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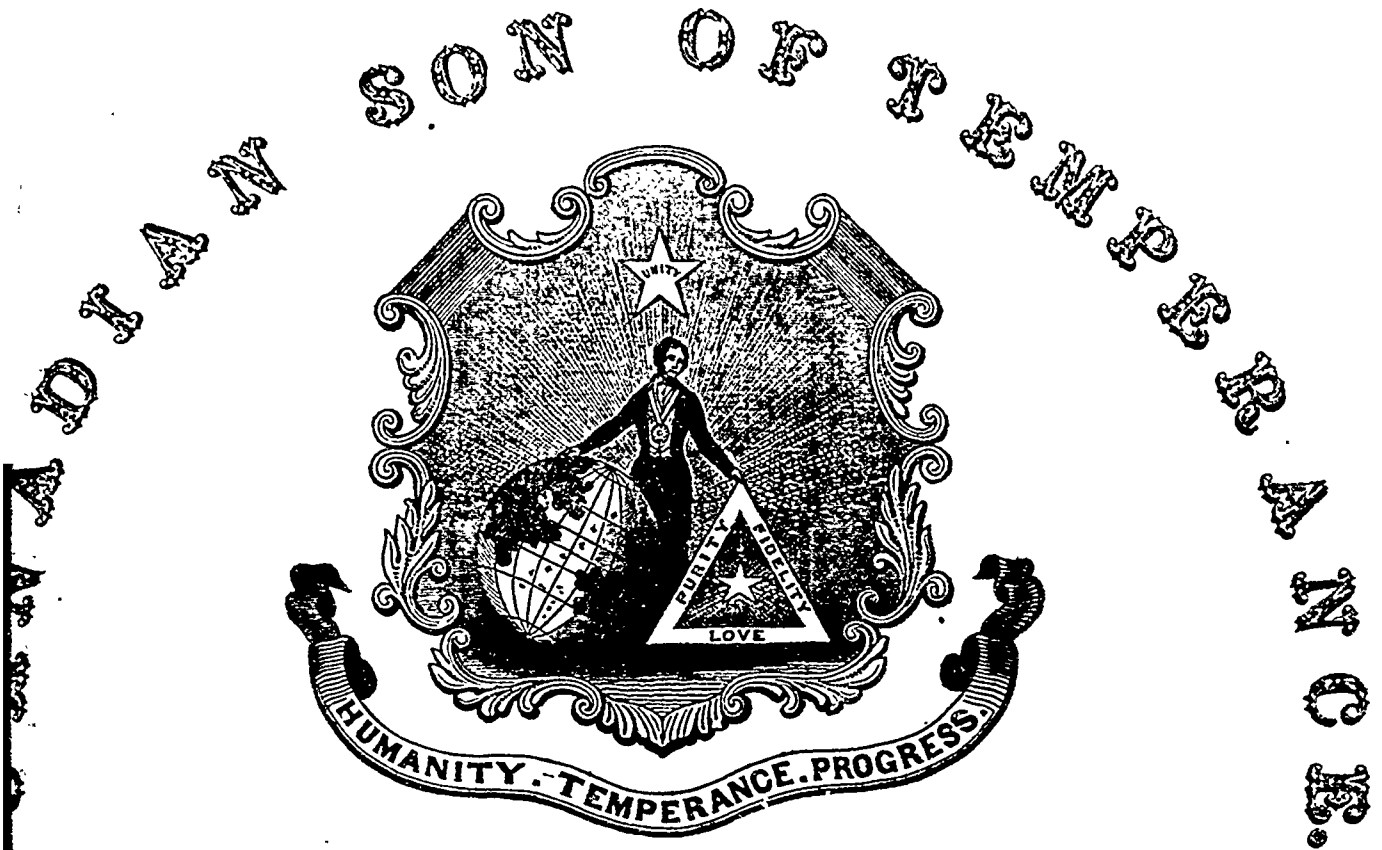
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ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

FEMALE HERMIT.

The subjoined interesting sketch of a most singular woman is furnished the *National Intelligencer* by a gentleman who has recently explored the source of the Potomac river. A character so remarkable should not be allowed to remain in her seclusion. We admire particularly the forcible and simple expressions of her Christian faith, and doubt whether the ablest theologian could improve the confession:—

"Delighted, however, and deeply impressed as I have been by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far more interested in an old woman, whom I have had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth Golding, or Goldizon, and she resides in a log cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the gorge which has taken her name. She is of German origin, and represents herself as one hundred and twelve years of age. She was born, according to her own words, "within two days' ride of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania," and her father was a soldier in the Revolution under Washington, and she herself was in the vicinity of the American camp at the defeat of General Braddock, of which event she habitually recounts a great number of interesting and thrilling incidents, closing the paragraph with the remark that the field was wet, very wet with blood. She has been husbandless and childless for nearly a century, and for many years has lived in the solitude of the mountains. Indeed everything about the old woman is peculiar and strange. In stature she is tall and her hair (which is white as snow), is very long, when engaged in conversation, her countenance fires up exceedingly, and she accents each sentence with the most animated gestures, her voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her control, having an unnatural tone, and the wrinkles running entirely over her face and neck are as deep as we might imagine them to be after having been furrowed by the ways of even one heart for so long a time as a century.

She was clothed in the simplest manner, having upon her head a cap made of common brown cotton, a frock of blue homespun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woolsen socks. During the whole time we were in the cabin she was smoking some better weed in a corn pipe, and, though haggard and worn to a marvellous degree, she had a pleasant smile, and when either of

her guests happened to utter something that was novel to her ear, she would exclaim, "Oh, yes, that is wonderful!"

Her only means of subsistence for years past had been obtained by making livery brooms, but even this business she had been compelled to give up, for she could no more climb the mountains to obtain the proper material; and, though she seemed to be perfectly certain that she would be provided for, she expressed the greatest dread of the county almshouse. We inquired as to her appetite, and she replied, Oh, I eat very little, I never eat much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never more than once a day, and I am well acquainted with hunger."

As to her sleep we also questioned her, and she said, "that's what troubles me most, I cannot sleep now, I am so old, and so I lay on my bed all night thinking of my great and good Father in Heaven." We asked her how she managed to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said she did not know, only that people who travelled on the road sometimes stopped in to give her a little coffee or flour, her mainstay being a small garden of vegetables, the brush fence around which had been built by her own hands, and this garden was just exactly the nearest I ever beheld. As to her sight, it was as good as ever, and she was unacquainted with the use of spectacles. We asked her how much money she would want to support her a year, and she replied that ten dollars would take care of her a long time, more than a year. As a matter of course, my companion and I made up a little purse for her benefit, and when we gave it to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite of us. Indeed we made her a number of trifling presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weeping, and assuring us that her "Father in Heaven" would bless us and make us happy wherever we might go.— And I can assure the reader that the tears shed by that old woman of five score years and ten were not the only ones that sprung into eyes on that occasion, albeit we were unused to weeping.

But I have not yet given the reader an idea of the home of this lonely being, in truth it baffles description. Her nearest neighbor is some four miles off, and her companions in her solitude are a true dog and a cat.— Her cabin stands near the water's edge, and directly on the hill-side, it is without a window, but light in abundance comes in from the gaping roof and sides of the black mouldering log habitation, the chimney to which



THE RED BLOOMING HEATHER OF SCOTLAND.

Oh delight in the rose in the garden that grows,
The daisy, carnation, and pink,
But dearer than either to me is the heather
That waves on the wild rocky brink.

Oh sweet little plant! to thee I will chant,
For thou art the gem of our mountains,
Thou adornest our hills and steep sloping vales,
Where run the clear winding fountains.

Oh sweet Lammas day, when all nature looks gay,
And the sportsman goes out with his gun,
Oh sweet is the smell of the red heather bell,
When warm'd by the bright summer's sun!

Whenever I view thy red blooming hue,
The days of my youth I remember,
When often I've trod on the soil hoathy sod,
And the blackberry bushes so slender.

For many a scramble I've gained the wild tramble,
As through the deep glen I did wander,
While tending the flocks among the steep hills,
Where the streamlets so sweetly meander.

Oh soft is the gale that swoons through the vale
Which the tourist and sportsman do breathe,
Oh pure are the rills that descend the steep hills,
That defend our old Scotia from skath!

Oh oft have the men of the heath-covered glen
In defence of their country here stood,
When carousal did roar, and the flashing claymore
Made the heath with the foe'sman's blood!

Oh sweet be the smell of the red heather bell,
That blooms on the warrior's grave,
Who defended our land from the tyrant's rude hand,
Choosing death to the life of a slave.

Oh green be the heath long after my death,
On the hills where in boyhood I stray'd,
When in some foreign strand, I'll muse on the land,
With the red blooming heath all array'd.

is muck and sticks, and in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or three wretchedly worn bed-quilts. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they were very old and worn) could not have been more than a dollar. An old stool answers the purpose of a chair, a board nailed to the side of the cabin is her only table hanging from the logs at the side of the bed are two or three old gowns which help to keep out the air and the rain, and from the crevices of the logs around, above, and everywhere, depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she has gathered in her rambles, but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangements of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect.

We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied, "of course not, who would harm a poor forsaken creature like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for its only last Fall that one came down here and scratched up my garden, but I drove him off with a big stick!" Up to this point, everything we saw and heard concerning this aged woman was strange, but when we rose to depart, we were still more astonished to have her rivet our attention by her wild movements and address us to the following effect: "Men, I thank you for your goodness; I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me all in my heart about it. There is a Heaven men, and it's a very happy place; there is a Hell men, and it's a very dreadful place; they both will never have an end. Now, men, good-bye, you have been good to the old woman, but we must part, good-bye; we shall meet once more, at the judgement but for a short time. Live, men that you may get to Heaven." And so we left this strange being, and I am confident that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travelers, if still living will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the *Hermut Woman of the Alleghenies*.

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING INCIDENT—Yesterday, (Sabbath) morning, at the ringing of the first bells in this city, the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Davis or Freewill Baptist, met around the water where the different denominations usually baptise. The weather was quite cold, it was snowing quite fast—the ice had been cut out and lay in large cake; every thing looked cold and forbidding. After singing, and a short but fervent prayer by the pastor, "for the spirit of God to rest upon all present," he then rose from his knees and led a young man into the water and immersed him. Next followed a young lady. As they came towards the pond, and the snow falling thick and fast, there came a beautiful Dove hovering over the congregation, and actually lit down on the ice and walked around but a little distance from the administrator and the candidate. At the same moment the minister remarked, "And the Spirit rested on him in the shape of a Dove." It was one of the most beautiful and touching incidents we ever witnessed in the administration of a religious rite. Indeed, it seemed to call up to the mind of Christians the time when the adorable Redeemer came up out of Jordan and God set a seal to this sacred rite.—*Manchester (N.H.) Mirror*.

