” and the city answers “The Bank.” Again he asks “What is the thing needful?” and the city answers “Money.” Satisfied with these answers, he resolves to go one step further in his transformation, and he marries himself to money, after the old English forms and customs. Of the collateral of this body, I will not speak, for time will not permit, and will pass to what I deem the true character of a gentleman. He is a gentleman who adds to manhood his gentility—he depends not upon riches, not upon the fineness of his cloth, but upon intellect, his honesty and his truth. You may recognize him. Though he may wear different habits—as the Painter, the Poet, the sailor, the Pill-roller, the Lawyer—the man rises superior to all circumstances. You never think of the riches of the gentleman, but of the man himself. You never eat his viands and think but of the viands you have tasted, for man eclipses his gas-light. In his house, where Donald sits at the head of the table, not where the beef and decanter is placed. He is always true to others and to himself—earnest in all his manly pursuits. Is he rich—he has no more or less dignity than he be poor. Kossuth—the poor editor of Buda Pesth, is hated of the government, the loved of the poor—more the less a gentleman than when he held us enraptured with his eloquence, with this fine land forum, and the stars of America for his sounding-board. The true gentleman treats all men as if they were his equals; his manners are for the poor as well for the rich, and those manners well proportioned for men. One day the elder Adams was driving a phaeton gentleman through Quincy in a gig. On the road he met a negro, who raised his hat and bowed to the gentleman. The President returned the salute, to the horror of his companion, who remarked that he never expected to see such an act. “Why not?” answered the President, “the man bowed and spoke to you; would you have me exhibit less manners than a negro?” Thus it is always with the true gentleman, the true lady is but a sweeter copy of the same thing as a diamond from the same mine, but a purer, brighter gem, worthy of being borne upon the breast of the true man. The lecturer closed by saying that instead the vulgar-gentee was medieval—in this country it was yet in its infancy. There it was ancient, and in harmony with the institutions of the country. It was in opposition to our institutions, false and vicious, unworthy of the free air that surrounds it. It must fall to the ground. All around do we see specimens of the true man, which must soon shed these shadows of a shade—these accidents of an ancient—and the time shall come when the Poet's lines shall be recognized as truth:

“The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.”

A COALITION OF SNAKES.—On Thursday a laborer cutting trees on the land of T. & H. Livesidge, on the banks of Neponset River, Dorchester, saw a snake coiling itself in a heap of stones imbedded in grass. After he saw another disappear at the same point; curiosity was aroused; he commenced digging, and dug out of a space four and a half feet in diameter, and a half in depth, when he discovered a nest of snakes to the number of 211, ranging from four to fifteen inches in length, and embracing all the different species known to the vicinity, except the rattlesnake. When most of them were torpid, but soon gave evidence of locomotive power. Sometimes they were found singly, and sometimes in bunches of half a dozen. The black, striped, and brown, and the adder, were found the most affectionate embraces. This is undoubtedly the latest, purest, and most complete coalition that has ever been made.—Boston Journal.

M. DE LAMARTINE.—The Belgian journals repeat the news of M. de Lamartine being about to proceed to Egypt to take possession of the estate, in the environs of Suez, presented to him by the Sultan. This estate is extensive, and the soil of the finest quality, but will require an outlay of from 200,000fr. to 300,000fr. to bring it into a good state of cultivation.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

MARY ANN.

Life's rudest storms may o'er me shower,
Misfortune's breath my brow may fan,
I'll bend—but break not, thro' their power,
Supported by my Mary Ann.

In vain may pleasure's whirling streams,
Flout fore my eyes the joys that man,
His proudest blessings blindly deems—
I wish not o'er my Mary Ann.

Tho' all the various joys that tempt,
Too many "death sins" sinking lean,
Shall "ga-nat" me strive—I stand exempt,
Will o near me smiles my Mary Ann!

Gay gilded scenes may tempt my eye,
And rarer forms th' eye may scan,
But from them all, unscathed I'll fly,
To meet my own mild Mary Ann!

When deathless death life's fort shall storm,
I'll proudly seek the hopeless van;
If but my eyes can view the form,
Of meek and mourning Mary Ann!

And constant it is o'er life's swift stream,
Oh grant me this sole source of man;
On me reflect each sunny beam,
That gilds my guileless Mary Ann!

Get me but this, I ask no more,
I care not for the joys that spin,
Physian flees from sh' me to sh'ore,
As trod not by my Mary Ann!

HENRY KENTVILLE.

THE ORDER OF THE DAUGHTERS.

On the second Miscellaneous page of this number the reader will find a beautiful piece of poetry, written by our favorite bard of the forest, showing with the poet's pen, the influence of woman. She moulds the man—the boy—the girl, are mentally under her gentle sway. Her sweet whispers may teach him, or the budding girl the story of the wrongs of alcohol—how many thousands of orphans and widows it has made—how many once pleasant homes it has made desolate. Mighty and everlasting are the influences of mothers—the influences of homes, where they reign as the guardian angels. Do you then, reader, question the propriety of associations of women for temperance purposes? If you do, we tell you that you are seriously astray. As surely as we believe that the Sun will rise and set in his everlasting course, so surely do we believe that in no country will such principles succeed—in no country will the Maine Law be enacted or carried out, where women young and old, are not determinedly in favor of Temperance principles. Upon them,

more than on the men, depend the success and durability of these principles. Do you ask why? We will tell you in a few words. Let them banish wine, beer, and alcohol, of every kind from the marriage feast,—the funeral—the birthday—the holiday. Let them, when invited to drink by husbands and lovers, while away from home, absolutely refuse.—Let them discountenance all young men in courtships, who are known to drink. Let it be a first and last question to the loving youth, "Do you abstain from alcohol?" Let the wife late at night, at early dawn, and in the musings of the silent thoughtful Sabbath, advise her husband to become a Son—a teetotaler. Let her in all her visits to neighbors advocate the beauties, and advantages of sobriety. Let her never suffer her boys, or her girls to taste, touch or buy; and soon will her silent—but all prevailing influence be felt and seen everywhere. Do you ask what are the uses of Unions? Gentle reader—manly readers, the uses are as above, and associations are mighty instruments to effect them. Below you will read a well written address of the Ladies of Mimico, recommending action for the Maine Law.—Yes the Maine Law—if this law had always existed in Canada, and in Great Britain, what countless wrongs and crime would it have prevented?—what tears and sighs would it have stayed?—what homes would it have made glad?—what blighted hopes revive to bloom?—what wretched wives and husbands raised from the brink of death. Women of Canada! talk, plead, smile, and act for the Maine Law.

ADDRESS

Of the ladies of Lambton and vicinity, to the Lambton Division S. of T., at their second anniversary Soirée, held April 15th, 1852.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—If at any time a spirit of indifference might be innocently indulged relative to the great Temperance Reformation, that time is for ever past.—The drinking usages of society are seen in all their native blackness, as the future source of a very large portion of the poverty, degradation, and crime, which tarnish the history of mankind. The age of apologists for the use of alcoholic beverages is happily numbered with the things which were, but are not. Happy would it be for our race, if an article, the use of which is condemned, alike by the dictates of enlightened judgement, and the better feelings of the heart, were universally relinquished. But while witnessing the tyrant sway of appetite and habit, instead of abandoning the holy and arduous enterprise in which the Sons of Temperance are engaged, they should attempt deeds of greater daring for the rescue of the fallen, and the preservation of the unwary from a curse so blighting and ruinous as the appetite for strong drink. We say, to rescue the fallen, for although aware of the immense difficulty of saving the poor inebriate from the fearful infatuation under which he labors, we would never give him up wide an avenue to the understanding, or the heart remains accessible. Some who had proceeded in a career of intemperance, so far that hope had well nigh ceased to encourage the philanthropist, have by a last agonizing effort been emancipated from the foul chains of Bacchus.

The ladies of Lambton and vicinity have viewed with heart-felt satisfaction the progress of Lambton Division No. 94, S. of T., through another year. The tidings of accessions to your noble fraternity have given us intense satisfaction, but we have mourned over some who in presence of the common foe, have violated the three great principles of your Order—Love, Purity, and Fidelity,—deserted your benevolent band, and arrayed themselves in the ranks of your opponents. And it is our earnest desire that the time may not be distant when their return to your Division shall evince their regret relative to the retrograde step they have taken.

Nor would the ladies of Lambton, on this anniversary occasion merely congratulate your Division on its success, nor yet of the Order generally. The progress made demands our devout gratitude to that Being, with-

out whose sanction and blessing nothing effectual can be accomplished. But we appear on this festive day to you with words of hopes, and to stimulate you to face the common foe with unflinching energy at the approaching conflict. The great question at issue is, shall this fair Province be freed from the blighting influence of Importation, Manufacture, Sale, and Use, of intoxicating drinks? or shall the present state of things be protracted? Already the opposing forces are preparing for the conflict. Meanwhile, from the Cold-water Army, a simultaneous shout of "No Surrender," resounds from right to left and from one end of the Province to the other. The shout of victory from Maine and New Brunswick, inspires your noble phalanx with courage; and we await the result of the contest in Canada, with emotions of hope, with the assurance of ultimate victory.

At your last anniversary, the ladies of this village and vicinity, had the pleasure of expressing their deepest interest in your prosperity, by the presentation of a copy of God's Holy Word. It was their earnest prayer, we hope that from that fountain of true wisdom your vision might obtain unerring direction in their benevolent career. But now that the battle-cry is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, past expressions of approval are inadequate. Like the heroic women of antiquity, on the eve of the approaching conflict, we would again stimulate you to acquit yourselves like valiant champions.

This Banner, Mr. Chairman, deemed a fitting gift on the occasion, is therefore presented through you to Lambton Division No. 94, S. of T., by the ladies of Lambton Village and vicinity, hoping that at no distant day Canada may fight effectually the battle of her freedom, obtaining the enactment of the Maine Liquor Law.

WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Rochester N. Y. Democrat reports the proceedings of the Women's Temperance Convention held in that city on the 20th inst. The meeting was very fully attended, some four or five hundred women, and a large number of them from abroad, being present. Mrs. E. C. Stanton, was President; and Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, one of the Secretaries. Several men were among the speakers. A determined spirit to carry on the temperance reform with unabated zeal, was manifested in the proceedings.—N. Y. Organ.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

The following excellent article on "Husbands and Wives," is from the pen of one of the most accomplished writers in America, and we hazard nothing in saying that our readers will peruse it with great pleasure and much profit.

