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VOL. II.

TORONTO, C.W., MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1852.

No. 1.



ATHEISM

BY MRS. L. E. SIGOURNEY.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.—
Ps. xiv. 1.

"No God, no God!" the simple flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hear,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet on her crystal bed,
Doth leap to praise his name;
High sweeps the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opens its mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade—
The breadfruit bending to its load,
In you far island glade—
The winged seeds, borne by the winds,
The roving sparrows feed—
The melons of the desert sands
Confute the searmer's creed.

"No God!" with indignation high
The fervent sun is scirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars,
Look down with angry eye,
That such a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty!

SLEIGHING SONG.

O! the raging sea has joy for me,
When the gales and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.
O scurry we go, o'er the sleazy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to the music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.
On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.
With a laugh and song, we glide along
Across the sleazy snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, decimated the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence and planted some corn.

It was on the 7th of August, 1782. The surrounding wood: the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air. Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, and with his infant on his knees. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an ardent and early attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy to the countenances of both: the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession.—Morgan sprang to his

feet, his wife ran to the door, and they both simultaneously exclaimed "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and the time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt; soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid its cries would betray the place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, and again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child or be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, and ran up the ladder that led to his chamber, and drew it up after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then, throwing some clapnets from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As one approached he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow and missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy: both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stab of the white man were deeper, and the savage soon fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was pursued, and a

dog put on his trail. Operated upon with all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to out-run or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he waited till he came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's, Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the canebrake he beheld his house in flames, "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand upon his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation around him, advancing a few paces, he fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name "ELIZA," on the ground, and with his favorite dog, that lay by his side. Looking first on the ruins and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered and consigned to the mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of the venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a battle at the Lovers Blue Lick. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites returned across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until they ascended the hill. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from the saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell: an Indian sprang upon, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping knife. At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band having taken all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak: its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of a protracted death, rendered doubly so by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat and the panther, feeding upon the dead and dying—Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward in the pathway of despair to his own end. A large scro-cious-looking bear covered all over with blood, now approached him: he threw himself on the ground, silently commending himself to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The

satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—and was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approaching; a cold chill ran over him. Imagination—creative, busy imaginary, was actively employed; death, the most horrid death awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and be devoured alive. He felt in a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed, "My husband! my husband! and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned, from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits, and drank freely; an altercation took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her.—Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of Blue Licks a horse, with a saddle and bridle, rushed by, which she knew to be her husband's.—During the action, the prisoners being left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes, which grew under the bark of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, she left for the battle ground with some others, who had escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and, if found on the field living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

OPENING OF A MOUND.

The workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opened an Indian mound on Saturday last, on the farm of B. McMechen, Esq. The mound was about 70 feet in diameter, and 11 feet high. Nearly on a level with the surrounding earth was found an altar of stone, evincing the action of the fire, west of north of the altar: the head and body of an Indian extending west of north, at a slight declination from the head to the feet. This body was covered to the depth of a foot or more with ashes, in which the salt was still manifest to the taste, as we are told. The body was remarkably perfect, and was mostly preserved. Around this body were twelve others with their heads centering toward it, and feet projecting. No articles of art were found except a polished stone tube, about 12 inches in length—*Wheeling Gazette.*

FOSSIL KANGAROO.

No remains of this Australian animal have, heretofore, ever been found, we believe, in America. Now, however, we learn from the Middleton Sentinel, Conn., that Dr. Barret of that place has discovered a beautiful and distinctly marked cast of a kangaroo in the Portland Quarry. It is so characteristic that there is no fear of mistake. The animal was about 4 feet long, with a tail of 24 inches long, and large at its base, and tapering. The bend of the hind legs, resting like elbows, are singularly characteristic of the kangaroo, the diameter of the joint being two inches, measuring outside both 5 1/2 inches wide, the tail 3 inches over at its base. Its deep impress shows, that the animal had great force in its spring for another jump; and as evidence of its force, we find a wavelike ridge, on a slab behind, where the elbows had been placed. The body is small before, and no marks of fore-feet are to be seen. This is an-

other striking peculiarity of the kangaroo, which moves by successive jumps, rarely walking on all fours. The broadest part of the figure behind is 9 1/2 inches. This discovery is highly important to geologists and students of natural history.

GUILTY, BUT DRUNK!

Dan Marble's Story of the Georgia Judge.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, will had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognize the irresistible story used to "tell" of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dress up the joke, and set it agoing, and partially that guise we give it a place in the annals of the comedian:—

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity and much beloved and respected by all of the legal profession, but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgement, into frequent excesses. In traveling the Circuit it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court to get "comfortably cornered," by means of applian common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the gentlemen the law would generally turn and help him.

"It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned but strong 'carry all,' he journeyed some forty miles and reached the village where the Court was to be opened the next day.—It was along in the evening Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by which the presence of the official dignity was considered singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strode over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, important professional business, and who were prepared to meet him.

"Gentlemen, said the Judge, 'tis quite a long time we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take horns.—'and Of course Sterritt (addressing a man named) you have better liquor than you had the time we were here—the stuff you had then was not to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had the charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to say that sometime in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young harristers, fond of a practical joke, and not afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of abstinence and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking!"

"It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, when he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to be hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out, with an expression of horror almost indescribable, and exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter Judge!"

"Just look at these spoons."

"Dear me where'd you get them!"

"Get them! Don't you see the initials on them—

extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them Judge!"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible—

whom?"

From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them." Good heavens! how could it happen!" I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?" Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you are among those lawyers—"But I was very drunk!" Yes, you was." Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Wain?" Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as bad."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge!" "No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came out. That fellow Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of gin, and always did, liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said was mean enough to make a man steal, and now have practical illustration of the fact. And the old man first into tears."

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a case of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—and open your heart, and nobody will ever think of it again."

"A little of the soothing system operating upon the Judge, as such things usually do, his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an excellent knowledge of the law that had been played."

"Judge Brown proceeded to Court and took his seat; it spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—poor spoons, drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was mixed up in his "worship's" bewildered head, that felt awful pale, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decision were not what Judge Brown had been noted for."

"Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the usual indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, eh?" and he pleads—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

"The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court."

A CURIOSITY.

Last week the workmen at Powers' Summit, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, found a petrified snake, the size of which would seem to indicate that this region, that species of reptile has greatly degen-

erated—His snakeship was found imbedded in the solid limestone rock, some sixty feet below the earth's surface. Its size is enormous—sixteen feet in length, and in the middle at least four inches in diameter. Although its substance is completely assimilated to the rock in which it was imbedded, it looks surprisingly natural—indeed almost as perfect in "form and feature" as when alive.

TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
A web, by insect workers spun,
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapors take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might;
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties, that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek,
And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres:
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land;
Oh! trifles are not what they are,
But fortune's ruling voice and star.

GERMAN MARRIAGE LAWS.

Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following forms and ceremonies, and it is by no means an easy affair after all: 1st, proposal; 2d, betrothal; 3d, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the testimonials required by government; being 1, a certificate of vaccination; 2, a week day school ticket, in proof of regular attendance on a religious teacher; 4, a certificate of confirmation; 5, a conduct certificate; 6, a service book; 7, a wander book (this refers to the compulsory travels of the handicraft men); 8, an apprentice ticket; 9, a statement as to propriety, which, if not considered to be satisfactory, destroys the whole; 10, a permission from the parents; 11, a residence permission ticket; 12, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13, an examination ticket; 14, a ticket of business, or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these.—Thus, a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has deposited £40 per annum, for the maintenance of his future family.

A NUT FOR THE GEOLOGIST.

Hiram DeVitt, of this town, who has recently returned from California, brought with him a piece of the antiferous quartz rock, of about the size of a man's fist. On Thanksgiving day, it was brought out for exhibition to a friend, when it accidentally dropped upon the floor, and split open. Near the centre of the mass was discovered firmly imbedded in the quartz and slightly corroded, a cut iron nail, of the size of a six-penny nail. It was entirely straight, and had a perfect head. By whom was that nail made? At what period was it planted in the yet uncrystallized quartz? How came it to California? If the head of that nail could talk, we should know something more of American History than we are likely ever to know.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA WONDER.

There is said to be an extraordinary cave in Calaveras County, about six miles from San Antonio, which has been entered and partially explored to a distance of over 1400 feet. It is described by those who have seen it as being divided into countless chambers and apartments all of easy access, and adorned with curiously shaped figures of stone, making them resemble well-

furnished rooms; and from the ceilings, hanging pendant in huge masses, bright crystals, flashing in the light of torches, giving the appearance of gorgeous chandeliers suspended from a richly-furnished dome, to shed their lustre upon the magnificence that lies scattered around; while in some of the apartments, floor, walls, and ceilings reflect back such a flood of light from innumerable stalactites, as to be almost blinding. There is a gentle and regular descent to the cave of about 35 degrees.

ANCIENT GLASGOW KEY.

Among other objects of curiosity which have been discovered during the demolition of the old bridge of Glasgow, not the least interesting is a key, found in the foundation of one of the centre buttresses. It is about a foot long; the wards are nine in number, and remarkably well cut; the ring at the opposite end is in excellent preservation and very little corroded. The section of the bridge under which this key lay was the most ancient portion of the structure, so that this venerable memorial of the builders of Glasgow's first bridge cannot be less than 500 years old.