A CURIOSITY—The *Vermont Register* says that at Belden's Falls, two or three miles from Middlebury, a decayed tree was recently discovered, which is a puzzle to all who have seen it. The trunk, which has become thoroughly rotten, is entirely filled with birds' feathers. The downy portions are in a great measure disorganized, leaving the quills, however, in perfect preservation. The tree is evidently maple. How these feathers, of which there is a quantity innumerable, should have been so thoroughly disseminated through every part of the trunk, is a great mystery.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

ANIMAL REMAINS—A few days ago, the remains of what is considered to have been a Moose Deer, were found on the farm of Mr. Peter Kerr, a short distance from Lanark. They were partially imbedded in the earth, and the larger bones were in a good state of preservation. The skeleton, as it lay extended on the ground in its natural position, measured twelve feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail.

[ORIGINAL]
MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Mother thou sleep'st in the stranger's land,
But thy child may kneel on the strand;
I know but this; 'tis on Eric's strand,
And my thoughts are often there.
On the still lake's strand,
By Eric's grave,
In the stranger's land,
Is my mother's grave.

In the stilly evening's twilight hour,
When the gentle south wind blows,
Methinks it comes o'er thy deathbed's bow'r,
Where thy sacred urns repose.
Then Eric's surge,
In each lake-wash'd cave,
Sings its requiem dirge
O'er my mother's grave.

Happy ye who can kneel by the tomb,
Where in death your lov'd ones sleep,
And alone by their graves in twilight's gloom,
May sit you down and weep,
But woe to heal,
Though a world I gave,
I may not kneel
By a mother's grave.

And I'd give a world, if worlds were mine,
(Unseen by earth's eye or ear),
To kneel by her ashes' sacred shrine,
And lave it with a tear.
Dear mother flow,
Oft my heart doth crave,
To bow alone
By thy hallow'd grave.

And would thy spirit not meet me there,
To soothe my lone heart to rest?
Ah no, I ne'er may meet thee again,
'Till I meet thee 'mong the blest
Yet thy spirit mock,
A smile might we,
When I would seek
Thy unknown grave.

How oft at evening's silent calm,
When my soul within was dear,
My heart has felt an ang'ly's balm,
Oh say, wast thou not 'ere near,
When fancy flew
From her mountain cave,
To point me to
My mother's grave

Oft comes a voice on the wind's light wing,
When to me no form is near,
And back the silvery shroud doth fling
From the past, which once was dear.
No fears I feel,
Thus when mem'ry's woe
Oft hurls me back
To thy cold lone grave.

But you dwell not in the tomb's dark night,
That so deep my heart reveres,
Thy home is in bright fields of light,
Among vnder golden spheres.
There command to come,
A Saviour gave,
There's thy spirit's home,
There's my mother's grave.

MILTON'S LITERARY LIFE—The North British Review says. The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion, that from his 17th to his 33rd or 34th year his chief literary exercises were poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52nd, he laboured exclusively as a controversialist and prose writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets, and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England

Paddy, when told a stove would save
Just half his usual fuel,
Replied, "Arrah, then, two I'll have,
And save all—my jewel."

"I'm not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man "I presume not: from your appearance, I should think the barrel of cider would run at your approach," was the reply.

There were only two clocks in England in the reign of Edward I, both of foreign manufacture. One was placed in a old tower at Westminster Hall, and the other in Canterbury Cathedral.

THE TRUE MAHOMETAN SPIRIT

A certain good natured old Vermont farmer, famed for his constant good nature, let turn up what was One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that part of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man; "well, he was a breachy ox. Take his hide off, and carry it down towards, the man came back with the news that "back" and his mate were both dead. "Are they said the old man, "well I took them of B—, a bad debt that I never expected to get. It's lucky it ain't the bundles. Take the hides down to Fletcher's, they will bring the cash." After the hour another hour the man came back again to tell the high bridge was dead. "Is he?" said the old man, "well he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's, it is worth cash, and bring more than any two of the others." Here on, his wife, who was a very pious soul, taking herself the office of Elshaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that loss was a judgment of heaven upon him for his wickedness. "Is it!" said the old fellow; "well if it will take the judgment in cattle it is the easiest I can pay it"

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. Y, gentleman who sat opposite,

"Can you reach them *peraters*, sir?" Mr. Y extended his arm towards the dish, satisfied himself that he could reach the "*peraters*" and answered,

"Yes sir"
The legislator was taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself he asked,

"Will you suck my fork into one on 'em, that?" Mr. Y. took the fork and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potato, and left it there.

The company roared as they took the joking victim looked more foolish than before. But when an air of confidence struck him; rising to his feet, exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph,

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork." Mr. M. rose to his feet, and, with the most respectable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, turned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunderstorm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B—.

The only money they use in the back part of the consists of live stock—a hog paying for a dollar, a pig paying for fifty cents, turkeys twenty-five cents, a young dog one shilling each. If Smith owns a \$4 12 he sends five hogs, and receives for change a sheep, one turkey, and one pup

"Why is our marriage like the British flag?" said honest Jack tar to his bride, on their wedding day. "Because it's union, Jack," was the quick reply.

ALARMING—*Hair dresser*—"They say, sir, the doctor's in the hair sir!" *Gentleman*, very uneasy—"deed' ahem! Then I hope you're very particular out the brushes you use." *Hair dresser*—"Oh! if you don't understand me, sir. I don't mean the hair, but the hair hot the hatmosphere!"

A CURIOS RELIC—The poet Rogers has given to the British Museum the original covenant between John Milton, gent, and Samuel Symons, printer, the sale of *Paradise Lost*, dated 27th April, 1667. The terms of the covenant, Milton was to receive ten pounds after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the first three editions. The sum actually received by Milton was eighteen pounds, for which the receipt exists.

FOSIL REMAINS—The *Texas Lone Star* says:—The tusk and the portion of the leg bone of a large mammoth was recently discovered embedded in the sand at Hidaiga Falls. They were taken up and carried to Washington. In taking it up, it was unfortunately broken. The tusk and the other bones are in a state of petrification.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO THE LATE J. W. SPENCER.

Oh shade of him who sleeps 'neath clay'
Appear and ease my anxious mind;
Come tell me whence from earth shall stray,
The friends that thou hast left behind!

Shall they through bright elysian fields,
As rich as those Greeks did desire,
Wander, when first the life cord yields,
Before the shafts grim death doth fly!

Or shall they in those dark domains,
Where evil demons darkly dwell,
For aye abide—bound down in chains,
In Greeks' tartarus—Christians' hell!

Ah, no answer greets my ear,
Still must I plod in darkness—still
Exist and dwell 'twixt hope and fear,
One hail as joy—one hate as ill!

But still I'll live, for near doth come
That unto me important day,
Which wafts me to the dismal tomb,
And bids my prison'd spirit stray!

Through endless climes of—what, again!
Dark clouds of must before me roll,
While vainly through my eyes do strain,
To view the doubt-beclouded pole.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

MR. GOUGH ON THE MAINE LAW.

The Cincinnati *Daily Times* gives the following sketch of a speech of Mr Gough at the Masonic Hall, on the Maine Law. We should think much of it might a fair report. It will be read with interest:—

Mr Gough remarked he had not come there that day to discuss particularly the Maine Law, but he would give his opinions on it. Annihilation was the remedy for intemperance. It was asserted by many, that no one had a right to oppose the traffic, and the strenuous exertions of temperance societies had been so employed. This was an egregious error—the traffic, and the traffic alone should be warred against. He had proved what he asserted; proving the truth of the same, not mere vituperation, was what makes men angry. He stated from the very bottom of his heart, he hated the traffic; he had been a drunkard, and would prefer all manner of misfortune to a return to the degraded condition, and yet would rather be the lowest, most idiot drunkard, than a liquor seller. So strong a reason required fortification with reasons, he was coward and a slanderer if he did not give them.

The dealing in liquor was a useless trade; the dealer could get nothing more than his "board and clothes," could own nothing properly called his, but the small piece of ground which should be his grave. He might care wealth but what good would it do him?—he could give it to those who cared for him not a fig. The seller of liquor was a pauper—a pauper inasmuch as he received support from the public without any return; which was the true definition of a pauper. He turned out his customers, disease, and death, and distress, and murder, and received curses, broken hearts, blasted hopes, and fiendish depravity as his recompense. No class of the community was more debased than the wine and liquor drinker. Young men glided in drinking sparkling champagne worth ten dollars a bottle, when it was cider sifted through a sieve, and cost the manufacturer fifteen cents. Most of the goods in this country were made by a chemical process, and never saw the land of their pretended importation, unless sent hither to insure deception. At the London World's Fair, where almost every possible production of human art was exhibited, not a single drop of liquor was visible, though millions of dollars are employed in its manufacture. This fact he considered one of the signs of the times.

No better proof of the effect of the Maine Law was needed than the simple knowledge of the decreased number of the inmates of the penitentiary, the almshouses and houses of correction. These, within a few years after the passage of the law had diminished to fifty, and in some instances over seventy-five per cent.

He hated the liquor selling business for the effect it had upon the seller. He might be naturally generous,

human, and sympathetic, but his soul-damning trade would convert the gentle blood of his better nature into gall. He might play the philanthropic to an unfortunate man who fell before his door in a fit, to his customers, however, those by whom he lived, he was ice and adamant. No agonized mother's prayer, or pale-faced weeping daughter's supplications, no despairing, heart-broken wife's appeal could touch his feelings, withered as they were by selfishness and love of gain. Mr G. then gave several examples of the base treatment of wives and daughters, who had begged liquor dealers to sell their husbands and fathers no more poison. The relation of such incredible brutality would rouse the lion in the lamb.

Numberless persons there were who laughed and took delight in the fall of any man who had once been temperate or in any way associated with the temperance cause. If he himself were to enter any one of the coffee houses, whether the lowest grogger or the splendid saloon, and ask for a glass of brandy, the proprietor, knowing it would produce phrenzy in his brain, bring his aged father in sorrow to the grave, break his consort's dotting heart, and blast his every prospect present and to come—would he not give it to him? If on the morrow he were to fall, and again become a drunken, drelling idiot, would not the coffee house and the anti-temperance men be rejoiced, and throw up their hats and shout, until the infernal imps in the nethermost hell would waken up and wonder why their ancestors were creating so terrific an uproar? The speaker had known frequent instances where every effort had been made by persons opposed to this cause, to get temperance advocates drunk, and who when they succeeded, were as enraptured as if they had conquered a hemisphere. These wretches (for such they were) felt proud that they had reduced a fellow-creature to the level of the brute, and stilled, perhaps forever, each elevated sentiment of nature. From an example so pregnant with horror, the arch-fiend himself would revolt, and hurry, howling, back to his native hell.

