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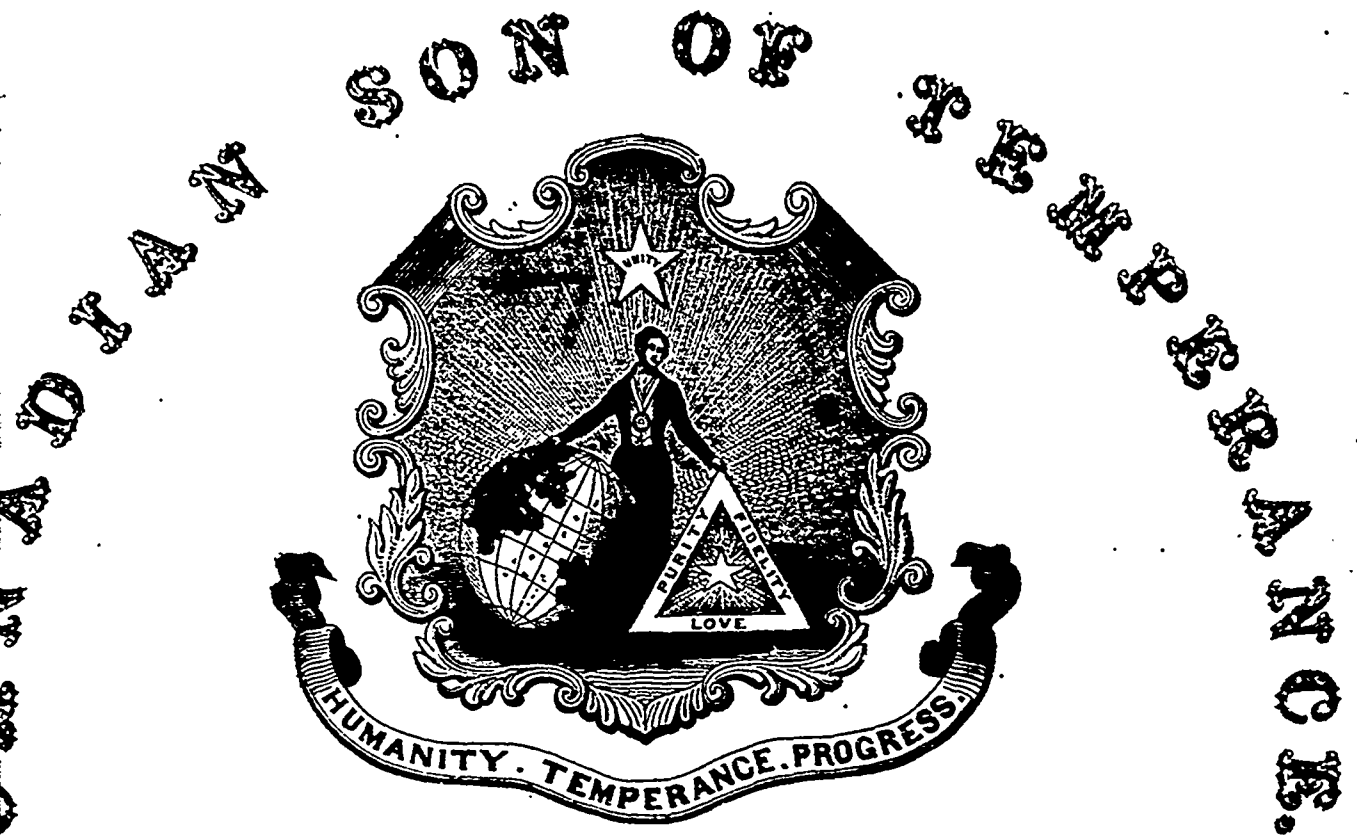
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**GIVE! GIVE!**

The Sun gives ever; so the Earth;  
 What it can give, so much 'tis worth.  
 The Ocean gives in many ways—  
 Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.  
 So, too, the Air, it gives us breath.  
 When it stops giving, comes in Death.  
 Give, give, be always giving;  
 Who gives not is not living.  
 The more you give,  
 The more you live.

God's love had on us wealth o'ercheaped  
 Only by giving is it reaped.  
 The body withers, and the mind,  
 Spent in by a selfish mind,  
 Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,  
 Give love, give tears, and give thyself;  
 Give, give, be always giving;  
 Who gives not is not living.  
 The more we give,  
 The more we live.

**A RACE FOR LIFE.**

In the summer of 18—, soon after the difficulties  
 between the Winnebago Indians had been amicably adjust-  
 ed, a party of the chiefs to Washington accompanied  
 by Case, a Sioux Indian, while out hunting near  
 the mouth of Root River, (situate now and occupied by  
 the city of Racine,) shot and scalped a Winnebago,  
 who had attempted to justify by saying that the  
 Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket  
 of an Indian who a short time previous had murdered  
 another. The Winnebagoes became indignant at  
 this, and about two thousand of them assembled at  
 Crawford, and demanded of Col Taylor the pro-  
 scription and surrender of the murderer. The officers

of the Fort apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this fictitious tribe, if their demands were un-  
 attended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the  
 murderer. Accordingly an officer was despatched to  
 demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave  
 him up, and he was brought down the river and confined  
 at Fort Crawford. Soon after he arrived at the Fort,  
 the Winnebagoes assembled again, and insisted on an  
 unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them, which  
 Col. Taylor refused to make, but despatched Lieut. R.  
 and Dr. Eluise, the surgeon of the garrison, to have a  
 talk with them on the subject. At the conference, the  
 Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing  
 manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them  
 but taking the life of the Sioux in their way, and by  
 themselves. At length Lieut. R. proposed that the In-  
 dian should have a chance for his life in the following  
 manner:

Two weeks from that time he was to be led out on  
 the prairie, and in a line with him, ten paces off, was to  
 be placed upon his right and left twelve of the most ex-  
 pert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with  
 a tomahawk and scalping knife.

At the tap of the drum the Sioux should be free to  
 start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes  
 free to pursue, capture and scalp him if they could.

To this proposal the Winnebagoes acceded at once,  
 and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great  
 sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose  
 confinement in the garrison during the two weeks, they  
 believed would prostrate whatever running qualities he  
 possessed. Their best runners were immediately brought  
 in and trained every day in full sight of the Fort. Lieut.  
 R., who who was something of a sportsman, and who  
 had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, deter-  
 mined to have his Indian in the best possible trim. Ac-  
 cordingly Dr. Eluise took him in charge, prescribed his  
 diet, regulated his hours of repose, and directing the  
 rubbing of his body with fish brushes twice a day, im-  
 mediately before he went upon the parade, going to  
 perform his evening and morning trainings. In fact, so  
 carefully was he trained and fitted for the race of life  
 and death, that he was timed upon the parade ground,  
 the fourth day before the race, and performed the aston-  
 ishing feat of forty-one miles in two hours, apparently  
 without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians,  
 French, Americans and others had assembled to witness

the scene. In fact it was a gala day by all except the  
 avenger of his brother Sioux. Lieut. R. on the part of  
 the prisoner, and the celebrated war chiefs War-kon-  
 shutes-ker and Pine-top on the part of the Winneba-  
 goes, superintended the arrangement of the parties on  
 the ground. The point agreed upon for starting, was  
 upon the prairie, a little north of Prairie du Chien, and  
 a few rods from the residence of Judge Lockwood,  
 while the race track lay along the Nine Mile Prairie—  
 stretching to the north and skirting the shores of the  
 Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground, ac-  
 companied by his guard of soldiers, who were followed  
 by his twenty antagonists, marching in Indian file, na-  
 ked with the exception of the Indian breechlet. Their  
 ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorn-  
 ed with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across  
 the face alternate strips of white and black were painted  
 in parallel lines extending from the chin to the fore-  
 head.

The hair was plaited into numerous thongs, fringed  
 with bells, and tasselled with a red or white feather,  
 while the moccasins were corded tightly around the  
 hollow of the foot as well as around the ankle, with the  
 sinews of the deer. In the right hand each carried his  
 tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that con-  
 tained the scalping knife.

The prisoner was about twenty-three years of age, a  
 little less than six feet in height, of a muscular, well-  
 proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy move-  
 ments of his body, a wiry and agile command of his  
 muscular powers. His countenance presented a wan and  
 haggard appearance, as he stood upon the ground, ow-  
 ing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in  
 training, and partly to his having painted his face black,  
 with the figure of a horse shoe in white upon his fore-  
 head, which denoted that he was condemned to die,  
 with the privilege of making his escape by flightness.—  
 Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of war-paint, to  
 which was appended the scalp he had taken from the  
 Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed a line, Lieut. R. came up  
 and took off one of the moccasins of the Indian and  
 showed the chiefs that he thought it contained a thin  
 plate of steel, and asked if they objected to it, to which  
 they replied that he might carry as much iron as he  
 pleased. Lieut. R. having noticed at the same time  
 the countenance of the Indian presented a down-  
 cast and melancholy appearance, requested Dr. Eluise

to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition. Lieut. R. immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance in front of the line, where he asked him through his interpreter if he was afraid to run; to which he replied that he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid he could not out-run all the horses mounted by armed Indians. The Lieut. saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere. He intended to ride the fleetest horse on the ground and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached with hostile intentions.

At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile, his whole person seemed lifted from the ground as he returned to his position in the line with a stalwart stride. The chiefs and Lieut. R. soon after this mounted their horses and took a position directly in the rear of the prisoner. Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieut. R. gave the signal; the blow had scarcely reached the drum, when the prisoner darted from his antagonists with a bound which placed him far beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk. When the race was under way many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness, for a mile, when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen rapidly, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man. At the end of two miles the last of the contending Winnebagos withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse on the ground that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile, and at the end of the fourth mile Lieut. R. finding that his seed was much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reined up. The Indian did not look behind, or speak, as far as he was followed or could be seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the white flags that had been placed at the distance of half a mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagoes that he had been shot by one of their boys, who had been secreted by order of War kon-shutes-kee beneath the bank of the River, near the upper end of the prairie—This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who, like himself, had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who a few years ago was present at the treaty made by Governor Doty with the Sioux nation.

He had then but recently acquired the rank of chief. He requested Gov. Doty to inform him where Lieut. R. and Dr. Eluise were at the time, and was told that both had died in Florida. He immediately withdrew from the convention, painted his face black, and departed for the woods, nor could he be prevailed upon to come into the convention until he had gone through with the usual ceremony of festing and mourning for the dead.

### "DOING A LANDLORD."

BY THE LITTLE 'UN.

A stage coach with nine male passengers, was slowly approaching a village in New Jersey, one cold morning in February, 183—

"Gentlemen," said one of the nine, "I have often travelled this road before, and out of good feeling to all, I would caution you against hugin the delusive phantom of hope," as regards getting breakfast at the hotel we are approaching."

"What?—how?—no breakfast?" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes; they expect you to it but not to eat it—I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and driver, that, for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"Why, not on earth air yew talkin' bout? Ef you calculate I'm goin' to pay four ninpences for my breakfast and not get the coffee on't yew air mistakin!" said a voice from the back seat, the owner of which was Herkula Sprudling, though "tew hum" they called him "Hez" for short. I'm goin' to get my breakfast yew, and not pay 'nary red' till I dew."

"Then yew'll be in."

"Not as yew knows on, I wont!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord ready to do the hospitable, says—

"Breakfast: just ready, gents. Take a wash; gents! Here's wafer, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining room and commenced a fierce onslaught on the edibles, though 'Hez' took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage Ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.

"Omissin'!" said they.

Proceeding to the dining room, the host finds 'Hez' very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, about the size of a horse's lip.

"You'll be left, sir. Stage is going to start!"

"Wal, I haint got nothin' to say agin it draws out 'Hez."

"Cant wait sir; better take your seat."

"Dew wot?"

"Get in, sir."

"I'll be gaul-darned if I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to get the vallee on't! and ef yew calculate I aint, yew air mistakin'."

So the stage did start, and left 'Hez', who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, &c., &c., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say squire, them there cakes is 'bout east; fetch us nuther gnat on 'em. "You" (to the waiter,) "nuther cup of that air coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yew're own pork, squire—this is mazin' fine ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire! Haint got much maple umber in these parts, hav ye? Dewin' a right smart trade, squire, I calculate. Don't lay yew're own eggs, dew ye!" and thus 'Hez' kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Sav, squire now I'm 'bout to conclude payin' my devowers to this ere table, but ef yew'd jus' give us a bowl of bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be ableged tew ye."

So out goes landlord and waiter for bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before 'Hez'.

"Spewn tew if you please!"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say yew! dew you think them passengers is goin' to pay yew for a breakfast and not get no compensa-shun!"

"Ah—what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think! No I don't think, but I am sartain! Ef they air as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' to locate immediately and tew onst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, 'Hez' comes out to take his seat and says—

"How are you, gents? I'm rotten glad tew see yew."

Landlord says to 'Hez', "Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?"

"Fint him out? Sartainly I ken. Sav, squire? I paid you four ninpences for a breakfast and I calculate I got the vallee on't! Yew'll find them spoons in the coffee pot! Go ahead, driver; all aboard!"

