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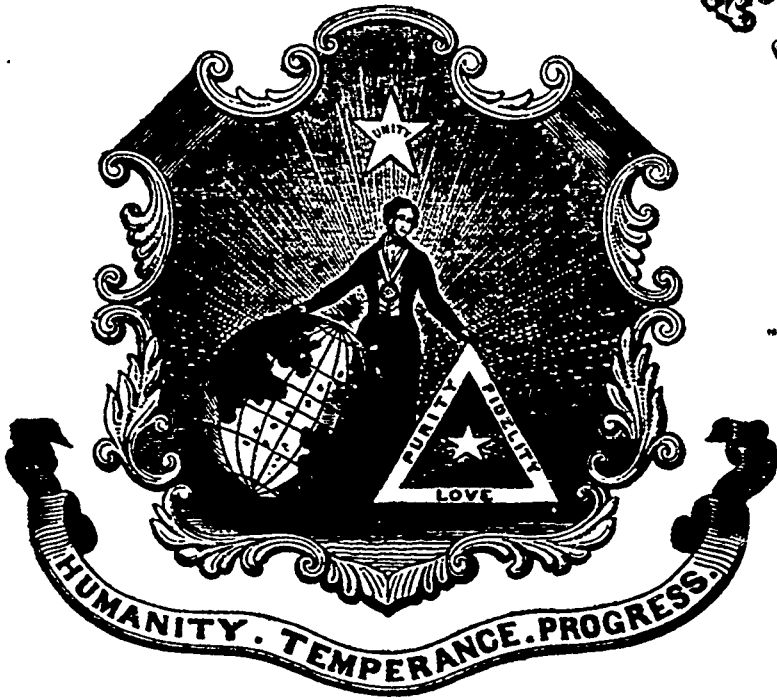
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# CANDIDATE FOR TEMPERANCE



VOL. II. TORONTO, C.W., MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1852. No. 24.



### THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

bury him here, while the evening is near,  
 And the bright sunset gleams on the blue of the deep;  
 And the loud tempest howl its wild song o'er his bier,  
 And the sea flower smile on his cold pillow'd sleep,  
 As far as the loved of his earlier days,  
 And over their bosoms by mountain and wave,  
 The green trees will bend in the sun's golden rays,  
 While dark billows roll o'er the Mariner's grave.

He had voyaged through life, until weary and worn,  
 He longed for a rest where his tears never flow;  
 He leave him in peace with no spirit to mourn,  
 For his tomb in the bowers of the coral below;  
 Where the sad mermaid at midnight will sing  
 In the murmuring halls of the gem lighted cave;  
 And here the lone sea-bird will plume her white wing  
 In the waters that wait o'er the Mariner's grave.

bury him here, for the evening is near,  
 And the billows are rising to welcome his ray,  
 The tides are warbled in his mantle of gold,  
 And the wild ocean eagle soars slowly away;  
 He lower him silently down on his bier,  
 And lay him at rest to the hymn of the wave,  
 As the breeze leave a sigh and twilight a tear,  
 As they mournfully roam o'er the Mariner's grave.

### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

There are seasons when the grave yard seems peculiarly beautiful. When hushed twilight wings her way from heaven to wrap the temples of the dead in soft transparent drapery, or the pleasant moon lights the mossed graves, making luminous the face of the silent cherubs that forever winged yet never take flight, it is sweet to wander up the shaded isles of a numerous city and muse on the holy memories of the departed.  
 The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to autumn; a clear mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing purity to my spirits; I wandered from home I scarce knew why, and found myself, after a leisure walk,

near the old fashioned burial ground of Dalston village I was a happy man; I had received my diploma that day; I was really and professionally an M. D. What directed my steps to this lovely, rural burial ground I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live, I now believe some mysterious agency shaped my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and frescoed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery; the buds and flowers grouped in dark masses upon the gently curved meadows—I knew they were buds and flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seemed whispering in their silent language to the beautiful dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolising; everything inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet; my imagination was as fertile—yes I thought as fertile as Milton's if my thoughts were not as sublime.

I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge L's beautiful lot was directly before me; its little silver fountain bubbling up and breaking into white globules that glistened like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge and hoary elm, and closed my eyes as the wild magic breathing of flute, skilfully touched, floated through my dreaming brain. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence, for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. O! how I loved that sweet May Kendall; love!—would I could think of some word that would express even more than adoration, forgetting God, I idolized her, and egotist that I was, fancied that my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger, in those few moments I was pouring my very soul into the heart that I fondly fancied, as youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual presence ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a light silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute, for it was so like May's, so ringing, joyous. Presently, as the fine manly form drew nearer, I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate two year ago; I would have sprung forward to meet him, his name was trembling on my lips, when a sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood and made my teeth chatter with a sudden freezing fear. The two had

come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little cyan spot; the lady held her hat by the strings; one arm was passed confidently through that of her companion, and when she turned her radiant face around towards me—who was concealed by the shadow—I recognized in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmur such words of tenderness to each other in subdued and happy tones, a deadly faintness came over me as I gathered from their lips the knowledge that they were betrothed, and when that passed away, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins; once I would have leaped upon him and demanded my May, my love, without whom life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then by what right could I call her, mine? true she had been most kind to me, but never more than maiden modesty might well besecm her conduct. Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heart strings as I thought it,—why she had talked of Frederick; oh! fool that I was, not to comprehend: she smiled on me because I was his friend, because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell some comely virtue to praise; and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough, still to stand motionless, even till I learned the day and hour the wedding would take place? for every nerve in my body seemed changed into an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me, but retraced their steps; and I, bending low, with an almost breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant grave-yard and walked towards home, too wretched to think or feel all the crushing weight of my disappointment. The next day before sunrise, I was on my way to the neighboring city; I was in a strange tumult, that I knew not but would prove fatal to me, I was ready for almost any desperate deed, and had more than once—I shudder when I think of it—contemplated self destruction, but I called philosophy, nay, something higher, hower to my aid—religion, and in time became soothed if not comforted; that is, after I knew May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed; I deemed myself sufficiently fortified with good resolution, to return home to my chosen place of residence, it was high noon when I drove up the main street, a carriage dashed by me, a light vehicle; in another moment it had turned, and Frederick

was abreast. I involuntarily drew my reins, his face denoted suffering.

"Doctor Lane, my early friend, do not stop till you reach Mrs. Kendall's, my May lies there—sick, dying," he gasped, how sadly pale he was. My face blanched, I felt a singular kind of tremor; we dashed ahead neither stopping, and in fifteen minutes I stood by the couch of the young bride. That was an awful hour thus spent; at its close, I pressed down her white eyelids over her dull, glazed eyes—ah! thought I, how can such beauty be dead! And still for all, there was triumph at my heart—until I beheld the awful grief of the bereaved husband, saw the big drops like blood bead his broad white forehead; almost forced him from the inanimate body, that he would hold clasped to his bosom, kissing the white lips, the white cheeks, even the golden locks that laid damp and uncurled over her shoulders.

And when I left that house of mourning, was it not strange the calmness that I felt settling down over my spirit! Could this thought, even in its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at such a time—she is not mine, and neither is she his; I am glad that as she could not be mine only, none but death can claim her now! I fear, had conscience applied her torch, she would read those scathing words written on the crimson portals of my heart; but I must hasten.

The next day I went over to be present at the funeral services: and still I felt that sorrowful happiness. Poor Frederick was at times raving, then stupid with his great woe: the mourners assembled, the beautiful dead, laid robed in satin in her coffin, already the large parlor was filled with weeping friends. I took my station by the coffin; with unutterable tenderness I gazed upon that heavenly countenance it looked not like stern death but a soft, smiling slumber.

There were all her young companions around, village maidens, whose silvery voices wavered, and trembled, until tears and sobs choked down their music, and one mournful, heart rending wail sounded through the room.

The pastor arose and began his prayer: never heard I a more affectionate petition, how gently he spoke of her youth, her beauty and goodness,—the circumstance under which God, was pleased to call her—just as it were standing on the threshold of happy life, and looking through the rose-colored future. I still kept my place at the head of the coffin, my eyes full of tears, never once moved from that holy place.

I fancied the features grew dim, I thought my sight failed, and I bent close to the corpse. I drew back, wiped my eyes—looked again, God of mercy, what thrill sent a wild shock through my frame and smote my brain as with fire! I reeled! I fell almost over the coffin, there was moisture on the glass, moisture that came not off when I applied my hand; moisture upon the inside. My knees trembled, my heart beat against my side all my body sway like a pendulum, all my serenity was gone, the voice of the pastor whistled in my ear; each moment was an hour, and yet I knew not what to do. The conflict came again—it was awful, awful; if I kept my silence she was still the bride of death, and as much mine as another's! If I spoke, she was again the wife of my rival. I dare not think of my emotions now—I could not have been myself when that horrible temptation beset me, and whispered me to let the dark grave claim her, if I might not. O! that was the great sin of life, I hope I am forgiven.

The perspiration welled out from every pore, but the agony was passed, I could have throttled the pastor that he did not cease—yet I feared for the very life of the poor husband, should he know the truth too suddenly; there was a tugging from my head to my fingers' ends; I shook like an aspen leaf.

"Amen!" oh, how I thanked God for that sound, I still clung to the coffin, I was weak, weak as a child.

It was the custom for the chief mourners to be called first, that they might be spared the shock of seeing the dear one borne out before their eyes. The poor husband tottered out, supported on each side, do you not think my feelings must have been singular, as he passed me I—next the sobbing mother. Now was my time, "friends, neighbours," I gasped, "call the sexton, take off the coffin lid, delay not a moment, she is not dead." I rather shrieked than said the last words.

O! such change as came over that assembly; many swooned—a crowd came rushing up to the coffin; I pressed between a crowd, the hand of the undertaker trembled: and as screw after screw fell rattling on the floor, my heart beat quicker with hope and fear.

The lid was thrown aside; in my arms was the fair

creature borne to her couch; as I returned a moment, I saw her only sister standing as if riveted to the floor; her cheeks ghastly, her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by the arm, but she started not, I shook her rudely saying, "Unless you help me, Maria, she may perhaps really die," quick! come and cut off her grave-clothes! she must not see them—must not know of this!"

With a wild, unnatural burst of laughter, the girl aroused herself from her stupor; then as suddenly, a flood of tears came to her relief; all was right now; she followed me into the next chamber, and cutted the white satin ribbons from the delicate wrists, and unloosed the linen bands on the breast, so that by the time the young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as if she had sought her couch for pleasant slumber.

And now the terrible excitement over, I breathed freely; and yet another important task was to be accomplished; by my orders the poor husband had been briefly informed that the ceremony would be detained for a moment, he was so distracted with his grief that all news was alike to him—they led him where they liked, he sat in a little room just across the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood beside him; he glanced up once, then buried his face in his hands with a deep, unearthly groan, that went to my very soul, oh! I felt for the first time such exquisite joy in the performance of a good deed—I experienced a new love for my profession.

"Frederick," said I, placing my arm around his neck, "Frederick, there is some good yet in store for you, do not mourn this way."

"I am a broken-hearted man," he uttered in faltering accents, "do not strive to comfort me—you only increase my misery."

"But if I could give you comfort you little dream of; if—if I told—you—" I stammered, and knew not how to proceed, for the husband's wild eyes were fastened to my face, while he half rose with a strange quick movement.

"If what—if what, Doctor Lane?—what am I to think?" his voice trembled, "there is something in my heart bid me look to you for hope! Yet why, why!" and the words sank mournfully into silence.

"Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and then when robed for the burial—"

I could proceed no farther, the excited man sprang from his seat, clenched both my hands, and with fire in his eyes, incoherently exclaimed—"What!—how!—dead!—in a trance!—laid out!—buried!—shut up!—alive!—alive!—You do not tell me that she—my May, whom I saw die—whom I gasped in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grew white and cold—no, no, you mock me!"

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rained down my cheeks, "your wife still lives—she was only in a trance."

Never shall I forget the ensuing scene, he threw his arms around me, and hugged me like one frantic.

"God bless you! Heaven bless you! Oh! doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy! lead me to her, where is she, my friend, my good friend! May May, my sweet bride—not dead—not dead! when these eyes looked upon her for the last time! Oh! but no, doctor—this is too beautiful, too good—let me see her, I will be calm, and, doctor," he exclaimed, grasping my arm with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give you my life for this, I would, I would, I could not have survived long if you cannot tell how dearly I loved her. Dear doctor, God bless you!"

He did not even dream poor fellow that he had been my rival.

The mother hung over her child—the husband bent over his bride—full of thanksgiving, she, with her large blue eyes moving fondly from one to the other, as she whispered, "I am better, stronger, I shall soon be well again, I have been sick very long, have I not?"

Frederick kissed her pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence, and then I left them, a happier being, a better man, and happier and better I have been ever since.

May and her husband still live—a fond beautiful pair, even now.

I am an old bachelor.

The face of truth is not the less fair for all the counterfeit wizards that have been put upon her

Witty sayings are as easy lost as the pearls of a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

## THE VALUE OF A CENT

A little thing to write about you may say, but trifling as it may make and mar our fortune—then, are they not important enough to be noticed!

Suppose a child were starving in the streets—what then! Why, a penny would buy him bread enough to recruit his dying energies. Depend upon it, a cent, properly disposed, may, at certain times, do more good than a million at others.

A friend of ours, was returning once through a busy thoroughfare to her home. Her intention was not to purchase anything, and she happened to have in her purse but one cent. Passing by a little stand, she saw some very small rich-looking oranges for sale at a penny apiece. She spoke for one, took the cent from her pocket, when suddenly a thought arrested her, she could not help it, but involuntarily stayed her hand, it was this "I have just left a luxurious table, I have had all I wanted, how foolish in me to spend even this cent, when I may come across some poor beggar child to whom it may be a treasure." She replaced the cent and went her way.

