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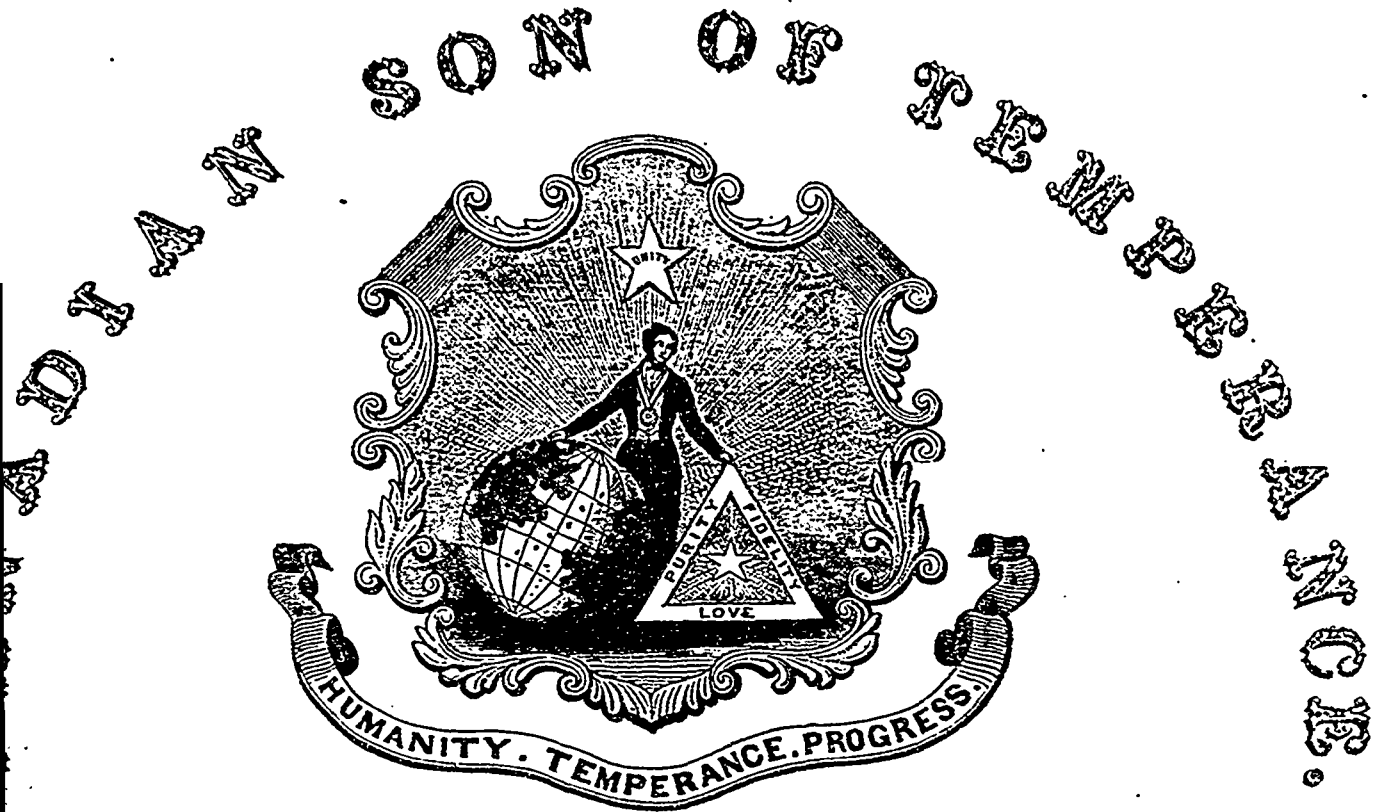
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THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Where are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
Oh, glorious stars of night!
The vestal lamp in Grecian fanes
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hill, the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow,
And long the heaven sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
Oh, changeless stars of night!
Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all,
Oh, peerless stars of night!
But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
And laid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the grater's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
Oh, lonely stars of night!
Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love—
And fearful deeds of darkness too,
Ye witness above!
Say, will that black'ning record live
For ever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth,
Oh, sleepless stars of night?
Yet glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn,
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have seen on many a grave,
Since Eden's early light,
Yet all of hope and glory still,
Oh, deathless stars of night!

ARE THE STARS INHABITED.

For a moment, let me glance at the nature of one question—of all the most interesting—that which concerns the probable existence of life throughout the spaces whose contents we have reached. The problem is perhaps equivalent to this: Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that forces which enter so essentially into the constitution of our earth, are not confined within its boundaries. Take in illustration the vast power of gravity. Before science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water: now we have followed it through the complex motions of the moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses, it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars, it guides the sun in his path through the skies aye, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmaments during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless is the sphere of this force, and shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstance, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products!—Look at its history in this very earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the sun, in marshes that to man are desolation and death, life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago, the odd Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large eyed Ichthyosaurus dashed through their water. These are gone, but plastic nature, ever tormented with ceaseless activity has by the most mysterious of her actions brought up new forms to play their parts among the vast scenes. Through space as through time she is doubtless working and with all her joys and sorrows—evolving far, mightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of its morning which all those globes, and there too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil but also of the living time of activities not fitted for the sun. I see it in the progress of the earth, and in its course, through much conflict towards perfection, for its rocks and stones tell not only of change, but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher.

Yes! ye worlds wondrous and innumerable that shine aloft, and shower around us your majestic influences ye too, are the shades of sentiment suited to your conditions and of more grandly different from ours, and in states of approach to the divinity of all possible gradation, but of which every constant every creature of whatever kind is pressing outward like the bud in spring and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the infinite and the eternal.—Professor Nichol

AFFECTION OF THE WHALE FOR ITS YOUNG—I have heard of one of these whales with a cub, dive into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over it with the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat neared her, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was no sooner done than the poor animal darted away with its anxious dam, taking out a hundred fathoms of line. It was but a hazy time, however before being checked, and the barb lacerating its vital it turned on its back and displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct more powerful than reason, never quitted the body, till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides, then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight, but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently, in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—The Whaler's Adventures in the Southern Ocean.

It are being once asked how long he meant to be a disciple, said, "As long as I am not ashamed of growing better and wiser."

Leaves begins in cob-webs, and ends in iron chains.

'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A Peacock came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting in royal pride one day
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage.
The bird sung on while the peacock stood,
Vaunting his plumes in the neighborhood:
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that looked in his golden light:
But the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

The peacock strutted, — a bird so fair
Never before had ventured there,
While the small bird hung at the cottage door,
And what could a peacock wish for more:
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He wasn't contented, for he tried to sing,
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming soon took to flight:
While the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

Then, withen take warning, — a fable true
And still of the peacock's fate beware;
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,
Though they're attired in plumage gay;
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show:
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else poor beauty is left behind.
While the small birds sing in their own true words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

RICHARD COBDEN, THE ENGLISH ORATOR

The following sketch of COBDEN, one of the most influential of English Statesmen, is from a correspondent of the New York Independent. It will be read with interest.

Among some thirty members of Parliament in the Congress, Richard Cobden was, as a matter of course, conspicuous—the lion, indeed, of the occasion—a man eminently practical in his views, the great statesman of common sense, the people's premier, their Champion in the House of Commons, and their acknowledged leader in almost every political reform now in progress or contemplation.

Cobden is remarkably popular. Indeed, it seems as if there were no bounds or possibility of exhaustion to his popularity. The first mention of his name in the Congress was the signal for a spontaneous irresistible outburst of applause; when he arose to make his great speech, he was met with a perfect hurricane of cheers, that seemed as if they would never stop; nor did he once open his mouth, but the people even proud and never weary of their favorite, greeted him with fresh and hearty demonstrations of their regard. I cannot recollect that I ever saw the like of it. He is truly the idol of the people, who still appear quite intelligent and discriminating, in their idolatry. There is probably not a man in all England that has any thing like the amount of Cobden's popularity and influence with the great mass of her population; and if I do not entirely misread the man and the times, he is destined still to act a most important part in a variety of reforms yet to be effected in the British Government.

And who is this Richard Cobden? A plain earnest Englishman, such as John Hampden, or possibly Oliver Cromwell—names so grossly misconceived, and so wickedly maligned for two centuries—might have been had they lived in these times; a successful cotton manufacturer from the north of England, with no advantages of any English or Scotch University, but self-made and self-educated; a man rising by the force of his own genius and enterprise, from the bosom of the people; a man trained in their views, in sympathy with their feelings, and ever ready through sunshine and storm, to make their cause his own. He first emerged into public notice as a shrewd, adroit, effective leader in the anti-corn law agitation, and it was the signal triumph of that movement that put him at the head of popular reforms in Parliament, and made him, from that day to this, the people's champion and favorite.

But where lies the secret of Cobden's power? Just look at him and judge for yourself. There he sits undistinguished on the platform, simple as a child, with a quiet but earnest look, an eye deeply blue, mild yet bright, and somewhat quick and searching in its glance, a fair, clear, slightly florid complexion, a full and finely developed forehead; a sweet and almost child-like play of kindness and gentleness about his mouth, a general expression of countenance so youthful, and suborn looks so entirely free from gray hairs, that though probably forty-five years old or more, you might mistake him for a man of thirty-five. Observe him as he rises to

speak, and you see a form rather slim, yet erect and compact about five feet nine inches high, elastic and graceful in its movements. He is "no orator, as Brutus is," and yet he never fails to secure your respect and gratified attention. You may not discover what or where the charm is, but all the while you feel the magic spell and rejoice in the sweet captivity. His gestures, though not elegant, are always forcible, and his voice though pitched on a key almost feminine, and lacking the deep heavy bass tones which command and captivate the mass of hearers, is nevertheless so clear, so distinct, and so winning in its modulations as to retain a kind of charm upon his audience to the end of whatever he wishes to say. He is always in earnest, always full of his subject, and intent, applause or no applause, on holding his hearers to it until he wins them to his views. He is not very fluent, and often appears hesitating, perhaps from the parliamentary vogue which has of late years made this habit popular, but he stumbles on without an actual tripping in the strong, straightforward course of his argument, with an admirable simplicity of arrangement, cogency of logic, and appropriateness of illustration.

Cobden has some peculiar qualifications for a leader of reform. Cool and cautious, shrewd and conciliatory, he gains much with little show, and often anticipates victory by his adroit arrangements for the conflict. He does not provoke, but conciliates at every point. He indulges in no menace, or defiance, or denunciation; he starts no unnecessary prejudice; he creates no superfluous friction; he makes no essential issues; but by a frank, precise statement of his object, narrows the contest down to the smallest compass possible, half wins his opponents over to his own side by the candor of his concessions or explanations, and thus renders well nigh useless most of the formidable batteries carefully prepared to overwhelm and annihilate him. His management of the peace question in the House of Commons is a full confirmation of these statements.

A GOOD 'UN.

L. M. Sargent, Esq., tells the following capital anecdote:

An old tavern keeper, in Western New York, resolved to annoy a Temperance lecturer, who had arrived in the village. The tavern keeper attended the Temperance meeting, and placed himself in a conspicuous seat, in one of the broad aisle pews, taking with him one of his customers, who was hired for the occasion, and carried his fee in his stomach, being filled with the spirit. The lecturer was a man of quiet nerves; so, after a few ineffectual attempts to disturb him, by occasional grunts and offensive exclamations, the tavern keeper's assistant, the poor drunkard, fell into a profound slumber. When the lecture was ended, the tavern keeper, highly irritated by the remarks of the lecturer, and scarcely less by the behaviour of his drunken companion, rose to reply.

"What," he exclaimed, scarcely able to articulate, "what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples? That's what I want to know, what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples!" His loud voice partially awakened the sleeping genius at his side, who in some measure, caught the spirit of the inquiry, but still retained the impression, that it came from the lecturer. At length when the question recurred with increasing vehemence of voice, and a back handed gesture, which accidentally struck him on the nose, "what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples?" the drunkard sprang up, and doubling his fist at the pulpit, exclaimed, as loud as he could bawl—
"fat your hogs with 'em you d——d old fool!"

The Ancient Egyptians.—There exists on Mount Zeharah, in an Island of the Red Sea, an emerald mine, which the Pacha of Egypt has for a long time wished to work, and which had been abandoned in the latter end of Mehemet Ali's reign. A British company lately solicited and obtained permission to re-commence the works. In executing some operations, lately, Mr. Allen, the company's engineer, discovered at a great depth a gallery of the most remote antiquity. He succeeded in finding ancient tools and utensils, and a stone on which were engraved hieroglyphic characters in a great measure erased. The nature and form of the tools, utensils, and gallery prove that the ancient Egyptians had made great progress in engineering. It would appear, on studying the stone, that the date of the mine goes back as far as about 1,650 years B. C.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ALBATROSS.