MORTALITY IN THE STATES.—The census of 1850 shows the following proportion deaths to the whole population in the following States: Vermont 1 in 100; Iowa 1 in 94; Georgia 1 in 91; Michigan 1 in 87; Tennessee 1 in 86; North Carolina and Alabama 1 in 85; South Carolina 1 in 83; Maine 1 in 77; New Jersey 1 in 75; Virginia 1 in 74; Illinois and Delaware 1 in 73; Arkansas 1 in 70; Texas 1 in 69; Rhode Island 1 in 66; Kentucky and Connecticut 1 in 64; Maryland 1 in 60; Massachusetts 1 in 51.

"CHRISTOPHER NORTH" (Professor Wilson) has been compelled by ill health to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing season. The great poet, philosopher, critic, sportsman, and humorist, is in the sixty-third year of his age.

Holdridge's Statistical Almanac for the year 1852, estimates the number of newspapers published in the United States, annually, at 412,880,000, being equal to sixteen and a half copies per year for every man, woman, and child. While in the British Empire only one is published for 2,000 of the inhabitants; in Belgium, one to every 25,000; in Prussia, one to every 20,166; in Russia, only three copies to every 1,000,000.

Brett mentioned the remarkable fact, that in 1666 one Gilbert published a book, in which he said that the day was not far distant when men would be able to communicate from one end of the world to the other by electricity. This prediction may now be said to be in course of realization, if not actually realized; and Mr. Brett believes that "not only Paris and Vienna, but Constantinople, Calcutta, Peking, and America, will in a few years be our next-door neighbours."

Russia in 1852 will celebrate throughout the vast extent of her empire, the completion of her thousandth year of national existence, which will be kept with all the solemnity due to the important event. The Russian Empire was founded in 852, in which year the Russians, probably of the Scandinavian origin, made their appearance on the shores of the Bosphorus as Warangens.

THE LORD'S PRAYER will ever continue to remain a model of heavenly aspiration. It is lisped by the tender child upon its mother's lap, and it brings with it a calm of happiness. It is uttered by the full grown man; whom the busy cares of the world have rendered less sensible to spiritual yearnings, and he feels himself drawn nearer to heaven. It is whispered by the venerable sire, when "the weight of a grasshopper has become a burden," and his soul is fed as with manna from on high. In prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in wealth and poverty, it is still the same soul-refreshing fountain, whence issues the stream "that flows fast by the oracles of God," and from which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst again.

An Ipswich grave-digger, who recently undertook to bury the body of an unbaptised child at night, came for the coffin in a state of intoxication, and was told that he would find it in a room, in a green bag. An hour or two afterwards, the mother's grown-up son returned home, and asked her "where the fiddle was?" It then transpired that the toper had buried, not the child, but the Cremona!—Gateshead Observer.



Ladies' Department.

FORGIVE IF NOT FORGET.

Oh the heart is oft a gentle thing,
While memory's firm and strong;
The heart past woes away would fling,
While memory keeps them long.
Though memory keeps the wrong that brought
To future times regret.
The heart should, though unkind the thought,
Forgive, if not forget.

The word that brought the tearful eye,
The deed that smote the heart,
In future years may wake the sigh,
And mournful thoughts impart.
Then, like the rose in tempest rain,
All hung with drops of wet.
When grief is past, oh, smile again—
Forgive, if not forget.

The old oak in the sylvan bowyer,
When spring comes o'er the plain,
Though scathed by the tempest's power,
Puts forth its leaves again.
The heart should, like the scathed oak,
Renew love's blossoms yet—
Though memory still may bear the stroke,
Forgive, if not forget.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE ON HER HUSBAND'S FORTUNE.

A woman has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may or not, just as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride.—No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the effort to keep up appearance. If it could succeed it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then, man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed. She, of all human beings, can best minister to his needs. For the sick soul, her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal life. If it be weary, in her assiduity, it finds repose

and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and fortitude have the power to re-kindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

THE MOTHER.

The mother is designed by God to be the guide and instructress of her children, in the early stage of their life. To transfer to others, however competent, the task of training their young minds and forming their supple characters, is, in very few cases desirable; and, finally, to do so, is to lose one of the purest of earth's enjoyments, which a mother's heart is capable. Nor that it is to be assumed, that the employment is one of unmixed pleasure. There are moments of depression and discouragement, in the work of education, only to be estimated by the Christian parent, whose mind is fully alive to the vast importance of instilling right principles into the infant heart. But let us rely on the promise—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The more time the mother spends in the nursery, the more abundant will her harvest be; and the less she depends on all assistance from other sources, the greater will be her influence, not only in the years of childhood, but in those of youth and manhood; the word of the mother will still retain its weight and power, and, in the affectionate respect and obedience rendered to her, she will have cause to rejoice in all the sacrifices of past years. "Let us not, therefore, be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

It was only a word. Yes, but did you consider the power a single word often has over the sensitive heart? The sting of the insect may be too minute to attract notice, but the pain it produces endures for hours, and even days. A little word, spoken hastily or in jest, may rankle in a bosom it was never intended to irritate, long after it has been forgotten by the one who thoughtlessly uttered it. How many of the miseries of life have their origin in trivial remarks made merely for the sake of saying something, and of which the best that can be said in excuse is, that they were not uttered in earnest. You may think it foolish to be so sensitive—you who would not care were a whole dictionary of billingsgate hurled at your head. So does the man of cold, phlegmatic nature think it very silly to be nervous, ignorant but God has given very different temperaments and feelings to different persons. Even if that delicacy of feeling which a word may wound were unnatural and wrong, neither of which it is, how much wiser and kinder to treat it gently than roughly.

A TRUE LADY.

The *Louisville Courier* of the 5th instant, says:—The papers through the country are noticing with favour the verdict of ten thousand dollars lately recovered in Henry county, in this State in favour of a young lady, in an action of slander, as a strong indication of the high moral tone of the community where the cause was tried. It may be proper to add that, as soon as the verdict was rendered, the fair Kentucky plaintiff, desiring to receive the money of the defendant—her only object being the vindication of her name from the calumnious aspersions of the defendant—directed her counsel to enter a *remittitur* for the amount of the verdict save what would be sufficient to compensate them for their services. Upon consultation they consented to be satisfied with five hundred dollars, and, in accordance with the instructions, of their client, released the defendant from the payment of nine thousand five hundred dollars."

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—It is related in the life of the celebrated mathematician Wilhelm Hutton, that a respectable looking country woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she

thought that he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The cause was a comic one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is simple one," said he, "but I have never known it fail. Always treat your husband with a smile." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him with a tear of joy and gratitude glistening in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

TO A—B—.

Written for the Son.

They say we are too young to love—
Too wild to be united;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
The fond vows we have plighted.
They send thee forth to see the world—
Thy love by absence trying;
Then go! for I can smile "farewell,"
Upon thy truth relying.

I know that pleasure's hand will throw
Her silken nets about thee;
I know how lonesome I shall find
The long, long days without thee;

But in thy letters there'll be joy—
The reading—the replying;
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee,
Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by
In silent rapture gazing;
And oh! how proud of being loved
By him they have been praising.

But should detraction breathe thy name—
The world's reproof defying,
I'll love thee, laud thee, trust thee still,
Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part
Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder:

Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying;
Thou wilt confide in her who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

EMMA:

Toronto, September 3rd, 1851.

A SUNNY SPOT.

The heedless foot may press the flowers,
And odors from them bring;
Thus, oft, in sorrow's deepest night
Faith's sweetest blossoms spring.
If thou hast dried the widow's tear,
Pitied the orphan's lot,
Then hast thou felt, amid the gloom,
There was a sunny spot.

MATRIMONY AND SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—*Matrimony.*—Hot buckwheat cakes—warm beds—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—round arms—red lips—(shem!)—shirts exulting in buttons—reeced stockings—boot jacks—happiness, &c., &c.

Single Blessedness.—Sheet-iron quilts—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—hellish socks—coffee sweetened with iceicles—gutta serena biscuits—flabby steak—dull razors—corns—coughs and cholics—rhubarb—aloes—misery, &c.—Bah!

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—Arrangements have been made for a complete course of medical instruction by six Professors in the different departments. The Boston Medical School is hereafter to be known by the name of New England Female Medical College; and a term under this arrangement is to commence in February.

A CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Thy father watches the sheep,
 Thy mother is shaking the dream land tree,
 And down falls a little dream for thee,
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 The large stars are the sheep,
 The little stars are the lambs I guess,
 The fair moon is the shepherdess—
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Our Saviour loves his sheep,
 He is the Lamb of God on high
 Who for our sakes came down to die—
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 I'll buy for thee a sheep,
 With a golden bell so fine to see,
 And it shall frisk and play with thee—
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 And cry not like a sheep;
 Else will the sheepdog bark and whine
 And bite this naughty child of mine—
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Away, and tend the sheep—
 Away, then black dog fierce and wild
 And do not wake my little child—
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness and affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were arms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold me vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how long and how long may those patient angels hover above, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and soon forgotten.—*Dickens.*

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the frost frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy will never seek vain.

WOMAN'S INVENTION AND REVENGE.