A long distance was before her, but as she came to the head of a narrow alley, she paused for a moment, something seemed to draw her irresistibly towards the place; she knew a poor widow who lived there, a lady—woman, who supported by her own industry, and she thought she might just look in upon her for a moment, to ascertain if she was comfortable.

The widow was sitting by a small fire, her five children ranged around the hearth, as she entered; the former made her welcome, but in subdued tones; and our friend saw she had been weeping. With great delicacy she inquired the cause.

"To tell you the truth Mrs. M.," said the widow, while her cheek crimsoned, "I have today spent my last farthing for bread for these children; and though I have work my money was advanced, and I cannot get more till it is finished to-morrow. My oldest boy came running home a few moments ago from the upper part of the city, saying that a letter was in the postman's box, with my name upon it, and the name of my native town. It may be of the greatest importance, but I am a stranger in this neighborhood, I don't like to expose my poverty by borrowing, and yet I have not one cent."

"And I am sorry to tell you that one penny is all I have at present," said our friend; "but that will enable you to get what you wish, and I hope you will find good news in it."

The letter was sent for. It was written by her father's sister, a good and pious woman, and a dependent. She begged her to come to her early home, from which her father had long ago expelled her, for marrying a poor man; the old gentleman was dangerously ill, might die any moment, he had spoken of her, he seemed to feel kindly towards her, and if she could hasten there, his forgiveness might be obtained, and she and her five children made comfortable.

There was no time to be lost, on foot and alone the widow set out, travelling, secure in her poverty, at weary miles.

By midnight, her feet for the first time in twelve years pressed upon the threshold of her father's princely mansion. The good aunt met her with tears. Tired and travel-worn as she was, she yearned to behold her old father before he died, she hurried to his chamber blind to his bedside, and without speaking fell upon her knees, beseeching only his forgiveness, his blessing. How could the demon of vindictiveness longer rule in the dying man's heart? He looked upon the hollow, grey-worn cheek of his surviving child, and forgot the past; he held forth his feeble arms, and she fell upon his bosom.

The old father died with the dawn, but not before he had affixed a codicil to his will, making his child and her children heirs to most of his large estate, and to-day the poor shirt-sewer, who was stitching herself into the grave, lives, beloved and respected by rich and poor, her children, well educated, promise to become blessings and honors to her. Upon her mantle in the best room is a gilded and transparent vase, containing one cent, and she often reminds her friend, that through the instrumentality of so trifling a sum she became enabled to do all the good for which hundreds of hearts bless her daily.

So you see, reader, that a penny is sometimes of great value.—*Oliver Branch.*

Do good with what thou hast or it will do thee no good.

[ORIGINAL]  
DEATH OF MOORE.

IN COMPLIMENT OF AN "ODE" BY THE FOREST BARD

Canadian's, join the mourning throng,  
Where sorrow's tear is shed,  
Where gulls' chaunts the funeral song  
Of Erin's Poet, "dead"  
Not "dead" but gone where angels sing,  
O Moses and the Lamb,  
To touch the harp of golden string,  
And praise the great "FAM"

Mourn not his lays forgot, unstung,  
"The sweetest and the best,"  
Mourn not his harp in silence hung,  
For Moore is gone to rest,  
While ages roll, Avoca's vale  
Shall echo forth his praise  
And tuneful voices swell the gale,  
With Moore's melodious lays.

But mourn that ye no more may know,  
The fragrant flowers of song  
That once so sweetly bloomed below,  
To cheer your steps along;  
Yet midst your sorrow, bear in mind,  
As worthy your regard,  
That God, whose Providence is kind,  
Still leaves your FOREST BARD.

W. H. F.

COLBORNE, Sept 25, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY D. CLINDINING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

No. I.

"Spirit of Wine" if thou hast no other name to be known  
by, let us call thee Devil!"—*Ottawa*.

The appalling magnitude of the evils of intemperance, constitutes a theme upon which there can be no controversy. The extended desolation which it has produced in every land, is a lamentable proof of its pernicious power. It scourges society like a mortal pestilence, girdling the earth with the fruitful germs of crime, depravity, and tears. Every newspaper registers its melancholy results. It comes in contact with us in every street, a disgusting but mournful spectacle, as the the ragged and wretched celebrate reels blindly onward, smitten by intoxicating liquors, with an inveterate leprosy. We can read the details of the ruin scattered along its wake, in the voluminous catalogue of disasters and deaths of which it is the fiendish agent. We behold its degrading and demoralizing tendencies, in the fate of the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries. We witness its inevitable effects in the anguish of its countless victims, whose crushed hopes and darkened prospects are the appropriate trophies of its victories over the peace and prosperity of mankind. We contemplate its effects in the blight and devastation which it spreads among unnumbered homes. Intemperance wages a ceaseless and exterminating war against domestic happiness. Its mighty energies are directed against the moral and religious welfare of society. Its devastating footsteps are associated with poverty and accompanied by wickedness. It extinguishes the noblest characteristics of humanity, and transforms the love of man for his offspring into indifference and neglect. It spreads a pall of gloom around the once happy bedside, and substitutes grief, misery, and gnawing want, for cheerfulness and plenty. It sits like a demon of despair on the heart of the drunkard's wife, and changes the innocent prattle of her young household into cries for food. It engulphs her early respects, enshrouds with a black eclipse her fond dreams of domestic bliss, for it effaces everything noble within the radius of its influence. It chases the smile from the lips of children, and chills the buoyant merriment of their youthful hearts. It inscribes humiliation and distress on every family whose hearth it has invaded. It debases the feelings, destroys the natural affections, blunts the sensibilities, wrecks the constitution. It entails upon mankind a frightful heritage of evil. It yearly reduces multitudes from the refinements of luxurious affluence, to a life of penury and shame. It is the foe

of religion, the enemy of respectability, the opponent of industry, the implacable adversary of every man's prosperity. It promotes quarrels, causes bloodshed, is the origin of violence, and the instigator of murder. Criminals arraigned in courts of justice, doomed felons on the scaffold, denounce it as the cause of their overthrow. It has hurried thousands into the perpetration of offences against the law, at the thought of the commission of which their sober reason would have revolted. It inflames the blood, excites the passions, develops bad propensities, debauches the mind, and stimulates every vicious quality into activity. It obliterates in its voracious all high-souled sentiments of self-respect, nourishing the growth of mean traits of character, and degrading an individual who would once have shrunk with manly horror from a low action, into the sneaking applicant for a glass of liquor. It deadens the emotion of shame. It bestows wounds and tattered clothes as the badges of its servitude. It rules its slaves with gralling inhumanity, inflicting hunger and thirst, bruised flesh and broken bones, and consigning its most ardent worshippers to the repose of a dunghill or the occupancy of a cell. It is a hideous deception, for it makes its advances with a friendly smile, but proves a relentless destroyer, and holds forth promises of enjoyment in order to pierce the heart with anguish. It is the parent of juvenile destitution and vagrancy, producing a progeny of young thieves and pickpockets, and filling houses of correction with precious delinquents. It shatters the nerves, causes diseases of the brain, occasions madness, and frequently closes the lives of its victims with the excruciating tortures of a horrid delirium. Its deleterious consequences infect the entire structure of society, diffusing moral poison throughout every artery, and causing each section of the social system to suffer keenly from the aggression of its remorseless fangs. Its wandishments have ensnared some member out of almost every domestic circle, and thrown a shadow over nearly every hearth. In short, it is the mainspring in the machinery of iniquity, and has no parallel among vices, no counterpart in the entire range of evils.

Against this monstrous vice I propose to make a few observations, in a series of brief articles. The subject will command the sympathies of the philanthropic. Every one whose bosom can expand with generous and elevating impulses for the distress of the innocent, and the misery of the deluded victims of intemperance, will feel prompted to turn with abhorrence from a stimulant whose grasp is destruction. The hearts of the humane will swell with indignation while contemplating the iron-banded slavery which enthralled so vast a multitude, and burn with the holy and lofty desire to check its desolating progress.

No effectual blow can be levelled at intemperance, until society becomes awakened to an enlarged sense of the evil with which it has to wrestle. Moderate drinking must be stigmatized as disreputable, inasmuch as its effects are injurious to the public, before there will be any diminution to the ravages of intoxication. The number of drunkards is annually augmented by a formidable array of recruits. Whence is this vast accession of strength derived? From the ranks of the moderate drinkers. When logical argument and impassioned pictures of unquestioned but terrible truths, finally prevail over present prejudices, and succeed in shutting off this fountain of supply, drunkenness will cease. Let the polished shafts of public opinion be directed against even the restricted use of alcoholic beverages, and the stronghold of the enemy will be demolished. The voice of the community, when uttered with emphasis and determination, has hitherto been sufficiently powerful to remove many glaring iniquities. The deep-toned thunders of that voice will eventually prove equally invincible on behalf of Total Abstinence, and pronounce against intoxicating liquors an irrevocable sentence of excommunication from respectable society. But the only means of securing this alliance with public opinion, is by agitation and discussion. Temperance flour-

ishes under investigation. It is a cause which addresses itself to the understanding, and appeals to the highest attributes of man's intellectual nature. The Total abstinence movement is yet in its infancy, and it will require time to attain the mature strength necessary to conquer the gigantic evil, which has been extending its fibres and entwining its roots around the usages of society during more than five thousand years. No sudden assault of light cavalry will dislodge an enemy so strongly posted behind the entrenchments of inveterate custom. Thus far, however, the progress of the cause has been commensurate with the short period of its existence. Its organization is assuming that earnest and effective character calculated to achieve success. The juvenile associations, flourishing in every city, town and village on the continent, and embracing hundreds of thousands of members, is an auxiliary movement of the most important and promising nature. The indissoluble connection between moderate drinking and drunkenness is beginning to be comprehended.

At every onward step that Total Abstinence accomplishes, it dries whole rivulets of tears, brightens the countenances of the miserable, and restores hundreds of wretched outcasts to the dignity of manhood.

JUGGERNAUT.—The idol Juggernaut is probably the coarsest image in India. The figure does not extend below the loins; it has no hands, but two stumps in the place of arms, on which the priests at times fasten hands of gold. The priests perhaps mortified that the object of their adoration should be so hideous, attempt to account for it in the following manner.—"Some thousands of years ago, Maharaja applied to a celebrated manufacturer of gods, to make a new idol.—This application was granted, on condition that the Maharaja should be very patient, and not interrupt the work, as it could never be completed if any attempt was made to see the process. The caution was not duly attended to. The prince endeavored to see what progress had been made, and it became necessary that he should be satisfied with the imperfect image. When two moons occur in A'shad, (part of June and July,) which is said to happen about once in about seventeen years, a new idol is made. A nimble tree is sought for in the forest, on which no crow or carrion bird was ever perched; it is known to the initiated by certain signs! This is prepared into a proper form by common carpenters, and is then intrusted to certain priests, who are protected from all intrusion—the process is a great mystery. One man is selected to take out of the old idol a small box, containing the spirit, which is conveyed inside the new, the man who does this is always removed from this world before the end of the year."—The head clerk of Pur, himself a Hindoo, says, that this box contains a small quantity of quicksilver, said to be the spirit of the god. As the process of renewing the body of the idol is rather an expensive one, the ceremony costing from \$2,500 to \$3,000, it is quite likely may not again take place. Dr Scudder says that it is supposed that 2,000,000 persons visit Juggernaut yearly and that 10,000 of them die annually. Others think that if all that die at Pur and upon the road, and all that sink on the road home, were included, the number would be nearer 20,000. This does not include those who suffer and die by diseases brought home by the pilgrims. If we remember that this awful mortality, both of the pilgrims and the people among whom they journey, has been going on for hundreds of years, we can form a feeble estimate of the mass of misery which this horrible pilgrimage produces.

He who hunts two hares leaves one and loses the other

One is scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres.

It is better to sow the young heart with generous thoughts and deed than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting, from our own impatience.

It is an extraordinary fact that those who get to high words generally use low language.

He is a true gentleman who adds most manhood to his gentility.



## Ladies' Department.

[ ORIGINAL. ]  
TO M—

BY THE FOREST BARD.

She sings in the midst of a merry band,  
And her notes are soft and low,  
'Neath the parent roof in her fatherland,  
Doth her mellow music flow.  
The accordion's keys her fair fingers press,  
How long our fav'rite choice;  
Whose gentle music doth now express  
The language of her voice.

She sings and her voice like a magic spell,  
I thrill each anxious listener's ears;  
They gaze on that brow where bright beauties dwell,  
For to them the minstrel's dear,  
Yet they wonder why, while she sweetly sings,  
That a tear drop dim's her eye;  
And though half subdued from her bosom springs,  
An unconscious rebel sigh.

And I could tell (if I dare but speak),  
What caused that sigh to start;  
A tale spot dwells on her lovely cheek,  
That tells of an anguish'd heart  
A thought in her breast she can ne'er forget,  
The shade of the hours of yore;  
When love's care worn in her young heart set,  
That cankers at its core.

But she hides it all in the heart's deep cells,  
While the fading lily pines,  
And she knows the love in her heart that dwells  
In vain round the object of mine;  
Oh mark'd ye the contour of yon fair brow,  
It is beauty's brightest goal;  
But the mind within, it surpasses now,  
That index of the soul.

The rose lends its hue to her dusky cheek,  
Her hair has the raven's hue  
And a world of gentleness seems to speak,  
In those eyes of liquid blue  
But they're gone like the chaunt of an holy psalm,  
That a seraph's wings had fann'd,  
No more shall we feel her sweet breath of balm,  
Nor press of her gentle hand.

Oh I love when she comes in the night's deep dream  
Away from the spirit land;  
And friendship awakes with a glowing beam,  
As we clasp her gentle hand  
Then a halo round friendship's altar beams  
And a voice of angel's ken,  
Tells hope shall give life to the vital gloams,  
And friends shall meet again.