The interesting particulars contained in the extracts below relative to the Albatross, were recently furnished by Lieutenant Freble to the Society of Natural History at Portland:

"These birds are found in great numbers about Cape of Good Hope, and at certain seasons of the year along the Pacific coast as far North as Behring's Straits. But a favorite resort seems to be about the gloomy regions of Cape Horn, where they are seen hourly, and according to Dr. Arnott, sometimes for days together constantly on the wing, following in the track of the tempest tossed home of the mariner, eagerly snatching at every edible thing that may be thrown overboard.

"Some of these birds are of enormous size—individuals not infrequently measuring from sixteen to twenty feet from tip of their wings. They are extremely voracious, and wherever they find abundant food, will often so gorge themselves as to be unable to fly or swim.

"Fish spawn, gelatinous molusca, and various marine animals constitute their ordinary food—but nothing of has nutritive qualities seems to come amiss to them. They search food a great distance and will gather around the whale which has been harpooned a thousand miles from land.

For their breeding places they select a spot of from two or three acres in extent, opening on the sea. In this they remove all the stones and pebbles, piling them up on each side so as to form a miniature stone fence. This space is then ploughed off in to small squares by intervening paths intersecting each other at right angles. In each corner of the squares a penguin scoops out a nest, while the albatross takes, by common consent, the centre, and constructs a small mound of grass or mosses eight or ten inches high, on which they make their nests, which in diameter exceed fourteen inches. Their eggs, which are larger than those of a goose, are white, sprinkled with dark spots at the larger end. These are never exposed to the air after incubation commences, but when the female wishes to leave the nest to seek food, the male gently crow's her off, and in this manner, yields possession of the nest to her when she returns.

"Around the whole encampment is a wide path, which the albatross and penguins perform patrol day and night, but always under the command of an albatross. A favorite resort for breeding is the Farland Islands."

The albatross may be called the buzzard of the ocean. They are easily taken in moderate weather by trailing hook and line, the latter end of which is kept near the surface of the water by any kind of a float, the bait being baited with a piece of fat pork. A single line willers very well for a float. They not only extend to the North into the Pacific, but are found on the Southern borders of the Indian Ocean, and occasionally pretty far to the Eastward. Notwithstanding the immense size of the bird, there is little flesh on the carcass and the bones are very light and thin. Sailors are not so voracious but they will make a fresh meal of them for want of something better. Having captured and examined a good many of them, I was always struck with the large quantity of remarkably fine and soft down upon their bodies, nearly an inch in thickness. Prepared skins would be very valuable, and in connection with a sealing voyage, might perhaps be well worth attention.

A Strange Case.—Three years ago, a young man named Greensmith, residing in Halifax, (Eng.) swallowed a full sized needle. Attempts were made at the time by a medical gentleman, but without success, to force it in a downward direction. The young man experienced a painful sensation in the throat for a few days after, but as time wore on, it gradually disappeared and he recovered and enjoyed his usual health. At an early hour one morning he suffered a painful headache, attended with a peculiar sensation on the top of the head. On putting his hand to the part affected he felt the needle protruding, and gradually drew it out.

Making a Fat Man "Lean."—A man, passing porter, said it was an excellent beverage; it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."—"When, I should like to know?" said the exclaimant. "Why no longer than last night against a wall."

[ORIGINAL]

THE PEASANT OF LA VENDEE.

"Down with your arms, base peasant down!
The Democratic creed,
With savags and vindictive frown,
Which more than words implied,
Bot hark! the answer hails his ear,
From him who felt Fates' rod—
From him who shook not 'fore his spear,
Return us back my God!"

Enough, enough, that answer sealed,
The noble peasants' doom!
Scarce had his lips the words revealed,
Ere he sank in deaths' gloom!
No grizzly terrors 'fore him glared,
Death had with him small strife,
He for his Fathers' altars dared,
His all on earth—his life!

And proudly in deaths' arms he sank,
He scorned the quarter gave,
By men who with excess drank,
Thought that 'twas great and brave!
To dare Jehovah's red right hand,
His altars trample o'er,
To taunt his Apostolic band,
And bathe them in their gore!

And thus like him did thousands more,
Shed for their altars' God,
Their bravest, best, and purest gore,
Drawn by oppressor's rod!
And well and truly too they strove,
Inflamed with Patriot fire,
Till by some sudden panic drove,
They sought the ill star'd Loire!

Where all the Laurels they had won,
Sank in its fated stream;
There, sister, mother, sire and son,
Fled like some frightful dream,
In vain then Henri tried to quench
The flying squadrons' spee,
His cries were deaden'd by the yell,
Of o'er the Loire recede!"

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG HUSBANDS.

WALKING the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having his way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and ever-ending toils of his wife, whose burden and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case, he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to learn in health. The fact is, men often lose their interests in their homes by their neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man could feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always as scrupulous? During the days of courtship, his gallantry could demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it not unfrequently happens that married men after having been away from home the long day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unperceived, and unwarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment even of the fireside.

Look ye! husbands, a moment, and remember what our wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice—a choice based, probably, on that you then considered her superior to all others. She was young, perhaps the idol of a happy home: she

was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sister at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and do all that woman's love could prompt and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promise so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would after marriage perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife! left her own home for yours; burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections: left, it may be, the care and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings, if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demand of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased?

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer, that you reply that you give her a home, that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for any indifferent house-keeper. She is your wife and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility: but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FRANK'S TRADE WITH A YANKEE.

"The last time I was in St. Louis," says Dan Marble, "I was sitting in the store of Frank—, country fashion, on top of the counter, legs pendant, when a real ruffian came booming along, and in he comes with a heap of bundles in his hands. Frank was down on pedlars, and Yankees in particular, but he was set for a joke, and loved equal to an Israelite to drive a sharp bargain.

"The Yankee nodded to me, and I nodded towards Frank, inasmuch—there was his custom, Frank was busy smoking and figuring over his ledger.

"'Howa'd du,' observed the pedlar.

"'No, no, no—go on,' Frank peevishly responded, but that wasn't the Yankee's religion, he wanted to trade, and he was bound to do it.

"'Kalkilate, Squire, I couldn't drive a trade or nothin' with you folks to-day?'

"'I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot,' was the sneering reply.

"'Wall, I guess you needn't get huffy about it—Naow, here's a o zen genuine razor stropps, ten dollars and a half, you may have 'em for ten dollars.'

"'I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going,' said Frank.

"'Sho, haow you talk, I'll bet; five dollars if yer make me an offer for them ere stropps, we'll have a trade yet.'

"'Done,' says Frank, putting a V in my hand. 'The Yankee deposited a like sum—when Frank offered him a picayune for the stropps.

"'They're your'n, said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. 'But,' he added with great apparent honesty, 'kalkilate a joke is a joke, and if you don't want them stropps, I'll trade back!'

Frank's countenance brightened.

"'There it is, said the yankee, as he received the stropps and passed over the picayune, 'A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake in ainest, I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do better than to buy razor stropps.'

"'Away walked the pedlar with his stropps and his wagger, amid the shouts of half a dozen fellows who had dropped in.

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED.

In the justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, and 'full of gift,' readier to spend all they had than 'give up best.' The affair had been carefully examined, and the court was 'in a quandary,' not knowing who had the best right to the garment. However a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair.—Said Patrick;

'Timothy Maguire, now ye say that coat belongs to yourself enurely; I say us me own. Now mind ye Timothy the both iv us will take the coat an' look all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner.'

'Done,' said Timothy.

'An ye'll stuck to the bargain?' asked Timothy.

'To be sure,' said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick boastingly saying, 'An now let us see if ye can be findin' the likes iv yer own name upon the garment.'

'Ye'll stick to the agreement,' said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.

'Upon the honor iv a man,' was Timothy's reply.

'Then howld on a bit,' said Patrick as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them in his hand.

'There, d'ye see that?'

'Yes; but what iv that?' said Timothy.

'A devil a deal it has to do wid it; its me name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabbers!'

He got the coat.—he did.—*N. O. Delta.*

HOW SAMSON PULLED DOWN THE TEMPLE OF DAGON.

The construction of a building which could be destroyed by the removal of two pillars is a mystery to many. The Temple of Dagon in Tyre had two main pillars, or columns, on which it stood, and Samson, standing between the two, is said to have pulled them down and hurled the temple to destruction. The structure of such a building has puzzled many a commentator and critic, but Sir Christopher Wren, whose learning and reading were equal to his skill in architecture and mathematics, has given so clear an elucidation, as to render its mode of construction perfectly intelligible. In considering what this fabric must be that could at one pull be demolished, he conceived it to be an oval amphitheatre, the scene in the middle, where a vast roof of cedar beams, resting upon the walls, centered upon one short architrave, that united two cedar pillars in the middle, one pillar would not be sufficient to unite the ends of at least one hundred beams that tended to the centre, therefore, he says, there must be a short architrave resting upon two pillars, upon which all the beams tending to the centre of the amphitheatre might be supported. Now if Samson, by his miraculous power pressing upon one of these pillars, moved it from its basis, the whole roof must of necessity fall.—*Cincinnati Citizen.*

Telegraph to the Pacific.—We see that Henry O'Reilly, of telegraphic celebrity, is now earnestly engaged in promoting the project of extending the telegraph westward to the Pacific, and is sanguine of being able to have it in operation to San Francisco, within eighteen months, provided Congress shall make a favorable response to his memorial asking for right of way through the wilderness, and protection to his wires. He seeks no pecuniary aid, but simply proposes to supercede the present system of forts, at long distances, with large garrisons, by establishing stockades twenty miles apart, each of twenty dragoons. He proposes that two or three soldiers shall ride daily each way from each stockade, so as to transport a daily express letter mail across the continent, while at the same time protecting and comforting emigrants and settlers along the public domain, and thus incidentally furnishing all the protection which the telegraph will require. Seemingly, this is a very ingenious and practicable mode of securing a great national object with comparatively small expense. The distance between Missouri and San Francisco is about 2,300 miles. The mail service, conducted with military precision therefrom, ought to be accomplished in from twelve to fourteen days.—*N. Y. Tribune.*



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. M. F. SMITH.

Oh while I sat musing, my heart fill'd with grief,
 Ah mourning I pine and can find no relief,
 For th' loss of my lov'd ones, now hid from my eyes,
 That cling to my heart with the tenderest ties.

They're gone they have left me I cannot tell why,
 Their places are vacant, their playthings laid by;
 Yet tears in my memory oh ever shall be,
 Tho' hours they have sported, in infancy's glee,

Ah their dear little forms lie beneath the cold ground,
 And their angelic spirits wake heaven resound;
 And I soon shall join them, if faithful I prove,
 To the grace that is given through Jesus's love.

Oh! had I the wings like a dove I would fly,
 Away to the regions of glory on high;
 And leave all my sorrows and troubles below,
 Deep sorrows that none but a mother can know.

Ye lambs of my bosom I'll meet you again,
 And then with bright angels will sound the loud strain;
 Of those who're redeemed through Jesus a blood;
 Of those who shall dwell in the presence of God.

Oh lead me your aid, ye bright seraphs above,
 That I may ne'er stray, from the pathway of love,
 That when I am freed from this cottage of clay,
 I may shine as the brightness of sun at noon day.

A FEMALE CAPTAIN.

A late number of the Glasgow Post gives the following account of a feminine ship captain who has for many years commanded one of her father's ships sailing from the Clyde:—

A fleet of ships was lately wind-bound in Lamlash Bay, and among them, says the Post, was the good Cleotus, of Saltcoats, which for more than twenty years has been commanded by a heroic and clever young lady, Miss Betsy Miller, daughter of the late William Miller, Esq, shipowner and merchant of that town. He was concerned with several vessels both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betsy before she went to sea, acted as 'ship husband' to her father, and seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself.—Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her command of the Cleotus, which she holds to the present day, and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. Her position and attitudes on the quarter-deck in a gale of wind are often spoken of, and would do credit to an admiral. We must not omit to state that during the long period of this singular young lady's diversified voyaging no seaman of her crew, or officer under her command, could speak otherwise of her than with the greatest respect. The Cleotus is well known in the town of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, &c. She has often been driven into this loch, and is familiarly known by the rude Highland boatmen as the ship with the she-captain.

Sono.—O marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all, if he is rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your souls into thrall, but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall, he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to draw! But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball, and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

GOLDEN RULES FOR WIVES.—Resolve every morning to be cheerful that day, and should anything occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the subject what it may, but rather deny yourself the satisfaction of having your own will, or gain the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning which it is impossible to see the end of. Implicit submission of a man to his wife, is ever disgraceful to both, but implicit submission in a wife to the just will of her husband is what she promised at the altar, what the good will reverer her for, and what is in fact, the greatest honor she can receive. Be assured a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase, and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity, conceal his errors.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—Love at first sight was exemplified in Raphael. His window overlooked the garden of the adjoining house, and there he saw the lovely girl who amused herself among her flowers, he saw her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell passionately in love. He soon made his feelings known, his love was not rejected, and she became his wife.—He is said to have been so passionately enamoured of her beauty that he never could paint if she were not by his side. The painter's of that fair face still live in some of his sublime productions; and thus, his wife gave inspiration, conferred immortality.—Ladies Companion.