"The art of making home happy is either very perfectly understood, or willfully neglected, by a great number of married people, of both sexes. This is especially true of husbands and wives who move in what is called 'fashionable society.' The whirlpool of excitement and dissipation, by which they are surrounded, drowns the affections, and destroys all taste that quers, yet tender, domestic intercourse which constitutes the charm of home. No household can be happy, from which the head is habitually absent in pursuit of pleasure or of profit, and, we contend, no man has a right to marry with the intention of using his own house as an inn—a mere stopping place where he expects to come and go unquestioned, to be served obsequiously, and to render no equivalent in confidence, and sympathy, for the heart-words of obedience he requires. Women are social beings, as well as men. Their affections are warmer, deeper, more exigent than those of men. It is, therefore, unreasonable for the gay husband to expect his neglected wife to remain cloistered, in nun-like seclusion while he is, perhaps, playing the cavalier to ladies of questionable virtue. If professional business calls him abroad, she, whose presence should make all the home to him, ought to be his companion. Next to the union of soul and body, that of husband and wife should be the closest, the most inseparable.

"We have said that the usages of fashionable society are not congenial to domestic happiness. The frequent intrusion of strangers chills the atmosphere of home. Friends are always welcome; but your artificial world, polished, agreeable, well-informed and heartless, seldom obtain a foothold in any family, mistress of which is young, pretty, and fond of sensation, without creating mischief. It is their vocation to do—as it was the vocation of the devil to do—

peace of paradise. If baffled in their main object, they generally succeed in sowing the seeds of jealousy; and the consequent harvest of dissension and misery is tribute to their infernal vanity, which no consideration of honor or pity could induce her to forego. Many an exemplary and noble-minded husband has been driven from his home, to seek society elsewhere, by the pertinent obtrusiveness of these elegant samples of men without souls. The prudent wife will not permit such to come between her and her husband's love. She will not cast a shadow on his heart, by encouraging him at any time—above all, she will never invade them in his absence, and break in upon the rules of his household, by entertaining them at unseasonable hours.

"It is an old saying, that good husbands make good wives; and there is some truth in it. Let the husband treat his wife with tender respect; make her a partner in his thoughts, his hopes, his plans; consult her; manifest a regard for her judgment and advice; and if she is the heart of a true woman in her breast—no matter how it may be incrustated with vanity and frivolity, or thirst for excitement—he may trust her implicitly and unreservedly. But, unfortunately for their own peace—aye, for their own pecuniary interest, too—few men know this kind of consideration for their wives. We are too fond of playing the role of the creation. We come ourselves too much upon our superior wisdom; whereas, in nine cases out of twelve, the counsel of a loving wife, whose whole brain and soul are alive to the welfare of her husband, is a far safer guide than his own headstrong will. The instinct of woman's affection is present. It would be well for us all if we trusted more to its promptings."



Months' Department.

DRUOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

BY JOHN BARNES.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed,
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind.
Make out the path you fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play,
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast on your way.

Although ye may not gain at once
The points ye most desire,
Be patient—time can wonders work,
Plod on, and do not tire;
Obstructions, then, may crowd your path,
In throst'ning stern array,
Yet flinch not! 'fear not' they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by—
Let "forward" be the motto ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry.
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay.
To see the good your labor's done,
Then droop not on your way.

CADETS.

The order is exciting a considerable interest just now in the American States, as indeed it should everywhere:—

GRAND SECTION OF WESTERN N. Y.

At a meeting of the Grand Section C. of T., held at Batavia, on the 13th ult., a committee was appointed to report a set of resolutions for the consideration of a meeting to be held in the evening, composed of the S. of T., D. of T., and C. of T., and the friends of Temperance generally whereupon the committee reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously carried:

Whereas it is easier to form a correct taste than to correct a bad habit,—less difficult to govern an impulse than to eradicate an evil passion,—easier to prevent waiving in the stream, than it is to stem the torrent, and rescue from the foaming cataract, and whereas, it is less difficult to keep the twig straight than to untwist and straighten the twisted and gnarled oak, easier to keep the fountain pure, than to cleanse the turbid waters of a great river, therefore,

Resolved, That among all the organizations instituted for the promotion of Temperance, morality, and virtue, we know of none more deserving the confidence, assistance and hearty support of every patriot, philanthropist, and Christian, than the order of the Cadets of Temperance.

Resolved, That in our opinion, the friends of temperance and virtue cannot accomplish as much good by any other means with which we are acquainted, as by organizing and sustaining thorough and efficient Sections of Cadets in every village in Western New York.

Resolved, That a Division of the Sons of Temperance without a Section, is like a Church without a Sabbath school—an institution that cannot perpetuate itself—destined to a slow but sure decay.

Resolved, That the alarming increase of intemperance among the youth of our land, calls for prompt, thorough and efficient action on this subject, and the serious attention of every parent that seeks the true welfare of his children.

Resolved, That since "God helps those that help themselves," we will renew our exertions in behalf of the Cadets of Temperance, and labor with greater diligence to sustain the organization throughout Western New York.

Resolved, That the above Preamble and Resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting, and published in the Spirit of the Times, the Republican Advocate of Batavia, the Journal of Temperance of Rochester, the Cayuga Chief of Auburn, and the Luca Teetotaller.

THOS. FAULKNER, G. W. P.
C. C. COWLES, G. S., pro tem.

—Utica Teetotaller.

A JOKE OF OLDER TIME.—Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when Newburyport numbered among her citizens many an eccentric genius, the printer of the village paper and one of the deputy sheriffs of Essex county resided in adjacent dwellings. They were intimate friends, and often met to converse of "men and things," and were famous for their jokes and eccentricities. On one occasion the officer of the law purchased a fine salmon, and gave the printer, on the day it was to be served up, an invitation to participate with him in the delectable repast. The printer thought this was an excellent opportunity of playing a good joke upon his friend. He accordingly slipped into the sheriff's kitchen unobserved, and abstracted the salmon therefrom, taking it into his own house. When the sheriff came home to his dinner, the cook, with rueful countenance, informed him of the mysterious disappearance of the anticipated meal. Here was a quandary. A guest had been invited to partake of a rare feast, and the hour for dinner had arrived, but the table was barren. Nothing could be done but to inform the printer of the misfortune, and postpone the promised treat till a "more convenient season." Upon receiving the information, the printer told the messenger that he had a salmon cooked, and would be happy to have the company of his friend, the sheriff, at his table. The sheriff accepted the invitation with alacrity, repaired to the printer, and partook with much satisfaction of the rare fish which had been taken from his own pantry, without a writ of habeas corpus, but a few hours previous. The printer did not inform his neighbor of the joke until some days afterwards, and the laugh from the sheriff which followed the disclosure was such as could only have been given from the "leathern lungs" of a "hale old gentleman of the olden time."—*Carpet Bag.*

In Little York, Ohio, fifty-two fools, male, female and juvenile, were lately gathered together to consult the spirits. All passed off satisfactorily, until the gaping crowd asked the ghost of an old man, who said he was not in heaven, if he was in the other place. Whereupon the floor gave way with a loud crash, and fools, mediums and all were thrown into the cellar. The ghost, of course, had to bear the blame of the accident.

The Cincinnati *Nonpareil* says that a citizen of that place has lately sent 500 dogs to California on speculation.

A POET'S CHARITY AND ANGER.

Southey tells the following story of Thomas Campbell the poet:—

Taking a walk with Campbell, one day up Regent Street, we were accosted by a wretched looking woman with a sick infant in her arms, and another starved little thing creeping by its mother's side. The woman begged for a copper. I had no change, and Campbell had nothing but a sovereign. The woman stuck fast to the poet, as if she read his heart in his face, and I could feel his arm beginning to tremble. At length, saying something about his duty to assist poor creatures, he told the woman to wait, and hastening into a mercer's shop, asked, rather impatiently, for change. You know what an excitable person he was, and how he fancied all business must give way until the change was supplied. The shopman thought otherwise; the poet insisted, and an altercation ensued, and in a minute or two the master jumped over the counter and collared him, telling us he would put us both out; that he believed we came there to kick up a row for some dishonest purpose. So here was a pretty dilemma! We defied him, but said we would go out instantly, on his apologizing for his gross insult. All was uproar. Campbell called out,

"Thrash the fellow! thrash him!"

"You will not go out, then?" said the mercer.

"No, never, until you apologise."

"Well, we shall soon see. John, go to Vine Street and fetch the police."

In a few minutes two policemen appeared; one went close up to Campbell, the other to myself. The poet was now in such breathless indignation that he could not articulate a sentence. I told the policeman the object he had in asking change; and that the shopman had most unwarrantably insulted us. "This gentleman," I added as a climax, "is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet, a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinuated." The moment I uttered the name, the policemen backed away two or three paces as if awestruck, and said—

"Guid — mon, is that maister Cannell, the Lord Rector o' Glasgow?"

"Yes, my friend, he is, as this card may convince you," handing it to him, "all this commotion has been caused by a mistake."

By this time the mercer had cooled down to a moderate temperature, and in the end made every reparation in his power, saying "he was very busy at the time, and had he but known the gentleman, he would have changed fifty sovereigns for him."

"My dear fellow," said the poet, (who had recovered his speech) "I am not at all offended;" and it was really laughable to see them shaking hands long and vigorously, each with perfect sincerity and mutual forgiveness.

EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA.—From portions of the west and southwest we learn that the movement for the shores of the Pacific overland, is so general as to amaze every body. A gentleman who has recently traversed the country lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river, informs us that the roads are literally lined with teams bound for California. The general equipment for the journey, is superior to that of any preceding year. The waggons are new, and as light as is consistent with sufficient strength for the trip, and most of them are drawn by oxen. Undoubtedly the emigration exceeded that of 1850. Teams are continually passing at all the ferries across the Mississippi. A gentleman from Manera Point, says that three hundred persons have left that town this spring, and from Dodgeville one half of the inhabitants have gone. And all this in the face of the well-known fact, that three out of every five who come back from California, return poorer than they went. Many of those who have started from Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio, go with an intention of taking up land and engaging in agricultural pursuits, rather than gold digging. This class, if they retain the frugal, industrious habits that have hitherto marked their lives, can hardly fail to do well. But the drains upon the States whence these people go, must be felt with great severity. The effect will be seen in the diminished crops of the west, and the money they take with them will be missed in the new States, where the circulating medium is always scanty.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

A little boy in New York city was lately destroyed by taking several glasses of rum, administered foolishly by a man.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SABBATH BELL

All nature's still, sweet peace doth reign,
O'er sunny vale outspreading plain;
The ox and horse are seen at rest,
And the farmer stands in his Sunday best.

The birds sing on, and nature's gay,
The flocks feed on, the lambskins play;
When lo! we hear the gentle swell,
The sweetly sounding Sabbath bell.

Oh! the Sabbath bell brings back to me,
A quiet home beyond the sea;
It tells a tale of infant years,
Of memories sweet, of by-gone tears.

That Sabbath bell hath led the way,
On many a bright and sunny day,
To the quiet church my infant feet,
Where smiling friends once lov'd to meet.