### JANUARY.

A rare and curious old book, called "Restitution of Deceived Intelligence" printed in 1628, tells us that January bore the name of *Wolf-munus*, or wolf-month, on account of the depredations of that animal during this inclement season. It was also called *After Yala*, or after Christmas, by the Saxons.

Saxons' lines on January are often quoted:

"Then comes old January, wrapped welle,

In many weedes, to keep the cold away,

Yet did he quarrel and quiver like to quille;

And blow his navies, to warm them, if he may;

For they were numb'd, with holding all the day,

A hatched scene; with which he felled the woode.

And from the weedes did lopy the needles spray."

Other authorities, and truly, too, no doubt affirm that:

January received its name from Janus, a Roman deity, to whom it was consecrated. Janus is painted with two faces because, say some, on the one side the day of January looked towards the new year, and on the other towards the old one. According to others, the two faces of Janus signified Providence. Artists represent January clad in white, blowing his nails.

January and February were introduced into the year by Numae Pompilius, the second king of Rome, 700 years before the Christian era,—the year of Romulus beginning in the month of March.

The primitive Christians fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the heathen, who in honor of Janus observed the day with feasting, dancing, masquerades, &c. To descend to modern times and usages, we find New Year's day, incorporated as it is in ancient Christmas, kept with more or less hilarity in most civilized countries. In "merne England," although the outward and visible signs of the day, are not so conspicuous, dinner parties, from the palace to the humble dwelling of the tradesman, are general; and the amiable branches of families are made happy with thousands of little remembrances which such workshops as London and Paris afford.—*State Register.*

### INSECT SAGACITY.

The banbul tree affords a curious specimen of insect sagacity, in the caterpillars' nests suspended by threads to the branches. This animal, conscious of its approaching change, and the necessity of security in its helpless state as a chrysalis, instinctively provides itself a sumptuous mansion during that metamorphosis. As a caterpillar it is furnished with very strong teeth; with them it gnaws off a number of thorns, the shortest about an inch long, and glues them together in a conical form, the points tending to one direction, the extremity terminating with the longest and sharpest. This singular habitation composed of about twenty thorns, for the exterior, lined with a coat of silk, similar to the cone of the silk-worm, suspended to a tree by a strong ligament of the same material. In this asylum the banbul caterpillar retires to its long repose; and armed with such formidable weapons, bids defiance to birds, beasts and serpents, which might otherwise devour it. When the season of emancipation arrives, and the chrysalis is to assume a new character in the pupa, the insect emerges from the fortress, expands its beautiful wings, and with thousands of fluttering companions, released at the same season from captivity, sallies forth to enjoy its short-lived pleasures.—*Forbes Oriental Memoirs.*

*Punctilious Waiters.*—The lower tribe of Hindoos are not so scrupulous as the higher about what they eat or what they touch, especially if they were not observed by others. When at a distance from their families, out of sight of their priests, many divest themselves of these nice ideas of purity. Those domesticated by Europeans, generally affect to be very scrupulous: an English table, covered with a variety of food, is necessarily surrounded by a number of servants of different castes to attend the guests. At Baroche, Surat, or Bombay, a Hindoo will not remove a dish that has been defiled with beef, a Mahomedan cannot touch a plate polluted by pork, nor will a Parsee take one away which is bare or rabbit. I never knew more than a Parsee servant who would snuff a candle, from a fear of extinguishing the symbol of the deity he worships; and would this man ever do it in the presence of another Parsee.

A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper; and taking it up began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a sip custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, jumping over it broke his ankle right off above his knee, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day, a cat had nine turkey gobblers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked an old Dutch chirm down and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Bostling, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter."

The old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed: "Du tell!"

## THE TWO VISIONS

BY DATARD TAYLOR.

Through days of toil, through nightly fears,  
A vision blessed my heart for years,  
And so secure its features grew,  
My heart believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,  
In consummated peace and love,  
And sweeter joy and smother grace  
Breathed o'er the beauty of her face.

The joys and grace of love at rest,  
The fireside music of the breast,  
When vain desires and restless schemes,  
Sleep, pillowed on our early dreams.

Not her alone, beside her stood,  
In gentle type, our love renewed,  
Our separate beings one, in birth—  
The darling miracles of earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,  
And home's serene, abounding bliss;  
The fruitage of a life that bore  
But idle summer blooms before.

Such was the vision, fair and sweet,  
That still beyond Time's lagging feet,  
Lay glimmering in my heart for years,  
Dim with the mist of happy tears

That vision died in drops of woe,  
In blotting drops dissolving slow:  
Now toiling day and sorrowing night,  
Another vision fills my sight

A cold mound in the winter's snow;  
A colder heart at rest below;  
A life in utter loneliness hurled,  
And darkness over all the world.

My heart a bird with broken wing,  
Deserted by its mate of Spring;  
Droops shivering, while the chill winds blow,  
And fills the nest of love with snow.

## JUDGE STORY.

The following extract we copy from the second volume of the "Life and Letters of Joseph Story," edited by his son, and just issued in a beautiful style of typography by Messrs. Little & Brown of Boston:—

"The secrets by which Judge Story was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a time, were systematic industry, variation of labor, and concentration of mind. It was never idle. He knew the odds and ends of time which are so often thrown away as useless, and he turned them all to good account. His time and his work were apportioned, so that there was always something ready for the waste time to be expended upon. He varied his labors—never overworking himself on one subject, never straining his faculties too long in one direction, recreating himself by change of occupation. He never suffered himself to become nervous or excited in his studies; but the moment that one employment began to irritate him he abandoned it for another which could exercise different faculties. When he worked, it was with his whole mind, and with a concentration of all his powers upon the subject in hand. Listlessness had half attention bring little to pass. What was worth doing at all, he thought worth doing well.

"And here it may be interesting to state his personal habits during the day. He rose at seven in the summer and at half-past seven in winter, never earlier. If breakfast was not ready he went at once to his library, and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty minutes. When the family assembled he was called, and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in his drawing-room, and spent from half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study and wrote till the bell sounded for his lecture at the Law School. After lecturing for one, and sometimes three hours, he returned to his study and worked until two o'clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner (which on his part, was always simple) he gave an hour, and then betook himself again to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the day-light lasted, unless called away by a visitor obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down,

and joined the family, and work for the day was over. Tea came in at about seven, and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease. All of his law he left up stairs in the library, he was here the domestic man in his house. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company; but if alone, he read some new publication of the day—the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper; sometimes corrected a proof sheet, listened to music, talked with the family, or, what was very common, played a game of back-gammon with my mother. This was the only game he liked.—Cards and chess he never played.

"In the summer afternoons he left his library towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passer by sitting with his family under the portico talking or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh.—This with the interval occupied by tea would last till nine o'clock. Generally also, the summer afternoon was varied three or four times a week, in pleasant weather, by a drive with my mother of about an hour through the surrounding country in an open chaise. At about ten, or half-past ten, he retired for the night, never varying a half-hour from this time.—Vol. ii, pp 104.

## DEFERRED ITEMS.

A Rev. Mr. Wishard, it seems, has been lecturing in New Brunswick against the passage of a law similar to that of Maine. How distorted must be the mind of any man, and how contemptible his experience, who does not see that the greatest barrier in society to morality and religion just now is drunkenness. Drunkenness does ten fold more harm every where than gambling and whoredom, and is in fact the parent of these offences, and of nine-tenths of all our crime; yet according to the perverted minds of some, the law of the land must become drunkard makers. Oh! shame! Rhode Island has turned out over 20,000 signatures for a Maine law, and the Governor says he will sanction it. 1400 females in one county signed the petition.—Ed.

A Dr. Clarke, in the West Indies, in making a report on prison discipline, says that when prisoners are cut off from their accustomed uppling, their health uniformly improves. No liquor should be given to prisoners;—yet in every goal of Canada criminals are allowed beer and even whiskey, we fear, at times.

Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, Maine, has made a long report on the effect of the Maine Liquor Law, in that city, which is about the size of Toronto, and it seems that beggary, crime and misery have decreased wonderfully. The House of Correction is empty. When will our cities be the same?

The Montreal Pilot gives an abstract in one of its late numbers of the Chief Police Officer's report of crime in Montreal for 1851. From it we see that over 2,000 persons have been arrested and punished for small and great offences committed during the year in that city.—One half of these, he says, (no friend of total abstinence probably,) were caused by the drinking of beer and ardent spirits. How much better would this city have been without one licensed liquor inn!

Brockville, and many other municipalities in Canada, have adopted the free school system. This system may have defects, but it is no doubt the fairest and most useful for the people as a whole.

Ten men were suddenly killed in Feb. near Hamilton, on Burlington heights, in excavating earth in the bank, for the Great Western Rail Road. Five of them were men of families.

A large piece of rock fell a few days since on the American side of the Niagara Falls, near the tower.

We are told that in Pelham the Sons have elected all the municipal officers, and refuse to license any liquor selling inns.

According to the census of 1850, there were 3,650,000 colored people in the United States; of these 3,180,000 are slaves.

The number of vessels which passed through the Welland Canal in the year 1851, is said to be 3550.

The Cobourg Reformer says that there is an Indian in Alawick, called Capt. Jim, who is 120 years of age.

A despatch was received at Vienna the other day, from London, via the submarine telegraph, in three hours and a-half.

**AWFUL DEATH OF TWO ROBBERS.**—On the night of the 17th inst., three ruffians entered the house of Mr. Abner Davis, of Worthington township, Richland county Ohio, and demanded his money, one of the men at the same time presenting a pistol at the head of Mr. Davis, and the others prepared with bludgeons and knives in case of resistance. Mr. D., finding resistance useless, unlocked his chest, and gave them his money, \$930, after which they left, and being followed some time after by Mr. Davis and others, two of them were found frozen to death, about a mile from where they committed the robbery and the other some distance beyond, apparently returning to his lifeless companions almost insensible, the night being stormy and a good deal of snow having fallen. It appears they were intoxicated and sat down on a log on the road, where they became insensible from cold and finally froze to death. All the money was found on the person of one of those frozen to death.

Mr. Filmore's position, as a candidate for the Presidency, is agitating the southern political circles much. His precise position will be determined this week. He will probably withdraw.

**SHAKING ACCIDENT.**—On the night of the 3rd Jan., a poor man named John Coughel, living at the Five Mile Creek, Niagara township, had been drinking in a neighboring tavern, and going home with a jug of whiskey, across a large ploughed field, either lost his way, or as was thought lost his jug, and wandered about the whole night in quest of it. The poor fellow had apparently ran round and round the field beside himself, and frequently falling down until at last he tumbled into a deep furrow and there froze to death! He has left a wife and four children.—St. Cath. Mail.

**DEATH OF PRUSSNITZ, AUTHOR OF THE WATER CURE.**—Prussnitz, the celebrated founder of hydropathy, died at Grafenberg on the 26th of November, at the age of fifty-two. In the morning of that day Prussnitz was up and sitting at an early hour, but complained of the cold and had wood brought in to make a large fire. His friends had for some time believed him to be suffering from dropsy of the chest, and at their earnest entreaty he consented to take a little medicine, exclaiming all the while "It is no use." He would see no physician, but remained to the last true to his profession. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, he asked to be carried to bed, and upon being laid down expired.

Dr. Jewett, we perceive, is Lecturing in Quebec.

The Michigan Central Railroad paid last year all expenses and a dividend of 14 per cent. The cost of the road was \$6,929,708.

The census of 1850 shows that the entire number of Indians inhabiting all parts of the U. S., 418,000.

It is said that the earnings of the New York and Erie Railroad for the last year were \$2,571,333.

The next annual exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Society will be held in Toronto, on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th September, 1852.

The Rural New Yorker states that a person named John Davis, of Ross County Ohio, cultivates annually eighteen hundred acres of corn. He has this winter, a crib filled with corn three miles long, ten feet high and six feet wide.

**DEATH OF THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.**—An old soldier of the Imperial Guard, named Cantillon, of whom the Emperor Napoleon made mention in his will, has just died at Ranery. He was accused in 1815 of having fired a pistol shot at the Duke of Wellington. The Emperor, to indemnify him for the harsh manner in which he was treated, bequeathed him 10,000 francs.—Galignani.

A grand ball took place at the Government House, Quebec, on the 10th February, to celebrate the anniversary of the cession of Canada in 1763, and the Union of the Provinces in 1841.

Dr. Latimer has been elected for Sargency, by a majority of 730. A Mr. Christie for Gaspe.

Last evening the debut of Mrs. Foxstee came off at Brougham's Lyceum, with a degree of success that no person anticipated, and fortunately without any riot, though not without a great excitement, and a small skirmish. The Mayor had an adequate force to the immediate vicinity.

The 7th and 12th regiments were posted at the Mercer House, in case of necessity. Besides this military force there was a very strong body of police in and about the theatre, which served to keep the mob in check. Thousands were congregated in and around the theatre.



## Ladies' Department.

### LADIES' NAMES.

There is a strange deformity,  
Combined with countless graces,  
As often in the ladies' names  
As in the ladies' faces.  
Some names are fit for every age,  
Some only fit for youth;  
Some passing sweet and musical,  
Some horribly uncouth;  
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,  
Some only fit for scullery-maids.