The Paris correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* relates the following little murder story, interesting from the originality of its execution:—
 "You have—everybody has heard of the Vale of Chamounix, whose peaceful solitudes have been sung by more than one great poet. In fact Chamounix had passed into a proverb for the peace and innocence of its habitants. But an incident occurred there a fortnight since, which has sorely injured its marvellous reputation. A beautiful young girl, Adelaide Twerti, loved, and was loved by Carl Bigner, the most fearless and the most successful of chamois hunters. He had sworn eternal constancy to Adelaide, and promised her his hand as soon as he should have killed enough goats to buy a cottage. But, alas! human nature is weak, and man's nature especially so, where the ladies are concerned. It appeared that Carl made the acquaintance of a rosy cheeked maiden of another village, and from that moment Adelaide was forgotten, or rather the means of breaking with her were very seriously pondered over—it is hard for a man desperately in love to disguise his sentiments, and Adelaide soon felt that Carl was less affectionate than formerly, and she tried to discover the cause. This she was not long in doing, and then showed vengeance. She had been a long time beloved by an apothecary of the town, who had in vain sought for a favor. She had often seen in his shop some gun cotton, which looked for all the world like ordinary adding. Carl was a great smoker, and Adelaide marked that the sparks from his pipe, had burnt several holes in the scarf he wore round his neck when he went hunt in the regions of glaciers and eternal snows—well, what does the ingenious little wretch do, but beg a

quantity of gun cotton from the apothecary, who would hardly have refused her his head, if she had asked it, and then knit a long woollen scarf, with large meshes, and double, and between the two sides she fastened her gun cotton. This infernal machine she presented to her Carl with great marks of tenderness, taking his old scarf in exchange. For some time chance favored Carl; but one evening he did not return to his father's cottage. The next day his friends, alarmed at his absence, searched for him in the mountains, and at last found him lying on the ground lifeless, and horribly burned.



YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

ANECDOTE OF THE TWIN SISTERS.—We know of a farmer in Connecticut who has a pair of twin daughters, of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attended the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to recite a lesson in geography, which she had learnt very imperfectly, and in fact could not go on with at all. The teacher who was getting quite out of patience, was called to another part of the room, and just at that moment the twin sister sprang on the floor unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her place. The master proceeded with the questions which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy which at the close, drew forth from him a few words of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after. Of course, it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.—*Conn. paper.*

A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.—You were made to be kind, generous, or magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents, and is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger one has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

ARISTOCRACY OF INTELLECT.—We bow to no other aristocracy; we recognize none, we spurn and scorn, with our whole soul, the contemptible narrowness and littleness of spirit which some men exhibit in doing homage on account of wealth or appearances. A man is no better than we, because he can drive a span of horses, or because he can give a more costly party, or drink a dearer drink than we or that he lives in a richer house, and has more men and maidservants. A peasant may be as good as a President. Not what a man puts on without, but what he has within him, proves his manhood. To the aristocracy of mind and heart we bow: we reverence the intellect for what it has done and for its possibilities, but the outward proves nothing is nothing in comparison with mind.

AGE.—It being a fact that the more we increase in years, the more our pleasures decrease though our faults go on clearing to us, and as respect to old age is the only substitute for this loss, let us therefore try to become in one worthy of respect, the less amiable we grow.

We all come quite new in the same lengths of time to the same age of our existence, and often want experience not withstanding the number of years.

The following touching incident is related in a private letter from Yarmouth, England, dated the 7th ult. written by a lady, and giving an account of the disastrous results of the late shipwrecks on the east coast:—

"Last Friday, a dear little babe, supposed to be about four months old, was picked up in the roads, off Yarmouth. Its long clothes prevented it from sinking; it was fast asleep and almost benumbed with cold. There was no trace of any ship in sight, or any boat for miles around, and it was supposed that the vessel from which it had been thrown had sunk, and that all hands perished. The captain who picked it up lives at Yarmouth, and intends to rear it as his own."

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT.

Howitt relates an anecdote, associated with the poem from which this famous line is so often quoted, which may not be familiar to our readers. Burns being invited to dine at a nobleman's on a certain occasion, was turned off to eat his dinner with the butler. After the repast was over, he was sent for to the dining-room, a chair placed for him at the bottom of the table, and he was called on for a song. Controlling his indignation, he sang:—

Is there for honest poverty,
 Wha hangs his head and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For 'a' that and 'a' that,
 A man's a man for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 (Pointing to the nobleman at the head of the table.)
 Wha struts and stears, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For 'a' that and 'a' that,
 A man's a man for a' that.

As the last words issued from his lips, he arose, and not deigning the company a syllable of adieu, he marched out of the room and the house.

A SINGULAR WOMAN.—A few days since says the London Gazette of the 13th ultimo, an address was presented to Madame Kossuth by a deputation from the "Society for the Emancipation of Women." In addition to an expression of sympathy, this address contained the wish that the wife of the honored hero of the day would communicate to these ladies her sentiments respecting their efforts to achieve the freedom of her sex. Madame Kossuth replied that she thanked them heartily for this proof of their sympathy towards herself, and through her, more particularly towards her country; that with respect to "her own views on the emancipation of women, she had, in earlier years, confined herself to the circle of her domestic duties, and had never been tempted to look beyond it; and that latterly the overwhelming course of events had left her, as might well be supposed, still less leisure for any speculations of this kind." It would, moreover (such was the conclusion of her little speech), be readily forgiven in her, the wife of Kossuth, a man whom the general voice, not more than her own heart, pronounced distinguished—if she submitted herself entirely to his guidance, and never thought of emancipation!

WHETHER you are playing on the stage or the world, your characters should always be well dressed. Good broadcloth is always received with a smile, though covering a rascal—while lincey-woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

WHY will any man be so importunately officious as to tell me all prospect of a future estate is only fancy and illusion? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

Those who understand the value of time treat it, as prudent people do their money—they make a little go a great way.

"Do as others do." is a suspicious maxim, which signifies almost always as much as—do evil, at least as soon as it extends itself beyond those outward forms, which have no consequence, and depend on custom, mode, and good manners.

A LITTLE philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth a man's mind to religion.



The Literary Gem.

THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison of the nectar
Our heart's deep flower cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly on by pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne;
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we who talk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To speed each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

THE MORN IS BREAKING.

The morn is breaking in the eastern sky,
The light is beaming o'er the mountains high:
Lo! it is young time! New-year! New-year's come!
From his father's olden, olden home!

Like the sparkling water from the fountain,
Like the light rushing o'er the mountain;
Like the forest's bloom in the balmy spring,
Or the lovely birds that sweetly sing.

Young time cometh, on the lightning's wing,
Joy and gladness to our earth to bring:
Bright be his sun, and happy be his end!
To us bring peace and love—contentment send.

Young time, like a youth in the morning of life,
Comes dancing along, unsuspecting its strife:
Green are its hopes, and its prospects are bright;
It dreams not of storms, or the shadows of night.

Ah! stay thee awhile, thou dreamer of youth,
The world, with its evils, will teach thee a truth:
The sun in the morning, at mid-day may shine,
Yet trouble will come, and make thee repine.

'Tis the part of the wise and the good here below
To walk with uprightness, and alleviate woe:
The burden to lift from the slave and the poor,
And open to all sweet knowledge's door.

Oh year '52! thou angel of light!
May notions within thee obtain what is right?
Oh! strike from the slave his hard, galling chain,
And come o'er our earth true justice to reign.

May man see aright the evil of passions;
Let reason prevail over time's silly fashions:
Let Temperance and Truth o'er the world hold their
sway:
Lo! the morning is breaking! Come! come thou
bright day!

C. M. D.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

"Sir John Herschell, in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate into space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer, who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. What is our earth in space so almost infinite: and still more, what is man, that he should be the special object of regard to the infinite Author of this system of worlds?"

☐ NATURE IS MOTION AND SO IS MIND. ☐

☐ ARE THE DISTANT STARS A MORAL VOID? ☐

The Astronomer Herschell and other philosophers, through the immense power of the telescope, have discerned stars so remote from us, that it is estimated that it would take two millions of years for light with its inconceivable velocity to reach us. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, a distance of itself almost inconceivable, yet light travels the awful void in a few minutes, across the mighty gulph of ether to us. This light so swift, is two millions of years in coming to us from the most distant star yet seen. That distant star is probably as remote from some other system of worlds as it is from us. The mighty theatre of nature having no limits on the right or the left, below or above us, is full of active worlds, suns and moons. These are peopled with millions of millions of beings, and vegetation as varied as themselves. The Spirit of God moveth over all, and the marks of his fingers are written on the circle of the universe. Are these worlds—these distant suns and stars, the light of some of which may never have reached us, moral voids? Nature is ever active in small things and great things. Matter hath a destiny fixed upon it by a *hand Divine*; which is to become organized, to bloom,

To die, dissolve, and again to bloom,
And like the Phoenix rise from out its tomb.

It resteth not forever. Is mind the same? We believe it is, and that there is a moral theatre ordained by God as well as a material one. All worlds are peopled by creatures of varied intelligence, and during the course of an infinite series of millions of years, the Spirit of God looketh with pleasure on the moral theatre of nature as well as the beauties of the material. From the foundation of our world and the creation of man, our Maker ordained that it should be a moral theatre, and the scene of the exhibition of his transcendent love. The Lamb of Judea appeared the Herald of the Almighty, ☐ and through Him we learned what God requires of us and what is man's destiny. His twelve Apostles caught the Spirit that animated His soul, and they pointed the human race to a bright and immortal destiny. May we not fairly infer that the same grand moral plan is being carried out in other worlds? Other creatures at the distance of millions of millions of miles from us have been visited by the Spirit of the Almighty and redeemed. How glorious an idea such a plan brings before the mind! Millions of worlds have heard the voice of Jesus and listened to the love and truth that fell like a healing balm from His Holy Soul. Matter is ruled by knowledge and wisdom, and is lovely and infinite. Mind is ruled by moral laws and is drawn unto the Almighty by *Love and Accountability*.

GIVE ME KNOWLEDGE.

Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity; power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in joyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, infinite in duration. In the performance of its cred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense in the volcano, dives into the ocean—penetrates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—riches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distance—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp—no heaven too exalted for its reach.—*De Witt Clinton*.