There is a charm—a holy spell,
In the gentle sound of that sweet bell;
It calls thee man, O man, to rest,
And speaks of a home—eternal, blest.

Give me the peace—communion sweet,
My heart doth love—my soul would meet;
In the holy, holy Sabbath day,
Whilst to my slaker I do pray.

Oh! the Sabbath bell brings back to me,
A home I loved beyond the sea;
But yet it speaks of a happier home,
A home of the blest, beyond the tomb.

C. M. D.

Among the beautiful institutions handed down to us by the Jewish dispensation, none can exceed that of the Sabbath day. There is a benevolence, a wisdom, a holy justice about it, which cannot fail to strike with deep admiration and reverence, every sound, thinking, and farseeing mind. One can see divinity in it, the impress of an Almighty mind. Man shall rest one day in seven from his labor, and so shall his servants and his brutes; and that day shall be a day on which he may think of his Maker and worship him. That day shall be a day in which the mind may sweetly dwell on an eternal Sabbath, and may co-operate with the spirit of the Almighty in thinking good thoughts, and doing good acts. Yet the day was not instituted for God, nor was man made for the Sabbath, but the day was instituted for the benefit of man. Our Creator saw its wisdom, and our need of it, and through Moses established it. Without it man would grow weary with care and become too selfish, oppressive and carthy. His physical powers require rest, and his mind must be turned to heaven for one day from earth, to gaze on the glory of his God.

The Jews threw around the Sabbath a false and ceremonious sanctity, which Jesus of Nazareth condemned. He proclaimed the Sabbath man's, instituted for the good of man, and that good acts done for man on that day, and in view of the glory of God were praiseworthy. The blindness of the Jews could not see this. The spirit with them was nothing, the form and letter everything. In their eyes a Samaritan, a Greek, or a Roman, was unworthy of mercy or kindness, but Jesus taught the true doctrine of eternal goodness to all men. Forms he made secondary to the spirit, and with Him the motive of the mind was everything. The institution of the Sabbath is holy and good, and like that of marriage necessary for man's true happiness, earthly and eternal. To the body it gives rest, to the

soul solemn thought and a tendency to worship, a benevolent feeling. There is something truly solemn and grand in the thought, that upon this day of rest, the Sabbath, no part of the earth is now without the example of its sacred keeping; and that at the same hour in hundreds of nations of the earth, the worship of the Deity is taking place. In the four quarters of the earth on this day the incense of prayer is going up to the Creator of the universe from assembled thousands. Whilst we in Canada are worshipping, the poor missionary in distant Africa, Asia, or on the Ocean Isles, is also appealing to the same Heavenly Father—the same Redeemer.

WHENCE CAME THE INDIAN'S OF AMERICA?

On our first page will be found some curious remarks in reference to the origin of the aborigines of this continent. We advise all to read the article. Various speculations for the past two centuries have been indulged in by learned American and European antiquaries, as to that interesting subject. Many philosophers, especially the French, have asserted that there are different species of the animal man, and that the American Indian is a distinct species, the Africans another, the Mongul another, and the Caucasian, Australian, and Malay, others. Other learned men asserting, in unison with the *Mosaic Creation*, that in the beginning, but one species of man was created, have held that the Indian of America is an offshoot of the Tartar tribes of Northern or middle Asia. Yet another class has propagated the dreamy and romantic theory that this American race, are descendants from the twelve tribes of Israel, lost as Biblical readers know, about twenty-eight centuries ago. Farfetched conclusions are come to, and imaginary likenesses in Costume, Language, Colour, and Habits, supposed to be seen between the Indians and the ancient Jews.

It may be that this origin will ever be a profound mystery. The time when it might have been satisfactorily solved, is, perhaps forever past; that is when the cruel and bigoted Spaniards, of the fifteenth century, discovered the Empires and people of Mexico and Peru—By kindness and conciliatory means the learned men of those two countries, might have been induced to unfold what they knew of their own origin. But a blind and cruel bigotry enveloped the minds of the Spaniards, and they thought they were doing God service, to burn, hunt down, and murder, poor defenceless Indians.—Those who have seen and read of the Tartar nations of Asia, who inhabit that continent from southern China, to Behring Straits, know that there is a striking resemblance between the Tartars and American Indians. When the Chinese family were lately here, this similarity in habit, pronunciation, singing, countenance, and contour of body, was quite discernable. China and Japan lie opposite California, and thousands of years ago the race may have come, as they are now doing by thousands, and settled in California, or been wafted thither by accident. Thus the first establishment of a colony took place, and from thence the race may have spread to Mexico and North America, and finally over North and South America. Ancient monuments seem to prove that California was settled at least two thousand years ago, by some demoralized race from Asia—fond of gigantic and pyramidal buildings; using as did all ancient Asiatic nations hieroglyphics. Twice two thousand years may have elapsed since the emigration took place. There is reason to believe that in California, and other portions of North America, a civilized, or civilized nations once lived, who relapsed into barbarism, or were destroyed. America was peopled in one

of three ways; either by Behring Straits and North Asia,—by water across the Pacific Ocean, from Japan or China or countries contiguous, or by land existing in the Atlantic Ocean, and joining Africa and America together by a continued series of Islands, now sunk. The Indians seem to be of Tartar origin, probably of the same race with the Chinese and Japanese.

We intend to resume this subject.

BIRDS OF CANADA.

THE WOODPECKER, OR CREEPER TRIBE.

The most numerous tribe of Canadian birds is the creeper genus. There are nine different species of this bird well known in Canada West. It may be that there are more, but if so we have never seen them. Five, if not six species are with us in all seasons of the year, friends and visitors in sunshine and winter, in plenty and adversity. Such friends we love, they are dear to the heart—and the memory. These birds are beautiful in plumage, and active to a surprising degree in all their movements. The nine species are as follows: Those that remain with us in the winter, are the large and small jenny or spotted wood-peckers, the black and greyish black wood-pecker, as large as the largest spotted wood-pecker, and known by a loud harsh cry, uttered while flying from tree to tree. The other two species are the small grey creeper, that utters while running up the trunks of trees a gentle twitter. This species is unusually active in May and June, and has its nest in the holes of rotten trees. It is a very small grey bird with long tail and shy habits, about the size of the smallest Chick bird. The other winter species, is the red breasted creeper, having an ochre colored breast, white abdomen, and sky-blue back and wings. It is seen in winter in dense forests of pine; running with great agility to the topmost parts of them. In the spring it utters a mournful cry of "tee it, tee it, tee it." In size it is double that of the small species. There is another kind of the creeper, which we have never seen in the winter, although it may remain with us. It is larger than the red breasted creeper, of a grey and white color, diversified with greyish spotted plumage. In its motions it is extremely nimble, running up trees and catching insects; uttering all the time a gentle twittering cry.

Of the summer species the largest is the cock of the woods, a bird the pride of the Canadian forests, early in action, and beautiful in plumage, although rare in the northern parts of Canada. In size it is equal to a pigeon, and would measure from the tip of one wing to the other near three feet. Its color is white and black in equal proportions, with a crest of reddish feathers on its head. It utters a loud cry while on the wing, which may be heard for a mile. Many years have elapsed since we saw one; but we used to see them frequently in the Grand River Country about the year 1830. The bird is timid, shy and difficult to be shot. It seeks its food by running up trees, and its cries are heard frequently before coming rain. The next species is the golden winged wood-pecker or "wake up", so called from its peculiar cry of, "wake up, wake up." The colors of this bird are very beautiful, combining yellow under the wings, red, white black, and grey. The prevailing colour is a yellowish grey. It builds its nest in trees and lives more on the ground than the other species. In size it is about that of the Robin.

The last species, and one universally known, is the enemy of the cherry and apple trees of Canada, the common red-headed woodpecker of our fields. He is seen in June, July, and August, flying from orchard to orchard, boring with his black bill many of our best apples. At other times, he will rob our cherry and

tree. The redheaded woodpecker breeds in hollow trees in July, and frequents our fields, where he may be seen on the wing flying from tree to tree, or fence to fence. At times he will sound away from some hard tree. It leaves us in August. Late in May, and early in June, he may be heard welcoming early in the morning the rising sun with a sonorous cry. The Jenny woodpecker, as early as March, seems to delight in singing spring, and will make the woods resound for miles with his rapping on some hard hollow tree. Sweet birds of the forests and fields, they are dear to us—their voices are cheering to the soul—their guileless looks are soothing and lovely. We loved them in our infancy, and we love them now, as we love all that is pure—all that bears the impress of innocent nature.

THE BRIGHT LAND OF SPIRITS.

When Moses was weighed down with an hundred and forty years, having led through mighty difficulties and trials for forty years, an ungrateful and faithless people, his soul grew weary—very weary and he longed to see the Promised Land. His Maklah from a mighty mountain in the midst of a solemn dreary desert, suffered his soul to view afar off the land of promise; and he bowed his head and hid. So upon this earth the good have to fight a hard fight with a wicked world—with trials and temptations innumerable; they are led through deserts and barren spots, amid temptations to beset them, until wearied with life and many years, they wish to view the promised land beyond the grave. The spirit comes wing and ascends the mountain of IMMORTALITY, and there with the eye and vision of faith, brought by the Prophet of Nazareth, God permits the good and all who desire it in sincerity and repentance, to view in the dim and shadowy distance the bright land of happy spirits. Faint echoes of their glorious music—distant glimpses of their glorious forms; and sounds as of far off rejoicing; like the gentlest summer breeze, laden with delicious odours, wafted over a mighty but waveless ocean, strike the longing soul. The spirit wishes to be free—it is tired of its clayey home—a magnet indescribable draws it heavenward, and the blue dome of the skies, opens as it did to Stephen, the Martyr, peopled with countless angels of welcome. The good and the great of all ages have thirsted after immortality. They have felt that this mortal must put on immortality, and that man's spirit must live again in God. Where we will meet those we loved on earth, and the veil will be enlightened.

BEAUTIFUL VERSES BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Thou art come from the spirit land, thou bird,
Thou art come from the spirit land,
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band.

We know that the bowers are green and fair,
In the light of that summer shore;
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more.

But tell us thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those we have loved forget?
We call, and they answer not again,
O say, do they love us yet?

We call them through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill,
We know thou bird, that this land is bright,
But say do they love there still?

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, May 8, 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.

SONG OF THE MODERATE DRINKER.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Come list to my song, all ye gathered throng,
'Tis the song of the boasted free,
A song from the heart, that we dare not part
With a cherished liberty

Oh, there was a time, oh there was a time
That I quaff'd from the flowing bowl,
All sparkling and bright, in the rosy light,
Dark madness to my soul.

Thro' years unblest was the wine cup press'd
To my lips with a steady hand,
And I boasted loud, that my manhood proud
Should ne'er wear a drunkard's brand.