1852. C. 2

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We publish below a short explanatory letter from Mrs. Thomas, relating to her late controversy with the *North American*. This is done because she says, that the conductor of that Journal, after having invited a discussion on the question of woman's rights, and having ridiculed the position of Mrs. T., refused to allow her to confute his lengthy remarks. We have not read all the correspondence between Mrs. T. and the *North American*, but one of the articles of that paper fell under our own observation, and we thought that the mode of reasoning therein

adopted was not at all to the point, but rather an appeal to the common popular prejudices against female mental progress. Any just cause may be decried by such means, and the greatest obstacle that temperance men had to contend with for many years, was the ridicule that *gentle brandy sippers and bar-room smokers*, attempted to cast on all sensible total abstainers from intoxicating drinks. This stage of our movement is nearly passed away—and men now gaze in astonishment at our moral power. The Chinaman and Turk when in England or the United States, are astonished at the intelligence and publicity of the female mind and presence. In the benighted lands from which they come, women are slaves—creatures of passive pleasure—toys of men. In England four centuries ago they were, that is the common class, creatures rather of man's animal will—domestic and *field drudges*, than equals in the *domestic circle*. In many parts of Europe, even in France at this day, they toil like beasts of burden in the fields, doing the work of men—whilst men are engaged in something more easy. The Indian woman works like a slave whilst her husband sports or hunts in pasture. Immense progress has been made in every thing in human life within one century, and in nothing more than in female intelligence. Every one knows that a woman is respected more for her intelligence than her beauty, and there is no reason why she may not be equally intelligent as man, and exercise in society an influence equally great.

However we have not room at this time or even in our Journal, to go at large into this subject, and would merely premise that the subject of woman's *municipal rights* in society, has not as yet received that calm and thoughtful attention which it deserves among men. When men commence to test anything by reason, they must not resort to ridicule. On the other hand it is quite possible to overstep the limits of reasonable demands in agitating new ideas. Wisdom calls for two things—the subduing of prejudice on the part of man, and the exertion of efforts to elevate woman mentally and physically; and secondly the prudent and wise agitation on the part of women in society, by gentle and progressive steps, of movements and measures that will endear them to men, and at the same time convince, that they are on earth, and will be in the presence of their Creator after death, equal with men in soul and all earthly and spiritual rights. In no better way can this be done than by making all men total abstainers. Affection and intelligence in woman, although her body be the weaker vessel, cannot long fail when addressed to man's sober judgment, to obtain all the rights she may justly claim in society.

The first woman's rights convention was held in the United States so recently as the summer of 1848, at Seneca Falls, New York State. It was attended by a very small number of women. Subsequently a very large Convention was held in Ohio, in the spring of 1850, and in the autumn of that year in Massachusetts, others were held in New York State, the New England States, and the West. One was recently held (on the 2nd July, 1852,) at West Chester, in Pennsylvania. Immense numbers of persons male and female attended this convention. Mrs. M. A. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, was elected president, and Mrs. Francis D. Gage, a poetess of Ohio, spoke at the convention. Numerous resolutions were adopted which we have not room to publish. The pith of these resolutions asked for the right of women to wages more commensurate with those of men—a greater control over and a right to property earned in the married state—a more enlarged female education—and laws giving her more control over her children. These resolutions did not ask for political rights in voting at elections, or to hold seats in the Legislative Assemblies. We see by later accounts that a woman's convention has just closed in New York State.

Sir.—Believing you to be a lover of truth, justice, and sincerity, I am induced to believe that you will not refuse me the privilege of expressing, through your paper, the unfair course pursued by the Editor of the *North American*, in the late discussion he himself

provoked between us. In the first place I wrote to him on a subject not at all involving the question of what woman's rights were; but he pretends to understand it as a challenge to a discussion upon that subject, and wishes me to "specify what rights woman is deprived of," before I had said she is deprived of any, and further requests me to lay down my "propositions," before I had even advanced an opinion, representing me as asking his views, when I merely dissented from, and condemned his remarks. He also expressed himself very willing to discuss the matter; and I confess, believing him, as I did, to be a gentleman, I was not at all disinclined to advocate what I believed truth, even though unpopular.

That unfairness and misrepresentation have characterized all his productions, must be evident to all who take the trouble to peruse them; yet had he allowed me the privilege of replying, I should not have troubled you, or burdened your well filled paper with these remarks, but after the misrepresentations in his last production upon that subject—after propounding an argument for my consideration—after quoting a dozen passages of Scripture, which may require explanation—after stating that, "if any point required elucidation" he would attend to it by and by; thereby intimating that he expected a reply, and even requesting me to "answer" him,—tell it not in Gath,—he suppresses my answer, without the least notice or word of explanation, even though I therein assured him that I should trouble his paper no farther—that that answer would be my last.

I know that my opinions upon the question at issue are unpopular, but I cannot believe that you Sir, or a justice loving public can sanction a proceeding so artful, and insincere.

Begging pardon for thus troubling you, and assuring you that by publishing the above you will confer a great obligation. I subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully,  
Brooklin, Sept. 25, 1852. M. F. H. THOMAS.

## THE LAW OF DIVORCE IN AMERICA.

"In general the law of divorce is much less strict in the United States than with us. The causes for which—besides infidelity—it can be obtained, are more numerous in some than in others; and hence it is occasionally found convenient for a party who wished to procure a divorce, to shift his residence for a time into another State. The following summary exhibits briefly the reasons for which a divorce can be claimed according to the laws of the different States:—*Maine*: desertion for five years; joining Shakers; imprisonment in the state prison or penitentiary five years; drunkenness for three years. *New Hampshire*: desertion, or absence; not heard of for three years. 3 years neglect of family; extreme cruelty. *Massachusetts*: imprisonment 7 years. *Rhode Island*: desertion five years, habitual drunkenness; neglect of family; extreme cruelty; "and also for any other gross misbehaviour and wickedness in either of the parties, repugnant to, and a violation of the marriage covenant." *Connecticut*: desertion three years, absence; not heard from for 7 years. *Vermont*: desertion three years, cruelty, imprisonment three years, absence seven years; neglect. *New Jersey*: desertion five years. *New York*: imprisonment two years in a State prison; incurable insanity; belonging five years to a sect which forbids marriage [Shakers]. *Pennsylvania*: desertion two years; cruelty. *Ohio*: desertion three years by either party; extreme cruelty; gross neglect; habitual drunkenness; three years actual imprisonment. *Indiana*: cruelty; habitual drunkenness; two years imprisonment; "and any other cause, where the Court, in the exercise of a sound discretion, should deem it reasonable and proper that a divorce should be granted." *Illinois*: desertion two years, cruelty, drunkenness; 2 years imprisonment for crime. *Michigan*: desertion two years; habitual drunkenness; imprisonment three years. *Virginia*: desertion, cruelty, drunkenness. *Wisconsin*: desertion for two years cruelty drunkenness. In all parts of the Union the marriage tie can be dissolved without great difficulty in almost every case. Divorces are, in consequence, much more frequent than with us."

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches, one to fear and sorrow real poverty.



## Youths' Department.

### LITTLE CHILDREN PRAY.

BY MRS. LOUISE WORTHEN.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,  
The odour of the flower,  
And rises as the waters roll,  
To God's controlling power!  
Within the soul there would not be  
This infinite desire,  
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,  
Hadst thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth  
To Thee, whose love divine  
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,  
Or like the sunbeam shine:  
For in the humblest soul that lives,  
As in the lowliest flower,  
The dew-drop back His lingo gives,  
The soul reflects his power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,  
And e'en soft echo sleeps,  
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,  
And to each heart-throb leaps.  
It is the spirit-pulse which beats,  
For ever deep and true,  
The atom which its Author meets,  
As sunlight greets the dew!

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

### GUARDS OF HONOR;

A YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF TORONTO.

SIR AND BROTHER—I suppose by this time you have forgotten that the "GUARDS OF HONOR" were in existence; there having been so very little said about us by our Temperance journals, that I suppose those who saw a notice of our infant Order in your paper some time ago, and hearing nothing since, think that the "Guard's of Honor," have retired on half-pay. But I would beg leave to assure your readers that such is not the case, and that the "Guards of Honor" are bound to come off HONORABLY or DIE in the CONFLICT. That the public may know more about our beloved Order, I will give a few statistics of our Society since its organization:—

The "Guards of Honor" were organized on the 5th of December, 1851, by five persons, some of whom were Cadets, others Sons of Temperance; who seeing the great necessity of an organization where the members would have a better opportunity to improve their morals, and cultivate their intellects; and also where young men belonging to the Sons and Cadets, and others between the ages of 17 and 25, might meet without being crowded out by older and more talented members or interrupted by members of a too juvenile age; determined under these circumstances to remedy those evils by a new organization of the above character, which has been so far very successful. We admit persons over 25 as HONORARY MEMBERS, not otherwise, and we meet under the name and title of *Ontario Company No. 1, Guards of Honor*. We have now about 40 good substantial members, and are initiating more every Friday Evening. We had our Initiatory Ceremony printed, and will be able to supply those who wish to organize another Company, with a sufficient number of them at a very low rate. It is intended as soon as we shall have 2 or 3 more Companies organized to form a District Council for the granting of Charters, and the Supreme Government of the Order, in such District. We are getting up a lot of Regalia, but it is not intended that each Company should

have the same Regalia. Every Company can have whatever kind of Regalia they choose to adopt. I find I have already gone too far, although the best and most beautiful parts of our organization remain yet to be told. We have decided on giving a GRAND SOIREE in the St. Lawrence Hall, on the latter part of this month, under the patronage of the Ontario Division, No 26, S. of T., which was kindly granted to us by a unanimous vote of that Division, on Monday evening the 13th ultimo. The Committee of Arrangements are determined to make their coming Soiree one of the best that has been given in this city for a long time. So far their labours have been very successful. Hoping to see you take a more lively interest in our Order, and also to see you pay us a visit at your earliest convenience.

I remain yours, in Truth, Virtue and Honor,  
W. R. LLOYD.

Toronto, October 2, 1852.

N. B. Our Regalia are a scarlet sash that comes over the shoulders, trimmed with narrow gimp on the edge and a deep blue fringe at each end, and rosette on the bosom; the scarlet in the centre, and on the outside of the rosette the gimp is blue. Initiatory fee is 1s. 3d., and dues one penny each week.

### TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Philip S. White commenced a Southern Temperance lecturing tour on the 26th September, beginning in Virginia, and passing through North Carolina and Georgia.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES, Virginia, Georgia, North and South Carolina, considerable activity exists in the Temperance cause, and they are all agitating the necessity of legal prohibition against the traffic. The common sense of the Americans properly appreciates the wisdom of the Maine Law.

HIGH TENT INDEPENDENT ORDER OF REHABILITES—The annual session of this body was held in New York city in the latter part of August. The Order is reported to be in a flourishing condition; thirty-six primary tents and one district tent having been organized during the year. This Order is just now stationary in Western Canada. It is a highly beneficial institution.

Great activity prevails in New Jersey in the Temperance cause; a convention having been held on the 15th Sep., to put in nomination candidates at the State election. The annual meeting of Eastern New York Grand Division, will be held on the 13th October. A Temperance convention is called to be held in October in Maryland, during the Fair. A meeting of the NEW YORK STATE TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE was held in Rochester on the 15th September. A woman's State Temperance Society was also held there in September.

IN OLD KENTUCKY the Sons on the 21st of July, had a grand rally and meeting, 6000 persons were present, and there were some good addresses. On the 22nd October the friends of the Cause are to meet again, and a plan will be adopted to elect Temperance men in 1853.

IN TENNESSEE the Grand Division will meet on the 14th October, the Cause here is on the advance.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA the Cause seems to be peculiarly prosperous, the Cadets being also very numerous. The Temperance associations in this State propose raising \$10,000, to carry out Temperance objects and spread intelligence. Well done say we!—only think of the great good that the \$1200 voted by our Canadian Grand Division, last May has done in Canada! In Indiana great activity prevails, a meeting of all the friends of Temperance was held on the 16th Sep., at Indianapolis—lasting three days.

A new Temperance organization is established in Ohio called the WORTHY ARK, admitting of male and female members, with separate officers for each. Ark No. 1 at Berlin, Erie co., Ohio, contains 100 members. Too much change and novelty of the kind is not good.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK there are 65 Divisions and 4352 contributing members. The Grand Division are going to publish a TEMPERANCE ALMANAC for distribution. (We extract most of the above from the September number of the *Temperance Magazine*—Editor Son.)

In Middlesex the Knights of Temperance of London, C. W., held a Soiree in Nassau, of an enthusiastic kind. The meeting was addressed by Bra. McClure, Wilson, and others from London.

¶ The result in MAINE is a glorious one. Every Senator elected is for the Maine Law, and three-fourths of the members in the Lower House. Will our enemies now say the people do not love this GLORIOUS LAW!

¶ A convention favorable to the Maine Law has just closed in WISCONSIN. MICHIGAN has determined to have the law too.

¶ The Sons of Temperance of Goderch have established a public library, entrance fee 5s.

¶ A petition 16 feet in length has been forwarded to the Legislature from Branford.

Unions of Daughters of Temperance, and Sections of Cadets, will take notice that the annual meeting of their Orders will take place at Oshawa on the 27th day of this month.

¶ The Rev. Mr. Orniston is lecturing in different parts of this county.

S. P. Roblin is lecturing in various localities about Kingston and in Prince Edward.

Judge Marshall of Nova Scotia, lately lectured in Napanee. He is a very clever lecturer and able friend of the Cause.

¶ Many accidents and deaths are occurring in all parts of Canada; the fruits of rum. A man in a fit of DREADFUL DELIRIUM TREMENS, a week or two ago stabbed (some fatally it is supposed,) 17 persons in Boston.