How true and beautiful are the above remarks the great American Statesman. Pleasure is unlawful, but commendable, when indulged in to reasonable extent. It is however an evanescent thing as is matter to which it more properly belongs. The pleasures of the senses are but momentary, those of the mind are lasting and truly delightful. We should be thankful to our Maker for the doublings of enjoyment we receive in life from the natural pleasures of the senses and those of the mind, received from knowledge, love and contemplation. The enjoyment from knowledge nothing can take from us not even death, for in a happier world, if we are prepared to hold communion with God, we will have our mental felicity enhanced in proportion to our knowledge. If we have the misfortune to become blind, or deaf, or lame, with knowledge we can enjoy life to a very great extent. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost and Regained* when blind, and they are the most beautiful poems of modern times. Homer, it is said, was blind when he wrote or sang his poems. The mind is infinite in its capacity for knowledge. Memory is infinite in its capacity to retain. A certain Roman Emperor could repeat the name of a describe every soldier of his army of tens of thousands of men. Macaulay, the historian, it is said can read a newspaper or book and afterwards repeat it all over again from memory.

A man of study within a life may acquire knowledge of all the languages of the earth and all the arts and sciences. The study of the sciences of geology, astronomy, chemistry, and metaphysics ennobles and elevates the mind and soul, and raises man from a worm of the dust to a mighty reasoning being. If with these he possesses that faith in communion with God, which are necessary to true earthly or eternal happiness, he is what all should aspire to be, wise and good.

PIZARRO'S GRAVE AT LIMA.

In the crypt under the high altar are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, who was assassinated in the palace near by. A small piece of silver, dropped into the hand of the sexton, procured me admission into the crypt. Descending a few steps I entered a small place, some twenty feet long, quite light and white washed, and which smelt and looked so much like a wine cellar, that I caught myself more than once looking around for the bins and bottles. The first object that I saw was a large square tomb, surmounted by the erect figure of an abbot, and close by, in an opening in the wall, I noticed what appeared to me to be a collection of dusty rags, but a closer inspection proved that this was all that remained of the renowned conqueror of Peru. He has still on him the same clothes and shoes which he wore at the moment of his assassination. Of course his body is nothing but a skeleton covered with dry flesh and skin, so that no features are discernible. The body is covered with what was once white linen, swathed around him, but the dust of centuries has collected on it and turned it to a light brown colour and almost pulverized when touched. The body is placed on a narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and has been placed in this position merely to put it out of the way. The folks in Lima do not think anything of the remains of poor Pizarro, and I dare say a little money judiciously invested, would procure for any curiosity hunter the whole of the remains.—*Reminiscences from Sydney to Southampton*.



The Canadian
Sons of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, January 5, 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 engeth like an adder."—Proverbs, Chap. 23.

THE WORK OF 1852.

Man cannot be stationary in any thing. It is a part of mind and of matter to be ever active. The earth to be pure must be moved by cold and warm currents, and the mighty ocean must be tossed into foam and kiss the drooping clouds to keep its waters pure. The vegetation of the earth—the green forests and the virgin soil of our farms, must be stirred by the gentle winds and the hand of man to give, prosper, and yield their due returns. The earth turns on its axis in 24 hours, although a million miles larger than our earth, and our little earth is whirling forever around the glorious luminary of light at the rate of 68,000 miles in a minute. All is motion, and shall man be still? Time moveth forward, and here we are commencing a year, another year, bright and young, beaming like a youth, and welcoming us with its voice, "come and do good." Politicians say the price of liberty is vigilance, and nothing is truer. Freemen to preserve their liberty must be watchful, for if they do not, the selfishness of cliques will circumvent them in some way. Ever and anon combinations will be formed to overthrow the people and circumscribe their rights. So it has been in all countries and ages. England, since the days of Charles the First, has been ever on her guard to protect her rights and religion, and her people, have stood upon the ramparts of her sea-girt Island and remained independent of the tyrants of the world. Scotland in the days of Knox stood up for her religious rights, and she has been on the watch ever since. Freedom and human rights to maintain them cost the price of eternal vigilance. The glorious old Republic of Rome in the days of the Patriarchs Brutus and Cassius fell asleep under the show of military splendor of Cæsar, became corrupt and fell. Her watchmen forsook the ramparts. So it is in Athens. This immortal land of poets, philosophers and learned men, notwithstanding the virtues of a Socrates, the honesty of an Aristides, and the eloquence of a Demosthenes, fell into the snares of the wily Philip of Macedonia and became a victim of despotism. The hardy Spartans forgot the wise lessons of the prudent and self-denying Lycurgus, and lost their valor and renown.

The Israelites forsook the wise laws of Moses and the commands of their Maker, and the millions of Assyria, like locusts, came upon them, and led them from their country captives. They had forsaken their walls and left them to their enemies.

So it is in the affairs of nations and in private life, and in the actions and movements of all bodies and associations. The price of success is eternal action. Onward must be our cry.

Brothers and friends in the temperance cause, and that of humanity and moral reform, we must be active and awake; ever looking out from the ramparts of our citadel at the foemen without. Who are our foemen? They are mighty and strong with an army of tens of thousands. Custom, fashion, prejudices, wealth and number in Canada are on their side. We battle with the friends of intoxication, the license system, moderate drinkers, selfishness in low and high places, with the revenue system and the habits of all classes. Our object is to establish total abstinence principles on the one hand, and to diffuse general knowledge and human rights and progress on the other. Appetites and ignorance are in our way. Arise then soldiers of humanity, temperance, and progress, and let every little division in the remotest part of Canada and every division of large numbers in our towns, cities, and villages, put on the armour of fresh vigor and determined zeal and man the ramparts of our castle, resolved to succeed and to conquer in 1852.

During the year 1851, the Sons have more than doubled their numbers; the Cadets and Daughters have prospered equally well. The Temperance cause has received a great impetus. In the same period in all parts of the United States the orders have progressed to an amazing extent, and also other Temperance organizations, such as the Maine Watchmen, Rechabites, Knights of Temperance, Good Samaritans, Societies of Temperance Men and Temples of Honor, have advanced in influence and numbers. With us the Old Temperance Society during the past year has not been very active, although able to do a great deal. This large and influential class of temperance men must become better organized. We would wish them to unite with us, but if they cannot do so conscientiously, we would wish to see them act in every county of Canada as a more compact body.

Our order under the alterations of the National division passed at the session of last June, can admit members as honorary members, and we wish all to unite on this plan—who do not come in as benefit members. We believe that our late worthy G. W. P. Br. Burnum was very active in obtaining this alteration. Friends in the cause of all mankind, the harvest is ripe before us, put in the sickle and reap. We cannot stand upon the ramparts idle—to advance or recede is our destiny. For ten years in the United States our order has been constantly on the increase. A mighty effort is just now making in the state of New-York and the New England states to enact the *Maine Law*. May Providence grant the friends of humanity success!! In the American states our friends look at the movement in three lights; religious, humane and political. The two first may be said to be synonymous, as humanity and religion are one. The political benefits resulting from temperance are, that voters are more careful,

prudent, less excited, and in every way better able to govern themselves, when perfectly free from the use of all alcoholic drinks. We have again and again urged these views, and believe that the cause of religion, morality, education, and political improvement, is intimately connected with the total disuse of alcohol as a beverage in society, and would be greatly furthered by the success of our principles.

The year 1852 is before us. There stands the wall of time unwritten on. It is blank and we must fill it up with a glorious, a united, and determined movement. Go to your barracks ye soldiers of temperance, the division rooms are your rallying points; there you are safe, and there you will find your advice, succor, and ammunition of warfare.

UNION AND ACTION

are what we want. A front unbroken to the enemy—a heart of humanity open to the poor inebriate; and a mind wise to reason, subtle to argue, steeled against appetite and determined to conquer.—From Quebec to Sandwich let Sons know and believe that our order is a brotherhood of humanity and energy, and by a stern example of steadfastness in our cause and love and fidelity to our principles, let us show all our enemies and the gazing world; how much better it is for men in every respect, to be wholly free from the use of alcohol as a beverage than to use it. Brothers look at the

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

One of these is the progress of temperance in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Father Mathew has converted his hundreds of thousands in Ireland, and just now two mighty leagues formed to carry out total abstinence principles, are in operation in Scotland and England. The *Corrupt yet far seeing London Times* newspaper is out with a long article on the principle of temperance approving of it on the whole, although faintly condemning in some things. The slightest feather tells the course of the wind. Coming events cast their shadows before them and the *London Times* is the weather gauge of popular events. "No body denies that the establishment of Temperance as a popular principle, would be an invaluable achievement. Drunkenness is the notorious and inveterate curse of northern nations, and it costs us perhaps more in waste, crime, and penalties than any other social vice," says the *London Times*, 11th Oct. 1851. It further says that society can dispense with the use of alcohol to its advantage as a drink and be happier.

I hear a sound across the ocean
Mind shall rule and man is mind
This mind is struggling—all is motion,
Knowledge, truth and rights to find—
The sun of knowledge yet shall rule,
And man shall learn to know his worth;
No longer walk, his passions tool,
But as a whole control the earth.