Ann is too plain and common,  
And Nancy sounds but ill,  
Yet Anna is endurable,  
And Annie better still.  
There is a grace in Charlotte,  
In Eleanor a state,  
An elegance in Isabelle,  
A haughtiness in Kate;  
And Sarah is sedate and neat,  
And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Matilda has a sickly sound,  
Fit for a nurse's trade;  
Sophia is effeminate,  
And Esther sage and staid;  
Elizabeth's a mischief name,  
Fit for a queen to wear—  
In castle, cottage, hut, or hall,  
A name beyond compare  
And Bess and Bessie follow well,  
But Betsey is detestable.

Maria is too forward,  
And Gertrude is too gruff,  
Yet coupled with a pretty face,  
Is pretty name enough.  
And Adelaide is fanciful,  
And Laura is too fine,  
But Emily is beautiful,  
And Mary is divine;  
Maud only suits a high-born dame,  
And Fanny is a baby-name.

Eliza is not very choicer,  
Jane is too blunt and bold,  
And Martha somewhat sorrowful.  
And Lucy proud and cold,  
Amelia is too light and gay,  
Fit only for a flirt,  
And Caroline is vain and shy,  
And Flora smart and pert;  
Louisa is too soft and sleek,  
But Alice gentle, chaste, and meek.

And Harriet is confiding,  
And Clara grave and mild,  
And Emma is affectionate,  
And Janet arch and wild,  
And Patience is expressive,  
And Grace is old and rare.

And Hannah warm and dutiful,  
And Margaret frank and fair;  
And Faith, and Hope, and Chantry  
Are heavenly names for sisters three

Rebecca for a Jewess,  
Rose for a country belle,  
And Agnes for a blushing bride,  
Will suit exceedingly well,  
And Phoebe for a midwife,  
Joanna for a prude,  
And Rachel for a gipsy-wench,  
Are all extremely good;  
And Judith for a scold and churl,  
And Susan for a sailor's girl.

### UNIONS OF DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE

This association of Canadian females united on the strictest principles of temperance, is we feel happy to state rapidly increasing in all parts of Canada. This paper, since its establishment, and its editor, wherever he has spoken at temperance gatherings, has not failed to recommend the order to public favor. This we have done from a deep and firm conviction of its utility and necessity in society. No little opposition is encountered in this advocacy even among sons. The social effect of these Societies is good and the influence that females when banded together can wield over localities is very great. In the United States, especially in New York, Maine and Massachusetts, all versed in the secrets of the successful efforts going on there, know that female power and influence are quite as usefully exerted if not more to be relied on than that of the men. It is not so much in meetings in Unions that women can do good as in their intercourse with the young and old of either sex in social parties, churches, and the family circle. Here their power lies, and they will only go to the Unions to consider the best means to adopt. The Unions are rallying points—places of friendly concourse, where for a few hours once a week, the young and old may discuss plans and elicit the experience and ideas of different families. It is upon the rising generation—young people of both sexes, from the age of fourteen to twenty one, that we must work. Young women in Unions or out of them may powerfully influence young men to wholly avoid the drinking usages of society. With some little exertion during the coming summer, the number of Unions might be increased in Canada, from 50, which we believe is about the present number, to at least twice that amount. Private letters from Sons inform us that Unions might be opened by a little agitation at Norwich, Holland Landing, Cumminsville, Milton, Uxbridge, Elora, Galt, Port Dover, and other places, where we believe no Unions as yet exist.

**IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.**—A short time since we published the copy of a Memorial, then in circulation, by the ladies of the Township of Townsend, praying the Municipal Council, to refuse Licenses to Innkeepers during the present year. On Tuesday the ceremony of presentation was gone through with, in the presence of an immense concourse of the lords of creation. The deputation of Ladies numbered between one hundred and fifty and two hundred, and was composed of some of the most respectable and intelligent of the female inhabitants of the Township. The Memorial was read in a most appropriate and impressive manner by Mrs. Charles Merrill, of Waterford, and replied to in equally appropriate and feeling terms by Oliver Blake Esq., the respected Reeve of the Township. Deputations of ladies from the various localities, Boston, Waterford, Bloomsburgh, Villa Nova and Harford, then respectively presented written appeals, urging on the Council the prayer of the Petition. The Rev. Mr. Goble, also, at the request of the Reeve, addressed the Council in favour of the request. On the whole, the proceedings were most impressive and becoming, and the success of the enterprise to the contrary, and will, we doubt not, produce beneficial results. The memorial was referred,

to a committee of the whole, on motion of Mr. Lanning, an excellent speech in its favour having been first delivered by Councillor Wilson. In the evening the largest meeting ever held in the Baptist Church of that thrifty village was convened, James L. Green Esq., the worthy President of the Waterford Temperance Society in the Chair at which addresses were severally delivered by the Rev. Messrs McDougal, Hall, Haviland, Canfield, Slight, and Vanloon, and a number of others. The ball is rolling in Staunton Old Townsend, and no mistake. The ladies say the gentlemen must come too. —*Norfolk Messenger*

**DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.**—On the 26th of December, 1851, a charter was granted by the National Union to form a Grand Union of D. T. in England to be located in Liverpool. On the 5th Jan, a charter was granted to form a Union in Butler, Alabama. On the 31st Jan, a charter was granted for Moscow Union, Moscow, Marion Co., Alabama.—*N. Y. Organ.*

### YOUR BABIES, NOT MY BABIES.

About thirty-five years ago there resided in the town of H-bron, in this county a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady who resided in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The Doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptial when the Doctor remarked:—

"I am thinking my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And pray, what may they be, Doctor?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time."

"And the other, if you please?"

"It is when we shall present our first born for baptism."

"What, sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, ha!"

"Yes my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the Doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story was that the Doctor never married, and the lady is an old maid.

**WHO IS LADY FRANKLIN?**—Some of our readers, perhaps, may think this question unnecessary, inasmuch as all the world know her to be the devoted, faithful wife of the long-gone mariner of the Arctic Seas; but there are doubtless many who do not know her earlier history—in common phrase, who she was before she was Lady Franklin.

Lady Franklin's name was Porden—Eleanor Ann Porden, and she was born in 1795. She early manifested great talents and a strong memory, and acquired a considerable knowledge of Greek and other languages. Her first poem, *The Veils* was written when she was seventeen. Her next was the *Arctic Expedition*, which led, in 1822, to her marriage with Captain Franklin. Her principal one, was the *Cœur de Lion*, which appeared in 1825. Her poems display much elegance, spirit, and richness of imagination. The foregoing incidents in her life we find in a biographical dictionary. This lady has recently attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the civilized world, by her energetic and persevering efforts to send relief to her adventurous husband in the frozen regions of the North, or to ascertain his fate and that of his companions.

**SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE.**—There was an old farmer who kept a large poultry-yard. Said farmer had one hen, which, not content with her proper sphere of action, was continually endeavouring to crow. At last, after repeated attempts, she succeeded in making a very respectable crow. The farmer was eating his breakfast at the time of the victory, but, hearing the noise, ran and went out. He soon returned, bearing in his hand the crowing hen, minus her head. "There," said he, "I'm willing, hens should do most anything; but I ain't willing they should crow. Cocks may crow as much as they please, but hens shall not; it is setting a bad example."



Youths' Department.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

BY GEO. F. BANISTER.

Mourner, weeping o'er thy sorrow,  
Bending 'neath affliction's rod,  
Hope thou for a brighter morrow,  
Trust thou in a gracious God.  
Ask the bird whose tuneful numbers,  
With a thrilling rapture burn—  
Ask him why he thus does warble,  
If God placed us here to mourn.

Ask the vine with tendrils twining,  
Round the sturdy forest tree,  
If with grief and sorrow pining,  
It was ever known to be.  
Ask the flower whose thrilling fragrance  
On the passing breeze is borne,  
If it thus would ope its petals,  
If God placed us here to mourn.

Ask of halcyon joy and gladness,  
As with smiles they wreath the face,  
If for grief, despair and sadness,  
They with pleasure yield a place.  
Nay:—O'er earth and sea and ocean,  
To the world's remotest bourne,  
Is the fond memento written—  
MAN WAS NEVER MADE TO MOURN.

New York Organ.

CADETS.

In our last number, a young friend from Brantford wrote us a letter, giving a description of the proceedings of the Brant Section, and wishing our advice as to the best mode of making Section rooms interesting to boys. To this request we readily accede, and can now only make a few remarks on the subject, reserving more fully ones for a future occasion. If Divisions and Section rooms are ever to be, the mere theatre of the dull routine of mere fiscal discussions, and small business matters, men and boys will soon get tired of them. Other more nourishing food is required—food of a generous and enlightening mental kind. Angry discussion must be dropped, and boys in place of rivalry for office or recrimination, must seek to conciliate, to improve, and to search for knowledge, inculcating therewith sound Temperance doctrines. In many Sections the excellent plan of reading short essays on interesting subjects has been adopted to great advantage. This course should be adopted every where. We would have a rule in every Section that some part of every evening should be devoted either to lectures or to reading out of some useful book. Let different boys take their turn and spend half an hour each night in reading a page on different subjects; say one from the Bible, one from some good geography, and one from some useful didactic, moral, or philosophic work. Let at least half an hour of each night be spent in speaking or reading on Temperance subjects. Devote no more than an hour, as far as possible, to mere business. Meet always at seven and adjourn at nine uniformly.

TEMPERANCE IN CHATHAM.—On Friday last, agreeable to notice, Division No 125 of the Sons of Temper-

ance, celebrated their first anniversary by a procession, address, and tea party. The procession marched along King, Adelaide, and Jail streets, to the Court house, headed by the Chatham Brass Band. The members wore their several badges, and were respectable both in number and appearance. We learn the addresses were highly applauded.

In the procession, we noticed a number of our budding youths, Cadets of Temperance—hopes of future generations. Yes, in this branch of the temperance army lies its chief power to do good. Early habit becomes a second nature. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and he will never depart from it." One great moral curse of the day is drunkenness. It is a beastly, detestable vice, and often a punished one.—[Chatham Planet.

THE BEGINNING OF A BAD CITIZEN.

Child.—Mother, I want a piece of cake.  
Mother.—I hav'n't got any; it's all gone.  
Child.—I know there's some in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.  
Mother.—Well, you don't need any now, cake hurts children.  
Child.—No it don't; (whining,) I do want a piece.—Mother mayn't I have a piece?  
Mother.—Be still; I can't get up now; I'm busy.  
Child.—(crying aloud.)—I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.  
Mother.—Be still, I say; I shan't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.  
Child.—(still crying.)—I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.  
Mother.—(rising hastily and reaching a piece)—There, take that and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick, I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell him you've had any.  
{Ben enters}—Child.—(to Ben)—I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.  
Ben.—Yes, I will; mother give me a piece.  
Mother.—There, take that; it seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You see, sir, (to the child), if you get anything another time.  
{Another sister}—Child.—I've had a piece of cake.  
Younger sister.—Oh! I want some, too.  
Child.—Well, you *eat*, and mother 'll give you a piece. I did.—S. S. Journal.

JUST MY LUCK.

"James, you had better attend to the night-wood," said Mrs. Forsyth to her son, who had become deeply interested in a book he was perusing.  
"Wait a little mother. I want to finish this page. I am right in the middle of it now."  
His mother did wait, and although she said nothing, yet she was deeply grieved. When he had read that page through, he feared he would lose the force of it if he laid it aside just then. And what difference would it make if the wood was brought in five minutes later? Mrs. Forsyth allowed him to takt his own time for it, so it was almost dark before he thought of leaving his book. Then he went at it in a great hurry, and in splitting some kindling he scratched his hand very badly.—And when he again entered the neat little sitting room where his mother was at work, he was crying and complaining bitterly.  
"O dear! O dear! I was splitting some wood, and a great stick flew up and hurt my hand so. You know it's just my luck."  
"Come and sit down by me, James. I want to talk with you. You think you are very unucky, don't you?"  
"Yes, I do, mother; I am always getting hurt, and it isn't my fault either."  
"Was it not your fault to-night, my son?"  
"Why, no; how should I know the stick was going to hit me?"  
"Yes but if it had not been so dark and late you would not have been in such a hurry doing it. I spoke to you in season to do it all by daylight, and I let you manage your own way to see what would be the result. I have noticed lately that whenever anything is given you to do, 'wait a minute' is your almost constant reply."  
"Well, what difference does a minute make, any way?"  
"What would your father say, if because I wished to finish anything I was doing, I should put off breakfast till dinner time—would he like it?"  
"Why I suppose not."  
"And besides, the excuse which is good for one min-

ute is equally as good for the next, and for many more. And, as a consequence of pro-crasination is crowding the business of an hour into a moment's space, you hurry through with everything, only half doing it. So you are always complaining of ill luck. Now this very fault of yours is the cause. No doubt it seems hard to break off from a thing in the midst of it, but recollect if you do everything promptly and in its proper place, you will have more time to do it with."  
"I don't see but that is reasonable, mother," said James, looking earnestly and thoughtfully in her face. "and I will try and do better in the future."  
"That is right, my son. You will find it far easier after a little while to do things in order, than to leave all to a leisure moment. And then you will not have so much ill luck to complain of hereafter."  
And now, my dear young friends, I have only to say in conclusion, that James Forsyth has reformed, and is a much happier and a better boy. Go thou and do likewise.