¶ The Grand Division of Western New York, meets on the 26th day of October in Rochester, and great preparations are making to have an enthusiastic time of it. Neal Dow is expected there. Should not our Grand Division try and obtain some good speakers? ¶ Our Grand Division on the next day, on the opposite side of the Lake will also meet. How would a trip across of one or other body do?

On the 16th September the Cascade and Carlton Place Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Ramsay, held a large Soiree. Speeches were made by A. B. Pardee, G. W. P., and by Messrs. Scott and Shaw. On the 17th September another interesting meeting was held in Lanark near the residence of Thomas Wilson, Esq. A pavilion was erected and about 400 persons attended. Speeches were made by Brother A. B. Pardee, M. O. Buell, the Rev. Mr. Black and others. Mr. Dick of Lanark was in the Chair, the weather was beautiful and every thing passed off pleasantly.—*Bathurst Courier*

¶ ST. CATHARINES MAINE LAW MEETING—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in this town on the 16th ultimo, to discuss the Maine law. The Mayor was in the Chair, and the Rev. Mr. Ryerson addressed the meeting. Strong resolutions were passed in favor of the law.

¶ STRATFORD 350 signatures have been forwarded from this place to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron in favor of the Maine Law.

There are two DIVISIONS IN AMHERSTBURGH numbering about 190 members; also, one Union of Daughters and one in Kingsville, numbering in each 30 members. A Division is about to be opened in Sandwich, it is said. The cause in Amherstburgh and its vicinity is very prosperous.

BYTOWN SONS AND ANTI-TEMPERANCE MEETING—A very large and spirited meeting was held in Bytown on the 15th September, by the members of the Division there. The attendance was large and many excellent speeches were made by various individuals. Messrs. A. Scott, Stewart, Hewitt, Judge McCord, and Knapp addressed the meeting. Charles Symmes, Esq. J. P., was in the Chair.—On the 15th September, the ANTS held a small meeting against the Maine law and passed some resolutions. The meeting was nearly broken up by a dog-fight between two large mastiffs.—It was a fit finale to such a meeting, since liquor engenders two thirds of all the riots, assaults and fights in all countries.

THE CITY OF KINGSTON AND ITS SONS—This city is at present the arena of considerable excitement on the subject of the Maine law. Petitions in its favor and others against it are in circulation, and the *Herald* of that city, also the *Argus* we believe, are taking commendable pains to uphold order and temperance principles. The law dealers of this city, aided by a Dr. BARKER, are taking up the fifth and purlieus of the city, to sustain the drunkard maker's cause. The ANTS have even gone to the Garrison and got the poor soldiers to sign their petitions.



## The Literary Gem.

### TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

BY C. M. L.

[Continued.]

#### THE INDIAN COUNCIL FIRE.

Barbarous nations have always had a peculiar way of preparing to commence war, and warning their native tribes. It used to be the practice in Scotland and Britain too, when the country was sought to be roused, to light bonfires from hill to hill, and runners were despatched from clan to clan. When the British Nation were fearful that Bonaparte would invade the Island bonfires were built all along the coast fronting France. This was but carrying out the old customs of the Scots and Britons. When war was commenced it was said "the heather was on fire," which merely meant that the hills were lighted with beacon lights. Savage nations in all countries build fire lights on the beach to attract or warn strangers. The Indian tribes of America before they went to war held councils during the day and sometimes at night. These councils were followed by war dances at night. They warned friendly tribes by sending runners from tribe to tribe. At their councils the elderly warriors and prophets addressed the assembled redmen.

From tribe to tribe the war cry rang,  
And chieftains grey from wigwags sprang;  
Each by the door of his forest tent,  
Held up the bow in youth he'd bent.  
They spoke of arrows quivering sent,  
To white men's hearts, and terror lent,  
To their words of war, as soft they flung,  
Their locks of grey, and war songs sung.  
They bade the youthful warrior fight,  
In sudden stratagem—in scalps delight;  
Learn to shoot the target through and through,  
And hit the painted centre true.  
To chase the red deer o'er the plain,  
Strength and swiftness thus to gain;  
And lastly turning to the cloudless sky,  
Pointed to the land of spirits high,  
And bade their youths from thence invoke,  
The Great Spirit's aid to break their yoke.  
The chiefs of tribes a council call,  
The old and wise assemble all;  
The young to listen with respect and love,  
To aged warriors, and their advice approve,  
And thus to learn the quick surprise,  
And courage wild that fear defies.  
In ambush how their pale faced foe,  
In trackless forests or marshes low;  
With shouts of dread they quick may slay,  
And take their scalps to adorn the day.  
Thus determined—the council day,  
Came on apace in blooming May;  
The prairies then were bright with flowers,  
And forests rang with vocal powers,  
Of thousand throats of songsters bright,  
Whose songs were echoes of delight.  
The little fawns with speckled hide,  
By snowtailed dams through forests glide,  
And the grouse is heard to sound his call,  
On the prairie wild, mid the grasses tall.  
The heron too with sentinel tread,  
And constant cries, o'er the verdant mead,  
Awakes the stillness of the desert wild,  
Where the red boy roams as nature's child.  
An open spot in the forest deep,  
They sought, their council fires to keep;  
The sun that day shone full and bright,  
And made the warriors' spirits light.  
And the woodland music fell in peace,

On the balmy silence of the trees  
The chieftains took their seats around,  
In silence sat upon the ground;  
All painted o'er in the grimmest way,  
With white and blue, red, black, and grey.  
They sat in the forest in array,  
Shining and frightful to the day;  
Every brow with thought o'ercast,  
Nor look nor word between them passed;  
Each warrior a solemn silence kept,  
Whilst all as if in slumber slept  
At length their Prophet slowly rose,  
Good or coming ills there to disclose,  
He raised his dark eyes to the sky,  
And seemed to turn his thoughts on high:  
His brow was knit, his lips compressed,  
As thus to all his soul confessed.  
A wildness came upon his face,  
As grand, as full of nature's grace,  
Then on the throne, his eyes he turned,  
In whose hold he sits kindred spirits burn'd;  
His outstretched arm he raised on high,  
Pointing afar to the sunlit sky—  
"My sons," he said in lofty strain,  
"Arouse once more—be brave again."

(To be Continued)

The prairies of Illinois and Indiana are vast meadows of grass mingled with flowers, Clumps of trees at great distances, stand upon rising bluffs and hills, and along streams. These meadows are inhabited by flocks of grouse, and the blue prairie Heron is seen in all parts of them. What we above say as to these birds, we heard and have often seen.

#### DEVELOPMENT OF INSECT LIFE.

A great deal of discussion has lately taken place in the scientific world in reference to certain experiments of Mr. Crosse, an amateur philosopher of Somers-Tshire, England, who was said to have created insects called the *Acarus Crossei*. It was a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr. Crosse claimed the creation of the insects, for he only alleges that he has been enabled to develop insects under the most singular circumstances. Our consul at Liverpool, Mr. F. F. Ogden, has recently visited the house of the philosopher, and in a letter to the National Intelligencer, gives this account of what he saw:—

"I own to utter incredulity until I had the opportunity of a thorough examination of the process and a full explanation of the means. No room was left for doubt. No delusion, no self-deception, no favorite hypothesis to be carried out, had any influence in the results. On first witnessing the result, Mr. Crosse would not believe his own senses. He locked up his laboratory and took a long walk in the open air to assure himself that he was not laboring under some delusion. On his return he beheld the actual living insect in various stages of its formation. The apparatus was prepared for the purpose of producing crystals from the silicate of potash

"A tubulated retort, with its long end plunged in a glass dish of mercury, has a platinum wire passing through it, connected with a negative pole of a weak galvanic battery. Through a neck in the retort, hermetically sealed, another platinum wire immersed in the caustic solution, communicates with a positive pole. The bulb of the retort is two-thirds filled with a most carefully prepared caustic solution of silicic acid and potash. Pure black flux and caustic soda, after being subject to a white heat, are pulverized and melted into a glass, which is soluble in distilled water. In this solution no animal life can possibly exist, nor can there in the mercury. The whole was then placed upon a shelf for constant inspection. A gaseous substance was first observed to have formed around the bottom of the positive wire. Then No. 1, [referring to the diagram,] made its appearance, gradually expanding into Nos. 2 and 3, when flexible filaments were observed. No. 4 began to show animal life, and, after one hundred and forty days' watching through all its changes, the perfect living insect crawled up the wire not singly, but in sufficient numbers to dispel all doubt, if any could have existed, and prepared for another stage of life. Like our mosquitoes, that emerge from the element in which they are produced, and are drowned in it if they return, any unfortunate straggler that missed his hold immedi-

ately perished. The *Acarus Crossei* is now known as a distinct species."

#### THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

We have on several occasions discussed in this journal the doctrine of the self development of animal life. There is a growing conviction in the minds of many learned men, that animal life is self developed, and rises by degrees from the inferior to the superior. In the course of ages one set of animals takes the place of others, that pass away forever, and these last again give way to newer and more perfect forms. Such is the theory of a certain class of philosophic Chemists. They may be fearful, owing to the prejudices of the age, to declare their full belief and convictions, but yet they insinuate their hypothesis. We have never feared the truth, be it philosophic or religious. We hold that there cannot be two kinds of truth, one of philosophy gleaned from nature, and one from religion gleaned from the inspired writings. With the Eternal Spirit of God all things are alike, truthful and consistent. Natural truths cannot contradict spiritual ones, for the same original Creator is over all, and decreed all. There is a seeming plausibility about the self development theory, and geological facts to a great extent, bear out the theory—that is to say, geology shows, that animal life on our earth has been gradually developed; commencing with the Sea shell—the Coral—then the Zoophyte—then the fish—then the insects—then the serpent, snail, and lizard—then the bird. Then the warm-blooded sea animals—then the warm-blooded land animals, and land insects. Lastly man, the crown and glory of all. The researches in the bowels of the earth—the examination of various strata of rocks in all countries, to some extent bear out this theory. This is the periodic theory, which may be consistent with the Mosaic creation. But then the believer in this theory goes a step farther, and maintains the doctrine that nature is self productive—that animals and vegetables are self produced, from the innate energies of nature alone. The strange paragraph we give above of the self production of insects, if true, and we cannot well doubt it, would give a degree of proof to this theory, heretofore little dreamed of by thinking men. If it be true, it is the greatest wonder that has ever come under the observation of man. Although such a fact tends to shake our anti-self-development doctrine, yet it does not necessarily follow, that the superintendence of an invisible God is not required. The *Author of Nature*—the ORIGINATOR of the thinking Soul of man, has never told us in what manner He causes or permits natural things to arise, or life to come into being. Daniel the Prophet foretold the fates of many nations and empires, and what he prophetically said, human history seems to show has come to pass. The Book of Revelations, supposed to have been written about the year 70, after the birth of Christ, or nearly 1800 years ago, seems clearly to predict what took place after the lapse of many centuries in the Christian Church and in the world. An invisible Hand seems overruling all things, acting when we cannot perceive it—guiding all things in the end aright, yet leaving man a perfectly free agent. Now in the creation of vegetable and animated nature—in the creation of worlds out of matter in infinite space, this same DIVINE SPIRIT may have impressed upon nature laws of universal application, which, the elements of matter being in a certain position, will cause certain universal results; extending from the springing into life of an insect, to the formation out of nebulous light of new stars and new PLANETARY SYSTEMS. Yet He looketh on and seeth that all is good. We cannot see that He is the AUTHOR any more than we can see that He overrules the destinies of empires and nations for his glory. Some cry out, man is the sovereign of his destiny—his reason is the highest light in nature, and there is nothing in the universe superior to the soul of man. Man's reasoning soul is the greatest proof of the existence of a Divine Being, and God looketh over all our actions as the Sun looketh over

the mantle of night, and although we cannot see his movings, still he moveth all things.

THE HAND OF GOD IN COMMERCE.

Human events seemingly are regulated by chance. War rises, arrives at its zenith and declines, passing into oblivion. Wars rage, and moral movements are agitated—human struggles take place about religion, and a few years cast over them the shade of forgetfulness. All some say is the result of mere chance. It was so to happen, and men walking on the world are but so many ants—things of a passing moment, little creatures of dust—whose existence, like the breeze, will pass by to make way for others forever. Commerce say these chance-men do nothing to do with the intents of HIM who rules the universe. The characteristics of nations are not directed by an INVISIBLE HAND to carry out INVISIBLE DESIGNS. With these chance-men we differ. Believing in the existence of the Great Author of nature, we believe he silently, though seemingly by chance, over-rules all things for an ULTIMATE END OF GOOD. A deep thinking mind cannot fail to see that with the fourteenth century, with men like Columbus, Luther, Galileo and Bacon, commenced a new era in the human race. In their day commenced a new era in commerce, and by it the hand of Providence, designed, that the world would be civilized, through the spread of true liberty and christianity. In that era with Henry the Eighth of England and Queen Elizabeth, sprang to life the indomitable energy of a race which is destined to carry its doctrines of civil and religious liberty into all portions of the globe. This race is the unfettered and pure religion of Jesus Christ—a religion of the mind—a religion that loves the mountain top—the silent closet as its temples, on which to worship God. This race loves liberty of thought, and looks on all men as equal, and can thus appreciate the cardinal beauties of true Christianity. The Hand of Providence has chosen as a channel of communication with the sable African—Hindoo—the Persian—the Chinese and the Sea of America—this untiring and all pervading Empire of Saxons is rising in America will transcend all that earth has ever seen, in power and commerce. Already her fleets of merchant vessels swarm in every ocean. The monarch of this young giant is yet powerful, glorious and free. The sun of declension hath never yet touched her and may it never do so!! May her seas, Britain, Ireland and Scotland, ever continue to bloom with the blessings of civil and religious liberty. The commerce of Britain knows no other vessels and her flag, and with them the essence of her religion and freedom, are seen by all nations. In Britain and her Colonies, in the United States of America, we behold the standards of liberty of thought—action—and conscience. These flags wave to the breezes of all ages, and the eyes of all nations are on them. The settlement of California and the coasts of Oregon less than the lands of Australia and India, the researches of British travellers in Africa, the American and British vessels on her coasts; the shadow the destiny of the SAXON RACE, and see that the Invisible Hand of God is making of it. An Empire of freemen is rising along the west coast and as the Atlantic is now controlled by America, so is the Pacific and its thousands of beauty—the abodes of the benighted heathen. China and Asia are at the feet of the Saxon race. Australia is becoming the abode of the Sons of Britain, and our own people of America are flocking thither. Is there not design in all this? What is to be its result? There is a Being that looketh beyond the circuit of centuries, to whom a thousand years are as a day. He sees in all those things the enlightenment of the Human race—the development of mind—the drawing of all men to know Godship in spirit and in truth the only true living

God. Man must rise from the meshes of ignorance and superstition, and intelligence must overcome brute appetites. All men must look upon God as their Father, and upon each other as equals, and as brothers—enjoying freedom of mind and action.