CANTON DIVISION,

In Pickering, is holding its ground well, but not increasing much. It is greatly to the credit of this division, that it has just erected a new Temperance Hall in this village, at a cost of near \$1000, in which the division is held.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We now present to our numerous patrons and readers the first number of the new volume. It will be seen by its arrangements, embellishments and the paper used, that we have gone to considerable expense to improve it. It is also larger in column, and much improved in typographical style. The original style is preserved as nearly as possible in order to suit old and new subscribers, and to enable all to bind the volume. The advertising-matter which would not be bound with the other twelve pages, is put upon the two first and two last pages, forming in effect a cover for the fresh and original matter of each week. All reading this magazine should cut it open carefully with a knife and put a thread through the back when thus cut open, when it can be read and preserved as a Book of reference, worth at the end of the year far more than the money paid for it. The choicest poetry, selected matter and original literary and temperance matter, compose 12 pages which all should preserve. Although the departments, embellishments, and size of the work are increased, it will be seen that the expense for single copies, and for copies taken in clubs, is lessened. This we shall be ill able to bear if there be not a considerable increase in our circulation. It was the original intention of the proprietor to have issued the volume a little larger in size with only twelve pages but to appear 3 times each month throughout the year. This plan was given up for the one adopted for three reasons. In the first place it was very difficult to print a paper of that size on any press in the city. Secondly, it would have been in a less convenient form for binding or for departments; and thirdly, would contain less matter than the one now adopted, each issue being less complete. This paper is extensively read by the farmers, mechanical and working classes in the counties and towns of Canada, and we have determined to issue the periodical three times a month in those months which are considered the less busy with the exception of May and June. In the winter season all classes have more time for reading and for action and meetings, and we therefore issue it every ten days in January, February and March. In May and June soires are held and Grand and Subordinate Divisions generally meet in numbers for the transaction of business, thus accumulating business. July and August are the harvest months of Canada and September the seeding month. In October the Grand Division Union of Daughters and Section of Cadets meet. We have timed our issues to suit all. This plan will be deviated from by extra issues, should business press or circulation greatly increase. No stint of labor or lack of a desire to please, has ever been shown in the management of this paper, and we assure our readers that this volume shall be onward in matter, style and labor. We present our patrons with the cheapest periodical ever issued in Canada, and ask the Order of the Sons, of which we have been a member for nearly two years, as well as all the temperance men and the Orders of Cadets and Unions of Daughters, who have ever had our assistance, to aid us, by patronage and punctual payments, in carrying out to a successful issue the greatest reform of modern times. We have been for twenty-four years past in Canada, a friend to its literary, political and agricultural

progress, as well as to its adoption of total abstinence principles; and no effort will be spared under the aid of Providence to urge on our glorious career.

Brethren in the order of the Sons and friends of temperance, moral and literary improvement, from Quebec to Amherstburg, in every city, village, and county of Canada, we launch our little bark upon the waters of public favor and ask a generous patronage.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE.

Considerable activity prevails just now in England in favor of the temperance cause. The league established a few months since in London has brought out the Times newspaper on the subject of temperance. It admits the evil of the use of alcoholic drinks in society, but cannot understand the use of total abstinence. It admits the fact that truly speaking, spirits are of no use as a beverage or article of diet to the human race,—yet cannot exactly see why the custom should be done away with. The truth is except among a few of the clergy of the dissenting churches and some of the mechanics and laboring, people with a very few of the wealthiest people, total abstinence principles are a novelty or heterodoxy. They cannot go farther than *moderateism*. The people stand where the Americans stood in America in 1830 on the subject. The mighty ball has just begun to roll and we hope in 20 years to see Great Britain stand further on than the United States are now. The position of Maine is the position that man should take every where on this subject. Scotland is very active in all its cities and towns. A better day is dawning there. Old Europe is still in the slough of drunkenness.

UNITED STATES TEMPERANCE.

It is highly gratifying to see so general a movement as there is in the United States in favor of temperance. The better educated and wealthy classes there, take hold of the matter, and public opinion among all classes except in the largest and most corrupt cities is turning in its favor. Governors and Legislators think it no disgrace to be called teetotallers there, and think it no act of meanness or want of gentility to refuse wine when offered. A young lady as is well known offered General Taylor wine at the Falls and he declined it. Mayor Boutwell and Governor Briggs of Massachusetts did the same during the past autumn. A certificate was signed by most of the eminent American Presidents, asserting their belief in the uselessness and injury of the custom. As a general thing the clergy in the United States of all churches are opposed to the use of alcohol as a beverage. But it will be asked is there not still a vast amount of wine, beer, and spirits drunk in the Republic? Certainly there is and that may be accounted for by the fact that there are at least five millions of foreigners or naturalized citizens and their children there. Unfortunately most of them are not teetotallers but indulge in the use of alcohol to some extent. Again in the large towns and cities and on the boats on the western rivers and even lakes, American born citizens still drink

large quantities of wine and spirits, mostly at and fashionable saloons. A majority of the taverns in American towns and cities are kept by Germans. The Germans are very much given to drinking habits, and they are very numerous in the United States. Ignorance is the mother of vice and it is of drunkenness. The Russians are the drunken people in the world. All classes low high drink to excess and ignorance and despair reign there. A vast change is going on all the time in the public opinion in the United States. There are two obstacles that stand chiefly in the way to get rid of which all should exert themselves. One is to convert the European population or children to temperance principles, and the other to make politicians and young men of so called teal classes are all excessive or moderate drinkers. The ladies of these classes cannot understand they should not use wine and give it to their visitors. They cannot understand how it is injurious to them. Our farmers too cannot believe they can do without it in harvest or in travelling. Taverns multiply watering places for themselves and their horses. Money that they will spend nowhere else, they throw upon the bar to the man of liquor.

WILD TURKIES IN SOMBRA, ON RIVER ST. CLAIR.

A friend of ours lately settled in this western township, called on us a few days since to state a few facts in relation to the wild turkey of Canada. He had called the day before Christmas to show us a few wild turkeys that he had just brought from the west, but we were away from home that day. He brought with him a dozen of these birds, some male and some female birds, averaging in weight 25 lbs. each. Several weighed 30 lbs. and one male bird after it was dressed weighed 40 lbs. They were caught in a farmer's barn after a snow storm, in the township of Sombra, on the east side of the river St. Clair. 24 miles south of Sarnia. The barn door had been left open and the birds went in to eat wheat, the door being suddenly closed on a flock of a dozen. The barn was near a tavern. We are informed by this gentleman who has since opened a store there, that within three months he has seen at least a dozen flocks along the river St. Clair. One flock had 23 turkeys in it. A fifteen years old named Warren Henry, of Sombra, killed five turkeys at one shot during the past fall. These birds when pursued generally run, and resort to flight when closely pursued by dogs. They will run nearly as fast as a man in open ground. The difference between them and tame turkeys consists chiefly in weight and height. They are at least one-third heavier and much longer in the neck and legs; otherwise the difference is slight. These birds resort in the winter and fall to the wheat and barns of farmers near the forests. In the winter they feed on berries and beech nuts. Game, as is told, is quite plenty in the county of Kent, especially in the townships of Sombra, Moore, and Eunnick. The land is very good in this vicinity.

DIVISION OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE. A gentleman also informs us that the friends of temperance are about getting up a division of the ...

PETITIONS ON TEMPERANCE.

strongly recommend Sons, Daughters and Circulate petitions to present at the meeting next Legislature in favour of doing away with the license system entirely. We would ask for each although we don't expect, as public opinion is not now in Canada, to get so much. If we what is right, we stand upon safe ground—though, we get less, it can do no harm—do not expect for some years to occupy the ...

WICKENESS AT THE WELLAND ELECTION.

ent the following remarks from the letter of a correspondent of the St. Catharines Mail of last week. We sincerely hope the facts detailed may be true. It is said that it ought to be the duty of a voter to be as candid as the ballot box, and to vote as he would wish to be voted for. No man can properly be called a voter who votes as an elector when possessed with such a conviction as electors breed ...

"A Son of Temperance." was drowned at Hamilton N. Y. on 22nd ult. while in a state of intoxication. ...

CADETS' TIA MILITIA.—This festival took place in the Temperance Hall, Guelph, according to advertisement, on Tuesday evening last. About 250 persons were present—and the proceedings were of a very interesting character. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. G. McGregor, J. J. Brauer, G. Goodson, and Messrs. Owens, and Harrison—A dialogue and several interesting recitations were given by members of the Society, and a Brass Band added to the pleasure of the evening. The chair was occupied by Mr. Commodore Stevenson. The company separated, highly gratified by the evening's entertainment.—Herald.

Coverage of Wine.—The quantities of wine entered for home consumption in the nine months ending the 10th ult. was less by 52,701 gallons, as appears by the trade and navigation accounts, than the quantities entered in the corresponding period of the preceding year. In 1859 the quantity was in the nine months 5,063,515 gallons, and in the present year 5,011,177 gallons. The decrease in wine and spirits in the nine months of the year 1851 compared with the year 1850, was 125,550 gallons. The principal article that increased in consumption during the Exhibition was tobacco.—English Paper.

IF The New Moon Division, we hear, held a Soiree or Temperance Meeting on the 30th Dec.

One Branch Division, Chingwong, held a Soiree on the 25th Dec., which was largely attended.

IF Leading Officers elected for Divisions in Toronto, for an ensuing commencing 1st January, 1852.

Ontario Divisions.—Thomas East, W. P., Charles Darnold, W. A.; A. H. St. Germain, R. S.

Toronto Divisions.—Samuel Rogers, W. P.; James C. Chilton, W. A.; John Boyd, R. S.

St. Lawrence Divisions.—R. Gregory, W. P.; Br. Van Antwerp, W. A.; Br. Dow, R. S.

Georgian Bay Divisions.—Archibald Speer, W. P.; Robert Foster, W. A.; Br. Humphreys, R. S.

Yankee Divisions.—Br. Fyke, W. P.; Br. Edwards, W. A.; Br. Brewster, R. S.

To the Editor of the Sun.