A GOOD REASON.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these boys were very late, and were called to account for it.  
"You must have heard the bell, boy; why did you not come?"  
"Please sir," said the favorite, "I was a dreamin' that I was gone to Califormy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat bell I was gone in."  
"Very well, sir," said the master, glad of a pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now sir (turning to the other) what have you to say?"  
"Please sir, please sir, said the puzzled boy—"G! I! I was waitin' to see Tom off!"  
It was the same boy, who being asked the next day, if his father was a Christian, answered, "No, sir, he is a Dutchman."

NEW SPELLING.

The new juvenile paper, "The Youngster," has the following contributions to a proposed spelling book; on a new plan, never thought of either by Dilworth or Webster:

80 you be—A tab.  
80 oh! pra—A top.  
Be 80—Bat.  
Sea 80—Cat.  
Pea 80—Pat.  
Are 80—Rat.  
See O! double you—Cow.  
See you be—Cub.  
See a bee—Cab.  
Be you double tea—Bait.  
Be a double ell—Ball.

"Are sister Sal and Nancy, resources pa?" "No, my son—why do you ask that question?"  
"Because I heard uncle Josh say if you would only husband your resources that you would get along a great deal better than you do, that's all, pa."

[?] Another large mass of rock fell from the horse-shoe Fall near Goat Island, last Monday morning. It broke away from between the Tower and the Island, and has left the Tower in a precarious position, there being another body of rock loose directly in front of it which will probably fall in the spring. There will be three distinct falls on the Canada side.  
The American Fall is nearly shut out from view by large pyramids of ice which have accumulated from the spray during the cold weather.—[Chippewa.

A gentleman on a visit to Washington, anxious to listen to the debates, very coolly opened one of the doors of the Senate, and was about to pass in when the door-keeper asked: "Are you a privileged member?" "What do you mean by such a man!" asked the stranger. The reply was a Governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister. The stranger said, "I am a minister." "From what court?" "From the Court of Heaven, sir." (Very gravely pointing up.) To this the door-keeper waggishly replied, "This government, at present, holds no intercourse with that foreign power."



## The Literary Gem.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

### BATTLE SONG.

BY SYLVICOLA.

They rush to the battle—they meet in the fight,  
As the billows that pour on the rock;  
As the lightnings that gleam on the dark brow of night,  
And a thousand lie low from the shock.

They rush as the chariots of thunder that roll  
Thro' the tempest that treads o'er the sky,  
And low lies the head in its helmet of steel,  
For they meet but to conquer or die.

The lip that the smile of defiance hath worn  
Is crimson'd and seal'd in its gore,  
And the heart that was buoyant with hope in the morn,  
Now throbs with an impulse no more.

The youth in his fervour, his glory and pride,  
And the sage with his silvery head,  
With the hope and the last of his house by his side,  
Bow down on the field of the dead.

The foe with the foeman unite in one grave,  
For their feelings have gone with their breath;  
And the high and the lowly, the lovely and brave,  
Lie mingled together in death.

The tempest of battle, the thunder of strife  
Are thrown on mortality's wave;  
While hundreds in phrenzy go bounding from life,  
And thousands sweep on to the grave.

They rush to the battle—they meet in the fight,  
As the billows that pour on the rock;  
As the lightnings that gleam on the dark brow of night,  
And a thousand lie low in the shock.

INSTITUT, C. S., February, 1852.

### PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

When we take a retrospective view of what has been done in science within fifty years, it is astonishing to see how much mankind have mentally improved. Abstruse science advances equally with mechanical and agricultural knowledge. Man has advanced less in political knowledge within fifty years than in any thing else.—England and America being exceptions to some extent. The tone of political opinion in England now is much more liberal and enlightened than in the time of George the Third or of the regency of his son. With the exception of the high taxes, and the ultra political and religious notions of a portion of the aristocracy, it is hardly possible for a nation to be much freer than the English are. The people require more education. In the United States, we speak of the free States, the people are enlightened, free and comfortable: free in mind, educated and contented. Still they have not advanced much in their political knowledge, since the time of Jefferson and Madison. This is proved by the nation allowing the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, at once a disgrace to human nature, and the nation that enacted it. No good could possibly result from it, for no free people would allow it to be enforced. A law contrary to reason and the divine law, as well as to the feelings of the

human heart, cannot be enforced in any country having free institutions. Thus we find this infamous act, a dead letter even now in the free States. In England the Reform Bill was a great advance in political improvement. We have always believed that freedom of political thought and action was absolutely necessary to great achievements in Science and Literature. Where the mind is enslaved either in a political or religious way, science is but a sickly plant. Great efforts and success in science and the fine arts, are the offspring of freedom of religious and political thought and action.—The enemies of these views assert that true and enlarged freedom begets infidelity, and political anarchy. Under this alleged belief priests and political men have in all ages of the world combined, as they are now doing in France, to keep power and knowledge in the hands of a few. Their motives are not patriotism but selfishness of the basest kind. Such priests and aristocratic conspirators, are themselves at heart infidels. It would not do to enquire into the domestic conduct of such people. There is in human nature, when enlightened, a self ruling and preserving power, that dictates to it the necessity of order; and there is in the human mind a religious feeling that induces a belief in God, and the necessity of moral action and government. Religious and political tyrants merely advance their objections to liberty, because they want some cover for their usurpation. France has done much for science, particularly in the departments of Geology, Metaphysics, Chemistry, and Natural History. Her efforts were put forth, however, mostly between a period from 1780 to 1820, when the French mind had great freedom of action. Unfortunately, whilst she was doing this, her learned men went to extremes in politics and infidelity. Her example had greatly retarded science, and political, and religious progress. A selfish crew had taken advantage of it, and she has had substituted for one set of extreme men, another set equally infidel and less patriotic. Some have thought from the infidelity of French philosophers, that science and religion are not hand-maids. This is a great mistake. Science is truth and reason. Religion is the same when not mystified. God has not done one thing in the moral and another in the natural world.—We are convinced that no one moral doctrine promulgated by Christ, is contrary to science or reason. The freer the press and people are the more will science advance. All countries have proved this axiom. More has been done for science in England and America in all its branches within the past thirty years, than in all the world besides. France has been rather stationary for some twenty years. True, it and Germany have produced some great metaphysical and also novel works of fiction, generally having an immoral and infidel tendency; but there has not been much healthy action of the mind in the field of general science. Within 20 years a few really good works have appeared in Germany.—The Anglo Saxon race have made great advances in the knowledge of agriculture, mechanical powers, and the sciences. Astronomy, Geology, Moral and Political Philosophy, Metaphysics, Chemistry, Poetry, Typography, Education, and Navigation, have made great strides for the better among the inhabitants of Great Britain and America. Our hopes for the regeneration of mankind in science, political and religious action, are centred in the movements of these two nations. They are destined to prove the truth, that man as a whole is capable of self-government.

### GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL FORESTS.

In England, the oak is the king of the forests, but in

America, it is the pine. Below are a few extracts from the diary of a Maine Wood-cutter:

"He tells us of pines, of which he has read or heard of extra ordinary grandeur and diameter; of one, two hundred and sixty-four feet long; and of another which at three feet from the ground, was fifty-seven feet in circumference. These extraordinary specimens were cut some years ago. Trees of such dimensions are now rare."—*Diary of a Maine Wood-cutter.*

There is something in a beautiful green tree's cooling beauty, grandeur and simplicity. Nothing is so pleasing to the eye and the mind. See it standing in its majesty and loveliness of color and shape, in a wood day in July or August; how inviting to the wearied wanderer, and how pacifying to the mind. Its outstretching branches seem full of health and friendship, silently waving the traveller. Whilst travelling last July from Queenston to Beamsville, we were struck with the beautiful trees that met our eyes. Again and again some wide spreading and elegantly shaped maple came in sight. The soft maple was the tree, that which all seasons of the year in Canada seems to delight the eye. If you look upon it in the spring, its branches top are red with blossoms, and even in the winter, redness can be seen in its small buds and twigs. Look upon it again in June and July, and you see the majestic beautifully shaped tree, rising into the air with bushy head of dense and glittering foliage. In Autumn its tints of crimson, green, and yellow, fill the mind with thoughts at once melancholy, yet pleasing. They are at the thought of the vanity of all beauty, and the glare at the gorgeous beauty of the colors. It is worth while for any lover of nature to ride from Hamilton to Queenston, to see the lovely trees of the most picturesque and superb shapes that present themselves. The branches of some would cover near a quarter of an acre of ground. On the plains of Burford and about Simcoe, Norfolk, we observed some fine old oaks. The king of the Canadian forest is or hath been the cold and towering pine. It rises like the Indian, who in ancient days walked in silence beneath its sombre shade, stately and tall above its forest fellows.

Many of these trees in Canada rise to the height of 200 feet, that is near a hundred feet higher than in general forest. High amidst the green foliage centuries perhaps a thousand years, have swept the northern snow storm. Howling winds have whistled around its sturdy head in vain, whilst generations of men were passing away. Secure on its top the little pine birds sought their wintry food for centuries, and the eagle sought a retreat. There for hundreds of years the great owl has chanted his "who-oo-too, too-who-oo." The pine is like the cedar of Lebanon, it will live forever. Its roots will last for ages in the ground. The blue back is a little wood pecker, with a red breast, and a blue back that at all seasons of the year frequents the pines, seeking its food in the bark. It utters while climbing up the tree a small mournful cry, in unison with the solemn roar, which like the sea comes from the rattling boughs of the pine. At night it is truly wonderful to hear the moaning of the wind among a forest of pines. As beautiful as are our forests in many things they cannot compare with those of tropical climates. The celebrated banyan tree of Asia covers by its spreading branches acres of ground; and its limbs reach to the ground, and taking root form new trees, or the parts of the parent one. Armes may take shelter under one of these mighty trees. Then the breadfruit tree of the Pacific Ocean, and the cocoanut tree is very beautiful.

## The Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Wednesday, March 3, 1882.

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

### For the Son of Temperance. THE ORPHANS.

Say, Annie, say, why thus the tears  
Of sorrow shade thy youthful years,  
And dim thy once bright eye?  
Hast thou from virtue's pathway strayed,  
To sin's bewitching blighting shade,  
Where countless evils lie?

Ah no, fair Lady, but I mourn  
Because o'er me the cold world's scorn  
Has poured its baneful breath!  
My Father sleeps 'neath yon cold sod,  
Sent to it by—Oh God! Oh God!  
The soul-destroying death!

A drunkard's grave he fills; Alas!  
He died beside the fatal glass,  
Which curses our fair land;  
And Mother, too, Oh! much loved name!  
E'en she sank e'er her stately frame,  
Had felt time's blighting hand.

Come down by shame, he, proud soul fell,  
Smit by the demon hand of hell:  
She died and left me here,  
With none to comfort, none to love,  
Save this lone boy, with whom I rove,  
My little brother dear!

And Ah! fair Lady, when he cries  
With trembling tongue, and tear wrapt eyes,  
"Say, Annie, where is gone  
My Mother whom I dearly love?"  
My burning brain begins to rove,  
And Oh! my heart feels wan.

Feels as if it soon, soon must break,  
And then his little hand I take,  
And whisper, Brother dear:  
Our mother's gone where soon we'll go,  
Far from this fleeting vale of woe,  
To other lands more dear.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

### THE COMMON OBJECTIONS OF THE ENEMY.

The best of causes will have its enemies, and the movement among Temperance men in Canada, has its opponents who are secretly and openly opposed. Our enemies, whose opposition is the necessary consequence of the advocacy of truth, consist of three classes. They are the dealers in alcohol, innkeepers, distillers and merchants; they are the moderate and intemperate drinkers thereof; and lastly, they are the lukewarm friends of the cause, admitting the right, but afraid to take any active part to put it down. It may be asked who are these last? Reader, our land is full of them. Every land is full of men willing to talk—willing to be called Temperate, but unwilling to do anything that costs them great time or money. If the cause were left to itself, it would stand in 1899, just about where it is. Temperance with them is constitutional, as well as the selfishness of temperance as from a parsimonious position. This class are always crying, "don't go so fast," "don't make Temperance a political

question at the polls," "don't join the Sons, it costs too much, and the Society is a secret one." With them moral suasion is all the remedy. Moral suasion will be the remedy fifty years hence, and then drunkards will be as common as now. Reader you understand this class, try and convince them, they stand in the way. Two dealers in and distillers of alcohol in Western Canada, have a great capital involved in it. They are fully aware of its viciousness, but man without deeply rooted religion, suffers his selfishness to lead him to do any thing bad. This class ask us what right we have to injure their capital and calling. Have they not a prescriptive right to make paupers and criminals? The ulterior consequences of their calling is a matter of indifference. Pay them for their stock in trade and they will quit, to make way for some other blood suckers. They say and merchants say, it would ruin business in Canada, to do away with the use and traffic in liquor. Why? because these innkeepers and merchants have a few hundred pounds each invested in the traffic. The number of Inns and merchant stores in Western Canada, in which beer and spirituous liquors are sold we know not, but they will not probably exceed five thousand. The capital involved in them in the sale of liquors, may not exceed one million dollars. We make these estimates without any data before us, and merely from a general idea. Very few of the Inns have over fifty, and many not ten pounds of liquors in their bars. Well suppose we interfere with one million dollars worth of capital invested by venders and manufacturers, in this business. Legislation every day interferes with business of some kind. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost by a change of the tariff or the rise or fall of produce. Not long since the Legislature made sweeping changes in the practice of the law, injuring the profession of Lawyers, and they might do the same with medical men, by opening the profession to all. We do not say that such a course would ruin either of the professions, but many in them think so, and on this ground object to the change. Law should protect society from evil and abuse, and in this Province it is the duty of law makers to put down by law any business evil in its effects on society, notwithstanding it may injure a class of a few thousands of men. We might with equal force ask these objectors, what right they, a class of a few thousands, have to send to their graves thousands of their fellow men every year by the consequences of their business. What right they have to ask a Legislature, to perpetuate so infamous a nuisance as drunkards? If there be a million dollars invested in the traffic, it should be withdrawn, and the law should compel its withdrawal. As the guardian of public peace, health, and morality, a government is bound to protect a people against the evil habits and tastes of a minority.—We observe in Maine, already has the cry been raised, that business is injured by the anti liquor law. Doubtless a class there are injured, and such would be the case here, but the great bulk of the people are benefited. A new system cannot be any where established without injury to some.