"Sign the pledge!" not I, I would sooner die
Than sign myself a slave,
The right to think and the right to drink
Belongs to the strong and the brave,

Thus, the weak and the young, with an influence strong,
I led into ruin's path,
And the father's fears, and the mother's tears
I spured with my words of wrath.

But there came a time, even in manhood's prime,
When my spirit quailed within;
When my only boy, my hope and joy,
Fell a martyr to my sin.

Oh, talk not he cried, with your fears for me,
Away with your pledge, away,
A drunkard or sot, my father is not,
And he drinks with each passing day,

Alas, shall I tell how my loved one fell,
How the blight of the sparkling bowl,
That it scared not my frame, with its scorching flame,
Burnt its curse into my soul.

Then give me your pen, ye strong, true men,
For the day and the hour has come—
It has come at length, when my power and strength
Shall be given to conquer sin.

Cleveland Democrat.

MEETING OF THE GRAND DIVISION.

This body will meet for the transaction of business, at its semi-annual Session, on Wednesday, the 26th May, at London, C. W. Matters of importance to the Order and Temperance principles, will come before the body, and it is desirable that a large attendance should take place. Every Division in Canada should be represented by at least one delegate, and the largest ones by two. There are now in Canada 382 Divisions, and at the coming session there will be probably 390 in operation. Upon their proper working and harmony at this time depend the success of the glorious cause of total abstinence, which is fraught with great good socially and politically to Canada. The body meets but once in six months, and it is no very great expense to send delegates twice a year. It is a matter of deep and heartfelt rejoicing to every Son in Canada to see a little band, that but three years ago started with 14 members, swollen to an army of near twenty four thousand members, and with its branches encircling our young land; infusing into society a love for true Temperance, order, benevolence, and mental improvement. The subjects that are likely to come up before the Grand Division will be—First, the immediate petitioning of Parliament for the Maine Law,—the employment of a Provincial Temperance lecturer, to be paid out of the funds of the Grand

Division, the holding of its meetings quarterly instead of semi-annually. The appointments of deputy grands. The subject of the order of Cadets, and a plan of summer meetings and action.

We call the attention of all Deputy Grands to the advertisement of the Grand Scribe appearing below. Also to the action taken by the owners of the Stage coaches between Hamilton and London, in reference to the lowering of the fare over one third, to enable delegates to go to London cheaply. Messrs. Soger and Babcock, who own the line of stages between these two points, are both strong Temperance men, the former a son of Temperance. Let the good brothers of London take immediate action in the matter of fare on the Steamboats and Stages, and also towards the getting up of a grand procession in their beautiful town. Let us exhibit energy and promptness in all our actions; now that public attention is strongly tending in favor of our principles.

See the fares alluded to on last page.

S. OF T. GRAND DIVISION, C. W.

AS the May Session of the G. D. commences on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at London, C. W., it is requested that no letters be addressed to the G. W. P. or G. Scribe, from the 20th to the 31st inst., both inclusive. The D. G. W. P's, and other Representatives of Divisions are particularly solicited not to defer arranging any business connected with the office of G. D., until that period, as the proceedings of the Session will entirely occupy the time of the G. S. at London.

By order of the G. W. P.

H. W. JACKSON,
Grand Scribe.

Hamilton, 1st May, 1852.

RULES OF IMPORTANCE.

We find it a very prevalent mistake in the Divisions in Toronto and elsewhere, that persons who become members of Divisions, think that by asking for their withdrawal card, they cease to become members of the order; and after having done so, they sometimes break the pledge, and render themselves liable to expulsion and trial. The rules of our order are plain in this matter, and ought to be understood by all. A person who becomes a member of a Division, and who wishes to cease to be such, must send in his written resignation; stating that he wishes to cease to be a member of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. This is recorded by the R. S. of the Division. If no charge exist against the applicant, upon his paying up his dues to the end of the quarter current, he ceases to be a member at the end of such current quarter. Some may think it is only necessary to pay dues up to the time of application, but we think the better opinion is, that the person should pay to the end of the quarter, when he ceases to be a member *defacto*. A withdrawal card is quite different from this. A brother taking a withdrawal card remains a member one year, and is liable to be fined for a breach of his pledge during that period, by the Division he left.

THE MORE WE SEE OF THE WORKING OF THE ORDER, the more are we convinced, that three things injure it in Canada: keeping Divisions open after ten o'clock—allowing of too much altercation among a few talking members—and the failure of brothers to act according to their duty on committees. Let all

the Divisions of Canada go to work and stop these evils,—and unite harmoniously to advance temperance principles in their neighborhoods. If the Maine Law be carried in Canada, it will be done chiefly by the instrumentality of the orders of the Sons and Daughters. Great is therefore our responsibility. Union, harmony, obedience to the rules of the Order, and a zeal to propagate our principles, should actuate every Son and every Division. A faithful payment of weekly dues, and a watchfulness, that no one breaking the pledge shall go unpunished, should be the aim of all.

We copy the following remarks from the New York *Organ*, and they so nearly accord with our own, and are at the same time so appropriate in Canada, that we recommend all to read them.—[Ed. Son.

BIBLE TEMPERANCE.

Bible Temperance against Ultra Teetotalism, by Sheldon Buckingham, Angell, Engel, and Hewitt, publishers. This essay occupies 127 pages with a labored attempt to show what few persons doubt, that the Bible does not denounce the temperate use of intoxicating drinks as sinful. We have never held that it was sinful, *per se*, to take a glass of wine, and we suppose we hold the common sentiment of teetotalers. Our doctrine is, that the use of intoxicating drinks, by whatever name called, is the great hindrance to the breaking up of intemperance, and as it is a plain principle of the gospel and of all true philanthropy, that when any usage of society is the occasion of great evil to others, good men should avoid it; so, since the occasional or moderate use of strong drinks is followed to a fearful extent by immoderate and destructive indulgence, all men who regard the well-doing of society are called upon to unite in discontinuing entirely the use of these drinks. The Apostle Paul had the same principle in view when he said that he would eat no meat, if eating it caused his brother to offend.—There was no sin in eating meat, in itself considered, but considering it was made the occasion of others, sinning, he would eat no meat while the world stood.—Now Bible temperance, we think, is the teetotalism which is based on the same principle as Paul's total abstinence from meat, and we must say, we think it is time and labor lost to show that the Bible did not in so many words forbid all use of intoxicating drinks to the people of its times. Since those times intemperance has become the characteristic and crying sin of society—its desolations are appalling. Its miseries and crimes are terrific. *Good men stand aghast. They inquire with deep anxiety, what can we do to stay the devastating and all-corrupting curse? And the simple answer is given: Let us abandon the use of an article which is so universally and dreadfully abused. Let us make it unfashionable and discreditable to touch the cup, and thus drive it from society.*

We confess we have no very exalted opinion of that man's benevolence who, instead of sympathizing with the vast distress occasioned by drinking, goes coolly to hunting up texts of Scripture for a warrant to indulge his appetite. We like to see people who have any souls, to show it as Paul did, by a cheerful renunciation of self and its appetites, if, thereby, the poorest wretch living may be benefited. The particular exigency which induced the Apostle to renounce meat, was trifling compared with that which calls for the renunciation of strong drinks. Then, a few weak persons were abusing his example of indulgence. But now, whole communities, whole nations, including the brightest and most promising, are carried to destruction on the waves of this dreadful stream of death, and the principle of renouncing our appetites for an unnecessary indulgence, that we may save others, is far more imperative in its claims.

Mr. Buckingham pretends to explain what Paul says about eating meats, &c., but refers only to some passages in Romans, 14th chapter. He avoids, apparently, certain other passages in 1 Cor x. 7-13 inclusive. It is true Paul contended for the right of judging for himself in respect to meat and drinks, in his letter to the Romans. But in Corinthians, at the place just referred to, he adds, "But take heed, lest, by any means, this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak." As though he had said, "You may indeed find that you have a natural right to eat or drink things

not forbidden in the Bible; but beware, lest, in asserting your rights in practice, you cause your brother to sin and perish. Better, by far, give up your right, to the end of life, rather than involve others, by your example, in sin and death." This is our doctrine exactly, but Mr. Buckingham found it convenient to omit the latter part of Paul's teaching. Upon the whole, we think the author of this book is a weak man, who might easily find more useful and more reputable employment, though not as a teacher of Bible morals.

DIVISION AT FERGUS.

Mr. Editor,—All true Sons of Temperance will no doubt be anxious to hear how the Temperance cause is progressing in Fergus, as well as in other localities in the Province; and more especially those who have visited our beautiful, healthy, and prosperous village; which from its advantages for water power, and its situation, being only twelve miles from Guelph, on the direct road from Hamilton to Owen Sound, and being surrounded by comparatively new townships, which are fast improving, must in a few years become a large, and flourishing town. It has increased three-fold within the last six years; and the Temperance cause has progressed in an equal proportion.

Previous to the formation of a Division of the S. of T., we had a Temperance society, but comparatively little good was done until a few of the more active members of the old society, with the assistance of Mr. Andrew Lightbody, (an excellent young man, and a true friend to the cause of Temperance, who had previously been a member of the Ontario Division in Toronto,) succeeded in forming a Division of eleven members; instituted by Brother James Ferguson, D. G. W. P., on the 26th Feb., 1851. But we now number over 50, notwithstanding a good number have returned like the dog to its vomit, and the sow that was washed to its wallowing in the mire.

The Division is doing well, considering the obstacles with which we have had to contend, one great difficulty has been, the want of a suitable place where a Lecture could be delivered, or a Soiree held.

Some time since we communicated with the Hon. A. Ferguson about the purchase of a lot, upon which to build a Hall, and he very honorably (as he has done before, to four or five different churches,) gave us a free grant of a building lot, most conveniently situated worth £50, and we are now making arrangements for the building of a large and substantial Hall, which we intend to finish this season.

Mr. A. Lightbody has left Fergus, and is now residing in Toronto, and our Division not only regrets his loss as an active and consistent member, but also as an excellent R. S.

The following are our officers for the present quarter viz: R. Enoad, W. P.; R. Johnston, W. A.; J. McNamee, R. S.; H. W. Todd, A. R. S.; W. McCroskey, F. S.; J. Watt, T.; R. Monce, C.; W. Monce A. C., H. Webster, I. S.; G. McInnis, O. S.

Your fraternally, in L. P. and F.

J. MENNIE.

Fergus, April 13th, 1852.

TEMPERANCE MEETING IN TRAFALGAR.