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, October 4, 1852.

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

LEND A HAND

“Men of Freedom! men of daring!  
Blessed in health and strong in youth,  
Come, with all your noble bearing,  
Fight the battle right of truth.  
Former friends reject and slight us,  
Friends and men resist and spite us,  
Earth and Hell combine to fight us—  
Heroes! lend a hand!”

“Men of wealth and men of station,  
Vice hath had your aid too long;  
Come, then—from their degradation,  
Help to raise the wretched throng  
To a doom of woe unthinking,  
From a poison cup they're drinking—  
In a sea of death they're sinking—  
Rich ones! lend a hand!”

“Men of genius, high and soaring,  
Cease your flight—past human ken;  
Lend your mighty aid in pouring  
Knowledge round the paths of men.  
Round you is a solitude—  
Minds with highest powers indured  
Perishing for lack of food.  
Genius! lend a hand!”

“Men of God! whose noble calling  
Has come down from Heaven above,  
Cease your scheming and caballing,  
Preach in truth a Saviour's love.  
While but trifles you're decriing,  
Millions for the truth are sighing,  
And the second death are dying.  
Christians! lend a hand!”

“Men of every mind and station,  
Sow the seed, and strike the blow;  
Rise in honest indignation,  
Rise to fight the common foe.  
There, a field for all your working—  
Vice is reigning, sin is lurking;  
Let there be no dastard shirking,  
Patriot! lend a hand!”

THE APPROACHING SESSION OF THE GRAND DIVISION.

On Wednesday the 27th instant, the Grand Division of Western Canada, will again meet at Oshawa, in Whitby. The time is fast approaching and we wish to see a general attendance of Delegates from all sections of Canada. There should be a full turn out of all Divisions in this vicinity, and for one day Oshawians should see a procession of thousands of Sons. The United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, including Toronto, contain more than the one seventh of the population of Canada West, viz: over 130,000 people. They contain some fifty-four Divisions, in operation with a membership of perhaps not less than 2000 persons. At this session to be held within a days journey of most of these Divisions, we would like to see a good representation from each, not only of Delegates but also of members to attend a procession. Let the Divisions of Ontario especially, and those of Durham attend in full force. A good turn out on such occasions gives enthusiasm to the whole session. Each Division should at once take some steps to secure a fair representation. The weather at that period may still be good.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE THIS SESSION?

In this number we can only allude to a few things

which our Order requires to have done, reserving it for that of the 16th October, to state more fully our views. At the time of the Session the Maine law measure before the Parliament will have been fully discussed and to some extent decided. It can matter little to Sons of Temperance what may be the fate of that measure so far as their constant activity is concerned. This activity will always be required, first to spread the benevolent principles of the Order, and secondly should a good law be passed, to keep it popular and in force. Temperance, although the main aim of the Order, is only a part of its purpose. Whatever advantages and progress may have been gained and made for two years past in Western Canada, in obtaining prohibitory legislation on the liquor question, may fairly be attributed to the great exertions of our Order. This Order must be maintained at all risks amongst us and wise and unanimous counsels and measures must follow our deliberations. The material measures to be considered, will be the propriety of obtaining visiting Deputies Grand for districts, to advise with, lecture to, resuscitate old, and open new Divisions. 2nd. Devising some means to stay the loss of members by expulsion for nonpayment of dues. 3rd. An alteration in the manner of appointing Deputies. 4th. Recommending some plan for a winter campaign, especially if the present Session of Parliament, should omit to pass the necessary prohibitory laws. 5th. Taking some action to revive and help on the Orders of Cadets and Daughters, and with their consent, giving Deputies power to visit and instruct them. 6th. Recommending some plan which all Subordinate Divisions may adopt during the coming winter, to improve themselves intellectually, as well as in a Temperance point of view in Divisions. 7th. The election of good officers. The question of rotation in office is one that ought ever to be a cardinal one with the Order. The greatest stimulus to man to do good, is to look for reward from his fellow men and his Creator, for good conduct. Our Order is emphatically a fair and equalizing one, giving every man a chance to be elected to the highest positions in it. We are opposed to a plurality of offices—high salaries, or long retention in office of any man to the exclusion of others. We also believe in giving every portion of Canada the same chance as to officers and sessions of the Grand Division. Some in the Order make a distinction as to the Grand Scribe, but we see no such principle recognized in the Constitutions of the Grand or National Divisions, and it is repugnant to our general rule of working. The duties of Grand Scribe are such as may soon be learned, and if he takes upon himself extra judicial duties, gives advice and corresponds, in cases where his office does not call upon him to do so, it is his own fault. The sources to which Divisions should apply for advice in difficult questions are the DEPUTIES GRAND, who in cases of doubt may again apply to the Grand Worthy Patriarch, who ought to be a person well acquainted with the condition, rules and working of the Order. It is quite possible for a Grand Scribe by taking upon himself too much, and giving extra official advice to all applicants, to get himself into unnecessary business, and cause useless and unnecessary appeals. This officer on the other hand should feel it a duty promptly to give inform a-



tion to Subordinate Divisions in all matters appertaining to his office. His office is one not of a judicial or advisory nature, but one purely for the correct supervision and keeping of the records, papers and statistics of the Grand and Subordinate Divisions, properly coming into his hands.

### LEGISLATION AGAINST LIQUOR SELLING!

—  
AN OPINION ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

—  
BY CHRISTIAN KEENER, ESQ.

“The habit of using intoxicating drinks is really beyond the reach of legislative or executive power.”

This has been put forth as an incontrovertible position; and men deeply versed in the science of government have yielded their assent to it, and found it easier to lend their practice to what was almost universally received as an axiom, than to maintain a truth, or defend a position which came right in contact with their own practice, and (with the exception of Temperance men) the opinions and practice of the world.

Now, it is wonderful how very differently the same declaration, or the same subject, will strike different minds. The experience of a close attention to this subject for many years, and an observation of its legalized effects, have not only produced an opposite conviction on my mind, but satisfied me, beyond the possibility of a mistake in the premises, that IT IS ONLY LEGISLATIVE AID, AND EXECUTIVE POWER, THAT CAN EFFECTUALLY REACH THE HABIT OF USING INTOXICATING DRINKS. But how can this be done? how can it reach a custom, that is upheld by the time-honored sanctions of religious ceremonies social and civil enjoyments of private life—what had insinuated and blended itself with all that rendered life pleasant and agreeable, and was the more highly treasured on account of its association with the duties of religion? The very first effort appeared like a sacrilegious attempt to separate from the Church what the authority of God's Word had united with it; and the defence set up was the universal cry, “What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.” But the cry has almost ceased, and the din of it falls with less violence and frequency on the ear; the investigation of truth has been attempted, and the religious defence has satisfied every honest heart, that the “words which are spirit and life,” are replete with authority which admonishes us that the interpretations of the clergy are not always the best expositions of revealed truth. “They also have erred through WINE, and through STRONG DRINK are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through STRONG DRINK; they are swallowed up of WINE; they are out of the way through STRONG DRINK: they are in vision; they stumble in judgment.”—Isaiah xxviii. 7.

As the sanctions of DIVINE LAW are measurably withdrawn from its support, it is no longer considered sacrilegious to question its accordance therewith; there is less hesitation on the part of good and conscientious men in questioning the correctness of that civil sanction, which has so long upheld and entrenched itself behind the lawfulness of this death-dealing traffic.

Take away the LAWFULNESS of the traffic, and that moment its respectability goes along with it.

Take away the LAWFULNESS of the traffic, and that moment its morality deserts it.

Take away the LAWFULNESS of the traffic, and instantly its guilt and criminality become strangely apparent.

Take away the LAWFULNESS of the traffic, and the outlawed vender holds rank with the smuggler in an illicit trade.

But why multiply instances in support of a position, which but few question, and fewer still have the hardihood to deny?

No truth can be more firmly established than this: The legal sanction of an offence destroys the legal criminality of that offence. No code, of even semi-

barbarian law, ever contemplated the punishment of the subject who acted in accordance with the LAWS of the land in which he lived. And, so long as rulers are no “terror to evil-doers,” evil-doers and evil-doings will abound; so long as the law itself draws a distinction between cause and effect, and steps in, with its broad shield of legality, to ward off the blow that would at once prostrate a principal and the accessory and turns its full force from the former upon the victim of the vender's cupidity, the dealer (in intoxicating drinks) with impunity may continue his work of degradation and death without fear or molestation; while the unconscious inebriate is held responsible for every offence against the peace, good order, and quiet of society. Thus the law upholds, and thus the law strengthens the hands of the guilty author of nearly all the mischief and crime in the land. The rum-seller complacently quiets his conscience with the LAWFULNESS of his business; claims to be a lover of good order and quiet, and a good citizen, who never violates the peace himself, and is so considerate as to turn out of doors those whom he has put in prime condition to disturb the quiet and endanger the lives of others. If ever justice were a farce, it is played off daily in the annunciation of the judge, when the offender's plea is drunkenness and unconsciousness, (or insanity, to use a more fashionable term) in extenuation. “Drunkenness,” says the judge, “is of itself a vice; drunkenness, so far from diminishing, only aggravates your offence.” Look out of the court-house window, and you may see in those oyster-saloons and groggery establishments, which the law of late years has concentrated into one, more than one bar-tender stirring up the poison, that will, perhaps, place some other quiet and well disposed citizen in a similar drunken and unconscious state. Go down underneath this court-room, into the vaulted cellar below, and there bottled and barrelled up mischief occupies the foundation of justice.\* Yes, the embryo business of many a criminal term is germinating underneath the judge's seat; while in front of their honors, sits the clerk, filling up the commissions, by the authority of the State, to sundry venders of this liquid fire, to raise a red curtain, or bloody flag, and forthwith commence their crusade, as land pirates, against the health and happiness, lives, and estates of their fellow men; and, without let or hindrance, to disturb the public order and quiet of the community *ad libitum*; provided they do it with no other deadlier weapon than intoxicating liquors; and employ as many, or all of their customers, to engage in this work, each one only exercising his skill to keep them from any outbrealking manifestations thereof until they are clear of his own premises, and out of his own house; which it is expressly understood, if he fails to do, and the charge of keeping a disorderly house is brought against him, his commission will be taken away from him, as an unworthy and unskilful State officer, who cannot create disturbances in the community without being a *particeps criminis* in the same, which the said commission, or license, most carefully warns him not to do. Every licensed vender is well assured that there are a number of city officers, bailiffs, police, and watchmen—places of confinement, &c., &c., all ready and in waiting, after he has by various gins and snares, baited and spread for that purpose, succeeded in obtaining his customers' money, and drugged and dosed them with his fanciful and palatable poison, who, as guardians of the public peace and the rum-seller's interests (which, by the by are most faithfully attended to), are bound to see these out-door conditioned customers safely lodged in the watch-house, a m-house, jail, or penitentiary, according to their several demerits and offences.

Thus the whole paraphernalia of justice, from the judge on the bench to the lowest police subaltern in attendance, are engaged to take care of, keep from, and punish the rum-customers of licensed venders of intoxicating liquors. Now, if this view of the subject is correct, it follows inevitably THAT THE HABIT OF USING INTOXICATING DRINK CAN NEVER BE EFFECTUALLY RESTRAINED BUT BY LAW; nay, we

will go a step further: the position, that the law ought to restrain this traffic altogether, except for the purposes of medicine and the arts, rests upon principles as plain and immutable as those which form the basis of the prosperity, the happiness, nay, the very existence of the body politic.

No principle in political economy can be better established than this; that the legislation which enacts laws, productive of “MORE evil than good,” is not only at variance with every sound principle of legislation, but embodies within itself the seeds of its own destruction; and the good that it contemplated will fall before the increase of those evils which have been generated by its own action.

Not more certainly has the recent improvement in cotton-spinning machinery led to the wide-spread consumption, and greatly increased production of the fabric, than the liquor-licensing laws have led to increased production and universal use of all the intoxicating drinks which have spread so much poverty and distress, so much vice and crime, so much disease, suffering, and death, all over the land.

More than a century ago, there were some men who, as legislators and Christians, looked beyond the present, who peered into the future, who knew the remedy and pointed it out; but, intent on getting the world of mankind would not be arrested in their ardent pursuit; and where there were many to propose, few to follow, and only an isolated individual here and there to raise his warning voice, that warning voice, faithful and truthful as it was, was lost in the clamor of interest and the confusion of self-indulgence. More than ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago, these great truths were declared by Lord Clarendon, in a speech delivered by him in the House of Lords, Feb. 21. 1743, on the celebrated *Gris Ardent spirits*, even in that age, was considered the worst of evils. “Luxury, my lords, is to be tolerated, but vice prohibited, let the difficulty in the law be what it will. Would you lay a tax upon a bread-winner, the ten commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? Would it not imply an indulgence to all those who could pay the tax? My lords, is not properly to be taxed but suppressed, and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, that which is only pernicious by its excess, is very properly to be taxed, that such excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more difficult. But the use of those things which are simply lawful in their own nature, and in every degree, should be prohibited. None, my lords, ever heard of a nation of a tax upon theft or adultery, because it implies a license; granted for the use of that which is taxed, to all who are willing to pay it.