The corn law of England, the emancipation of slaves in the west Indies, and free trade in England, all injured certain interests, but they benefited more, and one was called for by humanity. If within one

year every store, grocery and dram shop in Canada, were closed against the sale of alcohol, its inhabitants would have no reason to complain. If the state were to borrow one million of dollars, and pay the vendors and makers of the article for their loss, yet the public would be gainers by paying the interest of this sum. The interest of one million of dollars is only \$60,000. Intemperance costs Canada in taxes, for criminal prosecutions, coroners inquests, lunacy, pauperism, and the charity bestowed on beggars, the offspring of drunkenness, at least ten times the amount of this interest of \$60,000.

But the law licenses the sale and manufacture of alcohol for use as a beverage, and receives in revenue the profits of its iniquity. The income it receives in one hand is paid out with the other, to obviate the effects of its folly. Did the Sun ever shine on such mental infatuation! Moderate drinkers object to our right to control their appetites. They cannot lay aside a custom to them innocent, for the sake of general good. They ask if all men remained moderate drinkers and none died from drunkenness, or committed breaches of the law through its means, would you object to our use of it? This is the strongest view they can take of the case, and the most plausible query they can put. It is supposing what is not true for argument sake. Now men may injure themselves by an indulgence in other excesses than that of alcohol. Gluttony, the use of tobacco, opium, or gambling, may be indulged in to excess, and to the injury of the community. Why not say they interdict their use? We answer to the first that we would object to its use for two reasons, first, because it is useless and injurious to health, and secondly, because it has a tendency to lead to physical and mental error. We say to the second, that when any vice becomes a general evil to society, it is time it should be wholly abated. If there be no other way to do this than to destroy the utensils by which it is carried on, then we say destroy them. Destroy according to the Maine law, the traffic tools, and the object of sale. Let not the cry of loss of business come up. Let not the objection of interference with capital be urged—gambling houses or brothels might urge the same excuses. Should every city, town, village and county of Canada, have a gambling house in it; leading to idleness and dissipation of property, the young, old and virtuous; would it be right for our Legislature to abate them? Who doubts it? Now, ye moderate drinkers, we war not with what you drink in your homes, but we say, that the hand of the law shall be clear, and no man for profit or as an article of sale, ought to deal in or make what generally injures mankind.

### JULIE HARRISON'S OPINION OF TIPPLING AT TAVERNS.

Judge Harrison has decided in this County, in the Division Court, that he will not allow an inn-keeper to recover before him, any item of an account, incurred for liquor drunk at an Inn, even if it do amount to one quart or more. He considers it is within the tipping clause of the act. This is correct. The buying of a quart of whiskey or more at a tavern to be drunk, is a tipping within the spirit of the act. A tavern keeper's account for liquors sold at his Inn, cannot be recovered.

The Columbus Division in Whitchy, is getting on very well, raising quite a number each meeting.



## METHODISM AND THE SONS IN CANADA. ☐

Scattered in every portion of Canada, from the densest populated counties to the extreme portions of our land, can be found the Methodist minister.— You will find him in the wildest settlements and among the savage denizens of the forests, trying to bring man to a knowledge of Christianity. From the earliest times in this Province to the present, Methodist ministers have been among the first to enter the wilderness as pioneers of the gospel dispensation. We can recollect in Canada many eminent men of this persuasion, as far back as 1828, who were foremost in the advancement of gospel knowledge. This class of men are not alone in their efforts, but their influence in Canada, has been for forty years general among the farmers and artisans. We on this occasion allude to the fact, simply to show the power they may wield for good, in the temperance cause; when we speak of Methodism, we allude to the four branches of it existing in Canada. The Episcopal, the Wesleyan, the New Connexion and Primitive Methodists, form the great body of Methodism, differing merely in church government. Their ministers are generally men of talent, and we wish to see this talent, and the zeal they usually display, partly bestowed in furtherance of the principles of our Order. We are aware that many Methodist ministers are with us, but we also know that more stand aloof from, and some oppose our Order. This opposition arises generally from a false view of our principles and their tendency. One of the first and earliest friends of temperance in Canada was the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, and he is also an active and determined Son, whose burning eloquence would awaken any audience. The Rev. Joseph H. Leonard, a member of the Ontario Division in this city, was one of the earliest friends of temperance in Canada. He is an Episcopal Methodist minister. Another name, too, we must not omit, viz: the Rev. Wm. McClure, one of the best friends of our Order. Among the first to take hold of the cause in Canada in 1830, were the Methodist ministers. Those were days of moral suasion. These are days of action and of a better organization, found among the Sons of Temperance. We wish to see Methodism arrayed universally on our side, for our Order. Among the great and good men of the earth, there is one name brightly conspicuous. That name ran's with Penn, Newton, Washington. He was a moral giant, and his voice ought to be, and will be in all ages respected. We therefore give the following extract from his works on the subject of intemperance, which about his time commenced to desolate the world fearfully.

"The following extract from Wesley's Sermons will show to the world in what light this venerable man viewed the sale of spirituous liquors:

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell any thing which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorder (although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner). Therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their consciences clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They murder his Majesty's subjects

by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them—the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there, the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou, O man of blood, though thou art "clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farrest sumptuously every day," canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so, for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, "thy memorial shall perish with thee."

Wesley's Works, Vol. 6.—Sermon "On the use of Money"

## ☐ SHOULD MERCHANTS' STORES SELL LIQUORS?

Many persons suppose that all the mischief is done by tipping in taverns. It is a great error. We fear quite as much evil results from allowing small hucksters, merchants and grocers, to sell by the quart. Our back settlements, villages, and frontier towns, are full of stores, where spirits are sold by the quart at 75¢ or less. This quart is taken home and smugly drunk by the fire side, giving the wife, the young and old, and the sucking babe, a taste for the poison. Our legislature did intend to put down this little traffic, but it seems an imperial statute is in the way. Let not another session of Parliament pass over, without its repeal by an address to the mother country, and by an act of our own legislature. One would suppose we ought to have a right to remedy this local abuse ourselves. No store in Canada should sell spirituous liquors or beer to be drunk by neighbors. To prevent the sale in large quantities it may be impossible just now, but let it be limited to not less than 4 gallons. Indeed, we dislike legislating on the matter at all, so far as permitting its sale is concerned, for it seems to give a sanction to the drinking usages of society. We would rather Canadians should at once refuse to license its sale at all. However, until we change public opinion we must make what amendments we can.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

## ORONO DIVISION.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

We hail the coming forth of your valuable paper, as the commencement of a bright era in the Temperance reform. It comes to us richly imbued with the undaunted spirit of its scientific conductor. Truth shines forth from its pages with all its native and heavenly lustre.

We are truly thankful that we have an Organ, through which, the united voice of the "Sons" may be heard, and through which, they can spread the mad influence of the Order.

Sir, the cause of Temperance, is a cause around which my affections have clustered for years gone by. There is no other cause, with the exception of the Christian Religion, which should claim so much of the attention of rational and sentient beings, as that of Temperance. Religion and Temperance are kindred spirits born not where ignorance and superstition throws their dark and sombre shadows, but where bright rainbows bend majestically around the Throne of the Eternal; and sister Angels drink the nectar wavelets of the River of life, moving amid the rose fringed fields of the "better land." We do not place Temperance before Religion; but regard it as an offshoot or ray of light, from the great lamp of Religion. Yes, and how cheery is the thought that its bright star has shone forth upon us, and its luminous rays have found their way to the dark abodes of cruelty, causing Intemperance to tremble upon his throne. To illustrate the position which we consider Temperance occupies in reference to Religion permit us to choose a simile from nature. Those who have watched with philosophic eye the bright stars, as they poured from their "golden cup," the crystal like dew drop light, upon the rosy cheeks of little flowers, have noticed, one star shining with a lustre superior to the rest. It is called the Morning star. It rides majestically on its high aereal pathway and unlocks the

rosy gates of morn, seeming to crowd its way thro' the starry avenues, which lead to the home of a happy. ☐ But soon the Monarch of the skies shad from his burning throne the fleecy cloud, and the light of the star dies not, but sinks enveloped in the effulgent beams of the rising Sun. Thus it is with Temperance, it prepares the mind for the reception of Religion, with all its loveliness and grandeur. It seems to be an error stereotyped in the minds of our opposers, when they proclaim with trumpet tongue, ☐ predicting that our Order is calculated to supercede Christianity. ☐

Mr Editor, the Orono Division is steadily progressing in numbers and respectability. Our motto is still "forward," and our efforts shall be untiring in the cause, as long as weak humanity reels beneath the effects of Alcohol. We have not a Union of Daughters or Section of Cadets, to help us in the good fight, but we are determined to present to the enemy a bold front.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,

F. B. ROLF, W. P.

Orono, January 27, 1852.

## CANBORO DEDICATION AND SOIREE.

CANBORO, Feb. 1

Mr Editor—Knowing that you always take a lively interest in the good cause of Temperance, and being assured that it is a pleasure to you, than otherwise, to give publicity to any Temperance move, prompts me, a few words to let you know how well we are coming with our Division. We have been established about a year our members number about seventy-five, and with trifling exceptions, real Sons at heart, you know there are some calling themselves Sons that are very uncertain. Notwithstanding these calamities, we are steadily progressing and becoming more efficient. Last evening our New Hall was dedicated in the presence of a crowded house, we were favored with the presence of Mr. Morse of Smithville, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who entertained the meeting with happy and appropriate speeches.

At intervals, and during refreshments, (which, by the way, was most excellent) the Danville Brass Band entertained the audience in a manner beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. It afforded me much pleasure to see such perfect order and good feeling displayed on every hand. At about half-past eleven o'clock, a chair announced that the hour for closing had arrived. After offering the usual complimentary thanks to the Ladies, Speakers and Band, the meeting broke up, the Band playing the National Anthem.

Yours truly, &c.,

—Cor. Haldimand Independent. E. C.

BROTHER LUFFE.—In our last January number a letter appeared in this paper from Bro. Luffe, of the Sandville Division, asking our opinion on certain points. Want of room has prevented our alluding to it, and we can now only incidentally allude to them. The opening of divisions for the admission of the public on certain nights has been adopted here by the Tom Division. The Division meets merrily in a formal way and then adjourns and admits ladies and gentlemen amongst them. The brethren have also a choir of music in connection with the Division. When we visit the Simcoe Division last summer they had a band in their Division. We think all Divisions should encourage useful discussions and rational amusements in their meetings. As to the appropriation of fines to buy prizes for good conduct, it might have a good effect, but could not be generally adopted.

☐ The dinner to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron the 23rd ult., came off at the St. Lawrence Hall, a great eclat. There was an attendance of some 100 gentlemen there, indeed the tables were too crowded. Persons from distances of 100 miles were there. The most gratifying feature of the dinner, was that very present indulged in the use of spirituous liquors. The president Dr. Workman, and all the vice-presidents drank the pure beverage of nature. Probably the first dinner ever given in Canada to a government official, high in rank as Mr. Cameron is, at which little alcohol was used, and at which so many Temperance men were present. This is owing in no little degree to the eminent example of Mr. Cameron. It is to be said to his credit, that he is a truly consistent Temperance man. We will allude more at length to the dinner again.