Mr. Editor and Br.—The Sons of Temperance of Trafalgar, Central Division No. 377, held a public meeting on the 30th ult., for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of petitioning the Legislature of this Province to grant us a liquor law similar to that of Maine. H. A. Graham, W. P., was called to the Chair. The meeting was ably addressed by Br. W. Henderson, W. A., and Mr. B. Waldbrook, after which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.—

Moved by Br. W. Henderson, seconded by Br. Anthony Fox, and Resolved,—That this meeting is of opinion that the present system of granting licenses to all applicants for the purpose of disposing to their neighbors in the shape of fermented liquors, ingredients only fit for the drug store, is detrimental to the best interests of society, its painful effects being visible in the emaciated countenances of its votaries, often hurried to a premature grave, leaving their offspring to the mercy of strangers, with the seeds of the serpent engrafted into their constitution.

Moved by Br. J. Bigger, seconded by Br. A. Fitzpatrick and Resolved.—That a committee consisting of Brs. Andrew Bigger, W. Henderson, and A. Fox, be appointed to obtain signatures to a petition.

Yours in L. P. and F.

H. A. GRAHAM, W. P., Chairman.

[ORIGINAL]

DOWN WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Ye friends of Temperance through the land,
United in one glorious band,
Come out like men, be free and bold,
And say no liquor shall be sold:
Down with the liquor traffic.

Let all, from Gaspe to Sandwich port,
From Owen's Sound to Erie's fort,
Unite in heart, unite in hand,
To banish liquor from our land:
Down with the liquor traffic.

Moral suasion has long been tried,
And is by all the wise derided,
And other means we now must try
To free our land, then let us cry,
Down with the liquor traffic.

We see its evils every day,
From rum poles stuck in each highway,
Our fellow mortals to betray:
Then Temperance men, united say,
Down with the liquor traffic.

Let all our actions suit the word,
And th' echo far and wide be heard;
"Petitions spread and names procure"
By thousands, then are we brothers sure
To stop the liquor traffic.

Present them to our Mr. P. P.,
We cannot well denied be,
What we do ask and what we pray,
Is but a law in effect to say:
Down with the liquor traffic.

Waterdown, March, 1852.

THE GREAT PATRIOT KOSSUTH IN NEW ENGLAND.

We have often regretted that our crowded columns did not afford room to insert some of the glowing and eloquent speeches of the mighty Magyar Liberator. The mind of this noble man is as unbounded as are his thoughts and conceptions brilliant, original, and patriotic. The age in which he lives, is incapable of appreciating his lofty patriotism, and thrilling aspirations for human liberty and progress.

Yet we believe he has struck a chord in the hearts of thousands of the noblest men in America and Europe, that will vibrate until the tyrants and monarchists of oppressed Europe are hurled from the thrones, or made to yield to their people true constitutional liberty, such as exists in England. The great and mighty Kossuth is in politics what Luther was in religion, a beacon light, leading on crushed humanity to a glorious goal. It may be, and we trust is so, that guardian angels of the Almighty surround him, reserving him for some mighty purpose yet but dimly seen. The yearnings of this age are for open candid truth in all things; the world is getting sick of hypocrisy in religion and politics, and yearns for practical common sense action. The world is beginning to perceive that man as a whole is one vast family of brothers and sisters, should inherit, use and govern, the things and affairs thereof. The human mind cannot comprehend why a veil of mystery and tinsel trappings, should longer cover over the energies and light that lie hidden within. The spirit hath an eagle's eye and gazeth upon the Advancement, human intelligence, and orderly constitutional rights and privileges equal to all, are the hidden desires of the great human heart. This mighty man Kossuth is a type of them, as was the immortal departed Washington. Reader, read and ponder over one of the last speeches of this hero of liberty—a man of humble birth, who, had not the Czar of Russia with his slaves come to the rescue, would have humbled and crushed the corrupt and wicked

House of Austria, must be a spirit of worth. Kossuth is soon to sail for England. May Heaven bless him!! And may Hungary, which as he says, stood as a bulwark between Europe and the advancing hosts of Mahomet, thus saving the Christian world, stand in this age as a rampart of liberty, to save the children of liberty in the bosom of Europe.

Kossuth then responded and said he was greatly embarrassed—it was difficult for him to speak in the open air, and he was fatigued. Let them not, therefore be astonished if they heard nothing from him to move their hearts. He was anxious to see New England, for he wanted to see how prosperity affected it, for a prosperous condition was not always accompanied by fidelity to principles. To see a nation like this faithful to its principles was the most glorious privilege allotted to mortals. They were always conspicuous for affording an asylum to those who were oppressed. Even when they themselves were not independent and free, they afforded protection in New England to the persecuted from Old England. This was the first characteristic of their nation.

Secondly, they showed an example to the rest of the world that it was not necessary to be very much governed, and that that Government was the best that was ever devised by the public authorities, and where the will of the people was the sovereign rule. Thirdly, they presented the example of the cheapest Government in the world. He remembered that there were years in the history in which there was no taxation at all. There was public instruction, as had been well said, was founded on the eternal truths of the holy writings. He thanked them, therefore, for the reception they had given him as an intelligent Christian people, and a people conscious of the glory of self-government. He was not surprised receiving sympathy in New-Haven. He was soon to leave the United States. The first impression which he received on landing on their happy shores was, that the generous sympathy they showed, was not so much anxiety to greet his person as to benefit his down-trodden land; and it was this that led him to their shores; and he laid his hand upon the heart of the people of the United States, and he felt it beat responsive to liberty. Being about very soon to leave the United States, there were millions in Europe anxiously waiting for the answer he would bring them, and upon that answer much depended of the future of Europe. He had seen their immense country in almost every climate—great, glorious, and good—but no other portion would be so offended when he said that the last impression would be brought from New-England—its farewell would be most deeply impressed on his heart. The Chief Magistrate of New-Haven had told him that the people of the United States were deeply sorrowful when they heard of the downfall of Hungary. They had reason to be so, for Hungary fell by the violation of those principles on which the American Republic is founded, and its future depends. There is but one Father in Heaven—one sun that gives light to us all—there is unity in God and unity in the light. Even so there is unity in Freedom; and wherever a shadow is cast upon its sunny rays, there is danger for the principle everywhere, and if upon the ruins of Hungary, civil and religious oppression goes on, and the principle of despotism in Europe crushes all Europe, and has concentrated its power, the danger of broken liberty will extend to the United States, for the Czar of Russia has declared not only his intention to crush the Hungarian people, but the spirit of liberty throughout the world, because he considers the spirit of liberty inconsistent with his own rights, which he is not ashamed to call divine. The most dangerous example to tyranny in the world, is the United States. As long as they are independent, prosperous and free, there is no security to tyranny on earth. Should not Hungary therefore proceed in arresting the progress of despotism, the danger would be brought home to the United States. He thought they would be able to repel the tyrant, but with great sacrifice and sufferings. It was far wiser to prevent the house being fired than to quench it afterwards. He would go back to Europe with hopes for the freedom of the world; for Hungary was now the turning point for the liberty of nations, as it was once for religion; and had it not protected Christianity, there would have been nothing left for Luther and Calvin to reform. Since he had seen liberty so gloriously developed in this country, and beheld its fruits, he more than yearned to see its recognition in his native land.

He did not want any attention or kindness for himself: for he feared it would turn away attention from his country. The time was at hand when the foreign policy of this country would possess more than the passing interest of the hour; when this Republic numbered one hundred millions, as it one day would, there would be no more oppression on earth, if it is only true to its mission. The principle at stake was, that every nation should regulate its own government. Hungary would fight for that principle, for it had brave hearts and strong arms; but America would be no more a power on the earth if she did not help Hungary. These remarks had wandered out of logic and connection, for he had no time for preparation, and was fatigued, having borne the work of six days in one at Newark. He concluded as follows: We look to the most generous people in the United States, which are you. God bless the Union, and God bless the people of the United States. (Applause) (Speech in April at New Haven.)

A great meeting in favour of the Maine law was held in Esqueusing on the 27th ultimo, at which, without a dissenting voice, (save one poor drunkard,) resolutions in favor of the enactment of the Maine law were carried.—[Ed Sox]

HORNBY WEST, ESQUESING

WORTHY BROTHER—We had a TOWN MEETING here on Tuesday the 27th instant, at which Mr J C Clure delivered a most eloquent address on moving one of the resolutions, all of which were carried unanimously, and a Committee appointed to circulate petitions and obtain signatures to the same, for the purpose of banishing the foul Demon Alcohol in all its forms as a beverage, from the country.

Yours, in L. P. & F. J. H. WATKINS.

Hornby West, April 30, 1852.

A WORD TO BROTHERS—DON'T QUARREL

Sons and Brothers, in the Temperance cause should be the last to quarrel with one another. Their efforts will be unavailing if they are not united to bring in their poor miserable drunken fellow men. They want to be united to battle against the Demon Intemperance that floods our land with misery, wretchedness and crime. Quarrels should be confined to their legitimate places, the bar-room and brothel. AQUA. Caledonia, May, 1852.

MAINE LAW TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Are just now all the rage in Canada. We see that two Temperance meetings were lately held in Perth, at which the people were nearly unanimous in favor of the law of Maine in Canada. A very large meeting was held lately in Esqueusing and a like one in Dundas, at each of which the principle of the Maine law was approved of. There is to be a meeting of a like nature held in the Township of York soon.

PRESENT OFFICERS OF DESJARDIN DIVISION, DUNDAS.

—This Division now numbers about fifty members. It has no less than six of the Town Councillors in it: Robert Spence, W. P.; Patrick Thornton, W. A.; Edgar Camp, R. S.; Alexander Witherspoon, A. R. S.; William Boice, F. S.; Samuel Overfield, T.; George Hewitt, C.; Oliver Nay, A. C.; Charles Pratt, O. S.; John Thomas, I. S.

BETHSARDA DIVISION—Binbrook, Wentworth.—Opened by D G W P Rev Mr. Moxon—Brooke Tinline, W. P., is doing well.

LOOK AT MAINE.

What signifies the defeat of Mr Dow in Portland, when the State is so thoroughly in favor of the Maine Law? What avails the cry of the rummies, when we have such facts as these before us, viz:—

"In the recent Town elections of Maine, so far as we have returns, the voice of the people is as follows:
 For the Temperance Law 65 towns, 176,861
 having a population in 1850 of 21,663
 Against it, 15 towns, population, 152,198
 Majority for the Law, or about eight to one!"

DUNDAS AND HAMILTON.

We paid a flying visit to these two localities last week and were pleased to see improvements and progress the order of the day in business, buildings and in temperance matters. Dundas in particular, is taking a very decided stand just now for temperance. The Desjardin Division there, presided over by Brother Spence, the worthy champion alike of popular rights and the Temperance cause is doing much for the Order in that place. Speaking of R Spence, Esq. decidedly one of the most talented men of Canada, we deeply regret that it did not fall to the lot of the people of Halton to have him in the Legislature. We speak not in reference to political opinions, but in reference to Temperance; since we know he is one of the most zealous and talented friends of the Maine law in Halton. A most enthusiastic and unanimous meeting was lately held in Dundas in favour of the Maine law, over which Brother Spence presided. We addressed the Dundas Division on the 30th April. A Canal is to be cut through the Heights of Burlington connecting Dundas with the Bay, in a direct line. In Hamilton we observe there is a great deal of building going on.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

The New-York Organ says the Grand Jury of that city has presented the Total Abstinence Societies as an injury to Temperance. Did the world ever exhibit such a justification of common sense? This same Grand Jury attributes the city crime to Juvenile offenders and intemperance, recommending action to stop all unlicensed Inns. Such a jury is a disgrace to civilized society. What kind of a city must New-York be—a Gomorrah!!