MOVEMENTS OF APPROBATION.

STOCKVILLE, Dec. 29, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—In our Division last evening the following preamble and resolution were brought forward by Bro. Froel, and ably supported by Bro. Hodgson:

That the approaching New Year will naturally excite every friend of the cause to desire to avoid in temperance a new impetus to the mighty onward movement of our philanthropic order. During the year since the friends of humanity have been struggling manfully to achieve the grand desideratum—universal sobriety—the perpetual co-operation of the "Sons of Temperance" merits our warmest acknowledgments and an expression of our appreciation of the important influence it has brought to bear on the great question at issue—an influence that will ultimately remove the spirit of the nation to the arms of the immortal Infinitely—For a nation to be free is a enough that the people was a. While it is disseminating and expounding the principles of our order, it is diffusing light and knowledge through all ranks of society, exerting a most salutary influence over the minds of the young generation, developing and elevating the force and moral character of our citizens, and wending the "know-nothing" Love, Unity and Fidelity, as commanding agents of peace and joy to our brethren every home where its pages find a resting place,

and lastly that it is shedding a lustre over the literature of our cherished land, alike honorable to its enterprising projector and the good taste of the society by whose patronage it is sustained, and that we feel confident that we but endorse the sentiments of the Canadian Fraternity when we assert that The Son of Temperance is pre-eminently worthy of being the accredited ORGAN of the Order in Canada West. Resolved.—

That in the opinion of this division we could not more efficiently sub-serve the interests of the cause than by placing the glowing pages of the Son before every individual of the community—therefore, we pledge ourselves to use our individual efforts to introduce this harbinger of temperance into every family circle in this vicinity. Adopted unanimously.

BR. CHARLES DURAND, Toronto.

A SON.

CALEDONIA DIVISION.

Our friends in this village will please remember Br. J. C. Beck is our agent there, to whom old subscribers are requested to pay at once their subscriptions and new subscribers can give their names.—Our agent will please open a list in the division.

This village has ten licensed grog shops. It is no wonder that weak Sons are led astray here. Friends of the cause do not faint even if some leave you; your cause is a just and philanthropic one.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE MEN.

We hear that a minister of the Catholic religion has induced many hundreds of young and old men in Toronto within a few months to join the temperance army. It is a disciple of Father Mathew.

J. Yonge Street Cadet meeting: 2nd Jan., 1852. An interesting Cadet meeting took place at Cummer's chapel. About 300 persons were present and an interesting debate took place. Among the speakers were David Gibson Esq., A. Milne, and the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, who addressed the meeting during the evening.

PERVE ALBERT SECTION OF CADETS. An enthusiastic meeting took place on New Year's evening in the Toronto Division Room, of Cadets, Daughters, and Sons.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS OF THIS PAPER.

We have issued of number one of this volume a considerably larger number than will accommodate present subscribers. This is done to enable all who subscribe hereafter to get the first number. We will continue to issue the same number twice more, and if our lists are not in that time filled up, we will again return to our old number of 2,400. We therefore ask friends in all parts of Canada, in divisions and out of them, to take a true interest to increase our circulation. A cheaper or more useful paper they cannot purchase in their families. Young men and Cadets would find it to their advantage to take a copy to preserve. We would therefore ask bill agents and friends not to delay sending in any lists they may have. Subscribers who have not paid money remaining due will secure the new volume and pay for the old one.

THE TORONTO SECTION OF CADETS SOIREE.

We direct attention to the Festival of this Section to come off at the Temperance Hall on the 10th January. It will be given by the advertisement of the evening will be relieved by the best of music, speeches, &c. We hope that the Sons of all divisions as well as the citizens will not fail to purchase tickets and attend.

The Sons in Hamilton are holding weekly public temperance meetings.

For the Son of Temperance.

THE NEW YEAR—ITS MONITIONS.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

The old year hath passed away—the new is about to be ushered in. We stand upon the threshold of a new era—hoping, yet fearful, we look into the untried but portentous future. The present is spirit-stirring; but the future looms up still mightier. We look into the past, and see there the causes which have produced the great events of to-day. Mightier causes are at work around us; or those of yesterday, augmented and nearer their consummation. We feel instinctively that the world is ripe for a new dispensation—for a new existence—for new governing principles—for new modes of action, and new institutions. The surface of society is calm as ever, but we feel that that serenity is hypocrisy—that that calmness extends not far beneath the surface—that its heart throbs with strong though fearful pulsations—that an awful storm is gathered there, which waits but the master's hand to loose it, to bury our rotten, time-cankered institutions, beneath their own ruin. The superficial and unthinking observer, may see this year, the same as the past; but to the earnest student of humanity, who studies the tendencies of his times, and reverently enquires his duty; it is fraught with awful meaning. In all probability it will determine the character of the present era. It must consummate the hopes of crushed humanity; or the deep night of moral and civil darkness, will close around the human mind, to be unrolled, only, when he whose right it is to rule, shall break its iron sceptre. Theory and practice—action and feeling, are strangely at variance; and men bow, with outward symbols of veneration, to gods which in their hearts they despise: the principles of Democracy, the great truths of the common brotherhood of mankind; the equality of rights, are widely diffused and believed—they have eaten away the supports of the present state of society; they have rooted its foundation, and yet, baseless as it is, men cleave to it from habit. We are living in an earnest age, yet earnestness is studiously concealed beneath a careless exterior; and careless words are spoken, by those whose hearts bend beneath the weight of moral anxiety. We have, indeed, a few exceptions. Kossuth and Mazzini, the great geni of European freedom, whose lives are all one great thought, in word and deed. Such men must be the regulators of our time; yet the task is no light one; and the same they win, has too much of sorrow—too much of responsibility, to attract weak minds. We admire them; we speak of them with enthusiastic praise, yet who would exchange fates with them. We feel that theirs is a glorious, but fearful one, to which no mind but theirs is equal. Their great devoted lives, like that of our Saviour, we adore; but would not share. Yet it is not our fault that we shrink from such a fate; we are not fitted for the burden, and it is not ours. We each have our part in the drama, and if an humble one, it hath still a reward; and its struggles and trials are less. We do not live for ourselves; every hour hath its mission—every moment its bidding. There is work for all. The peevishness an egotism must cease; but its result who can tell? If right and freedom triumph, our age will be the dawn of the millennial reign; and God grant that they may. But they have strong and energetic foes; and their friends are too much wrapped in selfishness. There is too little self-sacrifice—too little earnest devotion; and the claims of old habits clog their progress. If they fall, woe to the world of the future; woe to humanity and right. A dark doom deeper than ever yet known will gather over the nations of the earth, if the God of Heaven, by the second coming of his Son, assert not his right to rule. We may think that we have no part in this conflict; but we have. It is a battle of principle, between justice and oppression, between truth and error. It is the violent rending of old habits; smothering of the true and false. And this, in our every

day life we may aid. What is wealth for which we toil now? It may pass away like a vapor; for, cry peace and safety though we may, there is no security. There is no stability in our institutions; for their foundation is false. The same conflicting elements exist here, as in the old world; and think you that their convulsions there—that the mighty pulsations of Europe's heart, will not be felt here? The wreck or the triumph must be ours, too. The storm will come, and the waves beat upon our house, and it will fall, if it be not founded upon the rock of truth. Let us, then, strive for a new order of things, founded in the constitution of creation—the nature of things. Eschewing hypocrisy and falsehood, live true to the motions of our nature—the warning voice within. Why should we bow to fashion and Custom? That which is called proper to-day, if not eschewed by the same authority to-morrow; will be forgotten in the awful events of a convulsed world. That which rests in eternal truth, will outlive the storm, and (if God permits not the submersion of mankind, in worse than pagan darkness) be proper in the new era before us.

Broadlin, December 29, 1851.

GRAND RIVER DIVISION.

Mr. Editor:—

In perusing your valuable journal I find much useful information connected with our order. In the number of November 8th, I saw the Niagara circular addressed to the officers and brethren of adhesive division with a series of resolutions. The first reads thus:—“That it is manifestly unjust and calculated to retard the prosperity of the Sons of Temperance, to require a member who joins any division by Card, to remain six months before he can be entitled to the benefits of the order.”

The second resolution advocates the admission of a brother by card to the same privileges to which he was entitled in the division to which he previously belonged, by paying the sum of five shillings; and in the event of such brother becoming sick during the first six months of his connection with such division, the expenses to be chargeable on the division be left. I fully agree with the injustice as expressed in the first resolution.

The recommendations in the 2nd resolution are not equally good. It would be very beneficial to the order generally, to admit every brother that has been twelve months a member and in good standing, upon paying a sum not exceeding 1s. 3d. It is unnecessary should a brother require benefits to charge the division be left, while he is paying quarterly dues into another. I would here state, for the information of subscribers & divisions, that Grand River Division, No. 184, located in Paris, at its commencement adopted the following bye laws:—

1st. Members admitted by card shall pay the sum of 5 shillings.

2nd. No member shall be entitled to benefits until he shall have been a member of this or some other division of the order, for the term of twelve calendar months.

At that time the division was in favour of a mutual exchange of members and I am confident they would now carry out the same principle if all other subdivisions would co-operate with them; and such a system would be the means of uniting us still firmer in the bonds of brotherhood. I have seen the bad effects of taking members in many cases. Brothers, for instance journeying, having to travel for employment probably entitled to benefits in the division they leave in many cases will not pay 5s. and wait six months; consequently return to their inhospitable beds, and fill a drunkard's grave. As we have barriers to remove, let us adopt more liberal laws and the victory is ours.

Yours, in the bonds of the Order.