DR. YOUNG'S HAPPY IMPROVEMENT.—Perhaps the happiest and most elegant improvment ever uttered was the following by Dr. Young, author of the Night Thoughts, when walking in his garden with two ladies, one of whom he afterward married. On being called away by his servant to speak to a parishoner on some pressing business, he was very unwilling to leave the ladies, and on being almost driven into the house by their gentle violence, he thus addressed them:

"Thus Adam once at God's command was driven
 From Paradise by angels sent from heaven;
 Like him I go, and yet to go am loth—
 Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
 His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

BENEFICENT SENTIMENT.—Kossuth, in his address to the ladies of Pittsburgh, said with his rare beauty:—

"Love is the vivifying spirit of the universe. Love is the element of the heart. Love is never tired of showing tenderness, and can spread this vivifying element over the cause of freedom on earth. One smile from your sparkling eyes can do more wonders than all I can say in a year. I have tried to impart conviction upon the mind of man. But conviction is nothing without the inspiration of the heart. The hearts of men are in your realm. You can play upon those chords which break within the brazen hands of men."

INTERESTING TO LADY EQUESTRIANS.—By an article in the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, we see that Disbrow, of that city, the somewhat celebrated riding master, has invented a new saddle, which is said to show all other saddles into the shade. It renders horseman-ship perfectly safe to the ladies, by the addition of a new support on the outside of the near crutch, against which the knees of the rider presses. At the same time, that part of the saddle which heretofore rested upon the shoulders is cut out, saving the animal from those painful excoriations so frequently witnessed. This saddle holds the lady firmly in her seat, and she may safely trust herself on a rearing horse, gallop, leap fences, and perform other feats which would be attended with some risk to an inexperienced rider occupying the common

saddle. We are glad to see this invention, and doubt not that the ladies will hail it with much pleasure.

THE MISSISSIPPI BY NIGHT.—By night the scene is one of startling interest and magical splendour. Hundreds of lights are glancing in different directions, from the villages, towns, farms and plantations on the banks, and from the magnificent "floating palaces" of steamers that frequently look like moving mountains of light. The flame, so brilliantly are these enormous river levellers illuminated outside and inside. Indeed, the spectacle presented is like a dream of enchantment. Impassioned steamer after steamer coming sweeping, sounding, and dashing on, blazing with these thousand lights, casting long brilliant reflections on the fast rolling water beneath. There is often a number of them, one after another, like so many comets in Indian file. Some of them are so invariably and dazzlingly lighted, they really resemble like Alladin's palace on fire, (which it in all likelihood would be in America,) sent skimming and dashing down the stream, while perhaps just then all else is in darkness around it.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of female society; without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force, to you, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, at a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift, poor one, I grant, to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a pre-destination (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution that besets it on all sides. A man who chooses his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that will "wear well." Ode this at least is true, P P if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dearneess of old age.—John Randolph.

Folly and its Fatal Consequences.—An occurrence which recently transpired at one of the most prominent Female Seminaries in New York, affords another powerful warning to those who are in the habit of talking in the thoughtless practice of attempting to frighten others. Two of the young ladies in the institution which we have referred, were engaged a few days in their own room, conversing upon the science of anatomy, in the course of which one of them proceeded to relate some experience she had formerly acquired in dissecting room. Just as the conversation reached a point, the door of the room opened and another of the inmates of the Seminary entered with slow and solemn tread, holding a white sheet wrapped about her form, her face powdered to perfect whiteness, her jet-black hair, eyes and brows presenting a contrast which produced a startling lividness to her ghost like countenance. The lady who was relating her experience as above stated, is said to be mentally superior to any of her classmates, and noted for her strength of mind and freedom from nervousness and absurd sensibility. So sudden however, was the approach of the figure, just at the moment when her mind was least prepared for any thing associated with the thoughts of the dead, that upon holding the apparition she fell senseless, and awoke the scenes around her only to show her anxious attendants that reason had fled its throne and left sad tokens of the mental wreck. Everything that professional could suggest for the relief of the sufferer was tried, during forty-eight hours a few fluttering moments of intelligence was all that offered hope to her suffering friends. At those times she spoke of familiar names recalling them by strong mental effort, which seemed to exhaust her shattered power, and her reason again wavered she exclaimed, "But I can't see it again! let me see it! it is too horrible!" and hours have elapsed before the return of a lucid interval, and the heart-breaking recurrence of paroxysm. The young lady who thoughtlessness led to such a terrible mischance is spoken of as a most amiable girl, and one of the warmest friends of the sufferer. Her distress and despair at the consequences of her playful folly, can be better imagined than described. It seems to have been supposed that the advice of the kind could be effectual in frightening the mischief whose mournful condition we have related. The consequences of the error in this case present a warning to the thoughtless which should not pass unheeded. In last accounts no change was discoverable in the distressing symptoms of the unfortunate girl, and there is every encouragement to hope that reason will ever return.



Youths' Department.

ANNE.

I've a sweet little pet!—she is up with the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
And she clatters and dances the blessed day long,
Now laughing in gladness—now wailing a song.
She never is silent! the whole summer day
She is off on the green, with the blossoms at play,
Now seeking a water-crop—seeking a rose,
Or laughing aloud at the thistle she blows.

She never is still! now at some merry peff,
You'll smile as you watch her in spite of yourself,
You may chide her in vain, for those eyes full of fun
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done,
And a native you do—that same thing with-out doubt
Must the mischievous Anne be bushied about;
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings and has many sweet airs,
And to infant accomplishments adding her prayers,
I have told everything that the darling can do,
For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two,
She's the picture of health, and a southern born thing,
And as ready to weep as she's ready to sing,
And I fan would be foe to the lip that hath smiled
At this wee bit of song of the dear little child.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

FESTIVAL OF THE TORONTO SECTION.

DEAR SIR,—Being aware that you take a deep interest in the welfare of our youthful Temperance organizations, I take the liberty of forwarding to you a brief account of a social party our Section had on Good Friday evening. Brothers Peel and Borall having lately been elected our Worthy Patrons, they gave, at their own expense, an entertainment at Ontario Division Room, on Good Friday night. A full representation from all the Temperance bodies in the city, including the "Daughters from the St. Lawrence and Toronto Unions," was there. I never attended a more agreeable party. There was an abundance of eatables. Brother Alfred H. St. Germain, was called upon twice to speak, and gave two pleasing addresses during the evening. He was followed by Mrs. Wiman, Mason, Lloyd, Henderson, and Mr. John C. Clure, the chief of speakers, from Boston. Altogether, it was an evening long to be remembered.

Yours in the Bonds,

A CADET OF TORONTO SEC.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

CRYSTAL SECTION OF CADETS, BURFORD.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—On the 7th of April, I had the great pleasure of attending the Crystal Section of Cadets, it being the night appointed for the installation of its Officers. The Division opened at 7 o'clock in the usual form and order. At 7½ o'clock the visitors were admitted, and I assure you it was highly gratifying to the Order to see the interest manifested by the fairer portion of the community of Claremont and environs in the cause of Temperance; particularly evincing the love they have for the cause, by gracing the imposing ceremony with their presence. The audience was very large indeed, more in fact than could be seated, and for this reason quite a large number had to leave. The highly respected and Worthy Archon, Thomas Whitehead, a youth about fourteen years of age, detailed the transactions of the Section in right good

style, and also delivered a very able lecture on the occasion to a crowded but very attentive audience. The lecture was well got up and delivered in a manner both pleasing and affecting, and it is believed it will be productive of much good to the community. After the worthy A. had taken his seat, he was followed by our Worthy Patron, William H. Wooden, who delivered an excellent discourse, which was in no wise lacking of sterling worth and zeal. Next followed our much esteemed and Worthy Chaplain, Brother Henry Bass, who in his usual easy style delighted and cheered the audience; after which he was presented with a very neat Bible in behalf of the Cadets; as a token of respect, which the entire Section has for him. The Bible was presented by a lad about thirteen years of age. The young brother introduced the present with a very handsome speech, which was well suited to the occasion and will be remembered. I am happy to say, that the present was well received by the Worthy Chaplain, who made a suitable reply to the Cadets for their kindness, not only their kindness on the evening of the presentation, but for that ever evinced since he has been with them. I humbly trust the remarks of the Chaplain will be long remembered by all who heard them, old and young. The Section then recited a number of dialogues, which were performed with a great deal of ambition; and at about ten o'clock the Section closed in the usual manner; and the crowded audience, (about 200 or upward,) returned to their homes, highly pleased with the evening's amusement.

OLIVER OLMSFEAD.

SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind,
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig,
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limo as a glare;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As limp as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle;
As sharp as a razor—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As wide as a river—as deep as a well;
As still as a mouse—as loud as a bell;
As sure as a gun—as true as a clock;
As fair as a promise—as firm as a rock;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As lean as a grey-hound—as rich as a Jew;
And ten thousand similes equally new.

Water Drinking.—Prof. SILLIMAN closed his recent course of Lectures, at the Smithsonian Institute, by giving the following excellent advice to young men.

"If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid—shun tobacco, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system, rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these, except rest and the due regulation of all your powers, to give you long and happy and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.

To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; and never be punished for doing wrong by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who is ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, but not upbraiding. The disappointment of his young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is harmful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is a burden to them, need not be surprised, should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him.

An Incident.—With a Moral.—About a year ago a gentleman of this city met in the street, near his place of business, two little Irish boys—who attracted his attention by their squalid appearance, gross profanity, and general ill conduct. He spoke to them—went with them to the cellar where their widowed and alas! intemperate mother lived and inquired why she did not send them to school. The reply was that they had no shoes. This want he immediately supplied, and through his solicitation the boys were, next day, sent to one of the public schools. They have been regular in their attendance ever since—have learned rapidly—become good boys, and in fact are among the most exemplary of all the scholars. Nor is this all. This manifest improvement has been reflected upon their parent, whose condition and habits are greatly changed for the better.

The moral we need not explain.—Rochester Amer.

THE PULSE.—In a newly born child the pulse beats at the rate of 140 in a minute, in a child of twelve months old about 130, in a child of two year old 120, four years, from 105 to 110, seven years, from 90 to 100; at the time of puberty it was generally about 85 to 90 in adult age, from 70 to 80 in declining years, from 60 to 70; and in old age 60, 50, or 40.

HORACE MAUX thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions.—One boy, with a fourdrier machine, will make more paper in a twelve months than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Pharaohs. One girl with a power-press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man with an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged had he worked diligently till this time."

THE SHAVERS.

The Barber shaves with polished blade,
The mercer shaves when ladies trade,
The Broker shaves at twelve per cent,
The Landlord shaves by raising rent,
The Doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The Topster shaves in pints and gills,
The Farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The Banker shaves in his own notes,
The Lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The pedlar shaves where'er he goes,
The Wily merchant shaves his brother,
The People all shave one another,

ORIGINALITY.—A man cannot always tell whether his ideas are stolen, or not. We take a thought that we love, and nurse it like a babe in our bosom, and if it looks pretty when it has grown older, we flatter ourselves that it has the family countenance.

If you can get a man's thoughts to entertain what is right, you may trust him to do what is right, if he have the right principle.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]
SPRING.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

Again art thou coming, oh beautiful spring!
And through the deep forests thy voice whispers low;
Where'st heard the light sound of thy birds on the wing,
And the crocuses peep up from the stained wasted snow,

Cold winds are abroad, so, not yet hath the power
Of winter's dark reign, of the storm god passed by;
Yet we hail the "sere promise," the sunshine, the shower,
The rainbow, the token of summer on high.

And soon o'er the field where the drifted snow lay;
And the tempest howled by, on his plumes of dread,
Will be spread the bright carpet of flower—blooming May;
And life wake renewed from the sleep of the dead.

Again art thou coming oh beautiful spring!
And as gush the founts, the frost bound the while,
So leaps my sad spirit, and gladly would fling
Away, too, its chains, in thy life-giving smile.

But oh! there are fetters which waste not in spring,
A gloom which with winter may not pass away;
But through the warm light those enduring links cling,
And that gloom shrouds the heart 'mid the beauty of May.

It is when the spring of the spirit is past!
And its summer hath waned 'mid the shadows of fall:
Ah! what shall I recall that loved light, no less fast
The glory of day, amid night's gathering pall!

Yet though spring flowers must perish, and summer decay:
And winter o'er shadow our pathway in gloom;
Though in darkness and sorrow life's year wears away,
Still a fairer spring waits, o'er death's wintry tomb

BROOKLIN, April 17, 1852.

SPRING AND ITS LESSONS.