## GRAND RIVER TRACT OF COUNTRY.

Who are much acquainted with Canada, know there is a beautiful tract of country, lying along the sides of the Grand or River Ouse, for near a hundred miles. This tract is the most fertile, and in every the most beautiful to be found in our Province. It selected by the six nations of Indians about the of the American Revolutionary war, as the residence and home of portions of their tribes, among of the Great Mohawk tribe of New York State a remarkable fact that the Indian always chooses for home, the most romantic and beautiful localities, lined by meandering and lovely streams and rivers. In America was discovered, the Indians were found dwelling upon the most lovely parts of the continent of North and South America. The most civilized thereof, to wit, Mexico and Peru, in 1492, were by the Indians in localities the most charming was found inhabiting the lovely and majestic Hudson—the Potomac, Ohio, Mississippi, St. Lawrence &c. There is something in his soul capable of relating the grand, solemn, and beautiful. For fifty years the six nations enjoyed the Grand River valley, unmolested. Their wigwags and cornfields lined the shores, and the voices of their young men women resounded through its forests. We recollect the time in 1825, when there were but few white settlements on this tract, and when Brantford, now a beautiful village town, was scarcely a village, at a time full of Indians; too often, we regret to say, intoxicated by traffic of the white man. On both sides of this tract, for six miles, more or less wide, by about 100 long, a rich agricultural country, partly alleys and partly meadows, watered by many creeks and rivulets, emptying themselves into the parent stream, which empties itself near Danville into the broad basin of Lake Erie. This strip of land, once the quiet abode of the indolent redman, is now the busy home of a rising and industrious white population, and is destined to support in affluence, at least a million of people in the present generation. Yes, from Guelph to Paris, the valley of the Grand River, studded with numerous growing villages and towns, will be inhabited by at least a million of people, within a period of years. Upon this valley, for we include in it most of all of Waterloo and the river Speed, that passes through Guelph; stand the growing towns of Guelph, Paris, Brantford, Caledonia, Cayuga, and Danville, numbering from 1000 to upwards of 2000 people; and the beautiful villages of Preston, Elora, Glanmorris, Middleport, Seneca, York or Oneida, Indiana. It is not too much to say that at least 500,000 people now dwell in or near this river, deriving great extent their livelihood and business from the valley and its trade. Manufactories and mills of various kinds are now in operation and in process of building upon it. Paris, when we were there, presented a business like appearance. The sound of the water-wheel, steam engine and hammer were heard on all sides, and its inhabitants seemed happy and temperate, as I repeat did we say, yes temperate, as compared with what they were in some five years ago. On this tract are located the large Divisions of Guelph, 150 members, Elora 60, Berlin near 100, Galt 100, Paris Brantford 200, Glanmorris about 40, Middleport about 40, Caledonia about 70, York about 50, Cayuga at the same, and Danville about 150 members. At 1100 Sons of Temperance, several Unions of Officers and Sections of Cadets are flourishing in this tract. Upon this river in operation, are some of the best saw and grist mills in Canada. Millions of feet of lumber per year are turned out of these saw mills in the neighbourhood of Caledonia. Many of these have thirty saws and some of them 4 circular in operation night and day. This lumber goes to American cities and down the Erie Canal. Lime beds of Gypsum or plaster of Paris, are also found near Paris and Cayuga, supplying many parts of the country. Indeed we do not know that it is found elsewhere. Horatio Case Esq., an old friend of ours, years standing, owns one of the largest plaster works on the river, near Indiana. The agricultural capabilities of this country are very great, the climate is beautiful, the water good, and the scenery in summer lovely beyond description. The clear gentle river, spoiled, we are sorry to say, in some places by damming, rolls in silence and clearness amongst the willows and forests. The Grand River navigation company,

has been in many places dammed up, forming numerous mill privileges but spoiling to some extent the beauty of the river, and we fear the health of the country.

A railroad will be built probably within two years running from Brantford to Fort Erie. This will make the Grand River valley a great commercial and manufacturing Country. How different will it then be from the stillness that reigned there when the Indian hunted in the silent forest!!

**CAUSE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.**—In this, the metropolis of the island, we have four Divisions. The first instituted in December last, contains about 200 contributing members, the funds in hand of this Division are about £250, a large sum of money to be realized in one year. The second Division musters 120 members, and was instituted in January last. The third Division established in March has 109 members. And the fourth Division, established in August, has about 25 contributing members. Thus, in one year have upwards of 400 men joined together in this city, for the express purpose of eradicating Intemperance from the land. The Divisions are largely attended by the Brethren, and there are many pleasant and social hours spent by them in proving the joys of "Temperance and Purity, Fidelity and Love." Seldom does a Division meet here without having to perform the Initiation Ceremony on one, two, or four persons. It was thought by our adversaries, and also by those who "wished us success," but stood aloof, that after the novelty had worn off, we should be defeated, and obliged to give it up; but how are they disappointed? Every night do we receive "proposals for membership," and every night with very few exceptions do we admit Candidates.—We have found it necessary to expel a few, but they have been few indeed.—*Cor. Halifax Beacon.*

## A WARNING.

UNBROOK, 19th Jan., 1852.

SIR & BROTHER,

While powerful efforts in various parts of the world, are being put forth in behalf of the "Sons;" and in the cause of humanity; and many Divisions are making rapid advances, and enlisting hundreds under their banner, while the ablest and best educated men in the world are devising plans to alleviate the sufferings of mankind; the "Sons" contributing largely to mitigate the miseries of man, and hundreds of our fellow men are being reclaimed from the paths of vice and iniquity, others are secretly by aid of the law, counteracting these efforts. While physicians are denouncing ardent spirits as prejudicial to health, and fatal in its consequences, and the manufacture, traffic and use of ardent spirits are the fruitful sources of nine-tenths of the crimes and miseries of our world; and while Legislators and other philanthropists are enacting laws for the annihilation of the system; many there are regardless of the dictates of their own consciences, and unmindful of the wants of their fellow beings, well knowing the evil of the traffic, who continue to deal in the accursed stuff. Though around them they see the awful wretchedness of which they have been the legitimate cause, though suffering and starvation strike their fellow men in the face; yet they see no reason why they should relinquish this business, at which they can make so much money. Little think they of the account that must ultimately be given of their stewardship.

In neighborhoods where drunkenness is the prevailing vice you will find enemies to the Sons, even tho' their pockets are not to be touched or affected by drunkards becoming Sons. One consolation we have is, that every good cause has its enemies; but we will outstride all opposition, and leave our enemies far in the rear,—so far, that their influence can never reach us, or if it do, it will be, like the spent ball, of but little effect.

I have been unaccustomed to write about what I have written, but I am glad to be able to inform you, how we get on here. We have much opposition, such as taverns, grog-selling stores, and grog shops, or at least, houses where liquors are sold without license, and with impunity. No redress can be had, in consequence of some lameness in the "Statute." Our Division is small, but determined to fight on until they shall come off victorious. Hard and long have the members of this Division striven to gain ground, and with but little success. Though enemies surround us on every hand, we will not "give up the ship." We are weak in numbers, but strong in hope. Soon will the dark cloud

of intemperance be dispelled, and then the transcendent beams of Virtue, Temperance, and Sobriety, will be spread over the land, and thousands will repose on the flowery banks of the streams, whose waters are "Purity, Fidelity and Love."

Yours in the Bonds of the Order,  
D.

## POSTAGE.

At the meeting of the National Division in Toronto last June the members thereof agreed to recommend all subordinate Divisions to pay their own postage. This circular was afterwards sent to the various Divisions.

## DON MILLS DIVISION.

TODMORREN, Feb. 16, 1852.

DEAR SIR & BROTHER,

The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of the Don Mills Division, Sons of Temperance, on Saturday the 7th inst., and ordered to be communicated to your widely circulated Journal for insertion.

Resolved, That no more letters be taken from the Post Office, unless pre-paid, and after notice to that effect, has been published in "the Canadian Son of Temperance."

The duties of Divisions of Sons of Temperance, with respect to inter-divisional postage, is not properly understood, or if so, (an uncharitable thought which cannot be harrowed, or if so, (an uncharitable thought which cannot be harrowed,) there is a deficiency in the practice of known duty. Each division we consider should pre-pay all notices of expulsions of its members, and all other communications where courtesy and honour demand it. We are all aware of the lamentable fact, that most of the communications between Divisions are on the subject of expulsion of its members; and in a Division like ours and others in the country composed of a few tens of individuals, expulsions, must be rare, compared to the number expelled from the larger divisions; the cities, made up of hundreds of members. The effect of this is readily seen, when each Division fails to pre-pay its notices of expulsion. Again, those large Divisions have received from each person expelled, a sum from which they should not grudge to extract the small amount sufficient to pay the expense of communicating the fact of his expulsion to the various Divisions within the circuit of ten miles. We all as Divisions, as well as individuals, need to remember the christian and reasonable precept, "ye which are strong ought to support the weak."

What the laws of our Order say on the subject, your Mr. Editor can better tell them.

Yours fraternally,

R. S. DON MILLS DIVISION.

[We have given the greater part of this letter, in order to draw the attention of Divisions generally to it.—*Error Sox.*

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

WESTERN DIVISIONS.

Out of the few Divisions in the far west, Maple Leaf Divisions is one. It was organized on the 13th of March last, with 11 members, at present I believe it numbers about 26, its night of meeting is Thursday. They have had to expel some, I am sorry to state, and from what I know of the people, by whom they are opposed, I think they have worked well. It is a melancholy fact, that the most of the community who seem to have the most influence over the mind and actions of their fellow men in this place, are the most bitter enemies to the cause of Temperance. But the small band withal holds on and seem to fight with vigor, determined not to fall back, and let us hope that they may with the help of the great Worthy Patriarch above finally prove the victors. I feel much pleasure in stating also, that there has been another Division organized lately on the banks of the river St. Clair, called, I believe, the St. Clair Division. In the Township of Sombra, I have not any of the particulars of this Division, or I should feel most happy to forward them to you.

Yours truly,

J. SMITH, D. G. W. P.

Sarnia, Feb. 16th, 1852.

DELEWARE DIVISION.—A Division is about to be started in this place, a requisition with 14 names having been sent off for that purpose.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went up to town,  
To get a drink of brandy,  
And when we got there none was found,  
But temperance boys were handy.

Hurra, hurra, the watchmen's Clubs  
Have shut up all the houses,  
Where Father used to spend his nights  
In frolics and carouses!

King Alcohol don't show his head  
In towns 'twas thought he'd conquer,  
The temperance folks have struck him dead,  
And raised the rummer's dander.

Hurra, hurra, the watchmen b'hoys  
Have shut up all the houses,  
Where brandy, gin, and W. I. rum  
Kept mother patching trousers!

And Father now can go to town,  
And every night be sober,  
For "brandy slugs" is running down,  
The drunkard's trade is over.

Hurra, hurra, the watchmen's clubs  
Will shut up all the places,  
Where rum is sold for love of gold,  
To brutalize our races.

—Maine Temperance Watchman

HOLLAND LANDING SOIREE.

DEAR SON.—Our presentation, (which for cogent reasons was held on Friday, the 13th inst., instead of Saturday, the 14th inst., as at first announced,) passed off in a manner truly gratifying to the friends of our noble cause, and was indeed well calculated to convince even the most sceptical of the great utility of such demonstrations. Would it not be well for each Division to look upon it as a duty they owe to society, not to allow the year to roll round, without at least one public demonstration in favor of the cause of all mankind?

The Methodist Chapel was very tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion, and there was a good attendance of "Sons and Cadets" from neighboring Divisions, and a very fair attendance of "the fair." The day was quite favorable, and every one seemed determined to endeavor to please and be pleased. Shortly after three o'clock business commenced by calling to the Chair, Bro. Thomas Drifill, D. G. W. P. of Bradford, and although the can was quite unexpected by him until the moment before it was made, he with that spirit which always characterises an earnest worker in a good cause, cheerfully bowed to the necessities of the day, and went to his arduous post determined to see his best endeavors to maintain the dignity of our Order.

At half past 3, Miss Woodall, (through whose exertions the flag had been procured, attended by a standard Bearer, and accompanied by fourteen other ladies, advanced to the front of the platform, and presented an elegant flag of blue silk, trimmed with white fringe with the triangle and star of our Order surrounded by the motto P. L. and F. in the centre of the flag and the inscription Holland Landing Division, No. 107, established April 19th 1850. During the presentation the members of H. L. Division formed on each side of the ladies presenting the same. The address was nearly as follows:

D. G. W. P.—It affords me such a pleasure to present on behalf of the ladies of this country, this flag for the Holland Landing Division Sons of Temperance as a token of our continued adherence to the principles which they advocate, and as an acknowledgment that we have ourselves been eye witnesses of the good effects that have resulted from the establishment of the "Sons of T." in this place; and also in the confident hope that they will proceed in their good work co-operating and co-operate. Go on, fight manfully under your banner, and may our heavenly father crown your efforts with triumphant success. The D. G. W. P. received the flag on behalf of the H. L. Division, and acknowledged the favor in a neat and appropriate speech, immediately after which the Bradford brass band struck up a spirit stirring strain, during which was formed the procession consisting of about 130 "Sons and Cadets" in full regalia, and marshalled under appropriate banners, headed by the well-trained band before mentioned Having paraded the village from east to west, they returned to the chapel, where tea was served, and abso-

from the limited space there were no tables laid, yet I have reason to believe from close observation and enquiry that every one was abundantly satisfied with creature comforts. Great credit is certainly due to Mr Thos Arksey for her exertions in this behalf, after tea, began the feast of reason and the flow of song. Our chairman, ever ready in a good cause, commenced by a short but pithy address, and was succeeded by Br. Armson, of Bradford, a staunch Son, full of native humor. Rev Mr Childs, Methodist N. C. followed; he is not a Son, but I would fain hope that he will soon become one, as I believe him to be a staunch teetotal; and a member of the T. A. Society. But the speech of the evening was that of Bro. Nixon, D. G. W. P., from Newmarket, who spoke for three-fourths of an hour to the delight of all present. His address comprised that happy mixture of the serious with the humorous which is so eminently calculated to command the attention of a mixed audience. Bro Pearson, D. G. W. P. was also present and spoke with good effect. I could not but remark the enthusiastic cheering of the assembled multitude on allusion being made to the "Maine Law." I am satisfied that the public mind is ripe for it, and that as nothing else will ever be effectual for the suppression of intemperance, so nothing else will ever receive so hearty and thorough a measure of support from the friends of temperance and the public at large. I earnestly hope that the next session of G. D. will not pass by without printed forms of petitions to the Legislature, for the enactment of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," being forwarded for signature to every Division under its jurisdiction, satisfied as I am that they will be numerously signed.