JOHN STEET.

Paris, December 29, 1851.

To the Editor of the Son.

ST. LAWRENCE SECTION, Dec.

TORONTO SECTION OF CADETS.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—As you have before freely opened your columns to the sayings, doings of Cadets, doubtless you will unhesitatingly do so on this occasion. I simply wish to state on Christmas eve, I visited the Toronto Sea Room to see the temperance youth transact business, and was delighted with the manner which they conducted themselves. After the routine of business was attended to, Bro. A. H. Gervine was called upon to address the meeting. There was a goodly number present, and all impatient to hear the address. Bro. St. Germain then rose, and gave a short and interesting lecture which was attentively listened to, and elicited a conclusion, great applause. Bro. G. appears to be interested in the cause, and the welfare of the order in particular, as this is his second lecture within a short period. The Cadets have told Mr. Editor, that you intend to address them, and trust, Sir, that you may also visit our section, first opportunity you have, and speak to us also. Pardon the imperfect style of this epistle. It is first public effort.

Yours, in V. I. T.,
A CADET.

To the Editor of the Son.

DUNDAS, Dec. 25, 1851

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

SIR AND BROTHER:—It has frequently come under my eye, on witnessing the re-admission of Brothers our divisions, who had unfortunately violated several articles of the Constitution, that some was wanting. A short address from the W. P. P. W. P. might have a good effect, not only on the offending brother, but likewise on all in the division at the time. The enormity of the offence can be pointed out a few words of caution given regard to his future conduct, the certainty that actions for some time at least would be scrutinized with a jealous eye, might make a lasting impression on his mind alone, but on that of others. It is of the utmost importance to retain those who have once got in; and nothing should be overlooked that can in any way be the means of preventing secession from our ranks. It is melancholy to-night after night, charges preferred against brethren for the wilful and deliberate breach of a solemn obligation, which I believe is a greater hindrance to our cause than any other with which we have to contend. It may be said by some that a lecture of the kind here spoken of, would prevent many from seeking re-admission; but it is my opinion, that who would be deterred by such a cause, have a tendency of remaining long with us.

If the foregoing remarks are worthy of observation, be kind enough to favor us with your opinion in an early number of the Son.

Yours, in I. P. and F.,

A Member of the Dundas Division, No. 6.

We have often thought the above plan should be adopted in respect of offending members and I suggested it to the Ontario division.—[Ed. Son.]

GRAND RIVER, CANADA, Dec. 23, 1851

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Having now received or twelve copies of your valuable little paper (The Canadian Son of Temperance) and considering it a great help to a Son of Temperance, (especially to an officer) in the performance of his duty, and also in promoting the cause of temperance throughout our land; it is with great pleasure I desire to be a subscriber to your new volume; Nelson Mobbey, a subscriber and a member of the division, desires me to inform you that he also

be a subscriber to the New Volume; and have never seen anything in your paper regarding the Ga Division, (not saying through your neglect,) I will endeavor, at some early period, to let you know how we get along. Suffice it to say in the meantime, it is in a flourishing state.

Yours, in P. L. and F.,

PETER McLAREN.

S.—Our night of meeting is now changed from Tuesday to Saturday. P. McL.

THE TORONTO READING-ROOM.

Toronto, Dec. 18, 1851.

Ed. Editor:—I was not aware till yesterday, it was in contemplation to form a reading-room, in connection with the Sons of Temperance in this city.

The object is certainly a laudable one, and deserves our cordial support. The benefit it will confer on the young men of our city,—especially those who are engaged in the counting houses and merchant's stores, will be incalculable; and now that winter season has regularly set in, and so much time afforded them by the "early closing,"—mediate action should be taken in the matter, and a library at all events, put into operation.

To form a good library, funds of course will be required as well as contributors of books from those favorable to the cause, and I trust, should a subscription list be presented to the merchants, they will not be a deaf ear to the appeal, but subscribe handsomely, and they may rest assured it will ultimately be a benefit to them in many points of view.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me conjure you to cooperate with all your energy, the furtherance of this important matter, and poverty will have reason, doubt not, to bless your efforts.

I remain yours, &c.,

REUBEN BROOKS,

Late of Sheffield, England.

P. S.—A friend of mine, and one to the cause, inquired of me whether it will be confined altogether to the Sons of Temperance. My answer was, decidedly not, and that its doors would be open to all friends of temperance.

If you think the foregoing worthy a place in your journal, give it one and oblige an old Teetotaler.

R. B.

We concur heartily with the above remarks. It is to be hoped this worthy undertaking will be speedily carried into effect.—Ed. Sox.

To the Editor of the Sun.

PETERBORO SECTION OF CADETS.

Sir:—It is highly gratifying to read the interesting accounts of the progress of our order which appear from time to time in the pages of your paper; while as a Son I feel glad that our cause is doing well, and that the branches of our order are spreading and bearing fruit on every hand; I cannot but regret that so little is said about the Cadets of Temperance, the nursery of our order and the school for the education of the future leaders of the temperance cause. I am convinced that if our cause be ever triumphant, that we must bring up the rising generation in strictly temperance principles. We may efface the condition of the drunkard in a great measure, by getting him into the order and watching over him, may bring peace and comfort to many a suffering bosom, and do much to establish the truth of temperance principles; but the final success of the cause can only be accomplished when the prejudices of moderate drinking fathers are banished with them, and the more correct principles of their

children shall rule. I have always looked on the temperance movement as one of too great magnitude and involving such an entire change in public feeling and sentiment, as a work too great for the present generation to accomplish, and in consequence have always been anxious to see juvenile societies formed; believing that if we train up our children right the work would be achieved. This seems more probable as many a fashion-led father who will not join the cause himself has no objection to allow his son to imbibe the principles, and this statement is fully proved from the fact that men engaged in the traffic have been anxious to get their sons among the Cadets. This brings me back to the order of the Cadets and with your permission, I will make a few remarks about the institution, as I have been connected with the section here since its commencement. I have been able to observe the working of the system. The section at first prospered well, but I am sorry to say that it can hardly be called a section now, and as I presume that other sections have suffered from the same causes, I shall endeavor to lay them before the order, hoping that it may be the means of creating an interest in behalf of the Cadets. The first cause that affected the section, was the Sons neglecting to attend their meetings, and ceasing to encourage them by their presence, for they soon got tired of meeting to hear themselves talk; and the initiation ceremony is far too long, which with their other business keeps them out too late at night. This led many parents to keep their children away from the section. Another cause was their over-eagerness to increase their numbers, thus getting in unprincipled boys, and thereby bringing disgrace on the section. Another serious evil is, that the constitution requires that every boy must be watchman, or junior watchman, before he can be W. A. or V. A.; and as the intelligent boys are wanted for the other offices, boys of inferior ability are almost invariably chosen for the watchman, which leads to great difficulties and causes many to leave the section. The next evil is the giving a pass-word. It is quite useless for boys, and it is equally useless as a visiting medium; and as boys do not travel much except in their own neighborhood, the want of it could easily be obviated by the Worthy Patron, giving the boy wishing to visit another section, a line of introduction. This may not be the best way of getting rid of the evil, but as it is the violation in respect to the pass-word leads to far greater evils than the good it produces. We must bear in mind that in expelling Sons or Cadets, we always offend some of their friends, and cause them to grow cold in the work. There are some other things that produce no good, and in some cases evil, that might be done away with without at all impairing the usefulness of the order. I give it as my opinion after attentively attending this section for nearly two years, that unless the Red Book and Constitution are carefully revised, the friends of Cadets will be disappointed in their expectations. But let us do our duty in regard to the Cadets, attend their meetings, assist them in getting up debates, and take part with them in their movements. Then they will begin to feel and act like men. They will be fired with a laudable ambition to excel each other in the great cause of humanity, and begin to see that in the future there is a glorious career of usefulness for them to run. In a few years we would see them stepping forth in all their strength, and our Legislative Halls and our Council Chambers will be made to ring with their voices, harping defiance at the upholders of the cursed traffic. I hope that the benefits of juvenile efforts will begin to be more encouraged, and when you and I shall have done our duty and are about leaving this world of sorrow, we may die satisfied that the curse of our race will soon be destroyed by the young and vigorous army we leave behind.

In the bonds of L. P. F.,

ROBINSON RUTHERFORD, D.G.W.P.

Peterboro Section, No. 10, Cadets of Temperance.

To the Editor of the Sun.

POST CREDIT DIVISION, 22d Dec., 1851.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am well satisfied with the copy of the Sun for this year, as I think you have spared no pains on your part to give general satisfaction. I am in hopes that your valuable Son has been the implement of arousing many of our fellow creatures from their drunken revelries, and brought them to a sense of duty that they owe their Benefactor. We are advancing very slow, but I hope sure. We have an up hill job to do in our little village;—two taverns and two stores that sell the maddening draught, to contend with; but we will not give up, but mean to put a stiff shoulder to a steep hill and overcome all our difficulties. Although we are few in number we are strong in the cause and intend raising a division room for our little band to meet together in the ensuing week; and I hope that I may see the day arrive when no other sign is seen jangling in our streets but what has the motto of the order of the Sons of Temperance on it.

Yours, in L. P. F.,

WM. EVANS, R. S.

THE WHITBY DIVISION

Is not doing as well as we would desire, although it contains a very large number of excellent Sons. It has decreased some during the past summer, but will, we hope, recruit during the winter. A slight injury was done to it by a few well-meaning friends starting a temperance moral improvement society last spring, which fell subsequently to the ground. The divisions of the Sons generally succeed well, and there is always a cement of energy that keeps them alive.