"But as the hours flew by,
A chance came o'er the scene, the wind was still.
The sparkling stars peeped through between the clouds,
As if to taste the fresh pure air of morn;
The King of day approached, his mellow light
Fringed with crimson hues, the fleecy cloud,
That floated in the east, and when his disk
Appeared, his rays fell on a lovely scene."

The bright winged angels have flown from the flower clad bowers of Heaven, and thrown a wreath of flowers around the brow of Spring. With what a vast association of lovely objects do we stand connected. When we turn our eyes towards the star-lit home of angels, and pass in our imagination along the golden pathway which leads to the mercy temple of the Eternal,—what grand and overpowering scenes of beauty strike the mind. What order, beauty and sublimity burst upon us at every step. What fields of delight are opened in every department of nature; whether we roam as on the wing of a seraph amidst the shining gems which sparkle on the throne of night, or tread this green earth of ours, we shall see the same display of beauty and holiness.

How beautiful the truth that there is a clear connection between the realms of matter and of mind. Although they both stretch onward to infinity, yet matter exists as the *stratum* on which mind develops its powers. Were it not a truth that the beauties of external nature flow to the mind through the medium of the senses, in vain might *Flora* scatter flowers in the lap of Spring; we should be cut off from the charms of nature, and feel none of those streams of pleasure which now flood the soul. But the mind of man is so formed, that it finds a pleasure in contemplating the bright objects with which it is surrounded. Hence we hail with joy the return of Spring.

There is no season of the year which possesses so many soul stirring beauties as Spring, every thing with which we are surrounded seems encircled with a halo of love. The mild voice of spring, like the *clarion* of the resurrection angel, rends the white shroud which envelopes nature, and the little flowers start from their cold tombs to beauty and life. The rivulets, unchained by the hand of spring, leap onward in their glory to the bosom of the flower clad vale. No more is the voice of *Boreas* heard sighing through the leafless branches of the stately trees, but the *Minstrelsy* of nature tolls its full and swelling tide of music on the passing breeze.

The gloomy feelings with which winter has environed our souls are dispelled by the wild and lovely notes of the spring birds as they pour forth from the Great Cathedral of nature their songs of love as pure and artless as the voice of angels which first stirred the leafy foliage of Eden. How cold and marble like must be that soul which sees in the lovely spring nothing to admire. We envy not its joy or its holy feelings. Spring with its brightness and glory has fired the bosom of the *Poet*, its Heavenlike influence, like holy incense has been poured upon the altar of his heart.

But what does spring teach? It turns a leaf in the volume of nature on which man can learn many important lessons. Its lessons come not with the stiff studied language of the man of letters, but in the simple chaste and impressive language of Nature. Spring teaches the doctrine of *holiness* and *purity*. How pure the balmy gales—the golden sunbeams—the glittering dew-drops, those crystal east in moulds of air. Every little flower which adorns our path, and pours from its censor rich odours on the passing breeze, seems to preach holiness to man. Oh! how slow is man to learn those lessons written in the volume of nature, in as plain and legible characters as though an angel had dipt his pen in heavens bright sunbeams, and left them flaming on the deep blue sky. Spring teaches us to be cheerful. Man was never made to be morose and melancholy, and move about in society with as fixed and starchy countenances as the sculptured marble statue. How cheerful is everything upon a bright spring morning, the bright and cheerful sun rolls its flaming car through the cloud made temple of the east, and the lark leaps up from her lowly couch, and pours her cheerful note of prayer upon the ambient earth. How cheerful are the little woodland vocalists as they dip their beak in the flowery cup of dew, and go floating in song through the leafy bower. What a lesson of Temperance should this teach to man. They ask not the wine cup, with its arrows of death, but drink the sparkling water, "the brewery prepared by God himself." Spring is an emblem of youth. The lofty forest, forming a green archway decked with flower work, calls our minds back to the scenes of youth. The angel of thought with white and silent wing, moves the deep waters of the soul. Like spring youth has its verdant dales, its flowery paths, its songs of joy. What lofty emotions and holy aspirations nestle around the altar of the young heart, not a cloud dims the bright horizon of the youthful mind, and the golden shores and fairy isles of pleasure seem near, because the atmosphere around the youthful heart is pure.

But still there is another lesson which spring is calculated to present to the mind. Spring seems a kind of miniature likeness of the resurrection. As the voice of spring banishes the white shroud which covers earth and calls to life the flowers, so will the resurrection Angel as he stands one foot upon the silver crest wave of Neptune, and the other upon the trembling earth, raise his hand amidst the whole drapery of Heaven, and speak with a voice which will reverberate through

the vast cemetery of earth's fallen sons, and call them up to bloom in Immortality, in the fair clime of each day. Spring is a rich *Memento* given to us by the Divine, to keep before our mind the truth, that there is a better land, where the flowers of spring will be changed for sparkling gems, and the rosy bower, with its sweet music for the rich melody of the angel's harp, and the ever green bowers of the tree of life. Ready if you would be happy flee from the dark current of vice, keep your heart as pure as the gales of spring, then the roses of pleasure will grow around your path, and soon you will find a happy home in heaven.

F. B. ROLF.

THE LAKE WHERE THE GREAT SPIRIT SLEEPS.

We copy the following original tale and poetry from the *Christian Guardian* of this city. The tale is an Indian legend, and the poetry following is the production of an esteemed citizen and eminent temperance man, SAMUEL ALCOCK, Esq., of Yorkville. It will be perusal:—

In the west of North America there is a beautiful lake of clearest water, surrounded by sloping hills, and in their primeval verdure—beyond and above, rise the most magnificent mountains. The lake is so buried in the hill and mountain, and fringed with tall pines, that it is said no breath of wind was ever known to ripple its glassy surface.

The red man says, "that the Great Spirit when weary and tired of the government of this wicked world, and of the wrongs of man on man, goes there to rest and sleep; and it is called the "Lake of The Great Spirit."

Three English gentlemen, and a lady, once asked an Indian to paddle them across. The Indian looked significantly at the lady and refused, giving for his reason that English ladies cannot keep silence; and if by the Spirit was awakened they might all find a restery grave. The lady promised silence, but when they way over, burst out laughing—and fear fell upon the Chief and his sons, and they bent to their paddles and reached the shore.

"Now you see, Mr. Chief," said the lady, "the Spirit did not drown us." "Ah," said the Chief, his brightening into a benignant smile, "you forget that the Great Spirit is a merciful Spirit, and he makes allowance for English ladies who cannot hold their tongues."—[Rev. Peter Jacobs' native Indian Missionary speech at Bytown in February, 1851]

Oh! the lake of bright waters away in the west,
Where no ripple touches the calm of its breast;
With its fringe of tall pines, and its hills rising high,
With its mountains beyond, nearly touching the sky—
Is a place so secluded and noiseless and fair,
That well may the beautiful Spirit rest there.

Oh! to see it so bright,
In the day's noon light,
While the Indians drink,
From its waveless brink,
By the side of the fawn and deer!
The forest round, this holy ground,
Echoes no booming gun;—
And the red man wild, tells his infant child,
To make no mirth, no play,—
For the Spirit we dread, has laid his head,
And he sleeps on the lake to day.

And the Great Spirit takes to that lake for repose.
When weary of man, with his wrongs and his woe;
As beneath its cool waters he hides him the while,
And sleeps till he wakens and breaks into smiles.

A company once met a Chief by its side,
And one had a lady so fair for his bride—
And they ask'd him to take his light barken canoe,
And paddle them over its waters so blue.
But the Chief stood beside his canoe on the shore,
And he stoutly refused to take over the four;
For said he, "The Great Spirit is sleeping below,
And ladies, they cannot keep silence you know,
And a voice might awaken the Spirit from sleep,
And both you and I find a grave in the deep."

"Oh! ho! Mister Chief," said the lady and said,
"If you push us across I'll be mute as a child."
'Tis a beautiful lake, and the tall pines all round

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, April 26, 1852.

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

[ORIGINAL.]

HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR THE MAINE LAW.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Maine Law,
Let the shout tremendous rise;
One shout more hurrah, hurrah,
Until it reaches the opening skies.

Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis glory calls,
Our arms are truth and reason;
Behold the writings on the walls
Mene mene tekel uparsin.

Mene, mene, the tyrant quakes,
And Hell trembleth for its prey;
We've found a charm his power that breaks,
There dawneth a brighter day

Look up! look up! Oh fallen man,
Look up and see yon banner bright;
Dost thou there the watchword scan,
Shining high on the brow of night?

Hurrah! hurrah! for the law of Maine,
Ye tens of thousands catch the strain;
Atlantic echo back again,
Hurrah! for the noble law of Maine.

C. M. D.

FATHERS! MOTHERS! AND FELLOW CITIZENS,

We claim your attention for a few minutes! You love your families—your rights—your country.—We are going to read to you a few truths, and crave your attention. They are full of romance, terror and tragedy, yet wathal are true. We had taken up our pen to write of the goodness of a *new Law from the East*, but one more able to perform the duty, one who is ever foremost in every philanthropic movement has come to our aid, and we commend to your careful perusal the following truthful and powerfully written letter:—

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SIR AND BR.—I have for a long time intended to write you something in the shape of an epistle of congratulation, on your success as an editor, but have been hindered from doing so, by a desire to send something worthy of a place in your columns, when I should write; but like all other procrastinations, I find it has left me with less time, and more to do; I therefore resolve to wait no longer. Generally speaking, I am pleased with your selections and editorials, but am quite disgusted with the notices of postages amongst the Sons. Is there no other way of managing matters, than by public advertisement? Why not write directly to the Divisions in fault; if they are neglectful of duty, hand in the Bill of postage at the end of the quarter; and if they refuse to pay, notify the Grand Division, and secure redress.

I am exceedingly delighted with the stand that the "Globe" is taking on the side of Temperance. Its talented editor is a host in himself, and with such a champion in the people's house,—aided by the Hon. M. Cameron—we have reason to thank God and take courage. The editor of the *Globe*, in his last editorial—which on the whole is admirable—asks three questions. Has the Legislature power to pass the Maine Liquor Law? If it has, would it be morally justifiable to exercise it? If morally justifiable, would it be expedient? The first of these questions he answers in the affirmative. The editor of the *Advocate*, (Montreal,) says that an Imperial Statute stands in the way. I hope that Mr Brown is right, if not, the Imperials will have to give way. I am much mistaken if the Sons wait as long for them as our anti state church neighbours have exercised patience about the settlement of the Clergy Reserves. The second question is waived by the *Globe*. I am

rather surprised at this as its heroic conductor is a great suckler for principle. The third question is answered in the negative or nearly so. Now with all due deference to the *Globe*, I would beg to say a few words in support, in answering the second and third questions in the affirmative.

With regard then to the second question, "Would it be morally right to pass a law similar to the Maine Liquor Law?" My answer is yes! The Maine Law is the embodiment of a principle whose author is God, and which has been carried out by good men in all ages. The magistrate is to be a terror to evil doers. Is the trafficker in intoxicating drinks for beverages an evil doer? Most assuredly. "Woo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, and maketh him drunken, &c." Heb. 2. 15. There is not a person engaged in the traffic in the Province, but what lies under this curse. The greater number of the Evangelical Divines in Canada, believe the traffic to be sinful, and I need not wait to prove that twice two are four. But admitting that the traffic is morally wrong, is it right for the Government to enact penalties against it? I answer, that as the traffic is a civil wrong, that the civil law ought to reach it, and that the magistrate ought to see that the community do not suffer from civil causes. The traffic in alcohol is a civil nuisance. It robs her Majesty's subjects, of their peace and property, as effectually as a highwayman or a swindler could do. A hundred families are injured by the traffic for every one by the highwayman. The traffic has caused a thousand times more suffering than slavery: and if Fillmore sins in cowering before the world bespattered South, the hero of Kent must not quail before the proscribed Ramocracy of Canada.

The law of Moses which punishes the man, whose ox gored another, embodied the principle of the law of Maine. The laws against awinding and gambling, against the man who inflicts injuries on the person of his neighbour, against biting dogs, against circulating spurious coin, and damaged food, are all the result of the principle which characterizes the Law of Maine.

But if it would be morally right to exercise the power in passing such a Law, would it be expedient to do so? Need I ask, is it expedient to save life? Then more lives would be saved by the operation of the law of Maine amongst us, than by all the prohibitory laws which crowd the statute book, or by all the life boats that ever floated, 10,000 times over. Is it expedient to punish him who with poison intoxicates fish, and let the man go free that poisons his fellow? Is it expedient to punish the pathmaster for leaving the sidewalk in a way to break a traveller's leg, and to let the man go free that puts the same person in a state through which he breaks his neck? Is it expedient to punish a man for leaving his horse unattended in your streets, or for driving his horse over them without bits, for fear that perchance some one may be injured. And allow—nay license—400 men to circulate the desolating tide of alcoholic poison throughout your community, all of whom are just as sure to disturb society, and destroy life, as they continue to follow their Canadian legalized, but heaven-proscribed business? Is it expedient to see lovely women and children, starved, kicked, and finally murdered by men who were once as kind husbands and fathers as any of us, until the legalized cup dried up the milk of human kindness? Is it expedient to be compelled to hear the midnight sighs of that broken hearted mother, mourning over her prodigal wanderer, whom the bar room has ruined? Is it expedient to put the property of the Lunatic, under the management of Trustees for the benefit of himself and heirs, and let the inebriated madman squander the earnings of her, whom he vowed to love and protect, till death should part them? Expediency! I am sick and tired of political expediency. It murdered the Lord of Glory! It keeps millions of our fellowmen in bondage! It benumbs the soul, withers the arm, and gags the mouth of almost every statesman of the present day. Do the *Greys* and *Sergants* of Canada, inquire of the Country is ripe for the movement? Ask the

like sentinels watch, that nothing like sound might disturb the Great Spirit, who sleeping must not be disturbed by a word, on its rippleless breast.