In the intervals between the speeches, the choir entertained the proceedings by singing appropriate pieces, in a style which did them great credit. At about 8 o'clock, after votes of thanks to the choir and to the chairman, the business of the evening was concluded, and all returned to their respective homes, pleased with the consequences of a half day well spent. I have since learned that there is reason to hope that a Union of Daughters was very soon formed here, as there is already more than the requisite number of ladies ready to join it, and they cannot long be kept back for the want of a leader, while they have amongst them the Misses Woodall, who are always foremost in every good work.

I remain, dear Son,  
Yours, in L. P. and F.

A CHARTER MEMBER

of Holland Landing Division

Feb. 1850

L. DR. FLOCKS ADDRESS AT CUMMINSVILLE.

Continued from No. 4, of Vol. 2nd, page 44.

The newspaper reports of the proceedings at the London Police officers furnish examples of the employment by the lower classes of certain towns, to designate the different degrees of the effects of fermented and spirituous liquors. When an individual is merely excited, he is described as fresh, but neither tipsy nor drunk. When the disorder of the intellect is just commencing, he is said to be half seas over. When he is beginning to be unsteady in his gait he is tipsy. When he reels, talks about, is incapable of standing or walking, will scumble, he is said to be drunk; and lastly, when he is insensible, or nearly so, he is dead drunk. Sir Walter Scott also distinguishes half seas over for fuddled, for drunken.

Let us now cast a glance at the consequences of habitual drunkenness. The continued and habitual use of ardent spirits give rise to various and mortal diseases. One frequently arising from its use is delirium tremens; characterised by delirium tremens, sleeplessness, &c., and frequently ending in death. Another dreadful and alarming consequence is insanity. Out of 110 cases received into the Hannel Asylum, in 1840, 31 could be traced to intemperance as their sole cause, 34 to combined causes, among which intemperance was mentioned. Disease of the liver is a common result of tipping. It becomes enlarged, and so hard that it is not a very easy matter to cut into it, when in this state it presses upon veins, &c. &c., producing dropsy, jaundice, &c. &c. The stomach likewise becomes diseased from dram drinking. Dyspepsia, indigestion, and even cancer are said to arise from an habitual use. The kidneys also suffer. Different kinds of ardent spirits pro-

sent different peculiarities, and act some more especially on some organs than others, till they all become absorbed, mingle with the blood, circulate with it through all parts of the body, shatter the nervous and muscular system, and essentially break down the whole organization, the mind becomes dim and obscure, the faithful, and man, the image of God, passes unlamented and uncared for, into the grave. I have not entered fully upon this subject, still I think I have said sufficient to set you all on the alert, to stimulate you to be doing, that you may be the means in the hands of God of snatching your fellow beings from destruction to death, and pointing out to them the banner under which they may come for protection. Look at a man who once had intelligence, education, riches, virtue, who once promised fair to become a bright shining ornament in society, whose conduct and actions led his beloved parents to look to him for encouragement and support in their downward journey to the tomb. Behold her, the beloved wife of his youth, who he solemnly deposed before his God and fellow men, to love, honor, and protect, the hectic flush of disease, decay has taken the seat of the bloom of youth, health and beauty, that symmetrical and graceful form is now emaciated and disfigured from the ravages of consumption and starvation. She is the victim of disease, death stares her in the face, and daily is going to the grave; still she loves, still she clings to him, her hopes are strong, many a sleepless and weary night she passes alone, waving the approach of a partner of her bosom, anxiously listening for the sound of his feet returning from the dram shop, the demerit, the haunts of wickedness and vice, where he spends his earnings, and here too, he should be expended in procuring bread to supply the wants of his starving and helpless offspring. Smother I am with a smile, and with outstretched arms I move forward to embrace him, but too often, before I receive a blow in return. Is this love? Is this honor? Is this fulfilling the sacred obligation I by means the vow is broken, the man is ruined. Breeds intemperance is the cause. Texas intemperance has changed the man's intelligent smiles to the drunken vacant stare, that robbed him of his wealth, virtue, honor, that deprived his beloved wife and helpless children of a husband and a father, that sent the sighs of his aged parents in sorrow to the grave. Is nothing be done for such a man? Is there no pity and no arm to save? Must he go on from ruin to destruction and from destruction to hell? No! Let not be the Sons of Temperance turn out and endeavor to persuade him by reason, arguments and facts, the necessity of bringing such a course of life to a close; cut to him the danger by which he is surrounded, explain to him the pernicious and deleterious effects this poison upon his body, and above all the hurried, damning influence it has upon his soul, letting him see and feel that he is miserable and that nothing but eternal punishment awaits him hereafter. Persevere at first each man may not be disposed to hear you; you may turn their backs upon you and give you a deal, but be not discouraged at this, persevere, try again, and again, until you succeed, be not weary in well doing, go on to this great and glorious cause, try to get until the name of every man in your neighborhood is enrolled in our list, be not contented until every man has come under the feet of our protecting banner, all are united in love, Faith and Sidelay. My dear while you are endeavoring to promote the cause of temperance, forget not that more than your own efforts are required, for of yourselves you can do nothing; require to be ever prayerful for the Divine assistance, your Maker in Heaven, and with His aid there is the best doubt that our institution will prosper, that demon intemperance will be rooted out of our land, that our banner will wave in protection every head.

ATE, PARSIPPAN, AND WASHINGTON DIVISIONS.—We would inform all donors of subscribing to the Divisions to this paper that Bro John Stewart, D. G. W. P., has kindly consented to act as our agent in this part. We will allude to these Divisions more in our next, the brother elsewhere having given us information. They are all doing well. Washington Division is one very lately opened in the fine town of Strabach, by this very energetic and active brother the Deputy Grand in that section of the country.



**Agriculture.**

**THE FOREST TREES.**

BY ELIZA COOK.

Up with your heads, ye silvan lords,  
Wave proudly in the breeze,  
For our cradle bands and coffin boards  
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,  
When our weary limbs fail and tire,  
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,  
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,  
And the fame of the sailor band,  
Were it not for the oak and coud-crowned pine  
That sprung on the quiet land!

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,  
And weather the gale with ease,  
Take his right: from the tree who will not give  
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lead to life its earliest joy,  
And wait on its latest page,  
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,  
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way  
With footsteps short and slow,  
But without the stick for his help and stay  
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the sapling's hand  
Hath magic power to please;  
And the trusty staff and slender wand  
Are plucked from the forest trees.

**COMPOST FOR FRUIT TREES.**

Fruit Trees must be fed, if we would have them  
thrive and bear. Decaying leaves or the scraping from  
forest form one of the best ingredients for compost  
good for any kind of fruit trees. Mr Downing, a  
linguist from Canada, and editor of the *Horticulturist*,  
gives it as his opinion that the best compost ad-  
ded for general use, with fruit trees, is that composed  
of swamp muck, or the black decayed vegetable matter  
obtained from low grounds, mixed with wood  
ashes, at the rate of five bushels of fresh ashes to a  
cubic load. This furnishes not only the requisite  
fertilizing matter, but also those mineral matters which  
are necessary to the production of fine fruit. This  
compost he would modify as follows, to adapt it to the  
various varieties of fruit:—

**For Apple Trees**—To every cart load of muck and  
ashes mixture, after it has lain a fortnight, add two  
bushels of air slaked lime.

**For Pear Trees**—To every cart load of muck and  
ashes mixture, add a bushel of lime, half a bushel of ashes  
and a peck of salt.

**For Peach Trees**—To every cart load of the muck and  
ashes mixture, add a bushel of gypsum or plaster—  
the former.

**The Cost of Growing Weeds**—Each plant of common  
weeds produces 6,000 seeds, of *Plantago*, 1,200,  
*Chenopodium*, 11,040, and of *Spinage*, 540, each, 16,  
plants; springing from four weeds annually, which  
cover just about three acres and a half of land, at 3  
years. To hoe land costs, say, 60 per acre, so that  
allowing four such weeds to produce their seed may  
be an expense of a guinea. In other words, a man  
may say, "So, as often as he neglects to hoe his  
land, he pulls up a young weed before it begins to fall  
for his use of nature."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

**Judicious Cultivation**—Farmers who think that no-  
thing can be done in their business unless the soil is  
cultivated by the hundred acres at least, cannot appre-  
ciate the extent to which one acre or a dozen acres can  
be developed. Take the experiment of Mr. Cherry of  
Black Rock New York who cultivated last season but  
twelve acres. He publishes in the *Albany Cultivator*  
that he raised:

|                                   |          |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| 800 bus. corn, in ear at 25c..... | \$200 00 |
| 750 do potatoes at 50c.....       | 375 00   |
| 135½ do wheat at 100c.....        | 135 50   |

\$710 50

**Mowing Machine**—A machine for mowing, manu-  
factured in the western part of the State of New York,  
has recently been introduced into Dutchess county, which  
will probably prove of great advantage to farmers. It  
is warranted to cut and spread an acre an hour of any  
kind of grass, with a pair of horses, on all lands free  
from obstructions, and do it as well as it can be done  
with the scythe by the best of mowers. The machine  
is simple in its construction, and can be managed by  
any boy capable of driving a pair of horses. It is  
highly recommended by a large number of farmers who  
have used it with success in the western and central  
part of the State.

It is confidently stated that Rev. Mr. Thatcher, of  
San Francisco has discovered a means of determining  
longitude by observations of the heavenly bodies, inde-  
pendent of the chronometer. A work upon the subject  
is promised, and is looked for with great interest. His  
method has been tried by the captain and mate of the  
ship in which he came to this country, and pronounced  
by them to be practicable.

**A Hint to Blacksmiths**—The cutting off bars of  
iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy  
process. By the following mode the same end is at-  
tained more speedily, easily, and neatly—Bring the  
iron to a white heat, and then fixing it in a vice, apply  
the common saw, which, without being turned on the  
edge, or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily  
as if it were a carrot.—{Am. Miller.

**Deer Shooting**—Three hundred deer were killed in  
St. Lawrence Co. New York, by six men, between 5th  
of November and 1st of January. The saddles of these  
deer were sold in the Boston market for nearly \$1000.  
The hunting party was composed of white men who  
have been accustomed to this kind of sport.—{Quebec  
Gazette.

**Noble Gift**—The Board of Directors of the Read-  
ing railroad last week authorized the President of their  
road to present the Rev. JAMES STREET, of Philadelphia,  
with one hundred and fifty tons of coal to be distributed  
by him to the poor of the city. How bright's shines  
such a good deed in this haughty world!—{State Reg-  
ister.

**Western Hog Trade**—It is supposed that over  
three hundred thousand hogs will be slaughtered in  
Cincinnati this season. At Louisville, New Albany,  
and Jeffersonville, above 40,000 have been killed.—  
{Arcus.

The number slaughtered at Cincinnati the 9th in-  
st. was 311,591. At Louisville, to the 7th inst. 190,000  
had been killed.

**A Newster Owl**—The *Galt Reporter* says that on  
New Year's day, while two gentlemen were out shoot-  
ing in that neighborhood; they discovered an enormous  
Owl, at a short distance from them. As soon as they  
got within shot of him, Mr. Young fired and brought  
him down. Not being dead he still made desperate resis-  
tance. After he was captured, it was found that his  
body weighed between four and five pounds. An meas-  
ured over three feet between the tips of the wings. On  
examining the stomach it was found to contain what  
was supposed to be the remains of 3 mice, 1 rat, 1  
squirrel, a lady's thimble, a small pearl button, and a  
variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

The necessities of life throughout Austria have risen  
nearly fifty per cent. from the combined causes of bad  
government and the depreciation of the currency.

**The great American Pigeon Machine**—Mr. A. L.  
Harrison, Bookbinder, Albany, has one of these machines  
in operation, and is agent for the sale of them in this  
State. The machine, of which so much has been said,  
can be seen at his establishment, and we hope will be  
exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair now being held in this  
city. It is one of the most simple, yet ingenious ma-  
chines, ever witnessed, and performs its work with great  
perfection. It is thus noticed by an eastern paper:

**Paging Machine**—Mr. McAdams, of Boston, has in-  
vented a machine for paging bound books. The value of  
this apparatus will be best appreciated by accountants.—  
It will also be of service in making an index to music  
books, newspaper volumes, volumes of pamphlets, &c.—  
A great many expensive and complicated contrivances  
have been heretofore tried; one machine costing as high  
as \$6,000—but the Yankee has done it. His machine  
was exhibited at the World's Fair and he sold one of them,  
to the bank of England, and one to each of the four large  
Universities.