“Drunkenness, my lords, is universal, and in all circumstances, an evil, and therefore ought to be taxed, but punished!”

“The noble lord has been pleased kindly to inform us, that the trade of distilling is very extensive, it employs great numbers, and that they have attained at exquisite skill, and therefore the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged. Once more, my lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to me, since the spirits which distillers produce are able to enfeeble the limbs, vitiate the blood, to pervert the heart, and obscure the intellect, that the necessary distillers should be no argument in their favor. I never heard that a law against theft was repeatedly delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me my lords, that really, if so formidable a trade are confederate against the virtue or the lives of fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the trade, and to interpose, while it is yet in our power, to prevent the destruction. So little, my lords, am I able to do with the merit of the wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, a faculty of great use to mankind, to PREPARE POISON; nor shall I ever contribute my strength for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has long practice obtained great dexterity in his art. If their LIQUORS are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at least

by lords, SECURE them from their fatal draught, by  
 vials that contain them. LET US  
 AT ONCE THESE ARTISTS IN HUMAN SLAUGHTER,  
 WHO HAVE RECONCILED THEIR COUNTRYMEN  
 TO SICKNESS AND RUIN, AND SPREAD OVER THE  
 TRAILS OF DECAUCHERY SUCH BAIT AS CANNOT  
 BE RESISTED. I am very far, my lords, from think-  
 ing that there are this year any peculiar reasons for  
 permitting murder; nor can I conceive why this  
 manufacture is to be held sacred now, if it is to be  
 destroyed hereafter." After this horrid testimony, let  
 me bear testimony from the sacred desk: "It is amaz-  
 ing," says John Wesley, "that the preparation and  
 sale of this poison should be permitted, I will not  
 say in any Christian country, but in any civilized  
 one." He denounces the gain of the traffic as the  
 price of blood, and continues, "Let not any lover of  
 mankind open his mouth to extenuate the gift of it.  
 It is as you would the devil, whose offspring  
 it is. NONE CAN GAIN IN THIS WAY,  
 BY SWALLOWING UP HIS NEIGHBORS' SUBSTANCE,  
 WITHOUT GAINING THE DAMNATION OF HELL."  
 The lapse of a hundred years has not detracted  
 from the blunted edge of these great and fearful  
 truths. There they stand, and there they will stand  
 against the TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS, the com-  
 merce in which is wrong, and should be abandoned  
 as a great national evil. More modern testimony  
 has confirmed the truth which preceding ages utter-  
 ed. "I challenge any man," says Lyman Beecher,  
 "who is engaged in the traffic in ardent spirits, and  
 who is acquainted with its properties, to prove that he  
 is not guilty of murder."  
 The ungodliness in time, and the everlasting ruin  
 eternally, inseparable from the commerce in ardent  
 spirits, proscribe it as an unlawful article of traffic.  
 Drunkenness is a sin which excludes from heaven.  
 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.'  
 The commerce in ardent spirits, is therefore, productive  
 of evil in time, fits for destruction and turns in-  
 numerable multitudes which no man can number."  
 A grand jury in 1837, "The License System,  
 authorizing the sale of strong drinks, even when  
 administered wisely and cautiously, we cannot  
 regard as at WAR with the well-being of the  
 community. It is, in our judgment, nothing more  
 than the selling of a commission for the organization  
 and encouragement of drunkenness, pauperism, and  
 crime." But has not God connected with all lawful  
 commerce the welfare of the life that now is, and of  
 the life which is to come? And can we lawfully amass  
 property by a course of trade which fills the land with  
 beggars, widows, orphans, and crimes; which peoples  
 graveyards with premature mortality, and the  
 land of woe with the victims of despair? Could  
 the forms of evil produced in the land by this  
 traffic come upon us in one horrid array, it would  
 shatter the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ar-  
 dent spirits. Says a writer from New Orleans,  
 "We are closing the grog-shops, so as to keep order  
 in the city to-night." And sure enough order  
 was served. I could not but admire the wisdom of  
 the proceeding, but at the same time wondered that  
 an office, able to perceive the tendency of grog-  
 shops to produce rioting, should yet license them by  
 thousands. Such conduct is most inconsistent; but  
 the incidental testimony of the powers that be, "is  
 evidence." It shows that in its best estate, the wisdom  
 of the world is foolishness with God; that we spend  
 our lives in battling the watch with the effects of an  
 evil—a crying evil—admit the truth of all  
 that can be said against it, and yet are continually  
 opening new sluices and channels to scorch, and  
 burn up the land with these streams of  
 sin, while we leave the cause, the lawfulness,  
 and the wisdom which they issue, still untouched. Is it strange,  
 that such a number of men are constantly em-  
 ployed in this work of death and destruction, that the  
 recitations of many a mother should be blasted,  
 the gray hairs of many a father brought down  
 sorrow to the grave? Legislators, did you ever  
 see that the license nets which you are spreading,  
 entangle the feet of your own offspring!

But Maine is right. It is the the dawning of a bet-  
 ter day. Truly we may say, "the people that sat in  
 darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat  
 in the valley and shadow of death, light is sprung  
 up."  
 If I have not succeeded in satisfying my readers  
 "that the habit of using intoxicating drinks can  
 never be effectually put down but by legislative enact-  
 ments," I am more than ever convinced in my own  
 mind that the use nor the traffic will ever be effec-  
 tually banished while the law, disrobed of her majes-  
 ty, stands sentry at the tavern and the grog-shop  
 door, and spreads her broad shield of "legality" over  
 these "breathing holes" of deep damnation's pit.—  
 Am. Tem. Mag.  
 BROTHER ROWLAND BURR has just returned from  
 Quebec, where he has been labouring in the good Cause  
 with the members of Parliament for nearly a month.  
 He speaks in high terms of the state of public opinion  
 there in favor of the Maine Law. He says the only  
 thing that can prevent its passage, is want of proper in-  
 formation as to the evils of intemperance. Members  
 are so busy with politics that they do not pay that at-  
 tention they should to this great measure. The Bill has  
 been read a first time and will be read a second time  
 in the latter part of this month. He says the Governor  
 General is very favorable to the passage of the Bill.  
 We have received a letter from him on the subject of  
 his tour, which will appear on the 16th October. Onta-  
 rio Division passed a vote of thanks to him. We  
 think that the friends of Temperance should if possible  
 pass THE MAINE LAW PROSPECTIVELY. If they cannot  
 do this with the present house then PASS AN  
 ACT to come as near it as possible. Mr. Gamble's  
 act is a very poor one. It is folly to allow drunk-  
 ards to be made and then punish them. Brothers  
 send on your petitions it is still time.  
 BRITISH AND SCOTCH TEMPERANCE.—The last Na-  
 tional Temperance Chronicle of London has a good ar-  
 ticle on legislative interference to put down intemper-  
 ance. The English friends and indeed many political pa-  
 pers are awaking to the subject of legal enactment. Some  
 are for it and some against it. A Book has been  
 lately issued by Col Mundy of Australia, giving advice  
 to emigrants, in which the Colonel says, no person  
 should emigrate to Australia if addicted to the drinking  
 habits of society. Its effects are terrible in warm cli-  
 mates. The Rev. Henry Gale a minister, has been  
 shamefully misused for proposing a recommendation  
 that missionaries be instructed to practice total abstin-  
 ence and that total abstinence be preferred. 108,  
 000 copies of the British Temperance Advocate and  
 Hope Journal have been circulated during this year.  
 The British Temperance Association held a spirit-  
 ed meeting on the 14th July in Sheffield. The Lon-  
 don Temperance League held a demonstration in Au-  
 gust, and on the 8th of August the Rev. Mr. Albert  
 Barnes of America preached a thrilling sermon on  
 Temperance. 25,000 adults and 4000 children entered  
 Surrey Gardens during the two days devoted to the Tem-  
 perance cause. Mr. Kellogg of America addressed the  
 meeting on several occasions. A deplorable igno-  
 rance prevails in the British Church on the subject of  
 Temperance. The SCOTCH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE  
 held its session in Glasgow on the 10th July, and on the  
 11th various sermons were preached in the Glasgow  
 churches. There are 546 societies and 3369 members  
 belonging to this League.  
 Br. Charles Fisher of Yonge Street, a member  
 of Ontario Division, at the late exhibition got the prize  
 for the best brushes in this city. Call and buy of him.  
 Br. John Ward, of the Mimico, has opened a  
 flour store on Queen Street. Call and patronize him.  
 The death of Br. Burnham, P. G. W. P., at Chi-  
 cago was very sudden. He died a few hours after he  
 was attacked with cholera.  
 Wm. M. MURRELL THE LONDON SAILOR, we see  
 is doing good service to the cause on the Ottawa and  
 has been lecturing there to large audiences. The Litch-  
 field Division of Sons of Temperance have presented  
 him an address thank ing him for his services.  
 The Green Mountain Farmer says that 5,156,461  
 pounds of maple sugar are made annually in Vermont,  
 being 2,973,293 pounds more than in all the rest of New  
 England.

NOTICES OF EXCHANGES AND NEW WORKS

SOMETHING NEW.—THE TEMPERANCE SOIREE COM-  
 PANION, is the title of a work proposed to be immedi-  
 ately issued in this city, for the benefit of members of the  
 Orders of Sons, Cadets and other Temperance Asso-  
 ciations, and particularly for Cadets to use at their  
 Soirees. This Pamphlet is to be issued by Messrs.  
 MASON AND BAKER, at the low price of 1c. 3d per  
 copy, containing about 200 large 12mo. pages. Orders  
 (post paid.) are to be addressed to the above persons  
 who are Cadets in this city, if possible before the 23rd  
 of October, 1852. It will contain Dialogues, Melodies,  
 Hymns and Recitations.  
 THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.—The Num-  
 bers of this excellent monthly Periodical for August and  
 September are full of the choicest Temperance articles  
 and information. Price \$2 per year, Mr. Sherlock of  
 New-York city, Publisher. Persons desirous of taking  
 a Temperance Magazine, of a high order of talent, can-  
 not do better than subscribe to it. We have perused its  
 pages with great satisfaction.  
 THE OHIO CADET—published at Cincinnati city, is a  
 well got up, spirited little monthly publication, which  
 our Canadian Cadets, wishing to see what is doing by  
 their American Brothers, might well patronize. Price  
 1s. 3d. It is about the size of the Toronto Cadet.  
 The Templar's Magazine of Cincinnati city, Ohio,  
 has not come to hand for September. This is a cheap  
 and well got up monthly for \$1 per annum.  
 THE SNOW DROP OF MONTREAL.—This periodical is  
 published monthly at the price of \$1. It contains a  
 great amount of useful information and literary mat-  
 ter, and is embellished with beautiful wood cuts and  
 ornamental type.  
 THE MAPLE LEAF OF MONTREAL.—Is another taste-  
 ful monthly issued at the price of \$1. It is well worthy  
 of patronage and creditable to Canadian literature.  
 THE ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Mr McClear of  
 Toronto, Publisher, for September and October, 1852,  
 lies on our table. This work is published at \$3 per  
 annum and 1s. 3d. per number. The September num-  
 ber contains a correct mountain view of the city of  
 Hamilton, and the October number, a good view of  
 Brockville. This Magazine is full of the choicest read-  
 ing, divided into various departments, and would afford  
 any family taking it a great amount of choice know-  
 ledge and literature.  
 DEATH OF BROTHER LLOYD MILLS, LATE OF OSWEGO,  
 G. W. P. OF WESTERN NEW-YORK.—We deeply regret  
 to hear of the death of this worthy and devoted friend  
 of the great Temperance cause. He was greatly be-  
 loved wherever he was known and was an active friend  
 of the Orders of the Sons and Temple of Honor, at the  
 head of both of which Societies he had been deservedly  
 placed during this year. He was Grand Worthy Pa-  
 triarch of the Sons of Western New-York at the time  
 of his death. We never had the pleasure of meeting  
 with him but once, and that was during the session of  
 the National Division in June, 1851, in this city. He  
 was very young and left the world when every thing  
 before him seemed to look promising in the greenness  
 of youth. His disease was Consumption, which attack-  
 ed him late in the year 1851. It is sad—very sad to  
 see the young thus cut off, when life looks bright and  
 cheering, and when a career of usefulness is before us!  
 But the brightest spring must have an end, beauty will  
 depart and all earthly glory will pass away. It seems but  
 a little while ago when we were at the school of child-  
 hood, yet a generation has grown up since. The win-  
 ter of age will soon bow all of us down, unless like this  
 Brother we depart in our spring time. Let us so dis-  
 charge the duties of life that we may look for a reward  
 of eternal life with our Creator in the eternal spring of  
 immortality, where death will never cloud the soul. Our  
 departed friend and Brother has gone to that rest of  
 souls. He was buried with all the honors of the Order,  
 and died in Pennsylvania on the 9th of September.  
 Dr. Eliphalet, St. John, G. W. P. of Eastern New  
 York, died at Balston Spa on the 20th Sep. He has been  
 ailing for some time. Three Brothers have died within a  
 month who have all held the honorable position of G.  
 W. P. over grand Divisions. They were all great and  
 good men. Br. Burnham was a noble minded man.  
 We trust they are in the bosom of the GREAT PATRI-  
 ARCH above.

[ ORIGINAL ]  
THE TEMPERANCE WAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE LEBRIDGE DIVISION, BY JACOB S. KIMMEL

March in sorrow, march in woe,  
Onward Sons, onward go  
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,  
With water pure eat the bread of life

Onward Sons, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe,  
Shrink not, much with yet remain,  
But glorious is the great campaign.