No redress could be gained from a liquor seller—none whatever. He might murder indirectly your brother and your father, but no course was left you but calm submission. You might kill the artless liquor seller, but would that be of any possible benefit to him that had gone? You would thus only injure yourself, and become the victim of the law. Talk as we might, the trafficker in the liquid poison had his patron completely in his power; he bound about him the hateful and loathsome fetters no hand could sever, but which weighed him gradually down to despair, death, and damnation.

The Maine Law did away at once with all these evils, it acted decidedly and effectually, and until you can put the law into vigorous execution you must suffer unnumbering the thousand miseries that may be pitilessly heaped not only on your relatives and friends, but upon the whole race of mankind. The Maine Law is the proper law to quench—the only law that will quench—the fatal plague that is yearly consuming thousands. Give him, he said, the Maine Law or none—annihilation or nothing. Take extreme measures, or abandon the labor—which must result fruitlessly. This law had been called a political measure, it was not; it was a law of humanity which sprang impulsively from the teachings of christianity, and had its foundation upon the grand basis of all religion. "Do unto others as unto yourself."

It had been remarked the law was in advance of the age; so likewise had it been stated of the movement in favor of the great representative of free principles, the opposer of tyranny and oppression, who was sojourning, an exile on our shores. But nothing was in advance of the age that had for its end and object the melioration of man, the ennoblement of his faculties and the suppression of vice. Such reforms could never commence too soon nor end too late. This was an age of progress. The first temperance society in the Union provided that "its members should abstain from all spirituous liquor—except on the Fourth of July." How had the cause advanced! and it would continue advancing until the Maine Law was everywhere carried into effect. Its necessity was being felt more and more every day.—Countless methods had been adopted and tried, and experience had taught this was the only manner of rescuing the world from the most horrible of all vices, honor destroying, sense consuming, contagion-breathing, woe-creating, soul-damning intemperance. The present generation might not live to see this glorious advent, but surely as the chariot succeeds the lightning's flash, the path that leads to its consummation was being cleared

and prepared, flowers of rarest hues and fragrant odors were being planted along the once sterile waste, toilers though weary and care-worn, were still diligently labouring in the righteous cause, which, bursting on a sudden into noontide refulgence, would light the remotest region with its rays, and scatter ghastly vice before its virtue promoting beams.

Mr Gough trusted his audience would excuse him from saying more, as he felt considerably exhausted, having spoken during the last twelve days seventeen times, and each time nearly two hours. He thanked them for their attention, which evidenced an interest in the mighty cause of which he was an humble advocate. "Good night," he concluded; "God bless you, my friends," and grant you the disposition and the strength to overcome this inexorable demon, against which we are contending. My earnest wishes and my heart are with you. Again, God bless you, and good night."

Tremendous applause greeted him at the close as it previously had at frequent intervals during his discourse. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and all present appeared to participate in the feelings of the occasion.

From the New York Observer.

MR HANNIGAN'S CRIME.

The facts as to the killing of his brother-in-law Captain Duncan, by the Hon. Edward H. Hannigan, are already well known. Mr. Hannigan had been a member of the Legislature, both Houses of Congress, Ambassador to Prussia, and might have been honored and useful in every relation of life, but for his fearful devotion to liquor, which has long rendered him a terror and disgrace to his friends, and has at length probably led him to a felon's doom. John Wentworth, who served with him in Congress, thus comments on his case in his *Chicago Democrat*:—

"Every man who has seen Mr. Hannigan when under the influence of liquor as we have, can believe the above. And every one who has seen him and lived at the same house with him, and his family, as we have, when he has been a total abstinence man for months together, will indeed pity him. When sober he is as pure, as upright, as kind, and as generous a man as there is in the country. With him there can be no middle state. He is a brute when drunk. When sober he will compare in all the elements of goodness with any man living. But he cannot drink without getting drunk.

"He entered the lower House of Congress many years ago, a perfectly Temperance man; and in point of talents, integrity, and popularity, his prospects were as flattering as those of any young man in the United States. But Washington fashions and habits were too much for him. Dissipation drove him to private life. He reformed, became a Temperance lecturer, and an exemplary member of a Church. His exhortations in times of great revivals, are said to have equalled those of the most eloquent divines. At length his old habits were forgotten, and he was sent again to the Senate. He took his seat an exemplary Son of Temperance. But, again the temptations were too great for him. His struggles with himself were gigantic, and the assistance of one of nature's noblest women, his wife, secured for him the sympathies of everybody. But he would have his spree, and he lost his re-election. Like most politicians, he left his office miserably poor at the close of his term; and Mr. Polk's administration, to keep so popular and so good a man from despair and ruin, although it came out of General Taylor's term, the Senators, both Whigs and Democrats, signed a call for Mr. Polk to send him to Russia, and he was sent on that mission. His unfortunate career there is well known. Since his return we have heard nothing of him until this melancholy affair.

"We have seen many a young man enter Congress perfectly temperate, and leave it ruined; but we never knew one who had so many efforts to save him, as Mr. Hannigan. We have in our mind three, in our own term, who killed themselves. Mr. H. has tried to do so several times; but he lived to kill his wife's brother, the best of friends, save the wife, he had in the world. That he wishes he was in poor Duncan's place, we have no doubt. What an awful comment is this upon the evils of intemperance. It was the first drop that ruined Hannigan."

"John Wentworth, who gives this account of poor Hannigan, was lately a member of Congress from Illinois. We knew him in 1839, in the West, when a poor boy just starting in a printer's career.—Ed. Sox.]



Ladies' Department.

THE VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind—
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind!
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked me, sharply—
"Pray, Mary, who is th'?"
Who's that, indeed!—you're certain
How much she made me start,
Men seem to lose their wisdom,
When'er they lose their heart.

Yes there he is—I see him!
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtained window—
He's stepping on his toes—
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;
A knock though oven the lip last,
Is worse than looking in—
Tap! Tap! would any think it?
He never learns to mind,
'Tis surely most surprising—
He thinks my mother blind.

'Tis plain I must go to him:
It's no use now to cough—
I'll ope the door just softly,
If but to send him off—
'Tis well if from the door step
He be not shortly hurld—
Oh, man, there no'er was trouble
Till he came in the world!
Tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind;
Oh, man! but you're a trouble,
And that we incident find!

THE SELF-TAUGHT SERVANT GIRL.

We have often admired the resolution of an uncouth servant girl, brought up in no very genteel way, who went to live with a rich and cultivated lady. There was within her a love of the beautiful, a dim perception of the fitness of things, by which she determined to polish herself, and become every whit as graceful as her mistress. Now here was a Herculean labor to perform—a vast undertaking for a poor girl whose companions for years had been the pigs and geese around her father's miserable shanty, with a mother whose love for inebriation led her to wallow in filth, and neglect her family for the poison of the still—a girl whose skin was begrimed and tanned to subjection, and who in all probability was doomed to labor among pots and kettles for the remainder of her life.

But that was just what she had determined she would not do, and accordingly she set herself at work, and her first lessons were those of observation.

She saw much company; unobserved she watched their manners, some of which her native good sense rejected; the more pleasing she "treasured up in her heart."

Lo! the change! The mistress soon sees, bringing on the breakfast dishes, a comely, interesting girl, with a careful, watchful air, her dark locks put tastefully back somewhat *a la mode*, her dress re-arranged, her answers respectful, and though hesitating, correct

Next she is surprised at a modest request from the untutored servant, that she may learn to read. Pleased with this mark of intelligence, she devotes a little spare time each day to the accomplishment of this object, and her pupil is no dull scholar.

Almost imperceptibly, by dint of care and cleanliness, the brown skin grew fair and ruddy, the thick locks hung in curls, the brow developed broadly, and many little elegancies betrayed themselves in motion and attire.

This young lady, as she assuredly meant to be, craved an hour for herself, if we remember right, after her work was over, which privilege she was also to retain, and in the peculiar occupation of which she was never to be disturbed. It was granted; and her mistress thought no more of it, until some months after, when passing by her room, she fancied she heard strange voices. Curiosity prompted her to look in by means of a trap door, and there beheld her "help," in all the glory of fancied magnificence, seated near a table, holding in her hand a book, and talking quite eloquently with an invisible captain, whom she was honoring with her patronage.

Presently she would get up, managing her movements admirably, bend gracefully as if inspecting some work of art in said captain's ghostly hand, receive a compliment with all the eloquence of a leader of the ton, respond in a delicate, dignified manner; arrange her ebon curls with up of her fan; glide across the room with the tread of a princess, fairly bewildering the good lady above, who could not make out what it all meant. Finally she bowed the captain out with the greatest ease imaginable; then returning, took up Shakespeare, and entertained her mistress—unconsciously of course with—"To be, or not to be," read in clear, musical tones.

But mark the conclusion of these strange proceedings; the lady's son returned from his travels, and the very first day, not knowing who she was, escorted the domestic home in a rain storm, as any gallant gentleman would have done.

In the evening, he asked impatiently why his mother's visitor did not appear.

"We have no visitor, my son," she replied.

"And pray who was that beautiful creature that I wanted upon to this very door? Am I bewitched? Are there faeries yet? I certainly in all my journeys, have not met with so agreeable and polished a lady; and here she disappeared!"

The proud woman, in anguish, explained to him that it was only their servant girl, and besought him to restrain his rhapsodies; but he declared she was a divinity, and no more adapted to the kitchen than were his mother's porcelain ornaments to a blacksmith's forge. And he persisted in the idea, married her in spite of his mother's remonstrances, even displeas'd—and the haughty woman learned to be as fond of her noble daughter as her son was of his gifted wife—*Oliver Branch*.

A COMPARISON DRAWN BY WOMEN AND OXEN.—The Rev. Ephraim Judson, a clergyman in Norwich City, Conn., 1771, was an exceedingly quaint and original preacher. Remarkable at one time upon the excuse made by the guests invited to the wedding feast, he observed that one who had bought five yoke of oxen simply entreated to be excused, while one who had married a wife, absolutely declared that he *could not come*. "Hence learn," said the preacher, "that *one woman can pull harder than five yoke of oxen*." There is a moral in this story which we most respectfully submit to married men.

ONE OF THE WOMEN.—The *R. I. Temperance Advocate* tells the following good story of a woman who is worth her weight in gold:

"In Foster, there was an intemperate man who had promised his wife that he would vote for the Maine Law candidates for the Senate and House. On the morning of election day, he was enticed to the tavern, and treated by his anti-law associates till he was drunk. His wife heard of it, searched him out, and got him home. Here she gave him an emetic, and got him sober, and then borrowed a horse and wagon, and drove him to the polls. He voted for the Maine Law candidates, and his single vote proved the election of a rum representative. The result of this, that we get one and possibly two Maine Law men from that town.