On the red Chief push'd his bark from the shore, chanted no song as he paddle'd them o'er—lightly he touched with his paddle the deep, as he might not disturb the Great Spirit in sleep his light bark canoe, o'er the lake, like a swan, about voice or commotion went silently on.

On a voyage half pass'd when the lady sang out, her merriest mood, half laughter, half shout; don't think, Mister Chief, that the Spirit is here,"—the Chief and his son laid their strength to the oar, and pall'd till their bark touched the opposite shore. "Now you see, Mister Chief," said the lady aloud, "that we're safe on the shore, without watery shroud, above us, below us, about us, all round, and you can't vex the Spirit by music or sound."

"I ha!", said the Chief, "but the Spirit that sleeps his lake of clear water has mercy; and keeps his mercy in store for the frail of our race, [place,] so he knows cannot keep even their tongue in its sheath with laughter and glee, in their folly would wake the beautiful Spirit that sleeps in the lake."

Toronto, April 3rd, 1852.

THE BUTCHER BIRD.

The character and disposition of this bird is plainly visible in his countenance and in all his movements. He is the most courageous, fierce, and cruel bird of his size, warring on a constant warfare and butchery among the other birds, and the whole insect tribe—the propensity which he seems to indulge more for sport or pleasure than to satisfy hunger. We have seen him spend his time together in catching grasshoppers and beetles, and killing them upon thorns, and leaving them to wither in the sun.

Our first acquaintance with the Butcher Bird, was in the early part of December 1847, directly after a heavy snow.—We stood watching a Timouse that was busily engaged in picking among the branches of a tree. He approached so close that we could have reached him with a common walking stick, when a movement on our part caused him to take wing for a neighboring tree some few rods distant, he immediately alighted, pursued by what we afterwards learned to be the Butcher Bird, and passed within a foot of our head. He made a few circular motions through the air when the Timouse received a blow from the powerful beak of his pursuer and fell, but was instantly seized upon by the Butcher Bird, who after munching his throat in order to make sure work of him, deliberately tore his entrails, and devoured them.

This bird is by no means numerous in this State; and is seldom seen in summer, as he retires to the most mountainous regions to breed, but on the approach of cold weather, descends to the more cultivated parts of the country, and at times takes up his winter quarters in the midst of our villages.

It builds a large and compact nest, in the upright fork of a small tree, composed outwardly of dry grass lined with feathers. The female lays six eggs of a bluish white, thickly marked at the great end with black and streaks of reddish brown. She sets fifteen days. The young are produced early in June.—*Youth's* *Mag.*

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA—A writer who lived for several years on the western coast says a state of civilization exists among some of the native tribes, such as has not been suspected hitherto by those who have judged only from the accounts given of the tribes with which travellers have come in contact. They can not be regarded as savages, having organized townships, fixed abodes, with regular defences about their cities, engaging in agriculture, and in the manufacture of cotton cloths for clothing, which they ornament with hand-dyed dyes of native production and exhibiting handicraft in their conversion of iron and precious metals into articles of use and ornament. The merchants entrust their goods to the care of native traders in various parts of the country stored in huts, without protection, yet preferred in safety, acts of robbery being very rare. Native persons held in high respect, especially wealthy, and some cases whole tribes engage in the business of slave trading, no impediment being offered to them among nations where a state of war exists.

weeping downcast female, who has been imploring yonder iron hearted vender, not to give her husband any more Rum, and who is now premeditating suicide as a reliever of her sorrows. Then follow me to the home of Johnny Hodge the Blacksmith, whose wife was supplied by the vendors in spite of him, who drank the price of his only cow, laid on, and smothered in a drunken fit a darling child, and hear him in the agony of his soul exclaim, "can nothing be done to put a stop to intemperance?" Then recollect that our country abounds with such scenes of misery, the necessary and legitimate result of the nefarious traffic, and then say whether you will wait to ask, is it expedient to move for the Maine liquor law. Oh! for the tongue of Gabriel, or the pen of Milton, and the moral courage of Cromwell, to arouse and lead on to victory, those who could if they would, emancipate Canada from the greatest tyrant that ever enslaved a noble people ignorant of their own strength. Oh! my God, shall my adopted country be cursed much longer with thousands of legalized horse leeches, to prey on its vitals? Shall the PRESS and the PULPIT, the speaking TRUMPETS of the Governor of the Universe, give uncertain sounds in a crisis like the present? Shall our Legislators refuse the petition of the virtuous and the sorrowing sufferer, and listen to the suggestions of the bloated bar-room lounge. This cannot be endured much longer. Do you tell us to regulate the traffic? You may as well tell us to regulate female prostitution, the itch, or the small pox. Do you say, leave it to the Municipalities to decide. We cannot afford one single grogery to decoy from our ranks the reformed drunkards whose fetters we have succeeded in knocking off. We cannot afford to be longer tantalized with piecemeal Legislation; we feel like the noble mastiff on Greenock wharf, who was annoyed for a considerable time with a little whiffet barking and nipping at him, and who, when he could bear no longer, rose up indignantly, took the nuisance by the nape of the neck, walked deliberately forward to the edge of the quay, and dropt the disturber of his peace in the watery billows, roaring sixteen feet below!! No, No, King Alcohol must ride quarantine, until the red reeking blood of our citizens, be washed from his hands. Then let us agitate, agitate! Get ready your petitions. Do you ask who will circulate them? Give them to the broken hearted women, whose formerly kind hearted husbands have been turned into demons, by the legalized, vampires, who hang like the nightmare on the energies of Canada. Do you ask who shall carry the petitions to Parliament? DELEGATE one of these same fond, doating, broken hearted women—"faithful amongst the faithless,"—from every Township in the province. There are enough, heartily tired of the traffic, from amongst Sons, Daughters, Cadets, and Teetotallers, with all the other good men and true to raise the necessary amount to defray all expenses. No Parliament could resist their tale of woe, and no Government could long outlive their influence. By way of conclusion, I ask who are the men that will oppose the movement? Generally speaking the refuse of Society. Men who live on the blood of souls! They talk of the loss that they would sustain. This is the same cry that was raised at Ephesus, against the Apostle Paul, "Sirs, YE KNOW BY THIS CRAFT WE HAVE OUR WEALTH." Let them do with their apparatus of death as the exorcists at Ephesus did when convinced of the iniquity of their business, they burnt their books—their stock in trade—and burned them publicly, thus sacrificing at the shrine of principle, 50,000 pieces of silver. I am happy to add Mr. Ednor, that the nobility of the world did not die out with the apostle, as the LEADING GENTLEMEN of this place, the principal of a large distillery—famed for making the best whiskey in the Province—has resolved to make a similar sacrifice, and has authorized me to say, that he will do everything in his power to aid us in securing the passage of the "Maine Law" in Canada!! Others will no doubt follow his example. Let the Committee of the C. and Division move immediately. Let a convention be called at once. Let the press and the pulpit

speak out, let them echo the curse of God on the doomed traffic. Let every Township in the Province hold a mass meeting and instruct their Representatives how to act in this matter in Parliament and should we not succeed the first session, we will ascertain who are our friends. It is not impossible but that we may have another election before two years, caused by the Clergy Reserve question; we will then—through the present effort—be better prepared for the conflict than now, and in the mean time, we will have the invaluable satisfaction of having done our duty.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Sir and Br., yours in L. P. & F.,
J. CLIMIE, D. G. W. P.,
Bowmanville, 9th April, 1852.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SONS OF HORNBY.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is gratifying to have to communicate to you that another Division of the Sons of Temperance has just been formed in Trafalgar, Co. Halton. [We gave an account of the meeting in our last J—Ed. Son.

In addition I may state, that our Division here (No. 249.) is going on most satisfactorily. The Division Room is becoming too small, and steps are being taken for the erection of a new place of meeting. A new church is in the course of erection, which will be at the service of the Sons, for the purposes of a Temperance Hall, until such time as they will be enabled to erect a building of their own. Altogether Sir, the locality presents a very different aspect indeed, from what it did in the drinking days of yore. The interest taken in the progress of the cause is steadily increasing. Several persons, who, not many months ago, were, both by precept and example diametrically opposed to the abolition of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, are now zealous in promoting the endeavours that are being made to set the imprisoned captives of intemperance free.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
ALFRED BOOMER.
Hornby, April 15th, 1852.

NORTH GOWER DIVISION AND MEETING IN THE EAST.

RESPECTED SIR & BROTHER,—I yesterday proceeded to the Township of North Gower, attended by a large number of the Kemptville Brethren, with the necessary documents for organizing a Division in that place, 12 of its inhabitants having previously applied for a Charter. Our arrival was welcomed by the cordial and hearty hospitality of the ladies and gentlemen residing there. At 2 o'clock we proceeded in full regalia after the Kemptville Brass Band, to the Methodist Church, where after I had stated the nature of the meeting and briefly alluded to the benefits and beauties of our order, the Rev. Messrs. Flood and Greenard of Richmond, Messrs. Rosseter and Maly of Kemptville, and also Mr. Elwood of Kemptville, and W. A. Tate, of Borrits Rapids, chained the attention of a large and orderly audience with their oratorical powers until 4 o'clock. Several pieces were played by the Band during the intervals, and a few very appropriate and heart touching odes were sung by the Ladies. After which we adjourned to 6 o'clock, at which time we agreed to meet and organize the Division. After adjournment considerable excitement might have been observed in the little knots of eights and tens scattered round various parts of the streets, discussing the merits of the several speakers, sermons, &c., of the meeting. That the excitement was favourable to our cause you will admit when I inform you that 31 members presented themselves for initiation into the order as charter members, and assisted by Brothers Lewis, P. W. P. of Kemptville, Hutchins, W. A., and Elwood, R. S., I organized North Gower Division, No. 358, initiated the above number of members, and started it in good working order immediately. Bro. Barrows is W. P., and Bro. G. E. Johnston, R. S. The readiness which Temperance men display at present to seize every pass, and occupy every post with garrisons of Sons, is to my mind, an evident

proof that the reign of the self styled moderation and have a mind of my own men, is fast crumbling to ruins, and they themselves are first sinking into public contempt, and oblivion, and most richly deserve it, for assuredly they have lured by their liberty and firmness of mind, many a once promising youth to the whirlpool of irreclaimable inebriation, extinguished the conubial fires of many a once at home, have caused tears enough to be shed, to extinguish the flame of Vesuvius, and have wrung from broken hearts sighs sufficient to fan the conflagration from pole to pole. (The questions were answered in our next.)—[Ed. Son.

Yours, in the Bonds of the Order,
W. H. FANNIN, D. G. W. P.
Kemptville, 23rd March, 1852.

TOWNSHIP ACTION THE RIGHT COURSE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—In reading your issue of the 7th inst., I was particularly pleased to remark of your correspondent John A. Tidy, in reference to the duty and powers of Township Municipalities, in the present state of public opinion, the propriety of enacting a Law similar to the Maine Liquor Law. It is I think injudicious for the friends of our noble cause to make their influence felt in the Legislature; not because it is not desirable that it should not be effectually felt, but from the fact of making the attempt and failing. Our general opinions have hitherto, and—for a long time to come are likely to be nothing but a struggle between parties and principles, and as our order comprises a number of all parties and principles, it is impossible to induce them to lay aside their party or political preferences, and unite for any one cause. In our Municipal elections it is not so, as there is a strong feeling in favor of laying aside party distinction and acting for the common good, and sending men who are most zealously advance the interest of their constituents, although public opinion, on the whole, points in a particular direction. We have many examples of its being diametrically opposite, in one locality from another. Who for one moment can hope to see a majority of the citizens of Toronto in favor of the Maine Liquor Law. A candidate in favor of such a Law would be hooted from the streets, nevertheless a majority of the inhabitants of the Township are in favor of such a Law, and to their honor, as far as in them lay of being the first to expel the accursed traffic from their borders. In few other Townships follow their example, and demonstrate the practicability and benefits of acting out the principles of total abstinence; and others will follow the noble example. The inhabitants of villages and Townships have an excellent opportunity of calling their representatives to account and can then make their influence felt, without interfering with questions of vital importance, and for a long time past have filled the people's ears with the most effectual place to make themselves heard.