THE OSHAWA DIVISION

Numbers about 150 members, and holds its ground well. It has lately got a splendid banner painted which is to be presented to it on the first Wednesday in January, by the ladies, when a soiree will take place.

BROOKLIN DIVISION

Is doing pretty well. Prince Albert Division is growing finely all the time. It is after Oshawa, one of the most promising country divisions in this county.

BROCK DIVISION,

At or near Cannington, in this County. We hear there is a division in Brock, near Cannington. Will Brother Fry send us the particulars of it?

BROUGHAM DIVISION,

We hear on New Year's day held a soiree on the occasion of dedicating their new Temperance Hall.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—An attempt has lately been made to establish distilleries on sugar plantations in these Islands, but has failed through the effort of temperance men.

Grand River, Cayuga Division.—Br. McLaren writes us that the division is progressing. It now meets on Saturday. We would be glad to hear from the brother at length. See his letter in this number.

Orono Division.—We regret to learn from the Bowmansville Messenger, that this division has lost its division room by fire—said to be the work of an incendiary.

Bowmansville Division celebrated their second anniversary on New Year's day. We wish them success in all their enterprises. The temperance men and women of this town are very energetic.



Agriculture.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

The following beautiful extract, says the *Western Recorder*, we copy from an Agricultural Address, recently delivered before the Lewis County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society; by Caleb Lyon the poet:

'Permit me,' said the speaker, 'to call your attention to a subject intimately connected with the comfort of your own home. I would ask in what manner, an acre of ground in the common course of cultivation, can so well be employed as in a garden, or who deserves to have life's path strewn with fruits and flowers more than the farmer! All our vegetables were originally acclimated here, and Homer who composed his great poem, the *Iliad*, five hundred years before Cadmus brought letters into Greece, makes Laertes describe, in glowing colors, the bright associations that are clustered about this most cradle of agriculture. Here it was that Plato discussed, Eve sinned Jesus prayed. The Chinese have floating gardens, the Persians hanging gardens, the Arabian fountain gardens, but ours are Household Gardens—and often life's happiest moments may be in the memory of the flower plucked from thence to adorn a bridal, or to grace a hearth.'

..... Adam was a farmer while yet in paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern education has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and he wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man—Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at his plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world its sublimest spectacle of human greatness. To those names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette, the scintillant Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph—all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green fields and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads."

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL STATISTICS.

The Total amount of Capital invested in the manufacture of Cotton Goods in the United States, is \$74,501,031. The number of bales of cotton consumed is 41,240. Tons of coal consumed 121,029. Value of raw material \$34,235,056. Number of hands employed, Males 33,151. Females 59,136. Entire wages per month, Males \$533,478. Females \$703,414. Value of entire product \$61,569,184. Total yards of shirting &c. manufactured 763,678,407. Total lbs. of Yarn and Thread 27,573,000.

The capital invested in the manufacture of Woollen Goods in the United States, is \$28,118,659. Pounds of Wool used 70,862,529. Tons of Coal used 46,370. Value of raw material \$25,735,988. Number of hands employed, Males 22,679. Females 16,374. Entire wages per month, Males \$489,008. Females 210,901. Value of entire products \$43,907,555. Yards of cloth manufactured 82,206,252. Pounds of Yarn 4,284,326. Blankets 19,000.

The capital invested in Wrought Iron Works in the United States, is \$13,295,220. Tons of Pig Metal 251,491. Tons of Bar Iron used 29,314. Tons of Ore used 78,768. Tons of Mineral Coal 527,663. Pounds of Coke and Charcoal 14,510,558. Value of raw ma-

terials, fuel, &c. \$9,518,107. Number of hands employed 12,978. Tons of Wrought Iron made 273,044. Value of other products \$458,300. Total value of entire products \$16,287,074. Total circulation of Periodicals in the United States, 916,049. Total circulation of Newspapers 3,225,647.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

At the Greene County, New York, Agricultural Fair, an address was made by Col. Zadock Pratt, from which we take the following passage.

And now I will show you the advantage of those dreary h-mlocks to the farmer of our mountain towns. Since I first engaged in farming, it has been my lot to employ over fifteen thousand years of other men's labor; an army of thirty thousand men have I employed, and I have paid those men, for their labor alone, over two million five hundred thousand dollars, I have cleared over ten thousand acres of land, used over two hundred thousand cords of hemlock bark, and paid over a half million dollars for it. Used and worn out five hundred horses and one thousand yoke of oxen. Used two hundred thousand bushels of oats, one hundred and seventy thousand tons of hay, thirty thousand barrels of beef and pork, and nearly one hundred thousand barrels of flour, and potatoes without number or measure.

I have tanned one million two hundred and fifty sides of leather; my usual disbursement is over \$5,000 per day, and I have used in my business here over ten millions. Every laborer received money here, every man his penny, in peace, and to the credit of this community, be it said, I never had a side of leather stolen, and never was chosen defendant in law on account of my business transactions, during my residence among you. The great object of my living is to be useful. Live with your neighbor and not on him. Allow me, gentlemen and ladies, to conclude, by congratulating you upon the rich blessings of health, power and prosperity which surround you, and may succeeding generations do as much as you have towards national wealth and industry, which are the safeguards of our independence.

The editor of the New Haven Courier says he was lately shown a piece of imitation marble, said to have been made by staining a common red stone with the color and veins of the richest verde antique. The discoverer claims that he can make a perfect imitation of any kind of stone either upon wood or any other material, and give it all the polish and perfect appearance of the thing imitated. The deception is described as perfect.

VORACITY OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

The common dragon-fly (Libellula varia) will live for days without its head, and if instead of the head, the abdomen be taken away, the animal seems to feel no material injury. This insect is of a most voracious nature, and has been known to feed under the following extraordinary circumstances.—A gentleman being engaged in collecting insects, caught a specimen of the common dragon-fly, which he fastened down in his collecting-box with a large pin thrust through its thorax, when to his astonishment, he observed the dragon-fly busied in its forelegs a fly, which was still struggling for liberty. This it soon devoured without exhibiting any signs of pain, seeming wholly unconscious of its own unpleasant situation, being still secured by the pin before named to a piece of cork. When the fly was devoured, the insect began to flutter, and made several attempts to regain its liberty. The gentleman, greatly surprised at this incident, and willing to improve the experiment still farther, caught another fly, which he offered to it. This was eagerly seized by the rapacious insect, and devoured with greediness, and when its meal was finished, it began to flutter again as before. It certainly is not derogating from the benevolence so conspicuous in all the works of Providence, to conceive it probable that it has, with infinite wisdom, withheld from some of the lower classes of animals that degree of sensation so abundantly bestowed to others fitting the higher ranks of creation, as from the habits necessary to be observed upon them, they are more likely to encounter accidents that tend to mutilate than other mammals of similar powers of sensation.—*Thompson's Pastors of Animals.*

FEROACITY OF A FOX.—A few days since a fox took the house of a man named Murphy, near D County Clare, where an infant was asleep in a both parents being out at the time, and, seizing faint by the throat, carried it away. An instant was made, and Reynard was compelled to abstain from seizure, but when found the child was dead. The fox was greatly mangled.

STRENGTH OF A BULL.—The Massachusetts Farmer states that a bull three years old drew a cart full, loaded with three tons of stone, and fifteen feet the top of it—the whole equal to four tons two hundred and fifty pounds. It was a load on which the oxen had been tried, which were exhibited at the of the Essex county Agricultural Society. The bull was hitched to the end of the tongue.

A train of 102 freight cars, loaded with flour, pally, was yesterday sent from this depot over the Denburgh rail road. We doubt if a larger train this was ever drawn.—*Ogdensburgh Republic Tuesday.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET.

Of all other parts of the body, says Dr. Rob there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended as the feet. Every person knows from experience colds and many other diseases proceed from the feet of the system, and that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there.

Yet, for all this, although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we stated, there is no part of the human body so neglected with as the feet. The young and would be g footed, cramp their feet into thin-soled, punching, and shoes, in order to display a pair of feet, in the false sense of the term.

There is one great evil against which every one should be on his guard, and it is one which is not guarded against—we mean the change of warm feet into boots or shoes. A change from thick to thin shoes, without reflecting on the consequences that ensue. In cold weather, boots and shoes made of thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn. Water-tights are not good, if they are not tight also. India rubber over shoes should not be worn except in wet splashy weather, and then not long at once. It is harmful to the feet to wear anything that is air-tight over them, and for this India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. A part of the body should be allowed to have a circulation that entirely obstructs the passages of the carbon from the pores of the skin outward, and a free passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled shoes, are conservative of health, and consequent of human happiness.

The Burlington Gazette, alluding to the great quantity of butter from a cow in Mount Holly, states that Holt assures them he has a cow which produces 100 pounds per week.

NEW OUTLET FOR THE IRON.—The *Dublin Mail* says:—"The Spanish Government has just been informed, and conceded a grant of two hundred fifty square miles of country on the banks of the Alquerre, in the provinces of Andalusia and Extremadura, containing more than 100,000 acres of land, of the richest quality, to be colonized by Irish settlers, on the following conditions:—Exemption from taxation for 25 years; admission of their furniture, clothing, agricultural implements free of duty; privilege of timber for building, in the royal forests; power to appoint their own municipal authorities. The district, previously having been depopulated by the expulsion of the Moors, has never since been fully occupied."

Among the most recent inventions are gutta serena, which are stated to be far more durable than quills, and more available than the metallic material.

A SEWING MACHINE.—Messrs. Walker & Co. of London, merchant tailors of this city, it is said, are in operation a machine that will sew every kind of garments.