"Why should all girls," a wit exclaimed

"Surprising farmers be!"

Because they're always studying

The art of husband-ry."

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angels of flowers on day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom charge is given
To batho young birds in dews of Heaven.

Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose—
'For the sweet shade thou givest me,
Ask what thou wilt, tis granted thee!

"Then," said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
'On me another grace bestow,
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there the flower had not?

'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest wood,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

FILIAL AFFECTION.

An Asiatic queen, departing this life, left behind her three sons, all arrived at the age of maturity. At her death, the young princes were at strife, who should pay the highest respect to his mother's memory. To give scope to their generous contention, they agreed to meet at the place of her interment, and there present the most honorable gift they knew how to derive, was able to procure. The eldest came and exhibited a sumptuous monument, consisting of the richest materials, and ornamented with the most exquisite workmanship. The second ransacked all the beauties of a blooming creation, and offered a garland of the most admirable colors, and delightful odors. The youngest appeared without any pompous preparation, having a crystal basin in one hand, and a silver bodkin in the other—as soon as he approached the tomb, he burst open his breast, pierced a vein that lay near his heart, received the blood in the transparent vase, and with an air of affectionate reverence, placed it on the deceased parent's monument. The spectators, struck at the burst into a shout of general applause, and immediately gave preference to the last oblation.

If it was reckoned such a singular expression of duty to expend a few precious drops for the honor of a parent! O! how amazing, how matchless, was the love of Jesus, who freely poured out his own heart's blood for us who are his enemies—that he might raise us from the ruins of the fall, and reconcile us to the favor of God against whom we had rebelled, the wrath of whose righteous indignation must have sunk us into regions of eternal misery.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The *Louisville Democrat*, Friday, relates the following touching incident:

An aged mother—a woman of seventy years—her home in the Emerald Isle some ten weeks ago, seek the abode of her children, who are now residing in Louisville. After a tedious passage, and the usual incident to a long journey, she reached this city New Orleans last Monday night, on board the *Albion*, and soon she was surrounded by her children. Her son was the first to see her, and he hastened to his sister of their mother's arrival. They met, (mother and the daughter) in one long embrace, which only ended as the infirm mother sank with exertion to the floor. She had swooned away in the momentary enjoyment of beholding once more a daughter who had been lost. She pronounced a blessing upon her children, and fainted away. Whenever restored to consciousness, the sight of her children, and the pleasing recollection of their presence, would overcome her with emotion, and again she would faint in their arms. Physicians were called to her aid, but afforded her no relief. Six days she continued in this condition until worn out with fatigue and excitement, exhausted nature gave way, and the mother now "sleeps well" in the new earth of her new made home. How strange, how sorrowful and how touching are the incidents of life!

Stripes, whether on a lady's dress or on the wall of a room, always give the effect of height, consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as straight one, and as curved lines are the most painful, they should generally be preferred.

DAUGHTERS IN BYTOWN.—We observe by the *Bytown Citizen* that the Daughters of Temperance, in connection with the Crystal Falls Union, on the 1st of June presented the Division of Sons of Temperance, Bytown with a splendid Bible and Cushion, the meeting being well attended and enthusiastic. Addresses and replies were read on the occasion.



Youths' Department.

LITTLE ABIE.

Hark 'tricket hush' upon the hearth thy singing,
A morning nother sits beside the stove,
Within her heart a gentle voice is ringing;
How full of love and music is its tone!

Cluster, ye little hand, in pity cluster!
Around your mother's knee, yet vainly seek
To fight her dark eye with its wonted lustre,
Or win the scattered roses to her cheek

Soft gently, winds! around that lonely dwelling,
Where sorrow's pearls are falling for the dead,
Add not a whisper, to her bosom telling
If never more may pillow his fair head

A step on the stair—so changed, so saddened,
It is a father's!—Oh! in all the land
There is no touch that could have thrilled or gladdened
Like the warm clasping of that duple hand.

Ware, ware, wild flowers ' above his little bosom,
So cold! so still: the kindred form beneath,
Gathered by angels, is the 'snowy blossom,
The purest, brightest in the dear home wreath.

Sleep, mourners, sleep! a hand is strewing roses
On hope, and peace, and love around your bed:
He folds his radiant wings—smiles and reposes,
Chased in your loving arms—*asleep, not dead.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go, my son, I leave thee to God, and we shall not meet till the day of Judgment."

The youth went away and the party he traveled with was assaulted by robbers.

One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

He laughed, thinking he jested, Another asked him the same question and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him, and asked him the same question, and he said "I have told two of your people already that I had forty dinars sewed up in my clothes." He ordered the clothes to be ripped open and found no money.

"And how came you to tell this?" said the chief. "Because," replied the child, I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they immediately made restitution of the spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's head.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child.

The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transferred from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it cometh.

THE RIGHT KIND OF REVENGE.—There were once two boys in the same class at school who were, as far as scholarship was concerned, pretty nearly matched. We will call one of the boys Thomas and the other Isaac. For some reason or other—history does not inform us what—Thomas got angry with Isaac, and kicked him harshly and severely. At first the injured boy thought he would strike his school-fellow in return. But he checked his angry feelings, and hit upon another plan of revenging the insult. "I will study as hard as Isaac," thought he, "and get to the head of my class and keep there, and look down on Thomas and punish him in that way. Well he carried this plan into exe-

tion, he applied himself so closely to his study that he not only got ahead of the boy who had injured him, but of the whole school. And that is not the whole story. He became in years after one of the greatest scholars the world ever saw. Reader, that was Isaac Newton. What think you of the way he took to revenge the insult he received? Don't you think he showed more wisdom in this case, than he would have done, if he had struck his school-fellow a hard blow.

DOUBTFUL THEOLOGY.—A friend, whom we shall call Pat, "for short," tells a good one upon himself. "When but an idle boy" he was called up one day in a country school, and the question suddenly propounded to him by the pedagogue—"Patrick, how many gods are there?"

Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him "no better very fast" in such matters—but he promptly responded, "three sir,"

"Take your seat," thundered the master, "and in five minutes you don't answer correctly I'll welt you."

The probation period passed and Pat taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the number of gods at "five sir." He received the promised "welling" and a remand to his seat for ten minutes further consideration.

Ten minutes up, Pat was up too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the matter sufficiently high before he shouted, "there's ten, sir!" He saw the ferule descending, and bolting out of the door, cleared a five rail fence and broke like a quarter horse across the fields. Panting with exertion, he met a lad with a book under his arm and with the look of one who desired the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

"Where are you going," said Pat

"To school yonder, was the reply.

"You are, are you," said Pat quickly "how many gods are there?"

"Two," answered the boy.

"Well, you'd better go down there! You'll have a good time with your two gods—I just left there with ten, and that wa'n't enough to save me from the hardest licking you ever heard of."

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question." "Well, my son" "Why is neighbour Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar?" "I can't tell, my son" "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.
WESTERN DIVISIONS—BOSANQUET.

SIR AND BROTHER, I shall endeavor to give you a short account of the good Temperance cause in this region. There are two Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in this Township, viz.: Sable Division, No 194, with about 56 members, and Bosanquet Division, with about 25 members. Both Divisions, at present, are in a flourishing condition.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 12th inst, we had a public discussion on the principles of the Maine Liquor Law, when the following resolutions were made—

Moved by Alexander Proctor, seconded by N. Eastman, Esq., Resolved, that while we agree with the sentiment that moral suasion should be used with the drunkard, we cease to expect, thereby, to induce the liquor sellers to cease from their traffic, and in our opinion the principles of the Maine Liquor Law are right in theory and practice, &c

Moved in amendment by H Babcock, W P, seconded by Mr Sandra, Resolved, that the principles of Temperance be propagated in all its departments by moral suasion, &c

After a considerable debate, the resolutions being put, it arose for the amendment, and an overwhelming majority for the original.

A petition is in circulation for a Law similar to the "Liquor Law of Maine," and it is being numerously signed by all classes of people. Many that have been overcome by the poisonous draught, are very anxious to have alcohol abolished; even the drunkard wishes there was none of the "fire water" in the country.

All friends of humanity, all christians, all statesmen, all that have suffered from this fell deceiver, should aid in bringing into effect such a noble Law, and they should not say the country is not yet ready for it, but strive to convince people that it will be to their interest, that it is right.

Oh, who should wish wine, when nature has given,
A beverage that flows from the fountain of heaven.

A. C DAVIDSON, Chairman.
Bosanquet, May 16th, 1852.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.
CROOKS RAPIDS SONS.

SIR AND BROTHER,—I have been a constant reader of your interesting paper for some time past, and truly my heart is often cheered, by the glorious tidings it brings of the progress of Temperance principles, in this and other lands. Go on dear Brother in the advocacy of this Heaven-born cause. Your labours are being duly appreciated, by the philanthropic, and the benevolent, of all classes of the community.

The good Cause of Temperance is steadily advancing in this part of the Province. The Maine Liquor Law is believed to be the main cure for intemperance. And if it were left to the people to decide, we would soon have that law, because I am quite certain there is an overwhelming majority in favor of it.

Some there are in this neighborhood who are in the traffic, that stand ready to sign petitions to our Provincial Parliament, praying them to give us a prohibitory law against the *Critter*. I hope, and my daily prayer is, that the streams of intemperance will be completely checked.

I could inform you of some heart rending scenes, and doings of Alcohol, in this and surrounding neighbourhoods, but will forbear, lest I injure the feelings of some one. We have been highly delighted of late, in listening to two able lectures by Br Wm Murrill, the London Sailor. I think his visit to this village will be the cause of good to many. He promises to give you a short account of the present state of the different Divisions in the Township.

Yours very truly, in the
Bonds of the Order.
JAMES YOUNG.

Village of Hastings, formerly
Crooks Rapids, 10th May, 1852.

☞ Dawn Mills Division, No. 380, lately organized in the County of Kent—is situated on the Gore of Camden, on the northern boundary of the County, sixteen miles north of Chatham. This Division was organized 11th February, 1852, and now contains 24 active members.—W. H. White, R. S.

MEAFORD DIVISION, St Vincent, Br Geo. Davison, D G W P, writes us of the date of 14th June, 1852, that the Division is increasing rapidly. He says the Reeve of the Township has lately joined the order, which in addition to 3 Councilors before in the Division gives the Temperance cause nearly all the authority of the Township.

☞ A SOIREE AND PRESENTATION OF BIBLE, takes place at St Vincent, 11th July, 1852, when all surrounding Divisions are invited to attend.

☞ THE UNION OF DAUGHTERS AT WELLINGTON SQUARE numbers upwards of 25 of the most influential ladies of that village.