The statistics of drinking with special reference to Toronto, would present a melancholy spectacle of depravity. The population, in round numbers, according to the last census is 30,000. Assuming a family to consist of 5 persons, would give 6,000 families, 300 grog shops would give one for every 20 heads of families; suppose only half the population was derived from citizens, then there would be 150 grog shops supported by every 40 heads of families and further, suppose the support of the proprietors of each grog shop, and his family cost £40, a moderate estimate, per annum, it thus will be seen that the head of a family contributes £1 per annum to the support of an unmitigated source of disease, and crime amongst them. I have not space to say, but my communication is already too long, and therefore conclude by wishing your valuable efforts and our noble cause every success.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
P. W. P.
April 8th, 1852,
There is much good sense in this letter, but we do not coincide with it entirely. We

king the downfall of the license system, a test question in 1854, at our general elections. Prohibit sale and manufacture for a beverage.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SIR AND BROTHER:

In answer to your inquiries respecting the movements of the Committee appointed by the Grand Division on Liquor Traffic, I can only state that the results of our deliberations are not likely to appear till the Grand Division meets in London, it being doubtless desirable that the measures to be adopted, for the attainment of strict Temperance legislation, should carry with them the whole influence of the endorsement of the assembled Grand Division; which, it is thought, can be obtained in season to circulate petitions before the meeting of Parliament. As many, however, think otherwise, and have determined to circulate Petitions without delay, such are at liberty to make whatever use they please of the following form of Petition, prepared by me, in name of the Committee, each member being expected to present a form at our next meeting, from all of which will be compiled and embodied in the Committee's report to the Grand Division, for general circulation.

CANADIAN

ANTI-LIQUOR TRAFFIC PETITION.

Presented to the Honorable the House of Assembly, of the Province of Canada, in Parliament assembled:

The Petition of the undersigned inhabitants of Canada,

Most Respectfully and Humbly Sheweth:

That laws have long existed in this and other lands, rendering it criminal to manufacture or sell treasonable publications, indecent prints or books, libellous documents, every description of bills or announcements inciting to bloodshed or to any breach of the peace—subjecting such articles, (though private property,) to seizure and destruction, and their owners, makers and vendors to fines and imprisonments, if not to death. Laws also exist, making the man a public criminal, who vends putrid or tainted meats, deleterious bread, bread under weight, adulterated drugs, or any kind of poison, unless labelled such and marked with the insignia of death. Trade being restricted, as above, in every country for the safety and wellbeing of the people, it is just cause of no slight surprise and astonishment to your petitioners, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, still continues to be tolerated in our midst, seeing all are aware that the traffic is constantly producing more pauperism—misery—degradation and crime, than flow from other apparent causes combined; so much so, that many even of the makers and vendors themselves admit that the actual and entire banishment of intoxicating drinks never again to circulate as a beverage, would be one of the most blissful consummations the country could desire—a sentiment from which, probably, not one in a hundred of our population would venture to dissent.—Under such circumstances, to question the constitutionality, morality, or propriety of abolishing the liquor traffic law, at once and forever, if possible, seems every way more preposterous, than to demand a reason for abrogation of a traffic in beasts of prey, based on a granting license to a certain number in each township; and protecting all such citizens, holding license, the legal right of procuring, and training as many dogs as they pleased, to prey upon and bring to them, the fallings of their neighbor's flocks and herds; that while piously supporting the public revenue, they have food and clothing for themselves and their households' Against the destruction of such a traffic it might be admissible to urge questions of property—and vested rights; not so, however, where man himself, in body and in soul, is the constant victim of the traffic we seek to abolish. For, if it be infinite folly, in any one man, to accept of the whole world in exchange for himself, as all admit, we dare not impeach the wisdom of your Honorable House, by supposing you capable of fighting the value of the property now vested in the liquor traffic, against the loss it entails, by hurrying only into penury, misery, crime, degradation and death, thousands after thousands of our fellow citizens, seeing its victims even from the seats you occupy.—In contemplating this monster evil, our memorialists chiefly to facts, in view of which, and of others named, and numberless, we do now, in the respectful and earnest voice of petitions, entreat your Honorable House, to enact, with the least unnecessary delay a law similar to the following, designed utterly to abolish

throughout Canada, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage. And your petitioners as in duty bound, will ever pray.

(Here follows the Maine Liquor Law adapted to Canada.)

Yours, Fraternally,
ROBERT DICK,

Toronto, April 20, 1852.

HICKS' CORNERS DIVISION, No. 342.

MR. EDITOR AND BROTHER,—As I have not as yet seen any communication from this Division in your paper, knowing you wish to hear from all Divisions, I now send you a short account of this. We were organized on the 2nd day of January, 1852, by Brother Fannin, D. G. W. P., of the Kempville Division with 18 members. It is with much pleasure that I inform you that our number has increased rapidly. We now number 40, with not one violation, since the formation of our Division. The streets of our village were distinguished for drunkenness, riots, and the disorder consequent on gross intemperance, but the appearance is now very different, peace, order, and personal security being felt and appreciated. How striking is the contrast, O rum seller, O Son of Temperance.

RECORDING SCRIBE.

Hick's Corners, April 16th, 1852.

ADDRESS AT WATDOWN—BR. READ BAKER.

BROTHER R. BAKER, D. G. W. P. of Watdown District:—

WORTHY BROTHER.—The Cumminsville Division S. of T. No 230 deem it their duty to tender you with a small memento, however inadequate, of their esteem and confidence, and the high sense they entertain of your honourable character and praiseworthy exertions for the good of our Division, and likewise in promoting our general well-being by mutual assistance in times of difficulty. We feel ourselves incapable of giving due expression to our sincere feelings of gratitude for the services that you have rendered with promptitude and zeal; you have generously come forward on every occasion and under various circumstances to assist us with your wisdom in council and your conciliatory disposition in times of need, and at all times coming forward and installing our officers gratuitously.

WORTHY BROTHER—on these accounts we have the honour of meeting you in your own Division room this evening, for the purpose of presenting you with the Works of the Rev. Dr. Dick—a gift, from its literary worth, well fitted to express our deep sense of the value of your services. Allow us to say in conclusion, respected Brother, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, and may that glorious refuge made known to you in the inspired volume of God's Word be to you as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, so that when you have done serving your generation on earth, you may be received into the presence of the Great Patriarch above.

Signed in behalf of Cumminsville Division S. of T. No. 230.

JAS. TYNER, W. P.
JOHN KIRBY, R. S.

REPLY.

WORTHY BROTHERS.—When I first joined the Sons of Temperance, it was with the intention of doing what little I could for the advancement of the great and glorious cause of Temperance; and when I accepted the office of D. G. W. P. it was not for the purpose of making gain; but to endeavour to do what I could to advance the interests of our noble Order. It is also my intention to continue to labour as long as my health will permit, and my services are required, until alcohol is only sold in Canada for medicinal and Mechanical purposes, which I fondly hope will soon be the case.

And, Brethren, I have a higher object in view than merely making men sober, that is, to prepare them to hear the Gospel, and thereby save their precious souls from a Drunkard's Hell, the salvation of which should be our highest object.

Brothers, it gives me great pleasure to know that my labours are highly valued by your Division, which amply repays me for all that I have done, and gentlemen, allow me to tender to you, and through you to your Division, my most sincere thanks for the interest they have

taken in my present as well as future well being, and be assured that I shall ever feel myself under the greatest obligations to your Division for the valuable present you have this evening presented to me, hoping they may be doubly rewarded for the kind feelings they entertain towards me.

And in conclusion, brethren, my hearts desire and prayer to God is that you may continue to prosper both in numbers and influence, until the demon alcohol shall be driven from our land, and the Principles of Temperance universally prevail. Then, brethren, when we have done meeting and parting here on earth, may we be so unspeakably happy as to meet in that Kingdom where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are forever at rest.

READ BAKER, D. G. W. P.

CRIME STATISTICS IN TORONTO.

In 1851 there were 1061 male, 504 female, total 1565 cases of crime of various kinds committed in Toronto. The heaviest amounts of crimes existed in June, July, and August, when spirituous liquors, aided by heat, aroused the passions. There were 56 inquests, being an increase of 20 over last year, the deaths being chiefly caused by alcohol. A few days since a poor man dropped dead in a low tavern on Yonge Street. The females committed crime from drunkenness—8 men and 29 females were arrested for keeping disorderly houses—252 men and 55 females were arrested drunk in the streets. 242 females, the victims of drink, were arrested as disorderly characters, and 65 men for the same. Assaults 210 men, 55 women, no doubt drunk. These are only cases that come under the notice of the Police, whilst it is probable twice that number of cases of a-sault and drunken disorderly conduct were not punished, or complained of. Crime is not however on the increase.

At least 3000 offences, small and great, occur in Toronto in a year, one half of which never meet the public eye, and of these two thirds may be traced to the existence of alcohol, obtained in our taverns and stores.

The Philosopher and Divine SWEDENBURGH, of Sweden, lived about 100 years ago, and during his life made many converts to his peculiar doctrine, in regard to the Trinity. There is still a numerous class of men in Europe and America, who believe his construction of the doctrine of the Trinity to be correct. We now advert to this subject, from the fact that we have received a long letter from a respected friend and subscriber, giving an exposition of Swedenburgh's doctrines; which was written on account of some remark that fell from Mrs. Thomas in her letter to us on Phrenology. We would gladly insert the letter if room permitted; and if we did not think that it might involve this paper in a religious controversy, which cannot be permitted. We would however say, that the letter contends that Swedenburgh was not a materialist, but an eminent spiritualist, having peculiar ideas of the oneness of the Eternal Being. Personally we know little of the doctrine, but believe it should not be charged with materialism. We have known many learned men who believed in its truths. Religion is a thing that men conscientiously differ so much upon, that we have all our life been inclined to let every one enjoy his own conscientious convictions without criticism.

TEMPERANCE ON THE RAILROAD.—The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company have enjoined upon all those connected with the different trains, abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, while in the discharge of their respective duties. They have also abolished the sale of alcoholic liquors on the several stations along the road.—Del. Journal.

THE CUP FOR ME.

TUNE—The rose that all are praising.

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me;
It suits his body and his soul,
How sad a sight is he?
But there's a drink which God hath given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free,
O that's the drink for me,
O that's the drink for me,
O that's the drink for me.

The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Far-er dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refreshed and glad to be:
O that's the stream for me, &c.

The wine-cup that so many prize
Is not the cup for me;
The aching head, the blood-shot eyes
In its sad train I see;
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days.
O that's the cup for me, &c.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF SOME SONS

We have often remarked that Sons of Temperance, who otherwise mean and feel well, the moment they see any little unpleasant feeling arising in a Division, or disputes occurring, will keep away and frequently quit the order. How extremely inconsistent and improper is conduct like this, when examined on all sides. What would be said of a sailor on the laboring ship, were he to leave her in distress. What would be said of the soldier in battle, if he were to desert in the heat of the battle, and leave his comrades to fight alone. What would be said of the Christian, if he were to give up the cause of Christ, the moment he saw sin coming like a cloud to overwhelm. Shall Sons of Temperance be less inclined to "and their ground?" Sin quarrellings, and betrayals, are natural to man, and no church or society exists without a little of them in our fallible state. The good should cluster around each other, and when attempts are made to injure Divisions by a few or by one member, let not that tarn the quiet away. Desert not a noble cause or the struggling ship, but by sticking to the ropes and the spars and the masts, hold until the storm is over and trouble put down by the good. A good cause is worth contending for. You like not squabbles you say. Yes, but do not commit a greater sin by acts of omissions, by non-attendance, by yielding to the wicked, and running from the truth. Such has not been the conduct of the truly great and good. The apostles did not run from chains, and stripes, and wild beasts. Luther did not give up a good cause for fear of the inquisition. No. Conduct like this is pure cowardice. Conduct the reverse is noble, grand, and Moral. Members of Divisions, when a few in them wish to injure, the greater need is there for the continuance of the good.

PERSEVERANCE DIVISION, BLENHEIM, OXFORD.