A large Union of the Daughters of Temperance is about to be established in the city of Alton, in Illinois. Neal Dow is talked of for Governor of Maine, and Horace Greely for Governor of New-York state, both good men.

It is said at the trial of Alcohol in Quebec, some of the Judges of the Superior courts and the Lawyers attended.

It seems there is a Grand Division of Sons in Prince Edward Island.

The Town elections in Maine have generally turned out in favor of the Maine law.

General Cary in the United States has started a New paper called the Organ of Temperance in Ohio.

Brantford and St. Catharines are to be lighted with gas.

Rosas the great South American General has arrived in England.

It is said immense numbers of persons are leaving Ireland weekly for America.

The steamer Magna was seriously injured by the Maple Leaf last week in a collision.

The latest English news say that Mr. Hincks will be successful in obtaining money to build the Great Trunk Railway.

The Northern Railroad between this city and Barre it is supposed will be in operation this year. The iron for the rails is expected immediately.

Immense numbers of emigrants are coming from Germany to the United States.

Kossuth is well received in New England. He sails for Europe in June.

The Pilot of Montreal, says—"We are far from being prepared to advocate the legal abolition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks." We hoped better things from this paper. What does it advocate, then?

The London Sailor informs us that Unions of Daughters of Temperance, are about to be opened at Battonville, in Markham, and Crooks Rapids village. He is to lecture at Prince Albert on the 11th inst, Colunabba 12th, Melville 13th, Newcastle 14th, Orono 15th, Newtonville 17th, Port Hope 18th and 19th, Alnwick 20th and 21st, Seymour West 22nd. His other appointments we will notice in our paper of the 18th May.

The Cobourg Reformer lately copied two original temperance articles from this paper without acknowledgment. Courtesy, Brother.

The American Temperance Magazine for May is just received. The April No. has not reached us. The May number is full of interesting matter, and beautifully got up.

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

Perhaps there is not a vice which blots the character of man, which steals upon him more silently than intemperance. No man becomes a drunkard all at once. He tears not at one grasp the crown of glory from his head, and thrusts himself down from his high and God-given position in the scale of things. But by degrees he accomplishes the work of self destruction. But one of the worst evils in society, is the dressing up of this monster in false colours. If the mask be stripped off, and the monster allowed to appear in his native deformity, there are but few who would fall and worship at his shrine. But what have Intoxicating Liquors done in our world? Let the History of the past answer. By its dark stream the Poet, in whose eye the fire of intellect glowed has knelt, and his harp-strung has been hung in the dark shades of oblivion. That mind once pure and lofty, has sunk, submerged beneath the gloomy wave to rise no more. The philosopher, with a mind lofty as the Heavens, his views as pure as the sun's bright beam, has drunk of this dark stream, and fell a victim to its power. Oh! what wrecks has it caused in the realms of mind. With what wonder do we often look upon the fragments of human greatness which strew this world of ours. A kind of gloomy feeling pervades our bosom, while we contemplate in silence the fall of mighty cities, and see their granite pillars mingling with the common dust. But what is this, when compared with the wreck of mind, caused by Intoxicating Liquors? Oh Intemperance, Intemperance! What hast thou not done to blight the hopes of mortals. How has the fine gold become dim, and man, once the lord of creation, has become the abject slave of the monster intemperance.

Intemperance hangs like a morning blight upon the scholar and philanthropist, it weakens the energies of his mind, blunts his moral sensibilities. When the habit of Intemperance once fastens itself upon the man, it is no easy matter to shake it off. It broods, like an horrid night mare, over all the energies of the man, whether mental or physical. If I were to give a graphic description of the evils of intoxicating liquors, I know of no better language than that of Paul to Simon Barjesus. "Thou full of all subtily, and child of the devil, how long wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of truth? It is evil, assuredly evil, and that continually, and perpetrates crimes black as the brow of despair, and as perpetual as the roll of generations. It comes dressed in the garb of an Angel of light, but the venom of a demon lurks within. I have read of a Queen, who wished to inflict a most dreadful punishment on an offending subject, and she presented him with a beautiful garment, which she had secretly caused to be impregnated with a most active and virulent poison. When once dressed in this garment, all unsuspecting of danger, he received from it at every pore the poison with which it had been filled, and ere he was aware, it was rankling in every vein, and inflaming every part. Tamely and soebly does this represent the all destroying influence of intoxicating liquors. Gentle reader, if you would be happy, walk the path of Temperance. Dash the wine cup down, for although it is decked with flowers, an adder is coiled beneath its sparkling brim. Oh touch it not, for a demon lurks within, which will destroy thy faculty.

F. B. R.

Orono, April 3rd, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

OTTERVILLE DIVISION, OXFORD-UNION OF DAUGHTERS-CADETS.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I see in the Son of Temperance that you are aware of a Division of the Sons in this place, although I think you never received any communications from any of us before for insertion in your paper. It is not because we have not members competent, although it is my first time, but on the contrary, we have many of the most influential men in

Township. We have two of the Town Council; Asa Durkee, the Town Reeve, is our present W. P.; Dr. G. W. Carder is our D. G. W. P., and in our Division now. I think you would be highly pleased if you could attend some evening of our meeting, and see the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Merchant, all with one voice, as it were, crying Down with the monster Intemperance. Down with the Alcoholic Drinks, that are dealt out in the sink holes of pollution, through the length and breadth of our land. It is one year the 12th day of April since we were installed the Otterville Division, No. 257 Sons of Temperance. We have initiated one hundred members, and there have been but few expulsions compared with many other Divisions of our Order; and I hope when another year of our existence terminates that I will be able to report to you for the information of all concerned in the well doings of their fellow man, that we shall have initiated one hundred more in our Division here in Otterville, in the Township of Norwich; or perhaps what is more appropriate, as termed in the Son of the 7th instant, A YOUNG MAISE.

R. Hillier applied and got license last week to keep a house of public entertainment in this place, under the by-laws of the Township Council. He has a commodious situation, and is fitting it up in good style for this portion of the country, and no doubt but the travelling community will get better fare and lower bills than have been formerly in this place. About six weeks ago there was a Union of the Daughters of Temperance installed in this place, of eighteen members, by Mrs. Raymond, D. G. P. S., assisted by Mrs. Morrell and Mrs. Wycoff from London. The Daughters are commencing the work of annihilation on king alcohol in this place, in good earnest; they have appealed to the Division by letter, to know if a Son of Temperance would not be doing his duty by taking notice of all unlawful ways that liquor is dealt out or trafficked in in this place, which shows that they are taking hold of the work in the right way. Their being in the field now, the Sons of this Division will need to be a little more active, or the Daughters will march up and form their line on the right.

Mrs. Carder, is P. S.; Mrs. Hillier, R. S., of the Blooming Rose Union, No. 43 Daughters of Temperance, located in Otterville.

P. S.—There is a Section of Cadets in this place called the Otterville Section. No 112 Cadets of Temperance, numbering about forty.

Yours in L. P. and F.

C. S. JOHNSON.

Otterville, April 19th, 1852.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.
CHATHAM SONS.

SIR,—I take this opportunity of informing you of the progress of the Order in this place, together with the list of officers of the two Divisions, and the Sections of Cadets, for the quarter commencing 1st January, and ending 31st March. The Chatham Fountain Division, No. 246 initiated 29 candidates, the first Kent Division No. 55, initiated, 19, making in the two Divisions 48. The Divisions here are in excellent working order, and are doing remarkably well. The officers elected for the present quarter are for the First Kent Division, No. 55: James Burns, W. P.; W. McKeough, W. A.; Andrew Waddle, R. S.; David Guttridge, A. R. S.; Charles P. Laird, F. S.; Donald McCoil, T.; Thos. W. Daplyn, C.; W. Smith, A. C.; W. Duff, I. S.; Angus McKay, O. S.; George Turnbull, P. W. P. For the Chatham Fountain Division No. 246, W. Price, W. P.; John L. Dolson, W. A.; John Dickson, R. S.; James Sherriff, A. R. S.; Isaac Smith, F. S.; Simeon Merriman, T.; Robert O. Smith, C.; James Whitcomb, A. C.; Wm. McDonnell, I. S.; James Odenbach, O. S.; Isaac Evans, P. W. P. For the Crystal Fountain Section, No. 31, Cadets of Temperance; Samuel Smith, W. A.; W. McIntosh, V. A.; Cyrus Hodge, S.; B. Killam, A. S.; W. Wilson, T.; John Grant, A. T.; W. H. Baxter, G.; H. Sherriff, U.; Jeffrey Wright, W.; Samuel Gowen, I. W.; and John L. Dobson, Worthy Patron.

The Cadets had a public installation of their officers at which the Rev. Wm. Price, D. G. W. P., delivered an able address. Several of the Cadets recited pieces, and Mr. Brock very kindly favored the audience with two of his excellent songs viz, "Join our ranks tobacco chewer," "Old Daa Tocker," and "The Old Oaken Bucket," which were received with great applause.

I Remain Yours, &c.

GEORGE SMITH.

Chatham, April 16th, 1852.



Agriculture.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE LIFE OF THE PLOUGH.

Let others sing of the briny deep,
Of cruel war and martial strife;
Where mariners and soldiers steep
Their swords of death in ebbing life.

I'll sing a song of the shepherd boy,
I'll sing of the plough and the sod,
I'll sing of the labours that employ,
The Farmer who quietly worships God,

My farmer boy will hire him away,
To his noble work and peaceful toil:
Around him sing the birds of May,
And he will sing of the fruitful soil.

Perhaps some fow'r will catch his eye,
As once it did the eye of Burns;
And fire his soul with poetry,
Whilst nature's gifts he sweetly learns,

No, health and peace sit on his brow,
And sweet contentment in his eye;
And as he drives the busy plough,
The Sun shines brightly in the sky.

The Farmer is the fount of wealth,
Our country's hope—our country's pride;
His works keep all—they give him health,
His labors then let none deride.

C. X. I.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

April, throughout a large portion of the country, is the busy month of horticulture. *Grafting* may be continued, especially of apples and pears, until the leaves begin to expand, if the scions have been cut in season, and properly kept. Cherries and plums should have been done last month.