THE SONS OF WELLINGTON SQUARE AND THEIR SOIREE ON THE 8th—The cause here is increasing rapidly. The Division contains near a hundred members, and the late Soiree was well attended there. Mr Clure addressed the meeting—300 persons were present at the Soiree. We rejoice to see so much energy among them.

A woman named MRS FREELAND whose husband was in the habit of going to a groggery and getting drunk, in Syracuse, and thus coming home to beat her, warned the keeper of the groggery to sell him no more liquor. This he refused to do, and she armed herself and went and smashed in his windows and broke all his liquor decanters. She was arrested on his complaint but finding public opinion in her favor he abandoned the prosecution.

☞ THE PORT CREDIT DIVISION are to have a Soiree on the 30th June, on which occasion they intend dedicating their hall just erected. Surrounding Divisions are invited to attend.

SOIREE were held on Thursday last at Erin—Zionhill and Palermo.

HIGHLAND CREEK DIVISION—Will hold a Soiree on the 1st July, at one o'clock, P. M., at the Highland Creek, Kingston road. Eminent speakers will attend, a band will be employed and refreshments prepared.

Smithville Division held a spirited Soiree on the 25th, particular in our next.

☞ The proceedings of SHARON celebration have just come to hand and will be attended to in our next. As usual this spirited Division had a good time of it.



The Literary Sou.

[ORIGINAL]

LOVELY JUNE—ITS FLOWERS AND SONGS.

In other climes they boast of May
But give me flow'ry songful June;
In Southern lands they even say,
That March hath bloom and tune.

But in our land, dear native land,
The curtain bright of nature comes,
Is spread as if by magic hand,
In lovely June, about our homes.

Then scented fields their verdure have,
The forests old their beauties don,
The fleecy thorns soft zephyrs crave,
And turn their whiteness to the sun.

At morn and eve sweet songs of praise,
From grove, from mead, from lake and hill,
Their glorious anthems constant raise
To God—the soul with rapture fill.

Ye fields and flowers, ye birds of song,
Perfumes and joys of nature's breast,
I love to mingle in your throng,
My soul with these could ever rest.

O give me ' give me ' flow'ry June,
Its suns are bright, its skies are clear;
I love its nights, for the silv'ry moon
Is full of peace—of love—to cheer

There is a face I love to see,
A voice—a friend I love to hear,
When the bright moon looks down on me,
Its beauteous calm makes her more dear.

C. M. D.

In Canada it cannot be said that full, blooming Spring has set in before June. Our climate is strange in this respect, that what ought to be Spring, cannot fairly be called such. May, and even April, have days that are like Spring, but then the bright illusion is dispelled by cool winds, that hush the song of the bird and stay the bursting of the flower. April and May are too much like our chequered life, made up of frowns and smiles—of sorrows and delights. One day the sun in his meridian glory, looks down from his immeasurable ether with gladness and power—nature turns her opening bosom to him, to open her lap of flowers, and the birds join in the rejoicing—the insects take wing, and turn their sides and glittering wings to his glorious light. But the rude breath of winter from the northern snows, comes over our lakes, and for a time all is hushed—all shrinks back. Not so with June; then the elements have got settled, and nature assumes her fullness of bloom; the lakes become warmer and calm—the bubbling creeks seem to roll along over their golden sands and little pebbles with joy—the speckled trout and little fishes turn their fins to light and jump with joy—the grasses and willows dip their pendant heads in the passing stream, and seem to say, let us love. The silvery dew-drop hangs gently on the new-born flower. The throng of little birds with variegated plumage, have fully mated, and are in peace and love helping each other to build their nests or rear the young. Flowers of every hue burst as if by magic from the earth, and the rich and glossy foliage of myriads of trees—of forests of a thousand years—dance and glow in the breeze and sun. And then the moon looks down so calm, so clear, from heaven, and sails through the silent star-lit expanse, like a glorious spirit in the waveless bosom of the sea. And as she sails so bright and peaceful, the eyes of gentle women look upon her. Some thinking of those they love—some of the depart-

ed loved—some of the loveliness of virtue and innocence—some of the beauty of religion and the transcendent glory of the doctrines and character of the Lamb of Judea, who came to calm and soothe, to elevate and purify the spirits of all. The winds of June blow over the flowery west—its verdant prairies and an ocean of forests; or from the south, over the calm bosoms of our lakes they come, from the land of spices and oranges. Every field is adorned with flowering trees, and among them stands conspicuous the sweet, blossoming thorn, looking like a hillock of snow perched on a hillock of green. The sun, the moon, yea, the stars—the flowers—the fields—the winds—the waters—and clouds of sunlit glories—the buzzing insects—the birds—the beasts—and the heart of human nature—all join in the chorus that goes up to God, to praise Him for His desire and intent to make all things good and happy.

BIRDS OF CANADA.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

We saw a fine specimen of this beautiful but fierce bird at Oakville last week. It was killed some months ago in that vicinity, and is well preserved. It is the first specimen we have had an opportunity of inspecting. Few have any idea of its fierceness and strength. This bird was rather smaller than the usual specimens. It measured, when killed, fully seven feet in breadth from tip to tip of wings, and from the point of the beak to the end of the tail nearly three feet. The legs and feet are short, very strong, of a yellow colour with scales, and the talons are black. Four very powerful black claws arm the feet, three in front one in rear. These claws are amazingly strong, very hooked, and average an inch and a quarter in length. The eye was bright and fierce. The beak is powerful and of a black colour, the under mandible straight with a slight curve, and the upper one very much hooked, extending over the under one over half an inch. There is nothing of the vulture appearance about this bird, as there is about the common white headed or bald eagle. Feathers cover the head and neck to the base of the beak. The wings are very long and powerful—the main quills black, and the smaller ones a dusky brown. The tail feathers are black and nine or ten inches long. The colour of the plumage generally is of a dusky brown with spots of a whitish hue. In size the black is probably larger than the bald eagle. It is much less common and frequents the great Canadian and Western lakes; living sometimes on fish and at other times on small animals and carrion. One of these birds could easily carry off a small lamb, and two of them would kill a sheep or small dog. We have never heard of any mischief of this kind being done in Canada by the eagle. In the Summer it frequents secluded places, and can easily find food. In winter it is more difficult to do so, as then fish as well as animals are scarce. The shore of Lake Erie, from Long Point Westward, is frequented by this bird.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Made its appearance in Canada this year as early as the tenth of May. We have seen it here as late as the end of October. It is one of the most beautiful of Canadian birds in action and plumage. There is but one species common to Canada, although we have heard it said there are two. We are aware that

there is a little creature, half insect and half bird—having a covering partaking of the quality of hair and feathers, which some call a species of this bird. The colour of this little insect bird, to which we will again refer, is of a velvety brown. All its species are like those of the humming bird—and its living is obtained among flowers. It frequents clover fields. The humming bird of Canada is a general favourite of the ladies for three reasons. Its colours are exceedingly brilliant and beautiful—its shape is proud and neat—its size small—and it is exceedingly fond of flowers—even of artificial ones. We have known it even to take unbecoming liberties with the curls of beautiful ladies, among which lovely cooered artificials were dangling. Young ladies might even imagine the little creatures the spirits of departed beaux—Cupids in disguise—or little angels seeking the honey from coral lips. Beauty hath attraction for its likeness, therefore we must not wonder at these glittering little diamond birds, being fond of the flowery curls, the bright eyes and cherry lips of a lovely woman.

The humming bird builds its nest in orchards, and it is very difficult to find the location. The eggs are white, the size of large peas. As small as this little bird is, it has courage, and will with considerable fierceness attack birds ten times its size. It will fly at the rate of a mile a minute, and comes probably to Canada from the West Indies and Mexico a week. In tropical countries there are several varieties of this lovely little honey bird. Its cry is a low gentle twitter, when the male and female are playing together, or when it is attacking another bird, or two males are contending together.

NAPOLEON'S VIEWS OF CHRIST.

We recently noticed an account given by one of the pastors of this city, in a public discourse, of a conversation which passed between the Emperor Napoleon, after his banishment to St. Helena, and his faithful friend, Count de Montholon.

The conversation was published not long since in a foreign journal. It is so well authenticated and interesting in itself, that we here present that portion of it which relates to Christ, to our readers. "I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus Christ is a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its force, and proceeds from the mind which is not a human mind. We find in it marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself a perfect example of its precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his words are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came not into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven, and the laws of the spirits.

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires, but on what foundation did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his Empire upon love and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

"It was not a day, or a battle that achieved the triumphs of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side, on the other I see an army but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mystery of the cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored and which is extending over the whole

Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of God." Napoleon cried at these last words, but Gen. Bertrand making reply, the emperor added "If you do not perceive Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you general.—N. E. Evangelist.

KOSSUTH AT NIAGARA.

Reader we call this original eloquence—sublime. When I hurried through your city a few days ago, to strengthen my out-worn nerves, by the contemplation of the Niagara Falls, that sublime wonder of nature, to which, human tongue will never find a word, comprehend the grandeur of which man must not look at with the natural eye but with the immortal mind, and listen to its roaring not with the ears but with the heart, when we thus see it with the soul and hear with the heart, then we understand it, that it is a power in which the Creator gazed his own majesty: the boundless eternity of time and space is still going on, that it is a great monitor to the mortal world, warning man that there is no difficulty over which an angel will not prevail. Such a mirror, such a revelation, and such a monitor. Niagara to me. Every element of physical nature, every element of spiritual life, has its destiny, and every must be accomplished. The mighty waters of always increasing Lake Erie, must have and must be an outlet. Those waters must flow and mankind be free. Both are a destiny. A whim of nature led the way to those waters by a mighty range of mountains—a crime and ambition barred the way to man's liberty by a rocky range of despotism; but the mighty waters broke the barrier of rocks,—progressing they will break the barrier of despotism. It is my city. When I saw the waters take the sublime leap over rocks; and below the boiling foam of overcomer, crowned with the rainbow of victory, flowing on in peace—when I saw the struggle, the victory,—the rainbow and the peace, a mysterious voice in the bosom of my heart told me, there is the mirror of my country's cause. I saw the rainbow in the foaming deep spoke to me the rainbow on the sky once to Noah spoke, and the ineffable joy thrilled through my heart, and I stood the Almighty with the awe of silence, that eloquence of a deep, feeling heart.—*Albany Journal.*

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice ' how oft doth creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulse's madly fly,
But in her still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

MORTALITY OF MIND.—While the mind rests with a strong satisfaction on the deductions of philosophy it pants for a fuller and higher revelation. If the day has been honored with such a luxurious feast, may not his undying and reasonable soul count a spiritual palace and sigh for that intellectual realm which the master of the feast is to disclose his secrets? In its rapid continued expansion, the mind, conscious of its capacity for a higher sphere, feels even that it is advancing to a goal more distant and more cheering than the tomb. Its energies increase and multiply under the incumbences of age; and even a man's heart is turning into bone, and his joints marble, his mind can soar to its highest flight, and with its firmest grasp. Nor do the affections plead gently for a future home. Age is their season of calm and genial emotion. The objects long and clasped to our bosom have been removed by death, who gives, and who takes what he gives; and we are left in the valley of bleeding and of broken hearts, yearning for that break of day which is to usher in the new morning—for the house of many mansions which is ready prepared for us, and for the promised welcome to the threshold of the blest, where we shall meet the loved and lost, and devote the eternity of our life to the adoration of its Almighty Author.