SIX AND BROTHER,—We number here in this Division between fifty and sixty, and there is a prospect of much good being done here. Invitations take place almost every night, and there is a sweet harmony existing among all the members. Allow me to say something in favor of the *Maine Law*. This is the very place in which we want to strike the evil. I cannot conceive for a moment, why people do not adopt the *Maine Law* at once. Objections like these are made by persons not a little influential. "I am often in company where the glass is passed round, and would consider it an unmanly thing not to drink if asked." "I do not intend to make a glutton of myself." "You think I cannot control my appetite." "You may do as you please, and I will do as I

please." Now I would say to this friend,—why would you consider it an unmanly thing to refuse the poisonous drug,—that destroys your neighbor's property, makes his wife forlorn and sad, his children ignorant and depraved, and his home a bedlam?—O Friends, use a little self denial and free your country from the curse. The poor inebriate was once as you are, firm in his opinions, which were in accordance with yours; but alas! he was overcome as you may be. There are men that are quite as strong minded as you are, who have been ruined by this evil practice of drinking. "Take heed lest you also fall." Now friends the thing is easily comprehended; if we do away with the manufacturing of this cursed beverage, then there will be no danger of your doing an unmanly act before your respected company. The sot knows that this is the right move, for he says "temperance men were only cutting off the branches of the tree, before the *Maine Law*, but now they are taking it out by the roots; and he says go on. If this is the language of the sot, what should be the language of a Son? The poor sot is conscious of his failings, and knows he is too weak to resist the tempter,—Let us remove it. I hope you will write largely upon it, for your paper has a great influence among the people of these parts. I was present last winter in Galt, and beheld an awful picture, a dead Drunkard! Poor man! he frequented a place called a *Liquor Licensed Saloon*, every night. The last night he was there he became intoxicated, and leaving about eleven o'clock, only reached the distance of about four rods from the Saloon, when he fell upon his back in the street. The night being bitterly cold, the poor man was frozen to death. I beheld the corpse with feelings inexpressible. He lay with his eyes wide open, with one arm erect frozen stiff. He appeared to be an intelligent looking man about thirty-five years old. Oh! this poor man's soul, what has become of it. I was much astonished at the hard hearted man that kept the Saloon, who appeared quite indifferent. As a rational creature I cannot help thinking, when this Saloon keeper is settling his account with the Most High, that this will be brought against him.

Yours, in L. P and F.,
JOHN C. CLINTON.

April 3rd, 1852.

SONS LEAVING THE ORDER TO KEEP TAVERNS.

Several letters have been written to us on this subject lately, and we must say that we deeply lament such a proceeding on the part of any man who has been a Son of Temperance. It evidences a disregard for the feelings of our fellow men, which is greatly to be deplored. That a man should one month be connected with a body of men, who are united by the noblest bonds and principles, to put down the use of alcohol in society, and the next month leave them to open in their presence—on front of their dwellings a place where men are made insane by the use of alcohol, seems to us a thing full of man's selfishness and want of principle. We know that men justify it upon the ground of expediency and self-preservation, but do not such men reflect that there is a God who reigns supreme in the universe whose eyes look on the sons, and who scan the motives of the hearts of men. If they at one time believed in a sin against society to sell alcohol, and their expressions were such—then lips confessed it, why do they in a few months betwixt the confessions of their mouths? Although they may be a little by not keeping an Inn or by turning their Tavern into some other kind of a house let them reflect, they thereby serve their fellow men and their God. We wish all men would act in view of an accountability to God. We have reason to believe that the men who compose our order, are generally actuated by the two-fold motive of serving mankind and of pleasing their Creator. Let no Son, who has ever been within the precincts of a Division room, ever engage again in the traffic of alcohol. Better make less in some other way, and go to the grave with an approving conscience.

"We need but little here below,
Nor need that little long."



Agriculture.

I LOVE THE DARK AND LONELY WOOD

I love the dark and lonely wood,
Where nature rears her alpine throne;
I love the wildly foaming flood,
Where cat'racts deep and solemn moan.
I love to see the threat'ning cloud,
Hang darkly o'er the western sky;
I love to hear the thunder loud,
Pealing through heaven's canopy.
I love to hear the wild winds rave,
I love to hear the ocean roar;
I love to see the dark blue wave,
In mad'ning fury lash the shore.
'Tis then the soul on lofty wing,
Soars far above this world of care,
Disdains affliction's keenest sting,
And scorns her froward brow to wear.

GANANOQUE.

There are more and better Manufactories in this location here than are to be found in any other place in Canada East or West. The Water Power is excellent. The Gananoque River is the outlet of several lakes the rear part of the County of Leeds, and is also drain of the Rideau Canal lakes above White Fish. It tumbles into the St. Lawrence with a fall of twenty feet, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the mighty river, with a good navigation up to the very itself. Thus affording an opportunity to construct Mills and Factories on either side, in the most convenient possible locations. As we said just now the Water Power is exhaustless, and although a great many Manufactories are carried on yet there are room and power in times as many. Let us enumerate what are put in full work. In the first place, the large Manufacturing Flouring Mills of the Messrs. Macdonald. There are all has six run of stones, and in good seasons manufactured upwards of 30,000 barrels of flour, but years that trade has greatly fallen off, owing to the certain remuneration of all speculations in the flour. Besides this mill, the Messrs. Macdonald have a Custom Mill of smaller size, and also an Oatmeal Mill. Opposite to these mills, is their large manufacturing Mill, capable of supplying half New York with lumber, of which a very large quantity is on hand for shipping. In addition, these gentlemen have a factory for making flour barrels, very complete of iron and also a Cloth Factory, with Fulling Mill and spinning machines. The Messrs. Macdonald are the owners of the Water Power, and the old Village Mill. Capt. Cryster, owner of the Bay of Quinte mill, has recently put up a Shingle Mill. During the course of its working he has manufactured 440 thousand bundles of shingles, at the rate of 110 thousand bundles a month with a single machine, all of which are for the New York Market. He talks therefore with much certainty of putting up another machine in the Western fourteen miles of Cape Vincent; he can saw with his shingles, place them in the Frigate and within twenty-four hours they arrive at a market. Mr. Isaac Briggs has a Coal Nail Factory, a Hose Factory. In the former he keeps a down by more constantly cutting nails of all sizes, which latter some half dozen men are engaged in making kind of Hoe for which Canada has been for many years indebted to the United States.

To afford some idea of the extreme utility of this factory, the following will be amply sufficient. The common retail price of the American Hoe is five dollars to three and sixpence. Now Mr. Briggs manufactures and sells these very Hoes, of excellent quality for cash! Mr. Robert Brough has a factory for all kinds of wooden things, as the stonemason's

numerous to mention. He makes rakes, hoe handles, beds ends, washing machines, cum multis of the commodities. There is a Pel. Factory, and a Boot and Shoe Last Factory, and probably several others which have escaped recollection — *iv Aug.*

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

It is to be presumed that not one in a hundred understands the simple process of cultivating either currants or gooseberries, although it has been detailed in the horticultural books with which the world abounds. Hundreds of persons, with every appliance for success, still content to live without a plentiful supply of the delicious, healthy, and cheap luxuries, merely because they have not thought of the matter. They see a few stunted bushes set in the grass, with three or four of the stocks dead, and then wonder why they do not bear in abundance.

There is not a more beautiful shrub growing than the currant, properly propagated, and the same may be said of the gooseberry. Cultivators who pay any attention to the subject, never allow the root to make but one stock, or, as the English say "make them stand on legs"—thus forming a beautiful miniature tree.

To do this you must take sprouts of last year's growth, and cut out all the eyes, or buds in the wood, leaving only two or three at the top; then push them to half the length of the cutting into mellow ground, where they will root, and run up a single stock, forming a beautiful symmetrical head. If you wish it higher, cut the eyes out again the second year. I have one six feet high. This places your fruit out of the way of the wind, and prevents the gooseberries from mildewing, which often happens when the fruit lies on or near the ground, and is shaded by a superabundance of leaves and sprouts. It changes an unsightly bush, which has been and disfigures your garden, into an ornamental tree. The fruit is larger, and ripens better, and lasts on the bushes, by growing in perfection, until the fall.

The mass of people suppose that the roots make out of the lower buds. It is not so—they start from between the bark and wood, at the place where it was cut from the parent root.—*Vermont Chron.*

Effect of Railroads upon the value of Property.—A copy from the *Cleveland Herald* the following in relation to the influence of railroads increasing the value of property.—It is astonishing the change that railroads have made in our city. There are lots in Cleveland sold by the Assessor in 1846, for less than \$100 (and it is thought that they were valued too high) that can now be bought for \$1000. There are two or three acres of land in the route of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh roads that cannot now be bought for less than \$1000 per acre. Since Alfred Kelly took out the first wheel-barrow full of earth from the track of the Cleveland and Columbus railroad in 1847, the value of the real estate has doubled, and I am decidedly of the opinion that if the real property of the new city was to be sold at once, it would sell for more than treble the amount it would have sold for in 1847, and yet we have only begun to feel the benefits of our railroads. Cleveland late in the railroad enterprise, but that was a strong one. Our city has \$400,000 invested in railroads, and in railroads and plank roads our citizens have at least \$600,000 more, making a total of \$1,000,000. Leonard Case, Esq., has some \$60,000 of real estate, and with all his far-sighted sagacity, he never made an investment that will pay him better than railroads. His ten-acre lots on the north-east part of the city, numbering 410 acres or more, I was assessed in 1846, at some \$47,000, and he sold the lots at 20 per cent less than the Assessor's value. Some \$7,000 or \$8,000 were deducted from the assessment. I presume that the ten-acre lots could not be bought at an average of much less than \$100 per acre. On Euclid street, lots that were worth \$100 to \$250, six or seven years ago, are now worth \$1,500 to \$2,500, and some are worth \$3,000 to \$5,000 per acre.

—A Liverpool paper, of the 31st of January, says: "The wild game of American swamps, forest animals are regularly offered for sale in our markets. Nearly every packet of the Concord line that arrives brings a quantity of American partridges, as large as the wild turkey, and canvas-backed ducks, which sell at a ready sale."



PREPARING SEED CORN.

A very good thing we find in the *Journal of Agriculture*, respecting the preparation of seed corn before it is planted, and it is all the better and more reliable, because it is the result of an experiment—an experiment which, we are confident, many of our readers will try for themselves. Says the correspondent of that Journal:—

In October, 1850, I turned over a piece of green sward. In the spring I manured it highly with green manure from the barn yard, plowed it about the usual depth, and harrowed it thoroughly. I then marked the rows north and south for planting, three and a half feet apart, by drawing a chain.

My seed was steeped six hours in a solution of chloride of lime, and I dropped three in the hill—the hills eighteen inches apart in the rows. In each hill was dropped a small handful of compost, made of plaster, calcined ashes, and hen manure—say two and a half bushels of plaster, three of hen manure, and eight of ashes. The hen manure was taken dry and pulverized, and mixed with the other ingredients in a dry state, and applied in that condition. The corn was covered one inch deep.

The corn came up quickly and grew with great vigor, and I had an excellent crop, estimated at eighty bushels to the acre.

To determine the value of the chloride of lime and the compost applied to the hill, I planted two rows through the middle of the field with the same seed and in the same manure, with the omission of the soaking and compost. The difference was visible at a glance, through the season; and on harvesting and weighing the produce on the adjacent rows, I found that the rows planted with dry corn and without the compost, yielded fifty-seven pounds less to the acre than the other—making a difference in sixty-four bushels—one and a half acres—of 3,648 lbs., or fifty-two bushels, or about thirty-five bushels to the acre. I should add also, that besides the great difference in quantity, the corn from the steeped seed, manured with compost, is vastly worth more than the other, and worth more pound for pound.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

CALIFORNIA SCENERY.

The following glowing description of the pines and cedars of California, is from the *San Francisco Herald*. Of all the wonders I have ever seen in the vegetable kingdom, remarks an observant traveller, nothing will bear comparison with the magnificent and lofty growth of cedars and pines which embellish the hills and mountains that lead and make up the Sierra Nevada range. The magnificence and grandeur of scenes, in which these trees abound, can not be imagined by any man who has not seen them, and felt the awe and sublimity to which they give rise. I have counted, in a circle of fifty feet, thirteen pine trees, not one of which was less than two hundred and fifty feet in height, nor were any one of them marked by the slightest curve or inclination. They are the inimitable and lofty monuments of nature, unimpaired by sweeping snows and winds, undented and undecayed by a centennial age. Not a limb or a knot can be found upon their bodies, till you reach the altitude of from one hundred to two hundred feet, beyond which height they continue to grow, till their towering may-sty overtops all surrounding objects, and affords a fit refuge for the noble bird which adorns the banner of our country. No man can travel through these scenes without feeling that the grandeur of Omnipotence itself is tracking him his finite and insignificant powers. Such was the moral influence of those terran growths of cedars and pines, upon my mind, I would not have dared to have given entertainment to a fugitive thought against the supremacy, wisdom, and power, of Jehovah. Such are the pine and cedar forests of California, which cover an area of hundreds, if not thousands of square miles.

The *Peterboro' Dispatch* states that no less than eight million feet of lumber will be exported from that place during the next season of navigation.