Transplanting may be continued as long as trees can be obtained in good order. It often happens that persons residing in the south and west can not obtain trees from the north until the planting season is past with them; but as long as the trees to be planted are in a dormant state, planting is safe. We plant successfully here as late as June, when they have been retarded by being kept out of the ground a long time when imported. The month of May is the best time of the year to plant evergreens.

Dahlias, and all *bedding plants* are best put out in the latter end of May; all danger of frosts is then over, and vegetation proceeds rapidly and safely. We do quite as well with dahlias put out in June, they come into bloom at a favorable time, when the hottest weather is over. We intend to give a few hints on the management next month.

Annual Flower Seeds, when to be sown in the open border, should not be done until the weather is steady, fine, and the ground dry and warm. The soil should be made as fine as possible, as the seeds are generally small and the plants delicate. The covering is a most important point, it should be very light and even, a very thin coat of fine moss aids in preserving a moderate degree of heat and moisture. *Transplanting* should be either from hot beds or from the open border, should be possible be done on a moist or cloudy day; and if the sun comes out strong immediately, a slight shade should be given. In cases of drought, watering should be attended to. Where seed beds are watered, a slight sward of moss should be put on the spot of the watering pot, that the water may fall like a gentle rain, and not disturb the earth or seeds.

CANADIAN BUTTER.—Last week Messrs. Fisk & Eldridge, of this city, sold to parties in Albany and Troy, sixteen thousand pounds of butter at 22 cents per pound. This large quantity of butter was purchased by F. & E. in Canada.—Rural New Yorker.

GILMORE'S BEE FEEDING SUBSTANTIATED.

Please insert for the encouragement of many who have been misled by an unjustifiable attack upon Gilmore's system, the unsolicited opinion of Prof. Smith of Baltimore, Md., extracted from the *Cultivator* of Jan. 1861.—Dr. G. B. Smith stands high as a naturalist and a man of science.

An examination of the plan of Mr. Gilmore, has afforded me much pleasure, and led me to a desire to draw public attention to the improvement of the valuable argument of rural economy. Many, nearly every one, suppose that the bee collects honey from the nectar of flowers, and simply carries it to its cell in the comb. This is not correct. The nectar he collects from flowers is a portion of his food or drink; the honey deposited is a secretion from its melific or honey-secreting glands, (analogous to the milk-secreting glands of the cow.) If they were the mere collectors, then we should have the comb frequently filled with molasses, and the bees had fed at a molasses hoghead. The honey-lag performs the same functions as the cow's udder; merely receives the honey from the secreting-glands, and remains till a proper opportunity presents for its being deposited in its appropriate store-house, the honey-comb. Another error is, that the bee collects pollen incidentally when in search of nectar improperly called honey. It goes in search of pollen specially, and in search of nectar specially. When the pollen is ripe for the bee's use, there is no nectar which is ripe for it. It is generally supposed also, that the bee collects the wax from some vegetable substance. The wax is a secretion from its body as the milk from the cow. It appears in small flakes under the rings of the comb, and is taken thence by other bees rendered sticky by the bee's saliva, and laid on the walls of the cell with the tongue, as the mason uses his trowel. The reader must understand that the bee will make its cell, no matter what food it may eat, if it be appropriate for the bee, and it will not eat it if otherwise. The flavor of the honey will be affected by the aroma of the flower or other food, but the article will be honey, not molasses, or sugar, whether the bee feed on flowers or molasses or sugar.

Gilmore's plan seems to the writer, to afford greater advantages than any other. With a bee house to accommodate as many hives as he means to keep made tight to a window to afford light to the attendant; he has some hives simply constructed, sawed in three pieces, which being kept from striking together by slats, the two lower stories can be separated at will, and thereby afford opportunity to change the old comb, and by being placed side by side with communications between the bees when multiplied pass into new hives without swarming, with a queen at their head. But the greatest improvement of Gilmore's is his feeding plan. By his liquid placed in a feeding cup, bees are saved the trouble of and time required to go abroad by which they are enabled to produce much more honey than they do on the old plan. And what adds the bee produces better honey, is well secured against moths and robbers, is more healthy, winters better, and is more sure to live longer.—*Utica Testator*.

CINNAMON TREES.

In the afternoon I visited the cinnamon plantations, of which there are many in the vicinity of Colombo. The trees are not as shrubs are planted in rows; their height does not at the utmost exceed nine feet, the plants are very thick and scented. From the fruit, which is a small nut, oil is obtained; when the fruit is crushed and boiled the oil swims on the top; it is used for lighting, mingled with cocoa-nut oil. The cinnamon harvest takes place twice in the year; the first, called the great harvest, from April to July; the second, the little harvest, from November till January. The tree is pulled off the stem for branches with a knife, and the bark is cut off, by which process it acquires a yellowish brown color. The finest cinnamon is of a light yellow, and about the thickness of a card board. The finest cinnamon oil used in medicine is obtained from the cinnamon bark, it is shaken in a vessel full of water, in which it is steeped for eight or ten days; the whole is then strained into a still, and distilled over a slow fire, on the surface of the water thus obtained the oil after a few days collects, and is removed with the greatest care. It is found in India.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE COCOA.

The Cocoa is a tree which delights in the sands of the sea shore, where but little else will vegetate. Its root is possessed of innumerable cord like fibres, no longer than ones finger, yet exceedingly tough and very strong. These interlace each other and insinuate themselves into crevices of the rocks, where longer root could find no sustenance. The tree is consequently tenacious of life and exceedingly difficult to uproot.

Besides this beautiful adaptation to circumstances by its Creator, there is another in the arrangement of the thickly coated nut with its hard shell, that makes it so buoyant, that the winds and waves waft them at times to the shores of islands forming by that wonderful worker of the deep—the coral insect—where, among the scanty sands, they vegetate and add beauty and worth to desolation.

It is affirmed of this tree in India, that there is no part of it not applied to some useful purpose. Not cabins only, but frequently large houses, are constructed entirely of materials furnished by the cocoa. The trunk furnishing in various ways the frame work, often fastened together by cords made from the fibrous envelope of the nut, whilst its leaves plaited, form the roof and sides, rendering them impervious to wind and rain.

Dr. DEUCAN, mentions that the fibrous envelope of the nut has been woven into cables by which 74 gun-ships have safely out rode heavy gales of wind, and that, even when European cables have parted. The fresh leaves are much relished by the elephant. The ashes of the wood are so much charged with potash or soapy matter that the native fishermen of Ceylon substitute them for soap.

It is a fruitful tree, two or three products being gathered annually, to the amount sometimes of 100 nuts or more. It bears from its eighth to its sixty-fourth year. The half ripe nut contains frequently three or four pints of a clear aqueous liquid, fragrant and pleasant. The nut itself is highly nutritious. Cutting the extremity of the sheath whence the flowers sprang, a white, sweet liquid disengages from the wound. This is called Palm wine, and is obtained also, from other species of the palm. This, when concentrated by boiling, deposits sugar.—If fully exposed to the air, it acquires vinous properties, and in twenty-four hours becomes vinegar. The nut yields an oil, but little inferior, it is said, to that of sweet almonds. Of the shell, cups and various small articles are manufactured.—*Rural New Yorker*.

LEACHED ASHES.—Leached ashes are excellent for almost any land. In the process of leaching they lose most of their potash, but retain other valuable fertilizing properties. They are said to be of particular service to the oat crop, and on clay soils. Fifty, sixty or a hundred bushels of leached ashes, with half a dozen bushels of plaster, and a few pounds of bone dust, make a most excellent manure for corn, mowing or pasture land. Leached ashes vary in price, according to location and demand, from three to twelve cents per bushel.—*N. E. Farmer*.

CULTIVATION OF BASKET WILLOW.—Considerable attention is beginning to be paid to the cultivation of basket willow in the United States. The annual importation of the article into our country amounts to \$5,000,000; and this, large as it is, does not satisfy the consumption. The supply is derived from France and Germany mainly, and costs here from \$100 to \$130 per ton weight.

CLOVERING.—Never spare the seed when you sow clover. Four quarts are not enough to the acre, put on not less than six, and be not frightened if you scatter a peck! The great superiority of thickly sown clover fields over others for feed and manure, is too manifest to need demonstration.

A SECRET WORKER KNOWN.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then with a gilding brush do over your glasses or frames, and the flies will not light on the article washed. This may be used without the least apprehension as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

The New Orleans *Piceyane*, of the 24th ult., says.—“We were shown yesterday, in Lafayette, a large bush covered with flowers in full bloom, and of a deep red color, but no single flower larger than a good sized pea. They are called the ‘Piceyane Rose,’ and to us were great curiosities.”

OTSEGO TROUT POTATO.

When in Cooperstown, in June, 1839, I first saw the Otsego trout, a seedling potato resembling the Peach blow in color, but harder in flesh, and equal if not superior to the old Red variety. I brought home six, which I planted on the 6th of July, and the next spring planted the product of these, and had in the fall of 1860, seven bushels. In 1851, three bushels, planted on clay ground, produced thirty bushels, and from two on sandy ground I had twenty-five bushels.

I have now planted them three years. They do not rot, and I find them superior to any kind I have raised for summer use, and very productive. My mode of cultivating is as follows—I have my ground mellowed and well prepared, and plant in April, covering but lightly—no deeper than my corn-market leaves its marks or furrows. They are ripe in October. I have sold forty bushels at \$1 per bushel, as I wish to spread the seed as widely as possible—thinking the variety of great value to the country.—*Cor. Rural N. Yorker*.

THE BEE MOTH.—PREVENTION.—In the *Rural* of the 26th of February, I see an enquiry in relation to preventing the depredations of the bee moth. Two years since I lost some two or three swarms by the bee moth. I then made new hives, and around the bottom inserted a piece of band iron so that the hive stood some half inch from the bottom board. This prevents them from laying their eggs around the hive. Since that time I have had plenty of honey, and have seen no sign of the moth.—*Ibid*.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS FARMER.—Custis, in his “Recollections of General George Washington,” draws the following portrait of the illustrious farmer: Fancy to yourself a fine noble looking old cavalier, well mounted, sitting firm and erect in his saddle, the personification of power, mellowed yet not impaired by time, the equipments of his steed all proper and in perfect order, his clothes plain, and those of a gentleman, a broad brimmed hat, with a small gold buckle in front, a riding switch cut from the forest, entirely unattended; and thus you have Washington on his farm, in his last days at Mt. Vernon. His ride on his extensive estate would be from eight to fourteen miles; he usually moved at a moderate pace, passing through his fields, and inspecting everything, but when behind time, the most essential of men would display the horsemanship of his better days, and a hard gallop bring up to time, so that the sound of his horse's hoofs and the first dinner bell should be heard together at a quarter to three o'clock.

When you make a fence, make a good one. It may cost you more at first, but will cost less in the end.