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, June 26, 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.

[ORIGINAL.]

A HEALING BALM

Ye drunkards listen, I've a cure,
The raging thirst to quell;
'Tis nature's balm—so sweet, so pure,
Try it frail ones—try it well—
A cup of sparkling water

Dyspeptic men who pine and fret,
Nor know the reason why;
I have a balm 'twill cure you yet,
Give life to soul and eye—
A cup of healing water.

Ye bruised and lame—ye men of vice,
Who laws of health despise;
Let luxuries no more entice,
Often drink and early rise—
To bathe in cooling water.

Ye men of habit burst the chain,
That holds the struggling soul;
The curse that has so millions slain,
Th' intoxicating bowl—
And try the crystal water.

C. M. D

TO THE LEGISLATORS OF CANADA—
WE SPEAK AS UNTO MEN—HEAR YE!

The first Session of a new Parliament will soon take place at Quebec. This Province has at present but two exciting topics. These are the Temperance question and Railroads. Political questions—such as the Clergy Reserve and Rectory—suffrage extension—equalization of representation—vote by Ballot—Repeal of usury laws—cheap lands—Home-stead law and retrenchment questions are still silently mooted at times, but they are not agitated just now prominently. The public suppose them to be in the Budget yet. With them we have nothing at present to do and are going to say a few words in this number and future ones to our legislators on the Maine law and the necessity of doing some thing to put down the license and manufacturing laws effectually. We do it not for agitation simply, but because in the view of sober, thinking, moral, and Christian men, intemperance or the common use of intoxicating beverages in Canada is just now one of our greatest domestic evils. Yet, although the greatest evil of our land, it is legalized and encouraged by law. All will admit the first and chief use of human Governments is to protect society against its vices—its vicious appetites. Independent of this, any form of government is wrong, for man naturally is his own master—free to roam and choose on earth, being in his soul only accountable to his Creator. TO PRESERVE SOCIETY AGAINST ITS VICICES, it is then the duty of all human governments; for in all ages of the world men when congregating together have been found to require municipal laws to control their passions—to protect the weak against the strong—the innocent against the cunning, selfish and depraved. Society has a right to look to its constituted government to put down vice and universal evils. Intemperance is a universal evil of Canada, affecting every class and interest of our country injuriously. Deaths, accidents, crimes and domestic misery—insanity—sickness and immoral tendencies flow from the use of

intoxicating beverages, especially from its common license and manufacture.

OUR COURTS OF LAW.—The structure—efficient working—and impartiality of our courts are and ought to be grand objects of our people. Judges, citizens and all good lawyers—slanders to the contrary notwithstanding—desire to see but few litigated cases, and especially criminal ones in our courts. What is the prolific source of crime—especially of assaults and murders in our Province? We say, and in this all magistrates and judges will bear us out, that the source is the use of intoxicating drinks, extending from *moderatism* to its next link *partial insanity*.

CRIME IS AN EVIL—LITIGATION IS SO—
AND THE SOURCE.

is admitted by all thinking men. Over £75,000 are yearly spent in this Province in the administration of criminal justice, taking all our courts into account, its producer being *drunkenness*. Besides this, look at our asylums—poor houses—jails and inquests. Then look at the annual consumption of property made into liquor—drunk by all classes—to their physical and moral detriment. Every village, town and city—every inn has its victim to drunkenness. Is it a small evil to have an array of ten thousand drunkards in this fair Province?

TEN THOUSAND DRUNKARDS TREMBLING ON THE GRAVE.

Start not back—we under estimate them. Our population is now over a million and a half and we fear that one in every 150 of our population may be said to be past the *limit of moderatism*; that is, with an appetite *growing* and hurrying him or her to the grave.

TRY MORAL SUASION, SIR.

We have tried it for thirty years by agitation to little effect. We find men's appetites stronger than their reason in this matter, and that being so, aided by ten thousand *man and woman traps* in the shapes of *inns, saloons, grocery, and liquor stores*; this appetite for drink throws moral suasion to the winds.

THE PUNISHMENT OF TANTALUS, KING OF LYDIA,

is something like the work of Temperance men combating man's appetite for liquor and ten thousand groggeries. The work of to-day is down to-morrow—the sober man of to-day may be the sot of next year.

THE MISERIES OF TANTALUS

are represented to have been an *insatiable burning thirst*, whilst standing in a pool of water which flowed away from him the moment he attempted to drink. So it continued forever. There hung also above his head a branch full of *delicious fruit* which when he attempted to seize eluded his grasp forever. So it hath been and will ever be with Temperance and the license laws. We behold a work nearly completed—a town redeemed—a man saved—one generation sobered—and we believe the cup of victory—the golden fruit, is in our hand. When behold, the thirst of man and the myriads of tempters in the shape of liquor sellers deminish our glorious hopes. Man is again degraded, and we are told to reach forth again the hand to help the fallen—yes, help in vain forever.

WE WANT MORAL SUASION AND A MAINE LAW TOO.

We want Canada redeemed from the use of alcoholic

drinks as a beverage—we want the license and manufacturing laws abrogated by law

The money received for license and stills coming into our county or Provincial treasury is again expended in the criminal trials of our land. In addition to this, industry is checked, vice pampered, and the physical condition of this and the next generation injured by the license laws.

We ask and claim at your hands oh, legislators of Canada, a law for the welfare of your country—and that law is one a counterpart of or similar to that of Maine and Massachusetts.

NATIONAL DIVISION—FURTHER PROCEEDINGS IN VIRGINIA.

We gave in our last the M. W. Patriarch's Report, and promised the M. W. G. Scribe's Report, but this we defer for matter following. The decisions affecting the Order will be published soon, and sent in a circular to all the Divisions.

Strong efforts were made to alter our rules so as to enable the wives and children of Sons to attend their Division meetings, but they did not succeed.

The new Ritual was not decided on or completed yet, but an active Committee was appointed to finish it, of which General Cary is Chairman.

The Southern States are now, through the exertions of eminent men at this Convention, being awakened to the necessity of the Maine law.

Several enthusiastic meetings were held during the Session of the National Division at which Bro's P. S. White, General Cary, C. N. Olds, Judge O'Neill, M. W. P. and Neal Dow spoke with much effect.

On Sunday afternoon General Carey addressed an immense audience in the Capitol Park; the Governor, Judges and Legislators were present listening.

On the Friday previous a Grand Demonstration took place, G. W. P. Mills of Western New-York could not attend.

☐ We advise ALL TRUE SONS TO READ CAREFULLY this report.

☐ The members of the National Division at this Session on one occasion addressed a large audience composed nearly wholly of Coloured persons, SLAVES, on Temperance ☐ This looks well in the South.

NATIONAL DIVISION S. OF T.—REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE STATE OF THE ORDER.

The Committee on the State of the Order would submit the following Report:

The Order in every locality within our jurisdiction, has been fulfilling its mission with more or less faithfulness and success. The attentive and careful student of the Temperance reformation cannot fail to see that it has been marked by distinct eras, each one more important than the preceding, and yet all necessary parts of one great and perfect whole. Thus each association for the promotion of this great cause has been adapted to the particular work assigned to it. None can fail to recognize in every successive step of progress the guiding hand of God. In the inception of our Order and through all the years of its useful existence, there have been those who doubted the propriety of such an organization, yet no one at this day will deny that it has accomplished, and is accomplishing, a mighty, beneficent and glorious work. Our past is interesting, our present full of importance, our future pregnant with hope. But we have no time to rejoice over past vic-

ries, or exult in present attainments, but the Providence of God clearly bids us press forward; while the same Providence as clearly says— "This is the way, walk ye in it." It seems to your Committee, that whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the means by which the work is to be accomplished, there can be no doubt that the mission of our Order is to secure the utter annihilation of the manufacture of, and traffic in intoxicating drinks; the accomplishment of this end, all our energies and efforts should be directed

We regard these as indisputable facts—That the traffic in intoxicating drinks is the fruitful source of pauperism, wretchedness and crime.—that the train of evils is not merely incidental to the traffic, but inseparable from it—that no police regulations, however strict, can prevent, or greatly mitigate these evils—that the objects and duty of Government are not to regulate, but prohibit wrongs; not to license, but punish, crime—that for the injuries inflicted upon society by this gigantic wrong, there is and can be no redress after the injury is done, and that consequently the only adequate remedy must be a preventative one.

It has been settled by the supreme judicial tribunal in this country that no person has a right to introduce into any community any thing which will corrupt its morals, destroy its life, or endanger its peace. Upon this acknowledged principle is based all that legislation that asserts the right to seize, confiscate and destroy the tables of the gambler, the dice and implements of the counterfeiter, and which absolutely interdicts the carrying on of certain useful and lawful trades in given localities—in short, all that class of enactments which is founded upon the inherent right of self defence. Your Committee, from the very nature of the evil to be removed, are fully convinced that any legislation will be utterly inefficient which does not provide for the seizure and destruction of the instrument—which does not brand it as an outlaw and abate it as a nuisance. If Government has no right to interfere with a man's business when that business is destructive to all the best interests of his fellow men, individually and socially, then is the declaration that we have a right to enjoy and defend life and liberty, acquire, possess and protect property, pursue and obtain happiness, a miserable falsehood, a worse than political fiction; as no man or society of men can enjoy any of these asserted rights in a land of distilleries and dram-shops.

These facts being all admitted, it has yet been denied that our Order is instituted to interfere with the legislation of the country, and it is asserted that as Sons of Temperance, we cannot legitimately assail the established usages of society. We apprehend that as citizens, we have a right, and it is our duty to exercise it, of interposing the strong arm of law—embodied public opinion—against the terrible outrage upon the peace and well-being of society perpetrated by the manufacture of, and traffic in ardent spirits. By uniting with this Order, we surrendered none of our rights as citizens, and the very fact that temperance is the basis of our organization, and the bond of our union, imposes upon us an additional obligation to unite in removing every obstacle in the way of the ultimate and speedy triumph of our god-like reform. It is expected of us by the world that we should point out the way by which our race is to be delivered from this body of sin and death. It is also expected that we shall stand with our armor on, in front of the battle.