Shrink not Sons why should ye yield,  
Why thus quit the battle field?  
Dare ye thus desert your post  
And let the awkward's soul be lost

Onward Sons on to the fight,  
Soon shall end this weary night  
Think when tempted to comply,  
That though we suffer, we shall reign

Sons of Temperance don't deplore  
What ye leave, but look before,  
What is country, parents, wife,  
To the soul's eternal life

DIVISIONS WEST OF HAMILTON.

On the 8th of September at the invitation of the GLASFORD DIVISION, we delivered the members an address on the beauty and usefulness of the principles of our Order. The attendance was respectable both of ladies and gentlemen. Br. Clarke the W. P., was called to the chair. This Division like that of Caledonia in the summer of 1851, was in a most flourishing condition. A disagreement has occurred among members in both Divisions, which has greatly retarded their progress. As a consequence both have to some extent receded. As in the domestic circle the most disagreeable thing to see, is relations quarrelling, so also in Divisions the sure index of decay, are stubborn differences from which neither party will recede. Unanimity, especially in moral movements, is highly necessary. This can only be effected by members acting with consistency, and by the non-interference on the part of members with the political and religious opinions of each other. In Families and in societies all cannot see things alike, and so long as the general principles of the Order are observed, members should not hastily or foolishly withdraw from Divisions. There are now two Divisions near Caledonia, a new one at Seneca having been formed out of the first one. These Divisions number in all about 60 members, whereas the old Division in 1851 contained over 100. We hope that they may again unite, as two such small Divisions so near each other will hardly succeed. Some of the members who have withdrawn from the Glasford Division talk of forming a Temple of Honor in that vicinity. We should rather see them again unite with the old society, although we of course can have no objection to any other organization, feeling friendly to all. The Division on the mountain above Hamilton has been divided into two, owing to the distance that members lived apart. The Barton Division is held on the road to Caledonia, the other, called Pine Grove Division, is held near Taylor's Corners. The first meets on Saturday, and the last on Monday. Barton Division held a Soiree on the 2nd S.p. and has about 6 members; Pine Grove Division has about 25 members, and was formed last spring.

JERVIS DIVISION contains 30 members. This village contains three or four taverns, and we should judge was anything but a temperate place. Indeed Caledonia and the whole line of road from that to Dover, is lined with a string of taverns, set up apparently to sell liquor and tempt weak men (Sons included), from their duty. It is difficult for a weak Division to live amongst them.

POST DOVER DIVISION has decreased some since last year. It is still however, doing well. We heard here that the OLD FELLOWS SOCIETY had lately passed a bye-law, by which they allow lodges to be opened on TOTAL ABSTINENCE PRINCIPLES.

THE SIXTON DIVISION has decreased some, but is still one of the largest and most energetic in Canada.

It contains about 200 contributing members, with others who are in default. It has a Section of Cadets attached to it.

There is a large UNION OF DAUGHTERS in Simcoe containing 27 members. Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Pegg are the principal officers in it. Altogether in Simcoe there is a good Temperance feeling, which requires only to be properly fostered to increase. There is a Temperance inn, in Wellington village. Vittora Division has decreased considerably since last year: and numbers only about 40 members, whereas last year it numbered many more. We noticed numerous taverns in the place to tempt away Sons. Men also who complain of the expense of being a Son, can yet go and contribute to the support of bar rooms. Oh, shame! shame! The crops in Norfolk are generally good, and fruit abundant. In some townships the grasshoppers have been injurious to crops and grass, eating potatoes and all that came in their way.

FREDRICKSBURG or ARTHUR WILLIAM DIVISION we did not visit, but hear it is doing well.

WATERFORD DIVISION.—Waterford is a small village in the beautiful township of Townsend, and has considerable mill privileges and a population of about 600. The Division last year numbered over 200 but has decreased, chiefly owing to a refusal to pay their weekly dues. There is a Section of Cadets here. We saw for a few hours Brothers Griffin, Walker, Green, Baker, and Merrell. They are energetic and thorough friends of the cause here. There is a Temperance Hall and a Brass Band belonging to the Sons in this place. The majority of the Division are wealthy farmers. There is a Temperance house in this place badly supported.

In the neighborhood of Waterford are the following Divisions: Ville Nova, Boston, and Oakland.

BOSTON DIVISION contains 70 members, meets on Monday.

VILLE NOVA has 50 members, meets on Saturday, Wm. Walker W. P.

OAKLAND DIVISION has about forty members.

SCOTLAND DIVISION is 2 miles west of Oakland in a village of that name, contains 60 members and has a Section of 35 Cadets. This Division may be called a MODE' DIVISION, for we are told that since its formation it has expelled but one member, and he was subsequently reclaimed. Here is an example of the right kind. It will be observed that many of the above Divisions have decreased since we were there upwards of a year ago. The chief cause of decrease has been the unwillingness of members to pay their dues—they refuse to attend—leave all to be paid by a few, and when asked to pay either send in their resignation, are suspended, or expelled, yet the mighty sum these persons are called on to pay is only about 18s 9d cy per year. This sum, if sick, they could draw from their society funds in less than two weeks. Strange infatuation! and yet stranger, when we know, in too many instances, that those who leave, will go and spend in a DRUNKEN CAROUSE or in TUPPING HILLS more in a month than they need pay in a year for a moral and God approved cause.

NOTICED THE ORDER OF THE DAY IN ALL THINGS—It seems to be the mania of the day to experiment in every thing. No one is satisfied with his situation or his country. Men doing well in Canada, in hope of realizing sudden fortunes, sea their sea at half price or on credit, and rush for Australia with their families, risking every thing over the wilderness of the ocean in a three month's voyage to Australia or round Cape Horn, across the Icebergs, or the vast prairies for California. Young unmarried men with health and fair business prospects, for love of change—to be romantic—run to meet death in the great western pampas, at Panama, or by disease or violence in the mines of California. All for a bit of gold which they lose as soon as earned. Morality, parents' kind roofs—mothers and sisters, all are left to seek the face of unprincipled, selfish strangers. Too many men have joined our Order in the

same way and are now leaving the Divisions because they see they are not worth knowing—because they cannot always be on the excitement principle. This spirit is alarming to all good men, for it exhibits want of faith in the steady course of life, and the steady but uniform and sure path of duty and morality. Hundreds of valuable men are leaving Canada to seek their fortunes in foreign lands. Hundreds of Sons are leaving the Order to again become temperate drinkers, and then the dues to be paid into Divisions are looked upon as too onerous, when the money spent in one month on a dirty bar at an inn, would double their yearly amount. Men who have been Sons have boasted that they could half a dollar a day in drink—filthy drink over them.



Agriculture.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Ye who nobly toil to win  
Laurels for your name,  
Who have earnest hopes within  
Of a deathless fame,  
Who have dreamt such golden dreams  
Which ye hope to see,  
Who have had such dazzling gleams  
Of your destiny:  
Toil on nobly with your pen—  
Hope on with your heart,  
Time will show your worth and then,  
Fame will give her part.

Ye who bravely work to gain  
Comforts for your home,  
Ye may have your hours of pain—  
Let them go and come:  
Ye may have to struggle hard  
With the frown of fate,  
Ye may hope for your reward  
And have long to wait.  
But work on, ye heavenly one,  
Be despairing never,  
Ye shall find fate's not unkind,  
Hope on, then—hope ever.

Ye who've seen years three score ten,  
Who totter by the way,  
Ye know soon from human ken  
Ye will pass away  
All our hopes are fixed above,  
Earth no longer seems  
Land of rest, of joy, and love,  
Hope on a sunny gleam:  
'Tis receding from our view,  
Other thoughts are given,  
Bright and true and loving too—  
Hope on, then, for Heaven

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN THE CITY.

Which closed on Friday the 24th September was an eminently successful and pleasant exhibition. The Monday previous and Tuesday forenoon had been a regular equinoctial three days storm, which would have completely frustrated the whole of the exhibition. Providentially on Tuesday it suddenly cleared up, and we had the most beautiful weather until Saturday the 25th, when it became rainy. As a consequence of the fine weather there was an immense turn out from this county, city, and many other localities of Canada. On Wednesday the attendance was considerable, on Thursday the 23rd, it seemed as if the city all the thoroughfares therein, as well as the villages were alive with people; all seeking with happy hearts the show grounds. Thus on Thursday over 15,000 single tickets were sold. During the exhibition 2000 badges or \$1 tickets were sold, and paid

30,000 single tickets were sold in all, realizing \$50,000. On Thursday there were at times at 20,000 people on the ground, and during the day doubtless in men, women, and children, over 500 people visited the show grounds. The number attending this show, trebled that of any other occasion in Canada. These shows of agricultural and mechanical industry, are glorious things for a country. The exhibition of articles was very good and superior in some things, especially in horned cattle, horses, and swine. Some noble specimens of Durham balls and cows were shown,—several mammoth oxen, and some of the highland breed of sheep were shown. Our room does not permit me to give even a synopsis of the products and specimens. But competent judges say they would compare favorably with any seen at the American fairs. Fine specimens of the large and tufted fowls, geese and turkeys were exhibited. A Mr. Renard of Derham, an American farmer, who emigrated from Canada some 17 years ago, exhibited a cheese that weighed 700 lbs. Some very fine peaches grown at Derham were exhibited. Mr. Leslie exhibited some apples, and a good sample of piums were shown. The Americans as usual turned out some fine machinery. Mr. Piper of this city, got a premium and a medal for a very ingenious shower bath and easy chair. Some beautiful carriages from Hamilton were there, made at the establishment of Holmes, Evans, & Co. Messrs. Jacques & Hay of this city exhibited a princely carved bedstead and other furniture, never before surpassed in Canada. The exhibition hall was beautifully fixed up, and contained choice dahlias, the exhibition of needle work, counterpanes was good. The next exhibition here is to be held in Hamilton, and Mr. Mathews Beckwith, is chosen president of the association. Messrs. Street, Patrick, and the Hon. Malcolm Cameron were present, also the Hon. Adam Ferguson, and Mr. The New York agricultural fair was held in the middle of September, and a great one is to be held in Ohio about the middle of this fall. The American fairs have all been largely held this fall.

FARMERS' WIVES.

It is said at the present day of the toils of a farmer, and I cannot forbear making known a few of my thoughts upon the subject. When a young man wishes to choose to himself a fitting wife, he naturally desire one whose faculties have been trained to an equal degree with his own, and he also prefer one who has been reared on a farm, and some knowledge of rural pursuits. Many young men have enjoyed the privilege of a country residence, and their fate with that of a farmer, thinking they shall fill a more exalted station than they expect, if they became a part of a fashionable city or village. From this time the life of a farmer's wife is one of confinement, and unremitting toil. Early dawn, until late at night, it is, nothing but milk, wash, churn, make cheese, or wait upon husband or laborers. She has no time for recreation, or the improvement of her mental faculties. As the means of the farmer increase, he is more likely to have more friends, and mingles with the world, but his wife toils on from morning until night, without break in upon the monotony of her existence. Her days are never ended, her cares never cease, and when old age has come upon her, and she sinks in a weary grave, leaving her children to the care of some youthful successor, who perhaps avenges her by tyrannizing over the husband and abusing her children.

As a farmer's wife, but am well acquainted with the toils and privations, and have written this from my own observation, and hope to see the day when farmers will consider it proper for their wives to join with them in the improvement of the soil and society. I have then find that they have capacity above the means-of-all-work, designed only to cook and mend stockings.

AN EYE TROTT — We find in the Fredonia Centinel a letter, describing the success which has attended the experiments made to catch trout and

whitefish in Lake Erie. The writer says. So little known have been the contents of these waters, that until very recently it has been an object of profit to make frequent drafts on Old Connecticut for her salmon trout. But now it is ascertained that we have the very fish in great abundance at our feet. Recent experiments in taking these fish have been very successful. Mr. Andrews on his return to Dunkirk from California a few months since, aided by an old Mackinaw fisherman set to work in earnest, preparing himself with all the necessary apparatus for fishing on a large scale. Several unsuccessful attempts were made at different depths of water and in different ways, but at length the true way was found, and that by running out some thirteen miles from shore and dropping nets to the depth of nearly or quite 100 feet, and thus letting them remain for some hours, when they were hauled up and the fish secured. The trout unlike many other kinds of fish, have no gills, but swim with their mouths open, bridling themselves with the twine of the net, the meshes being too small to allow them to pass through, and they cannot back out because of the structure of their teeth curving inwardly, and thus they become their own executioners. Last evening Mr. Andrews took, at one haul over fifteen hundred pounds of trout and whitefish. In this lot were thirty-three trout, weighing about thirty pounds each—a beautiful sight—which sell readily at 6 cts. a pound.

VALUABLE SHEEP — It is said that at the late exhibition of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, there were sheep of the French merino breed present which \$1000 would not buy, and the stock from which sells readily for from \$200 to \$250 for ewes, and \$400 for bucks.

A party of New York capitalists, among whom is Mr. George Law, have associated themselves for the purpose of carrying out a magnificent undertaking, in the founding of a new city opposite New York, on the west bank of the Hudson, on a tract of land lying between and comprising Jersey City and Hoboken.

Mrs. H. C. Branson, of Palmer, threw up from her stomach, a few days since, a living red animal, three inches long, which passes by the name of "er-t." It is believed that she has carried this animal in her stomach for three years, as she has suffered much from spasms and a peculiar appetite.

A sale of four inches of land on Main street, Buffalo was made last week at \$100 per inch.

WATER MELON BUTTER. — Split the water melon open, with a spoon scrape out the pulps into a colander, and strain the water into vessels; boil it down to syrup, then put in apples or peaches, like making apple butter or any kind of preserves. Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit down to molasses, which will be found to be as fine as the best sugar-house molasses. The season for making this table sauce is at hand; those who wish to partake of it should prepare for the event.