INSECT BUILDERS.—M. Reaumer states that for a period of twenty years, he endeavored, without success, to discover the materials employed by wasps in forming the blue gray, papery substance, so much used in the structure of their nests. One day, however, he saw a female wasp alight on the eash of a window, and it struck him, while watching her gnawing away the wood with her mandibles, that it was from such materials as these she formed the substance which so long puzzled him. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about one tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair, and as she did not swallow them, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he had no doubt but that his opinion was correct. In a short time he saw her shift to another part of the window, and carry with her a few fibres which she had collected, and which she continued to add. He then caught her and began to examine the bundle, and found that it was neither yet mounted nor rolled into a ball, as it is always done before used by the wasp in her building. He also noticed that before detaching the fibres, she brushed them into a kind of lint with her mandibles. All this he imitated with his pen-knife, brushing and piling the same wood till it resembled the fibres collected by the wasp; and so discovered how wasps manufactured their paper; for these fibres are kneaded together into a kind of paste, and when she formed a round ball of them, she spread it into a leaf, nearly as thin as tissue paper; and then she accomplished by moving backward, and leaving it with her mandibles, her tongue, and her teeth. And so the wasp forms paper, placing layer upon layer, 15 or 20 sheets deep, and thus preventing the earth from falling down into her nest.—*Sci. American*.

FARE TO LONDON FROM HAMILTON.

When at Hamilton last week we met Messrs. Seger & Babcock, owners of the line of stages that run between Hamilton and London. They informed us that they would convey delegates to the Grand Division on the 26th at the sum of 10s. 7½d. a piece, being one third and upwards less than the usual fare, which is 16s. 3d through from Hamilton to London. Also that they would convey them back on their return at the same rate. This was of course upon the understanding that they conveyed the delegates generally. We were expecting to have had a letter in detail from Mr. Seger on the subject. It might be well for the London, Toronto and Hamilton Divisions, to take some action in respect to fare on the Steamboats and Stages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—Late European news state that it was supposed the 5th May would be the day on which Louis Napoleon would be declared Emperor of France, it being the anniversary of Bonaparte's death at St. Helena.

Two of the Grand Dukes of Russia are about to visit Napoleon in France. Rumour says he is to be married soon, to whom is not known.

A surplus revenue of £2,726,396 for 1851 is in the British Treasury, which is to be partly applied towards liquidating the National debt.

In China the rebel party which for about a year has been opposing the Imperial Government is still proceeding in their contest successfully.

In Greece the authorities are banishing all European refugees. This is in consequence of a supposed conspiracy existing against the King.

A war is about to take place between the British in India and the Burman Empire.

The Queen of Spain has pardoned the Cuban invaders, except the natives and Hungarians.

In South America in February a great battle was fought between two contending Chiefs, the well known Gen. Rosas and Gen. Urquiza, in which the latter was victorious. The people of South America are only half civilized. Intestine wars are continually raging there among the petty republics.

A great riot and fight took place lately at Havana, Cuba, between some American and British sailors.

It seems that the Kaffir war at the Cape of Good Hope, is not put down, but is still raging there.

It is said the AUSTRALIAN gold mines are attracting large numbers of persons thither and will produce this year £10,000,000.

A National Monument is to be erected in memory of Marshall Ney in Paris.

Prince Swartzburgh died in Vienna on the 2nd April. He was the chief adviser of the Austrian Emperor.

Fifty thousand Belgians are about to settle in Mexico.

The *Prany Postage System* in Great Britain has succeeded admirably, there being a large increase of revenue thereby. The British Parliament was to meet again on the 19th April. The *Anti-Corn Law League* are preparing for an active summer agitation.

In Spain the liberty of the Press by decree has been annihilated.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The challenge of the Ploughmen of Scarborough to plough with any township of Upper Canada, has been accepted by the Ploughmen of Vaughan and a purse of £300 is to be deposited and paid to the successful competitor, the affair to come off soon.

Sir John Packington in answer to Earl Grey, lately informed the latter that the Energy Reserve question of Canada was under the consideration of the British Cabinet.

The *Nepesee Bee* says that eighteen persons have just left that town for California.

The *Quebec Gazette* says that the River is open between Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. Benjamin, Register of deeds at Belleville, has

been indicted by the Grand Jury for malpractice in his office.

The Government of Canada propose to open up and sell at very reduced prices large quantities of the public lands.

HONORABLE MALCOLM CAMERON is now in Huron, canvassing the county for re-election. A Mr. Brown under the patronage of the Canada Company opposes him — A parcel of noisy rowdies burnt a racoon in Guelph lately to annoy Mr. Cameron, and the *Herald* approves of the act; so says the *Examiner*. Does the *Herald* know that Mr. Cameron is now, and has always been one of the best and most consistent friends of Temperance in Canada? Does he not know that rowdyism and intemperance are synonymous? The election of Mr. Cameron comes off about the 20th instant. Mr. Mackenzie has written two long letters in the *Examiner* in his favour. In view of the Temperance cause, and as a friend of civil rights, the defeat of Mr. Cameron would be a great loss just now to Canada.

Several new and splendid Steamboats are now running on Lake Ontario, among them the *May Flower*, *Maple Leaf*, *Arabian* and *Bay State*.

The *Cobourg Reformer* thinks that the lectures of the Rev. Mr. Ward on Slavery in Canada are doing harm. We cannot exactly see this. He has a perfect right to expose the evils of slavery if he chooses. Mr. Ward has evidently increased the respect of Canadians for coloured men. Before his lectures many thought a coloured man could not lecture in an agreeable manner to a white audience.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY.

J. McG., \$1 1s. 3d., 1851, R. B. R. Goderich, \$2 for 1852, J. H. W., Horaby, \$2½—\$1 for W. H. leaving 1s. 3d. due, and \$1½ for J. C. for 1851 2, J. C., Sutton, \$½, J. S. P., Pelham, \$1, for L. W. F., 1851, leaving \$½ due, L. D. M., Burford, \$5, J. B. Grimby, \$1, G. D., St. Vincent, \$4, on account of Sub. and Divisions; A. G., Olanabee \$1, new Sub.; W. M. M., Norwood, \$1, new.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Poetry from Uxbridge, by B., will appear in our next. "Peter Pye," of Cananogue, has written us a long communication on the folly of our common mode of *Salutations*, in continuation of his former letter, and in reply to an answer from Brockville. We are afraid that our readers would not be interested with this subject, and as our columns are crowded with matter more interesting, we must decline publishing it. The author upon request can have it returned. The addresses from Laskey Division will appear in an abridged form on the 15th May. "Jenny Lind" Poetry will appear in our next. "The Little Mouse" Poetry we must decline. Several pieces of Poetry by "Henry Kemptwic," are laid over. Poetry from H. A. G. in our next. "Spring" by Mrs. T. will appear. The school examination is deferred. The Milton Address and list of names of Trafalgar Division will appear in our next. "Home," by Sylvicola is received. Letter from L. D. M., Burford, will appear. The memorial from Wellington Square is in type, but postponed until our next. From the London Sailor, from Geo. Davison, and from A. Graham Olanabee, are received and will be attended to.

MARKETS AND WEATHER.

In some parts of Europe, particularly in Germany and France, a temporary famine has been feared for a short time passed, which caused an increased demand for grain of all kinds, giving a buoyancy to the grain markets of New York. At latest dates Wheat was in good demand there. Flour in England had advanced 1s. per boll. In Toronto the markets in a few articles have varied considerably of late; Butter has been as high as 1s. 3s. per lb., but is now down to 11d. per lb., and eggs are sold at 5d. per doz. in waggons. Wheat 3s. 4d. average per bushel, Oats 1s. 4d. do., Peas 2s., Potatoes average from 3s. to 3s. 6d., Turnips seed 3s. per bushel, Clover 8s.

The meat market is high. Cattle, sheep, and calves, in good demand, selling at high prices. Hay sells at \$10 per ton, if good. Wool is going down fast and is 9d. per lb. The roads are getting dry fast and the weather for a week past has been very fine, giving the farmers a chance to plough and the gardeners to put in seeds. Nearly all our common spring birds are here. Should the frosts keep off there will be a great quantity of fruit.

Dizo,—at Pickering, on the 16th March, a news of only two days, the beloved wife of Fisk, a member of the Canton Division Sons of Temperance. The deceased has left behind her a circle of friends to lament her death, and a family of children to mourn a departed parent, who died full hope of a blessed immortality.

An impressive sermon was preached at her Elder Sarr, and her funeral was attended by a concourse of friends, and also by the members of the Canton Division, who were very kind during her illness. This kindness on the part of Sons of Temperance and their families is a beautiful feat of Order. An error appeared in the name of the in our 10th number.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

To Mr. M. Scott,—Leader of Toronto Brass Band.

The Dundas Amateur Brass Band, having challenged any Amateur Brass Band in the Province of £25 or a £100, was rather surprised to find a challenge accepted by your Band. We have considered your Band an Amateur Band, it being principally of men who have made Music their profession for the last ten or twenty years. Notwithstanding we are prepared to back up our challenge at the tune of £25 upon the following conditions:

- 1st,—That each Band select two judges, as chosen by the judges.
- 2nd,—That the judges decide as to the pieces, not exceeding twelve, each to be performed by the Bands, to be played alternately.
- 3rd,—That each Band perform their own music exclusively, and the judges to determine the effect produced therefrom.
- 4th,—That the judges in giving their decision strictly to the above conditions.

The affair to come off at Oakville on the between the hours of 11 A. M., and 3, P. M.

5th,—That the judges appoint a Stake the grounds, who is to give the stakes to the party on the decision of the judges.

ALFRED BENNET,

Pres. Dundas Amateur Brass Band.

Dundas, May 4th, 1852.

INNISFILL DIVISION—POSTAGE.

THE Innisfill Division hereby give notice this date they will not receive any communications prepaid, except from the Grand Division.

By order of our Division.

WILLIAM H. KIN

May 6th, 1852.

CHURCHVILLE DIVISION S.

Mr. Editor,—I am requested by this Division to inform you, that you will confer a favor on us, by inserting in your valuable paper that after the 15th the Churchville Division will not receive any communications from any Subordinate Divisions unless as they have resolved to prepay all that will be charged to this Division.

Yours, in L. P. and F.

W. ANDERSON,

POSTAGE—STREETSVILLE DIVISION.

Resolved,—That the Streetsville Division not take any communications from the Post Office, except from the Grand Division, unless the postage is prepaid. This resolution to take effect unless it has appeared in the *Son and Watchman* Newspaper.

By order of the Division.

R. P. MORLEY,

MR. C. DURAND'S LAW OFFICE.

Is Removed to near his Private Residence, Street, where he will be happy to attend to any Calls of a Professional Nature from his City or Country Friends. Toronto, January, 1852.