Your Committee feel, that while the members of our Order should be true to their Division rooms, and to all their obligations as Sons of Temperance, they should be exhorted to regard the extinction of the liquor manufacture and traffic, in their several jurisdictions, as their special business, not forgetting at the same time to direct their attention to the National Councils, and seeing that foreign liquors shall be speedily placed under eternal quarantine.

Let the brethren, not merely as Sons, but as citizens, fathers, brothers, men, see that the public mind is enlightened, quickened, energized by addresses, sermons, temperance tracts and newspapers, not omitting to employ, where it is possible, the secular press in the publication of short articles on the subject of legal enactment for the suppression of the traffic; and take care that the public sentiment is properly represented in the legislative, judicial, and executive departments of the government.

That laws are enacted in each appropriate jurisdiction, embodying the principle of seizure and confiscation of liquor, and that such laws when enacted, are enforced in their letter and spirit.

Let these things be done, and with the blessings of

God, not many annual sessions of this body will have passed, before other and less laborious duties will devolve upon those who wear the badge of the Sons of Temperance.

The Committee in concluding this Report, would submit the following resolutions:

First Resolved, That as members of society, as citizens, we have the right, and it is our duty to exercise it, to suppress by all legitimate and honorable means, the manufacture of, and traffic in, intoxicating drinks

Second Resolved, That in becoming Sons of Temperance, we give up none of our moral rights, and are exempt from none of our duties as citizens.

Third Resolved, That we desire, will have, and will enforce laws in our respective localities, for the suppression of this man-destroying God-disobeying business.

S F CAREY,
JOHN B O'NEALL,
NEAL DOW.

DIVISIONS IN REQUESTING—NELSON—CUMMINSVILLE SOREEE.

On the 15th and 16th inst., we took a short journey to attend the Soiree to be held at Cumminsville, as we had promised to do. A few notes by the way were made.

STREETSVILLE DIVISION we find to still hold its ground although it is not increasing much. The Messrs. Barber and Brothers have just completed a splendid building, having a tin cupola, in which to carry on the Woollen Factory in this village. The division has Sons in it.

NORVAL DIVISION is stationary. The brethren must be more active. Br. Donaldson makes great exertions to keep the cause up here.

GEORGETOWN DIVISION remains stationary. There here have a beautiful Hall, and also a Brass Band. Georgetown is a pleasant place, and has many respectable temperance men and enterprising citizens.

STEWARTSTOWN DIVISION has increased a great deal since we were there last year, and is in a thriving state. This Division and village have many sterling temperance men. A good Union of Daughters could be had here with a little exertion.

THE DIVISIONS IN ERIN are doing pretty well, but at Erin having lately been divided into two. West not visiting them or Glen Williams.

CANTRELLVILLE DIVISION in Nassagaweya is doing well. We wish this young Division well. Zerk and Carlisle Divisions are also doing well. At Zerk there is a growing Union of Daughters.

CUMMINSVILLE DIVISION and Soiree. This pleasant meeting took place on the 16th inst., near the village of Cumminsville, in a Grove. A good band, called the Hannahville Brass Band attended—and a good Tea, Coffee, and Cakes, of the best description, prepared by the Ladies for a large company. We were not there in time for this part of the entertainment, were happy to hear that all enjoyed themselves. The day was unusually fine, and the company was numbering about 400, with a large attendance of young and old—married and single. Some of the Daughters were there too in their regalia. The singing called Br. Dr. Vanorman, of Wellington Springs, the chair, and the audience was addressed for two hours by the Editor of this paper and the Rev. Goldsmith of Hamilton, on the importance of temperance and the Maine Law, we hope with good effect. At the close of the address of the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith a vote of the spectators was taken for and against the Maine Law when only one person held up his hand against it. Br. Goldsmith has long been one of the most prominent speakers on Temperance in Hamilton and is now employed by the sub-committee of the Nelson Division, in conjunction with the Rev. R. E. Boyd of St. Catharines, to lecture for the salary of

The Commensville Division latterly is doing well, and we trust will continue to increase. All it requires to do is activity. At the clos. of the meeting the whole company marched in procession through the village, the band preceding them.

BR. J. M. ROSS AND THE WATCHMAN.

In the *Watchman* of the 11th inst., we observe a letter abusing us, from J. M. Ross, its *assistant Editor, par excellence*; at least he writes so much in it fictitiously and otherwise, that we will so call him. He has taken offence at our allusion to his Secretaryship of the Grand Division committee of nine, appointed last October, to draw up and obtain information in view of a petition to the Legislature to enact a Maine Law. We made that allusion in discharge of a public duty to the Order, that humbuggery might in future be checked. This individual has no power to injure us, and has ceased to have any influence with the Order in any Division in Toronto. A man who acts from private pique or prejudice, should not be a Son. As the Secretary of that committee of nine, (two of whom, the Rev. Mr. Dick and Mr. Farewell, are living in this country,) he had no authority to palm off on the order a mongrel ill-drawn petition—give an order for 400 extra *Watchman* papers, and then coolly send in an unauthorized, unaudited Bill to the Grand Division. If that act was the act of the Committee of nine, when was it sanctioned, and why did the Grand Division repudiate the bill, and pass by unnoticed the spurious petition? The whole thing was the act of two men, the Editor of the *Watchman* and Mr. Ross, on the *you tickle me and I'll tickle you system*. If that act was done by the whole committee for the public good—the petition a public one, why was it confined to one paper? When did the Grand Division, or any committee thereof, act upon that error principle? The same game was played by Mr. Ross on a smaller scale, at the session of the Grand Division in October last, when a small bill was pushed in for the *Watchman's* publication of the act of incorporation, which we published gratis. We have never directly or indirectly asked Grand Division support, nor did we ever, as Mr. Ross asserts, ask the Ontario Division to tax itself for this paper. All its records show this, and the majority of the Committee that recommended this paper to the order in November, 1850, before the *Watchman* was known as a temperance paper or its Editor as a Son, know this statement of Mr. Ross to be untrue. It is well that he is known in this matter, and also as almost the only Son in Toronto, who originally urged on, and still urges on the *Watchman* in its hostility to this paper.

We did not intend to allude to this matter, and only touch upon many things that had better be left to they are. But our conduct has always been open. We have attacked no paper in the first instance, and willingly even defend ourselves. The little clique that opposes this paper in Toronto, scarcely exceed in brace at the head of this article, and time will punish them. The language we used in our number of the 31st May, though strong, was warranted in reference to the mode of procedure pursued by the *Watchman* to us. His attack being first, we were necessarily obliged to shew up the character of that paper.

It was the first paper that ever wantonly aspersed our private character, and all future attacks by other papers sprang from its insinuations. The infamy of the whole thing is, that the Editor knows he has not the shadow of proof for his assertions. If it is to our character as a lawyer he refers, the whole bar of Toronto would disprove his assertions—if to any thing else he has still less to uphold him. As a Son we have ever faithfully cultivated peace and good feeling in our Division, and attended as

its officer on our duties faithfully, and as a citizen we have ever honestly demeaned ourselves. Any man deserves the epithet *Pharisee*, who would elevate himself over his fellow man religiously. God is the judge of a man's religion—and it does not necessarily follow that a man must be a *priest* to be religious.

We have before cautioned the order against introducing *sectarianism* or prejudice on the ground of religious opinion in *Division rooms*, and if they wish in this Province and elsewhere to split it up into factions, let members attempt the game of *conspiring* or *interfering* with any man's religious opinions, and they will soon find the result as we say. Let Divisions confine themselves to their original objects temperance, and benevolence to the distressed. Let them also be cautious how they encourage any paper to cast off its original *sectarian character*, on purpose to undermine a temperance periodical in the same city. We do not see such a course pursued by the old tried religious papers of Canada, such as the *Christian Guardian*, *Canada Christian Advocate*, and others that might be named. Nor do we see them under the pretended *cloak of love for religion*, filling their columns week after week, with attacks on our paper, because we alluded to an act of mercy done for a dying man at Brougham.

MORE DECISIONS OF THE NATIONAL DIVISION IN VIRGINIA.

The National Division adjourned on the 7th June. We refer to a few matters not before noted—

The coloured question was brought up again from a memorial from the East, and the same vote taken on it as in 1850. The effect of which is that the Grand and National Divisions, will not deal with the question as such, on abstract grounds, but do not prohibit subordinate Divisions from initiating coloured individuals simply as such. The truth is that the best men in the Order do not like at this time, to split up the Order on this question with Northern and Southern Divisions. In view of correct principles a worthy man, though he be coloured, cannot and should not be excluded.

Much exertion was made to get up a social degree in the Order admitting of members' children and families, which was laid over until next year.

It was decided that breach of article 2 does not cause a Son to lose his membership as a matter of course, but his reinstatement, unless there be a by-law to the contrary, entitles him to all his former privileges, benefits, &c.

It was decided for non-payment of dues a member may be suspended from his privileges indefinitely.

It was decided that in Colleges and Seminaries or Schools, under dispensation from the Grand Divisions, young men although under 21 may hold the office of W. P.

\$1000 were appropriated and placed in the hands of a committee to prepare a new ritual which will be ready in 3 months.

The question of Honorary membership was discussed but nothing done further than last year.

The next session of the National Division is to be held in Chicago. There are 300,000 members in the Order.

REV. MR. CAUGHEY'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—In our last we had barely time to allude to this large and interesting meeting. The Rev. Mr. Caughey is a man, though not of extraordinary talent, yet of great tact and knowledge of human nature, combined with remarkable candour and simplicity. He is a strong advocate of total abstinence, and has been so many years. The audience on this occasion was very large, numbering at least 2000, and 440 persons signed the pledge. At the close of the meeting a vote was taken in favor of the adoption of the Maine Law and it was unanimous in favor thereof. Some very powerful illustrations of the evils of intemperance in England and the United States were made by the lecturer. Arguments and facts of this kind, coming from a man of great experience and truth, and the greatest modern revivalist preacher, must have their effect. His power to address audiences continually as he does, he truthfully attributed to total abstinence habits.

On the 2nd June was the anniversary of the passage of the Maine Law in Maine.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance WESTERN DIVISIONS—AMHERSTBURGH

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have read the *Son* for the last six months with great pleasure, and feel somewhat surprised at seeing so little in it with regard to the progress of the Temperance cause in this part of the Province, and I now take the liberty to send you the following cheering account. We have in our village two Divisions of Sons of Temperance, the Western Star and Crispin Divisions. The Crystal Spring Section of Cadets, and the May-flower Union of Daughters, also Victoria Temple of Honor, No 2, which has been recently organized.