Milling and Manufacturing Company.—We understand that a company under the above title is about to be formed, with a capital of £10,000, for the purpose of purchasing from our esteemed townsman, C. Allan, Esq., his valuable Mill property, and for carrying on the business. Mr. Allan, is desirous of retiring from active business and of enjoying the "otium cum dignitate," after a sufficiently arduous career. The proposed Company, if its projectors are successful in carrying out their objects, will undoubtedly give a great impetus to the business of the place, and, by provoking a constant and more extensive market, be a great aid to the farmer.—We would gladly see our agricultural friends take this matter into their own hands.—*Elera Backwoodsman.*

The *Detroit Free Press* states that the amount of copper brought from the mines of Lake Superior in 1839, was eleven hundred and fourteen tons. The amount shipped in 1850, exceeded four thousand tons, and that to be shipped during the present year, will be sufficient to supply the whole consumption of copper in the U. S., which is a little over six thousand tons.

The manufacturer of beet root sugar in Ireland is exciting some attention. A company of London capitalists have commenced operations at Mount Mellick in Queens county. Workmen from Belgium have been imported to instruct the Irish labourers employed by the company. Belgium being beyond any other European country famous for its beet root sugar. The Irish beet root is considered the best that can be found for the extraction of sugar, and as the consumption of Ireland is calculated at 50,000 tons annually it follows that 750,000 tons of the root will be required for this purpose.

Chicago.—The growth of the city of Chicago, has probably been as rapid as that of any other city in the Western country, and that is saying a great deal. During the year 1851, one thousand buildings were erected at a cost of nearly one million of dollars. Chicago must ultimately become a centre for railroads. Several are already completed, and several others in course of construction. The Chicago and Galena Railway is completed 80 miles, ballance under contract. The Rock Island and Chicago Railroad completed six miles, with the whole route to Mississippi under contract. The Aurora Extension Railway, completed 14 miles, to be extended 33 miles further to intersect a branch of the Great Central Railroad at La Salle, on the Illinois river. The Detroit branch Railway the Chicago and Wisconsin Railway the Chicago Milwaukee, and Green Bay Railway, the Great Central Railway from Chicago to Cairo, of whose bonds four millions were recently sold in New York. The Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern Railways, both of which will be finished to Chicago in the course of the present month.

Attar of Roses.—How is it Made? The roses of Ghazpoor, on the river Ganges, are cultivated in enormous fields of one hundred acres. The delightful odor from these fields can be smelt at several miles distance on the river. The valuable article of commerce known as attar of roses is made here in the following manner:—On 40 pounds of roses are poured 60 pounds of water, and they are distilled over a slow fire, and 30 pounds of rose water obtained. This rose water is then poured over 40 pounds of fresh roses, and from that is distilled at most 20 pounds of rose water, this is then exposed to the cold night air, and in the morning a small quantity of oil is found on the surface. From 80 pounds of roses, about 200,000, at the utmost an ounce and a half of oil is obtained, and even at Ghazpoor it costs 40 rupees (\$20) an ounce.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to penetrate in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

Beautiful Little Allegory.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply. "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling coil." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice, never to smelt the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

AMERICAN SUMMARY—TEMPERANCE NEWS.

For the present feeling of the Legislatures of the respective American States, has been pretty well tested. The friends and enemies of total prohibition have met, and the country has seen how the strength lies. Few could have expected so gratifying a result, few could have expected so mighty a change in public opinion.—*The Maine law principle* or experiment is but a year, scarce a year old, and as yet is but imperfectly understood by many of the people or even legislators.—Many of the legislators are directly interested in the traffic themselves or through friends and most of them were elected upon a different issue, than that of Temperance. Six months ago scarce an American paper emphatically recommended the people to make the Temperance question a political one, yet now we find them all agreeing on this principle. American institutions rest on virtue in the people, and intemperance begets vice of all kinds, consequently insidiously saps those institutions. With a true republican this issue is all important. **WE SAY PROHIBIT THE TRAFFIC**, and let that issue be put hereafter to American and Canadian voters. All the interests of society are injured by this evil, **LIFE, MORALS AND PROPERTY**. The question has been before the legislatures of the great and prominent American states of the Union and great advances have been made, principles admitted and truths elicited. By small majorities in assemblies not elected on the Temperance issue, and without sufficient agitation the prohibition Bills have been lost. Such has been the case in New-York state with her three millions of people—in Pennsylvania, New Jersey—Rhode Island, Connecticut, Indiana and some others. In Pennsylvania a Bill upon a wrong principle was introduced in the Senate, (allowing of the sale of Alcohol if over 31 gallons,) and was rejected by the Lower house on principle. We cannot, however, say that it is not well to take half measures on the good side, merely as advance steps. In New-York state a decisive vote has been come to, 45 yeas for the Maine law and 69 against it. Among the last we regret to see a majority of *democrats*. Now we tell the Democratic party, which we have generally supported in the Union, that this question will seal their fate, if they do not change. They depend as they suppose, chiefly on votes of foreigners naturalized, but this will not do, for even the Irish and Germans are getting temperate in the States. To succeed in the American States the Democratic party must advocate virtue and its adjuncts.

THEN NEAL DOW has been defeated in Portland, Maine, by the votes of the anti-temperance, assisted by the loose fish Temperance men. True the man elected over him is an advocate of the Maine law, yet he is not a thorough one. Neal Dow is a *glorious man*—he is in Temperance in America, what *Kossuth* is in European Politics, unique, honest and glorious. He deserved a better return, but still it is merely a temporary defeat, and one that should teach us the necessity of increase in *Weichman Clubs* and Divisions of Sons.—Taking into view one year's proceedings in the American States with these expected defeat, the result is glorious and satisfactory.

THEN IN MASSACHUSETTS, by the last accounts, we hear that the Maine law has actually passed and will become a law. This state in *wealth and knowledge* is second to none in the Union, and with the examples of Massachusetts and Maine all will follow. For in part we are sanguine that within four years, nearly every American State will be *Maine law* in its laws. Neal Dow was defeated in his election for Mayor of the city of Portland, chiefly through the money and votes of dealers in rum—many of them naturalized foreigners. It was their death struggle and that of intemperance with a good cause. All moral movements progress by degrees but will succeed. Not one in history ever failed. Vice will flourish for a time, but like Mahometan will end with a few hundreds of years. United States Slavery is doomed, so is intemperance, if not that republic will retrograde. The human mind cannot stand still, it must advance or retrograde.

Br. John M. Collins, D. G. W. P. of Canboro' informs that the Order is in a sound state in that vicinity. On the 18th March, he organized a new Division in Canbor, with 23 charter members, called the *Beacon Light Division*, 361. He says it is increasing rapidly.

General Carey and J. B. Gough are lecturing in Ohio, which is preparing for a great struggle.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

Kossuth was at Washington on the 17th April, and visited on that day the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, with his wife and a large company of friends, among them Senator Seward and his lady. On the 20th, he was to be at Boston, upon the invitation of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

In Great Britain, the new Militia Bill was before the House of Commons, proposing to drill 80,000 militia ready for military service. Messrs. Hume & Cobden opposed it.

We see also that a Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance has just been organized in England.

In New Brunswick, we see the Legislature have passed the act called the Maine law, in so mutilated a state, that it is neither one thing nor the other. So says the *Telegraph*.

In France, the new Constitution had been set into working order. Napoleon denied any desire to be made Emperor, all of which is deception on his part. He seems the tool of the military whose Emperor he will be during the year. There are 30,000 political prisoners in France—ergo, she is quiet! Lives there no Brutus there?

The Gold Mania in Australia is increasing—it seeming that Gold is very abundant there.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL IN LONDON, ENGLAND.—A Mr. Graham opened on the 18th March last, a new Temperance Hotel in London, upon which occasion a dinner was given to 50 eminent Temperance men, speeches were made, &c. Such houses are getting fashionable there. A regular cold water dinner, in Cameron style, was given in Graham's Hotel.

EXCHANGES AND NEW PAPERS.

The *Life Boat*, of Montreal, a monthly juvenile Temperance Magazine, has been received. It is got up with taste and spirit, and is creditable to its youthful proprietor. Price 2s 6d per annum. It consists of 16 octavo pages, printed on good paper once a month at Montreal. It is issued for the benefit of the Cadets and young people.

The *National Temperance Chronicle*, of London, has reached us and contains much English temperance news. Temperance men in Great Britain are alive.

The *Cadet* of Toronto, has again appeared with an improved appearance and deserves support by all Cadets.

The *Canada Temperance Advocate* of Montreal, which without the smallest provocation slandered us last January, after a silence of two months, comes out on the 1st of April instant, with a hesitating apology, covering his retreat with a statement he knows to be untrue, that is, that we made the first attack or gave the first provocation, we challenge proof. On the contrary we always spoke well of it and thought ourselves on the best of terms, until we were most wantonly vilified just at a time when persons in *Upper Canada* were about renewing their subscriptions. C. S. P. is a man of noble feelings, and detests as we do the *low tricks of Editors*. The flimsy selfishness of some men is easily seen. If we could not advocate the Temperance cause, without a resort to slander, such as emanated from the *Advocate* of last January, we would quit the cause forever.

THE SCOTCH TEMPERANCE REVIEW—TEMPERANCE IN BRITAIN.—This able and useful Monthly has come to hand for April. We always peruse it with pleasure. From its columns we see that the American Temperance Lecturer Brother Keiogg, is now lecturing in Scotland and is highly spoken of. He is an active Sober also. It is strange that as yet, we see no account of our Order, (the most useful one on earth,) being introduced in old Scotland. The noble Scotch in Canada are very friendly to it. A great meeting was held on the 16th march in Edinburgh for the benefit of the working classes, to change the joy night from Saturday to some other night, and to get up reading rooms; for the purpose of putting down drunkenness in these classes. The *Duke of Argyll* occupied the Chair, and spoke strongly in favor of total abstinence. William Chambers, Esq. the eminent Scotch publisher also addressed the audience. A large meeting of the Glasgow Temperance Association had been held on the 4th of March. It seems it consists of 12,000 members, having added during the year 1177 adults and 1038 boys.

The *Quebec Gazette* and American Temperance Magazine do not come to hand regularly.

THE ANNUAL SOCIAL MEETINGS, DAUGHTERS AND CADETS TORONTO.

Came off on Thursday last at the Temperance Hall with great eclat. The Hall was well filled with members of the three Orders, numbering perhaps a good sprinkling of lookers on. We can only allude in short to the matter, promising it to enlarge. The meeting was very enthusiastic speaking good. A great amount of interesting was laid before the audience, relating to Orders in Toronto. Brother J. W. Woodall, behalf of Ontario Division, doing himself good and fully showing that OLD ONTARIO is the largest, wealthiest, and most useful Division. Brothers Swallow of Yorkville, and Colwell of Coldstream, Claxton of Toronto, R. Lawrence, Smiley of Don Mills and Johascha's Divisions, acquitted themselves with credit. The Sectious of Cadets were well represented and the Unions of Daughters by Mrs. T. Mrs. Rowell. That old and veteran friend of Brother Dick, filled the Chair, and also represented Toronto Division.

THE SOIREE AT LAMBTON—Came off on the 30th of March. A large attendance for the season took place, 300 persons present. A procession of about 100 Cadets and Daughters of Temperance, with Banners Cooksville Temperance Band paraded the day. The day was unusually beautiful and fine. Was served in a large Building, the best that could be used ordinarily as a cooper shop. The audience very attentive during the speaking. A speech with a representation of our Saviour, and the well of Jacob painted thereon, was presented to the ladies of the village to the Division. Presented by Mrs. and Miss Rogers, presented to Miss Rogers read the address, which was credited. Br. Jackson of the Lambton Division chair, and made some very appropriate remarks to the ladies.

Quite an array of speakers presented themselves on the platform—viz., Br. Durand, Alcorn, Greg, Antwerp, Rose, Howard, Milne, and Ward. Addressed the Cadets in a few words. Br. Durand addressed the audience for half an hour; then Br. Gregory, Howard, and Milne, addressed them in turn. The arguments advanced were good, trust will have a most happy effect for this growing Division. We cannot omit here to mention the zeal of father Milne, who on that day over 70 years old, rode 15 miles on horseback to the Soiree & the same distance back. Here is a new young. The ladies here talk of getting up a Division of Daughters. The address which has just been read, we will insert in our next.

AGENTS.

We regret to say that we hear from but a few Agents. It is impossible for the editor of this paper to do the good of the Order, and also to spend his time from editorial duties in collecting money. A more accurate might easily recruit not only more subscribers. One hour spent in the Division, would enable any agent to do more than the village, whilst we are labouring for the Order, with but little remuneration, except that some little effort might be made to circulate of this paper by agents and others.

We will soon personally or by agents meet our subscribers, and hope they will pay. They however wait for this as remittances can be sent.

For subscriptions of last year and of this meeting in January or February we will accept. No six months subscriptions are to be taken. Subscriptions 5s in advance or 4s in clubs. Of this paper for 1852 are given for our debt, not allow subscribers to stop in the middle of the year, and all who have commenced the year time on for the year, as we will collect whether they stop or not. Subscribers of 1851 received 24 Nos. for 5s.

Our Carrier boys are never allowed to take money without our written authority.

We issue this paper in May, on the 31st day thereof.