TOMATO KETCHUP. — The following from long experience, we know to be the best receipt extant for making tomato ketchup:—

Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add—

- Half a gallon of vinegar,
  - One pint and a half of salt,
  - Two ounces of cloves,
  - Quarter of a pound of allspice,
  - Three ounces of cayenne pepper,
  - Three table-spoonful of black pepper,
  - Five heads of garlic, skinned and separated.
- Mix together and boil, about three hours, or until reduced to about one-half, and bottle without straining.

The Grasshoppers on Long Island were drowned by hundreds of thousands in the profuse rains of Wednesday. The Post tells a story about a flock of turkeys which, not long since, was turned into a field of grass, and cleared it of grasshoppers, in a very short time. They walked from one end of the field to the other in a row of twenty or more abreast, snapping up the grasshoppers as they went. When they had cleared a strip of considerable breadth in this manner, they walked back again on that portion of the field next to the space already cleared, repeating the same process. Grasshoppers, it is said, are as easily driven as geese. At Saarlinton, a place east of Jericho, a farmer cleared a field of them by driving them into a sort of pen, where he secured three pecks of them, which were given to his turkeys.

THE TSETSE OR ZINB.—The following singular facts are derived from a very interesting letter written by the Rev. David Livingstone, an English missionary in South Africa, and son-in-law of the distinguished missionary Robert Moffat, to his brother in Massachusetts, which letter was recently read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society. — The tsetse is the name given to an insect found in the interior of Africa. In size it is between the common house-fly and the honey-bee, and is of a drab color, having some yellow bars across the hinder part of the body. They seem to be confined to certain districts, generally along the banks of rivers, where reedy swamps mingled with trees prevail. They are very numerous, and from their devastations among domestic cattle, have been termed the scourge of Africa. It is supposed that the "tsetse," mentioned by Bruce, is the same as the tsetse. The most curious fact about this insect is, that while its sting is harmless to man and wild animals, it is certain destruction to horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, or any other domesticated brute, except goats and young calves. Several instances are known where all the cattle, horses and dogs of a traveller have been swept off by it. A horse was taken among them by a doubter; about fifty settled on him, and immediately he began to lose flesh; in eleven days he was dead. When an ox is bitten, at once the countenance stares, the eyes run, he loses strength, swells under the jaw, staggers, grows blind, and becomes emaciated, which continues, sometimes, for months, when death ensues. Upon removing the skin, a great many air bubbles are found on the surface of the body, under the cuticular membrane. The fat is of an oily, glary consistence, and of a greenish yellow color. The heart is soft and pale, lungs and liver diseased, and the gall bladder unusually distended with bile. The muscles are flabby, the blood contains very little coloring matter, and not a particle is found in the body. There is no such thing as becoming accustomed to them, and the natives, in localities where they abound, are unable to raise a single domestic animal. In these same districts, elephants, buffaloes, zebras, gous, &c. live unaffected by the tsetse. A dog fed on the meat of game, lives; one reared on milk falls a victim to them. It is said that game meat is possessed of a peculiar acid found sparingly in tame animals; perhaps this may be the cause. — But then why do calves, who subsist on milk, escape? Sometimes a mature herd of cattle is cut off, excepting the calves, and these follow likewise: if kept in the region for a year or two.

SELF CULTURE. — Is it asked, how can the laboring man find time for self culture? I answer that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. I seize on spare moments, and turn fragments into golded account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least. A single hour in the day, readily given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.

Now. — "Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind, and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off all to-morrow, saying "then" I will do it. "No" this will never answer. — "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

THE END OF PRIDE. — The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and exclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy, to be a useless encumbrance, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue, or feebly, for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

## NEWS, DOMESTIC.

J. C. Morrison, Esq., has been returned as member for Niagara without opposition. The Government have determined on building a New Government House in this city to cost \$40,000 to be commenced next year on the site of the old one. Mr. McKenzie's Bill to open the legal profession has been lost in the House. Mr. Brown's resolutions in favor of a Bill to secularize the clergy reserves in place of the resolutions of the Government were voted down, and the resolutions with the alteration of the word "collision" to "differences of opinion," were carried by a large majority. Mr. Morin has introduced a resolution to make the Legislative Council elective—members thereof to be chosen from persons who have been members of the Lower House. This last feature of the Bill is not a good one. A new paper called the "Guide" has been started in Port Hope, and a new one in Montreal, called "Our Journal." The Hon. Mr. Young of Montreal has resigned his office as Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works, and Mr. Chabot has been appointed in his place. Mr. Young resigned because the Government had determined on a retaliatory policy—raising the duties on American produce and the tolls on the canals. This is a mistaken policy and will most likely fail in securing reciprocity. Suppose the Americans were to raise the duty on our flour and timber to 40 per cent, or take away our right of transit in Bond, where would our trade be? This policy will also raise the duty much higher on sugar, tea, cotton, and some other articles which our people chiefly purchase from Americans. As a consequence we must pay higher for them or purchase elsewhere. In place of driving trade from us we should invite it. Mr. Hincks has introduced a Bill to amend, or do away as some say, with the Toronto University. A great jubilee has just taken place in Lower Canada, on occasion of the opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. Most of the members of Parliament were present. Some weeks ago a large meeting was held in this city, to support the proposal to erect a railroad between this city and Peterborough; and we see that Mr. Langton has introduced a Bill for the purpose of building one. Mr. Jackson the English railroad contractor, not getting the job of building the great trunk railway through Canada at the high sum asked, it is said has left in a huff for England. The road will be built for a much less sum than that for which he offered to build it. The contract for building the Toronto and Guelph railway has been taken by Messrs. Cotton and Roe of this city, to be finished next year. This road will be continued through to Sarnia it is said.

The Government measure for the purpose of making the Legislative Council elective is this: Canada is to be divided into 30 electoral districts, which are to elect 60 members, one third of whom to go out of office every three years. The *Leader* gives the following epitome of the Bill—

The Council is to consist of sixty members. There are to be thirty electoral districts. One third of the members are to retire, in rotation, every three years. The country to be divided, as equally as possible, into thirty electoral districts, on the basis of population. No pecuniary qualification to be required for members of the Council. The Council to elect its own Speaker, and to be a Court for the trial of impeachments of public officers by the Assembly. No person who is disqualified to be elected to the Assembly to be eligible to a seat in the Council. The Council may be dissolved by the Executive and re-elected, in the same manner as the Assembly is now dissolved and re-elected. The property qualification for members of the Assembly to be abolished.

This measure is one that will please the great bulk of reform and conservative voters in Canada, and we are extremely happy to see it. Dr. Rolph, on the vote against Mr. Gambie's resolutions to make Sheriffs and other local officers elective, expressed himself as not opposed to the principle of the measure. The Doctor has shown in his great speech on the Clergy Reserves, that he has lost none of his eloquence, or love for the people's rights. After battling for over 30 years for constitutional liberty, it would be strange if in his old age, were to throw away a well earned reputation for patriotism. The Ministry have pledged themselves, when they obtain the repeal of the Imperial act, taking the power to legislate on the Reserves from us, to secularize them. The Honorable Mr. Papineau and Mr. Langton of Peterboro, both spoke in favor of secu-

larization. The Honorable Malcolm Cameron made a very able speech on this subject, vindicating the course of the Government, and exposing Mr. Brown's inconsistencies. We cannot ourselves understand the utility of a course, similar to one formerly pursued, and ending in no good.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DEATH**—A great warrior and man has gone. Hudson, the celebrated railroad speculator of England, is again on his feet, speculating as usual. Mr. Owen, the Socialist, is elected a member of Oldham. The Duke of Hamilton, aged 85, lately died in Scotland. He was the oldest Peer in the House of Lords. Haynau is in Paris receiving Banquets from his degraded slaves. He denies that he ever ordered a lady to be flogged.

A splendid Crystal Palace (cost \$200,000) will be finished this year or next winter near New York City, in which to hold a world's exhibition in May 1853. Great excitement prevails in Cuba as to a supposed revolution. Americans are viewed with great suspicion. In many parts of the Union secret recruiting stations for soldiers are opened. Haynau, the murderer of the poor Hungarians was insulted and stoned by the people in Belgium in August. Mr. Baring arrived some time last week at New York City, and the merchants and brokers there are going to give him a public dinner on a grand scale. He is going to Washington on some diplomatic measure, probably about the Fishery Question, which is not yet fully settled. A Mr. Perly of New Brunswick, an acute and intelligent agent of the Province, is aiding the British Embassy with information. The Hon. Dominic Daly, of Canadian notoriety, is appointed Governor of New Zealand. A lucky fellow he. The Cholera still lingers in Rochester. It is also bad along the Mississippi and Ohio. The Vermont elections have turned out in favor of persons friendly to the Maine Law. Late advices from England say the crops will be well got in. The Caffir war still goes on, and England talks of giving up the war, and letting the Cape of Good Hope colonies manage themselves.

**MR. GOUGH**—This very eloquent and popular man lectured in this city from Monday until Friday evening of the week before last; receiving all the time crowded houses, and doing excellent service to the cause in this city. Mr. Gough is a lecturer that will wear, and he is a truly eloquent man. His lectures are universally popular, especially with a mixed audience—and were attended amongst us by all classes. Few, listening to his thrilling appeals—his striking and laughable anecdotes, and terrible denunciations of the drinking usages of society can fail to see that the cause of total abstinence is the GREAT CAUSE of this GENERATION. He is also a powerful friend of the Maine law. We recollect last winter that the enemies of this law tried to make the public believe that Gough was opposed to it. He believes it is the only cure for DRINKING MEN. In Toronto, if a larger church could have been obtained, a much larger attendance would have taken place, but the Methodist and Knox free church were refused to the friends of total abstinence. Mr. Roaf's church was in a very friendly manner given. Mr. Gough went on Saturday to Bowmanville and lectured—thence he went to Cobourg. He lectured here again to an overflowing house on Wednesday last. He then went to Hamilton where he lectured several days, and from thence he goes to Dundas, Guelph and Trent. No man in Canada is capable of doing so much good as Gough, and he is a person who can be heard often with good effect.

## RECEIPTS OF MONEY.

Samuel Rice, Pelham, \$1½ in full for 1852; Wm. Malcolm, Ga's, \$1 pays to the end of this year; J. Cook, Glanford, \$5 on account of subscribers of 1851-2. Persons remitting money should state for whom it is sent. These subscribers are charged \$1½ and this money is taken on account. Mitchell Division \$1 pays for only a portion of the year; W. H. F., Colborne \$1 for new subscriber; A. A., Brockville, \$1; R. B., Oakville, \$1 new sub.

## RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter on Maine Law from Mrs. M. F. H. T., will appear in our next; Poetry from W. H. F., will appear Observations &c., No. 2 will appear; Letter from F. Glanford, will appear in course; Letter of Br. Barr, will appear. Contributors should endeavor to shorten their contributions, to enable us to give a greater variety.

Articles on the *Napanee Bee* and *Guelph Advertiser* are in hand, and will appear in our next.

**MARRIED** on Thursday 29th ultimo, at the residence of P. Freeland, Esq., Woodbine Cottage, by the Rev. A. Lillie, Mr. WILLIAM BLACK to Miss AOKER, daughter of the late Mr. William Thompson of Guelph, Scotland, both of Toronto. The happy couple married immediately by the steamer *Admiral* to Boston en route for California.

**MARKETS**.—Toronto 2nd October, 1852. Wheat sells last at 3s. 9d. per bushel; Flour, farmers, 1s. 10d. best millers, £1; Potatoes, 1s. 8d. to 2s.; Barley, 3d. to 2. 6d.; Oats 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.; Apples 2s. 9d. to 10d fresh sells readily; Old ham sells at 6d. to 7d.; Beef per 100lbs. sells well at \$4; \$4½ to \$5; Sheep average \$4 a-piece, West 1s. 3d. per lb.; Wood \$3½ best; Hay \$10 to \$11; Poultry, fowls 1s. to 1s. 3d. per pair; Turkeys 3d. a-piece. Poultry sells well.

The weather for some days has been unusually no frosts and quite enough of rain.

## Notice to Divisions and Friends.

It is the intention of the editor of this paper to increase the interest in this paper, and to publish it weekly; giving the news of the day, temperance, literary, political. It will be as now, a good family paper, taking no part in partizan politics, or sectarian religious questions—but merely fairly commenting thereon.

The price will be the same as now, \$1 a year in advance. We ask our friends and the Order generally, to extend their present and future patronage, being the first got up in Western Canada.

## BOOT, SHOE, &amp; RUBBER WAREHOUSE.

No 23, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. **J. CORNISH** has constantly on hand a large assortment of **BOOTS and SHOES** of every description, **INDIA RUBBERS and Ladies over Boots**, which will sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. *All orders promptly attended to.*

Remember the "Old Stand," No. 12, King Street, six doors east of Yonge Street, Toronto. Toronto, September, 1852.

## JOHN MCGEE, TIN AND COPPER SMITH.

43, Yonge Street, KEEPS constantly on hand an extensive assortment of every description of Plain and Japanned Tin and Sheet Iron Ware. All kinds of Jobbing done to punctually, and moderate charges. Steamboilers and Brewery work, Roofing, and Pipes put up, paired, and warranted to give satisfaction. Furnaces and Pipes fixed up on an approved plan.

## STOVES! STOVES!!

THE undersigned begs leave to call the attention of Citizens of Toronto, and his Customers generally, to his large Stock of Cooking, Parlour and Box Stoves, including the unrivalled CROCKET STOVE in the world. Lion, and Premium, which I am enabled to furnish with the best materials, and at Lower Prices than any house in the City.

JOHN MCGEE, Toronto, Sept. 21st, 1852.

## SUMMERVILLE MILLS DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF FLOUR, BRAN, AND MILL OFFALS.

No. 56, Queen Street West, Toronto. JOHN W.

## BEERS' TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Third Street, north of Pennsylvania Avenue, the Railroad Depot, WASHINGTON CITY. Prices to suit the times.

**SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST**, King Street, Toronto. Near the Corner of Bay Street. Toronto, 2nd January, 1852.