The appetite for oysters in Paris is not a whit less  
keen than in London. Last week one day's sale at the  
*halle aux huîtres* reached 395,000.

Among the articles added to the British Museum by  
Layard's researches, are several curious bowls, made of  
Terra Cotta, and found buried some twenty feet deep  
amid the ruins of Babylon. The inscriptions on them  
which have only just been deciphered makes it probable  
that they were written by the Jews during their cap-  
tivity.

**The State Line Railroad**—The weather of late  
has been unfavorable for the speedy completion of this  
road. About four miles of ties and rail, this side of  
Silver Creek, remains to be laid, when the connection  
will be completed with Erie. It will require but a short  
time, with pleasant weather, to finish this work, "a  
consummation devoutly to be wished for," and then look  
out for the engine when you hear the whistle.—{*Buffalo  
Courier*.

**An Invention**—It is stated that a discovery has  
been made of the causes, and of the sure mode and  
prevention of the explosion of steam boilers. A memoir  
on the subject was presented to Congress, and is to be  
printed for examinations. It is said that scientific men  
have been struck with the novel and ingenious views of  
the author of the memoir.

**Ingenious Invention**—We saw yesterday, a piece of  
machinery in which were combined all the "cement,"  
peculiarities and uses of a pocket pistol, a house dog,  
and a spring balancer. It is very simple in its construc-  
tion—an ready be carried in the pocket, or attached  
to a door of any description, so that on an attempt to  
force open the door, it discharges on the instant, and so  
gives alarm to the household. A traveller may use it  
for protection during his travels, by day and by night;  
and before going to bed, attach it to the door of his  
room, and he will be sure of receiving timely notice of  
any unlawful entrance, effected by false key of jimmy.  
Applicants will be made for a patent immediately.—  
The inventors are H. Bass, and C. Kinsey.—{*Dayton  
Journal*.

**The Coffee Trade**—The total quantity of Coffee  
estimated for the supply of Europe and America for the  
present year is 675,000,000 lbs. Of this vast amount  
Holland and the Netherlands consume 103,000,000; Ger-  
many and North of Europe 175,000,000; France and  
South of Europe 105,000,000, Great Britain, 27,000,000;  
United States and British America 200,000,000.

**Education in Great Britain**—There are now in  
Great Britain 1717 schools receiving annual grants:  
4660 pupil teachers, 950 certified masters; £26,190 10s.  
10d expended annually in payment of the salaries of  
them and their apprentices, and about £23,000 in end  
of building, improving, and furnishing books and apper-  
tains to schools.

**An Old Omen**—Stephen Oxen who has for more  
than sixteen years earned the mail twice a week between  
Malboro' and Good Luck, Md., without missing a single  
trip, has just retired from the business at the age of  
eighty-two years. In that time he travelled 41,000  
miles.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The John Bull Newspaper of London, states that Louis Napoleon, President of France, had visited England in disguise. It is said to be a fact, and that his object was to see the Marquis of Nonnandy, his personal friend, lately the British Minister at Paris.

The Ordnance Department in England have given orders to have made at Birmingham 23,000 muskets, of a new fashion.

The British Government are using active measures to place England in a state of defence against any contemplated French invasion.

The French President, has for the corrupt purposes of bribing the army, and having funds to bribe certain interests, among them, the poor Catholic Clergy, confiscated many millions of francs worth of property belonging to the late Louis Philippe.

He has also sent an autograph letter to the President of the United States, saying that he has been raised to his present position by the vote of the French nation. When will French tyranny and duplicity learn to blush before a gazing world?

Mr. Bulwer, the late British Minister at Washington, has left and Mr. Crampton has taken his place. President Fillmore in receiving him as the British Minister, made a short but very able and friendly speech in favor of cultivating and upholding friendly relations between England and the United States.

There is no doubt but that civil and religious liberty have no resting places but in America and the British Isles.

Lord John Russell is accused of raising the cry of a French Invasion, to keep the people from examining into his bad government. He is about to introduce before Parliament a reform bill granting still further privileges to the people. This may be the fruit of the fear of a French invasion.

As Paris great numbers of Russian Nobles are seen about the Elysee.

It is generally believed in Paris, that Napoleon contemplates an invasion of England. He is prompted to this to revenge the insult offered France in the imprisonment of Napoleon the First. But he like all base traitors to liberty, would be most ignominiously defeated. The old women would drive the French from their island with broomsticks. Let not saxon blood be roused on its own dunghill.

It is said that the Earl of Derby, late Lord Sturzev, has joined the Puseyites in England.

A great strike has been made in England among the operatives for high wages, which causes serious embarrasment.

Louis Napoleon protests that he has no hostile intent against England. Who believes such a traitor?

In Chili, South America, a great battle has just been fought between the rival factions, the government troops came off victorious, leaving two thousand dead and wounded on the field of battle.

A great row took place among the American troops at Jamaica, on their way to California, the war ship Vulcan having stopped there to get provisions. It was caused by drinking liquor.

A dreadful railroad accident occurred at New York, on the 20th ult., by carelessness, several lives were lost. California Governor Bigler's address is considered a very able one. The state is in a prosperous way—much political excitement exists there. A mother had shot a young man who seduced her daughter. Strange world this, amazons are no dreams nowadays.

Great numbers of persons are preparing to go to California from the Western States. Several young men have gone from Ontario, among them a Son of Levi Fairbanks Esq.

A great Ball was given by Napoleon to his French slaves on the 24th January, at which his military jaimances were out in immense numbers. He started about the room, and endeavored, forgetful of Ham, to speak to noble ladies and gentlemen. Titles of nobility have been removed by a decree of the republican cabinet in Paris. We rejoice to see that a great association is about to be formed in Paris, to enable workmen and french mechanics to leave the land of the syrral. Immense numbers of frenchmen will leave in 1852.

In Russia it is said, secretly great and warlike preparations are going on.

Jenny Lind has married Mr. Goldsmidt, one of her musical retainers, and has taken a beautiful residence in one of the New England States, he is much younger than she is, being 24 and she 31 years old. Her affectionate heart could not resist the powers of Hymen.

The Queen of England opened Parliament in person, on the 3rd February. She says the nation is on friendly terms with all the world, and that many measures of reform, among them some of law reform, will be submitted to Parliament.

Lord John Russell says, that Lord Palmerston approved of the coup d'etat of Napoleon.

A son of Don Carlos at Vienna, has run away from his wife with an English Governess.

It is reported that Raschad Murad, a son of the great Schamyl the Circassian Chief, has surrendered in Circassia to the Russians.

The celebrated Francis Tukey, Chief Police Officer of Boston city, has become a strict Temperance man and a Templar of Honor.

## DOMESTIC NEWS.

**THE IRISH EXILES.**—We are glad to see that a petition is in course of circulation in Lower Canada, to be laid before the British Government, asking for the pardon of Smith O'Brien and others. Like exertions are also being made in the United States. Smith O'Brien and his exiled companions are deserving of a better fate than that which now hangs over them.

The mission of the Canadian ministers to Nova Scotia, in respect of the great trunk railway, has proved successful, and it is believed that the project will be successful. It is a mighty undertaking, but we always thought we would be throwing away or rather paying too much as a people, for a road that will do others more good than us. The Nova Scotian Legislature by a vote of 34 in favor to 14 against, accepted the Canadian proposition.

A coloured man has been elected Reeve at Amherstburgh.

A daring robbery was committed on Richard Brewer Esq of this city on the 24th Feb., the thief entering the house by false keys, and escaping as soon as discovered with \$45.

The Hon Malcolm Cameron has come out with a manly and straight forward address to the electors of Haron on his accepting office, saying he will again appeal to them on the meeting of Parliament. This is right, let no true man shun the presence of his constituents. The servant should not be greater than those who send them. This stunning doctrine was set out down in the Fourth Riding of York, and we hope will never go down in any part of Canada.

The Journal des Trois Riviers says a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in that town about 9 o'clock on the previous Thursday evening.

It is stated in late English papers that Ledra, Roum and other French refugees are about settling in Canada.

His Excellency the Governor General, has been pleased to appoint George Buckland, Esq, to be Professor of Agriculture in the University of Toronto.

## RECENT SOIREE.

We only have room amid the great accumulation of Temperance news on hand, and drawing upon us from all parts of Canada, to allude in short to several recent Soirees.

The Rev. Star Union of Inghers, held a splendid Soiree in the town of London, on the 25th of February. It was a great and successful effort on the part of the ladies, to arouse public feeling in favor of the good cause. We will allude more at length to it again.

The Mechanics' Division, held a splendid Soiree in the Methodist Chapel, near the Don Bridge on Thursday the 25th February. About 300 persons were present. Brother Rowell was in the Chair and addressed the meeting. Brother Clark from Boston, and Brother Gregory of this city, addressed the meeting also. This Division is so far very energetic.

Charles Preston, Duffin's Creek, held a fine Soiree on Friday last, over 200 persons attended. It was held in the New Hall. The Rev. Mr. Wadde of the Free Church in the Chair. The addresses were delivered by the Reverend Messrs. Byrne, Wadde and Starn, and the Editor of this paper. This was a very successful and joyous festival, and will do good. We will give further particulars in our next.

New Moon, Vaughan Temperance Meeting, was held on Friday last, also in which we were invited, but owing to our previous attendance at Duffin's Creek, we could not do so. The result we have not heard. We regret that after the repeated kindness of the people of this vicinity asking us to address them, that we could not do so, but will make up for it upon some future occasion. If we could do so upon some future occasion we would feel happy.

**The Cadet of Temperance,** in Toronto, and Boat, in Montreal, are two new juvenile monthlies just started for the purpose of furthering the interests of the Cadets. The one in Toronto is published monthly, 4 pages, at 1s 3d per year in advance; one in Montreal at 2s 6d in advance. Double is room for such publications in eastern and western Canada, if conducted upon a right principle. Such shall ever be hailed by us as worthy of support one in Toronto is under the management of young men Cadets, and is issued from the North can office. That in Montreal is issued from the office. We hope these beginnings of newspapers of Cadets will be supported. We have not as yet either of the works and must postpone further until our next.

**BY-TOWN**—This beautiful and thriving town numbers nearly 9000 people. A strong temperance spirit is also reigning there. Both of the well edited presses there are very favorable to the good. We observe that Br. Scott, a noble friend of ours, is in the town council actively at work to reduce the number of taverns. A great temperance source came off there last week, the particulars we hope to give in our next.

**THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING AT GALT** kind friend at Galt has sent us the Dumfries Review containing a full account of a meeting held in that town some two weeks since, to adopt the Maine law meeting passed strong resolutions in favor of the law. If we could publish the speeches on the subject to oblige our friend, we would do so, but our columns, portions of which are given to all Canada, absolutely preclude it. It delights us to hear of his movement.

The Nasagaweya Division of which we have named the Rural Division, No. 336, of New York. The R. S. writes us that the prospects are many promising to join them. The officers present are, W. Torrey, W. P.; L. McCann, A. N. Graham, R. S.; T. Daville, F. S.; A. R. S., C. Campbell, T., Z. McCann, C.; J. B. Fricker, I. S.; J. Smith, O. S. We thus young Division success.

**MR. CLERK'S LECTURE ON MONDAY EVENING** had the pleasure of listening to this effort at the Town Hall on Monday night, delivered, owing to the bad weather, rather than here. He spoke for an hour and a half, with great power and originality. We have heard all the great orators who have visited Toronto for some years past, have never heard a speech, so far as true argument and sense are concerned, that pleased us more than the one given by this Brother. His thoughts and illustrations are original and his mind liberal—his heart right. We feel that in the presence of a self made yet an original man, one might be delivered a lecture on the Maine Law. Some of our friends and friends of the cause, arose and bring us. There is work for all: he not asleep.

**MR. W. M. MITCHELL** informs us that he will be in Toronto on the 5th, Nasagaweya on the 6th, Street the 7th, Churchville on the 8th; Weston on the 10th; Toronto on the 11th; Markham on the 12th; Southfield on the 13th; Newmarket on the 14th; Holland Landing on the 15th; Bradford on the 17th, and Thursday, the 18th March market again.

**AGENTS**—Thomas Luffe is authorized to act as our Southside and vicinity, for 1852. William Trudgess, Rising Star Division and its vicinity, William Lawson, Adam Carls, at North Williamburgh, Ontario, London. Agents will please forward any names they require immediate payment.

\* \* \* The Grand Scribe, R. JACKSON, will please thank for the documents forwarded to this office.

## RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from Mountpleasant, Cavan, S. G. B. copies paper. Letter and paper from Galt, Mel are sorry to have to postpone the Fiambro and also, letters relating to Glen Williams, why we intended for this number. Communication from Orono Division, postponed until next paper will insert a communication from the London Star of 14 during the month "Materialism vs. Piety" from Brooklyn, is too long for this number, appear in our second March issue. Verues from London will appear. Communication respecting penance among the coloured Population, will appear in our next number, with the exception of the one that has relation to the Slavery question. We earnestly friend of freedom for the Coloured race, but cannot discuss such questions at length in our paper. We have mislaid the Guelph letter of 139. Letter from a "Son of Temperance,"ville is received. Letter from Elmbergh, "Soiree" is received. Brother Luffe's letter is a Letter from Gananoque is duly received.