Western Star Division, (of which I have the honor of being a member,) was established on the tenth of April, 1850. It was with great difficulty that the requisite number of names could be obtained for the Charter, so great was the prejudice existing in Amherstburgh against social societies. Ten names however were at length procured, and the dark mysterious conclave of the Sons of Temperance was formed. Its progress at first was very slow until after the first Anniversary, when it took a start and has since been rapidly increasing. The Division is in excellent working order, and now numbers upwards of one hundred and thirty members in good standing, several of whom not a year ago were dealing out the deadly poison with unsparing hand. It is gratifying to notice the immense amount of influence which the Division exercises in this section of Canada. Five Divisions of the Sons, three Sections of Cadets, a Union of the Daughters, and a Temple of Honor, may trace their origin directly to the Western Star Division, and has been the means of grading many a besotted drunkard to a circle of respectability.

The Crispin Division, which was established about six months ago, is in a prosperous condition. It is composed principally of the Chelsea pensioners stationed at Fort Malden. It is pleasing to observe these old veterans of many a hard fought battle, giving up a habit to which they have so long been accustomed.

Crystal Spring Section of Cadets is doing well, and now numbers upwards of sixty members. The May-flower Union of Daughters, (of whose institution there was a notice in your last number,) numbers thirty-four members, and is composed of the beauty and respectability of our village.

An invitation has been tendered to us by the Sons of Detroit, to attend a grand Jubilee, which is to take place in that City on the 7th of July next, when the people of Michigan intend making a bold strike for the Maine Liquor Law, and from the spirit manifested by them it will very probably pass. We are beginning to agitate for that soul saving law here, and I trust before another year rolls round it will be in operation in Canada. Wishing you every success in the arduous undertaking in which you have embarked.

I remain yours in L. P. and F.
A SON.

Amherstburgh, 7th June, 1852.

THE Great Fonthill Temperance meeting in Pelham on the 18th inst. We have heard that this meeting was a splendid affair. Urgent business prevented our attending. The people turned out in thousands to give their sanction to the principle of the Maine Law. We hear it was the largest meeting that ever took place in the Niagara country, there being over 5000 persons present. We will try and give further particulars.

QUEBEC TEMPERANCE.—An agitation has for some time been going on in respect to the legality of the Act of the city council in refusing to grant licenses to taverns in the suburb of St. Roch. The irksome contention that the council could not refuse licenses, and an appeal was made to a superior court, which has resulted in the court confirming the conduct of the city council in refusing licenses. This is the result of prompt action in the friends of Temperance there.

THE Conference of the New Connexion Church held at the Bethel Chapel, Welland Canal, Lincoln, 7th June, unanimously recommended all of their Ministers to carry out the design of the Grand Division at London, for ministers of the Gospel to give free lectures on Temperance.

On the 12th June a series of meetings are to be commenced, to be held in Virginia to agitate the Maine Law. Louisiana is also taking active measures in the same way.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION—MAINE LAW—CADETS.

NARHAM, CUMBERLAND DIVISION, NO 174, &c.

MY DEAR S.R.—It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that I transmit to you a short sketch of the proceedings of the Temperance Demonstration, which took place here on Wednesday, the 31st inst. By the inserting of which, in the columns of your very interesting and valuable Gem, you will confer a kindness upon the officers and members of this Division.

Yours in L. P. and F.,

WILLIAM McCURE.

According to the Advertisements, the Sons and Cadets of Temperance were to meet at Button's Chapel at 11 o'clock A. M.; and "march in Regalia through the Village of Buttonville;" but on account of the rains during the night and the consequent dampness of the morning the march was postponed until 20 minutes to 12; when the procession with the Unionville Brass Band in front, proceeded from Mr. Steinhoff's Grove, in which there was a most spacious and beautiful bower prepared in good style for the occasion,—through the village,—as far as the residence of John Button, Esq. Thence it returned to the place of rendezvous, where not less than a hundred (all that the tables would accommodate at once) sat down to a most luxurious banquet. Here I would observe that great praise is due to the Ladies of Buttonville and its vicinity, for their indefatigable exertions in the preparation and management of the culinary department. Every thing here was neat and in good order. Every thing was in its proper place. Indeed, I have been at Temperance and other Tea Parties in Toronto, as well as different sections of the country, and must say that in this respect this equalled if not excelled any I have attended. We did not count them, but we think that upwards of two hundred took dinner.

After all had been satisfied with the good things set before them, and the people had resumed their seats opposite the platform, Mr. J. H. Hair was called to the chair. In a short pithy address he brought before the audience the great object of their meeting, the putting down of Intemperance. He also touched most appropriately upon the utility of the Sons, and the benefits derived from the Order.

The following Gentlemen were then called upon by the Chairman to address the meeting—Rev. Mr. Brown, Yonge St. Rev. James Boyd, Superintendent of C. Schools, Messrs McConnell, Ligatbody, Ecroyd, W. P., Shephard, W. P., and McClure.

The Rev. Mr. Brown after making some playful but interesting remarks, went on to prove, which he did conclusively, by a syllogistic process of reasoning, that Alcoholic Liquors were incapable of reviving the system when worn out by fatigue, or in any way of yielding nourishment to the body. He also made some beautiful, simple, and cheering remarks respecting the reformation which is now being achieved through the instrumentality of the Sons and other kindred societies. As usual he was clever upon the evils of intemperance. In a word the profound and death-like silence which pervaded the densely crowded benches told far better than words could express the touching appeals, and the glowing eloquence of the speaker.

The Rev. James Boyd then, after giving some very interesting statistical information, and tracing the rise of the first Temperance Societies, went on to show the absolute necessity of striking a death blow at the root of intemperance. In his illustration of this subject he was most happy. For instance, he compared intemperance to a rivulet at the source of which there was no difficulty in crossing over. But as it flowed slowly along between the surrounding hills and towering mountains and through the wide extended valleys, it gradually acquired strength until it approached the ocean; when it became a mighty torrent, carrying all before it with irresistible impetuosity striking the timid spectator with terror, and bidding defiance to the art of man to stop its progress. After various remarks upon the evils of intemperance the Rev. Gentleman concluded by saying, that the only way to eradicate drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils from the country, was to strike at the source—to put a stop to the Liquor Manufacturing System.

The other speakers made many very sensible and pointed remarks, but time will not permit me to give even an outline of their lectures. We took particular notice, however, of a few very pertinent observations

made by the Worthy Archon, Br. N. Shepherd. He stated also that only a few weeks ago this Section of Cadets was formed, and now it numbers 33, with a good prospect of many others immediately. He concluded by making a few remarks by way of encouragement to the Cadets, exhorting them to be true to their colours and always to stand fast to their profession. The Band then played, (as it did after every speaker,) a favourite air, one of those for which this Band is so justly distinguished.

The day being far spent, the Rev. James Boyd rose and Moved the following resolution—

Resolved, That this meeting hereby agree to petition the Provincial Parliament to introduce into this country the Maine Liquor Law, for the suppression of the Manufacture, Sale and Use, of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes and religious ordinances.

The Rev. mover said that he had much pleasure in stating, that the good effects arising from the operation of the Maine Liquor Law were such, as should make us (the inhabitants of Canada West,) put forth every effort for its introduction into this country.

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Brown, who stated that he was exceedingly happy in being permitted to second a motion which had for its object the reclaiming of the poor inebriate, and which he knew would be productive of much good to all classes of the community. The chairman then put to the people the motion which was unanimously carried!!!

A vote of thanks being returned to the Ladies for their kind services, and also to the Chairman and speakers, it was moved by Mr. Ecroyd, W. P., and seconded by Mr. McConnell, "that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem, and to the Temperance Advocate, Montreal, for insertion." Carried.

After several rounds of cake, we prepared for another march. With the Band at our head we proceeded to Brown's Corner, and thence returned to the Paradisaical Bower. The National Anthem being played by the Band, and the Doxology sung by the Buttonville choir, this large and respectable assembly dispersed, each countenance beaming with joy, and each seeming highly delighted with what he and she had seen and heard, without the slightest accident.

W. McC — a spectator

June 11th, 1852.

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

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I am of opinion that your judicious plan, of publishing short notices from the various localities, of what is doing to forward the great cause of moral reform, works beneficially in two ways. By learning what our neighbours are doing, we are encouraged to redoubled exertions; and many young men, such as myself, are prompted to correspond with you, which prevents what little knowledge of the vernacular they acquired at school from rusting in the odd corners of their pericraniums. People may laugh at the notion if they choose, but the pleasure of seeing one's name in print is another and no small incentive to literary exertions.

Under these impressions, I undertake the pleasing duty of giving you renewed assurance of our continued prosperity in this Division. We have more than tripled our numbers. Only one expulsion has taken place, and that one under such circumstances, as to be of no consequence to the prosperity of the Division. In order to keep the spirit alive during the busy months, we have determined on a grand demonstration on the 25th inst. A secondary object is to secure pecuniary aid, for the erection of our new Division room. Several excellent speakers have promised their attendance, and Hornby will main in its fair fame, for gastronomic and musical entertainments.

A goodly turn out of the neighboring Divisions is confidently anticipated, and the procession from our present "Head Quarters" will unquestionably be an imposing one.

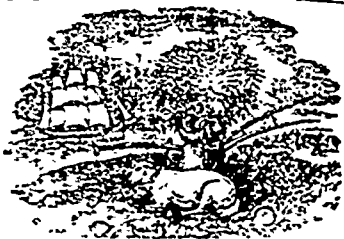
Altogether, we hope to be able to demonstrate again and conclusively, that the cup of inebriation is not a necessary element, towards the social enjoyment of rational beings.

I am Sir,

With much faith in the cause. Yours,

A BOOMER

Hornby, June 4th, 1852.



Agriculture.

From the Rural New-Yorker.

END RURAL.—The following beautiful poem was written a few years since, by a young lady then attending the Common Wesleyan Seminary. I should meet her eye in the column of the New Yorker, I am sure she will pardon the liberty I have taken in sending it to you for publication.

Yours truly,

R.C.N.

A SONG FOR THE FLOWERS

A song for the flowers, the bright, bright flowers,
That gladden with beauty this earth of ours—
Every where they wave in the air,
Drink the dew and laugh in the sun,
And as we coolly smile for the humble poor
As for earth's proudest one:
Every where graceful and fair,
Blooming as bright in the lonely vale
As in the grand parterre.

They're springing up in each green-wood glen,
In the desert, afar from the haunts of men:
They bloom on the crazy mountain side,
They bend o'er each flowering streamlet's tide,
They dance in the breeze on the upland lea,
And grow far down in the deep, deep sea.

Where'er we find them—in every place
They add to beauty a lover's grace;
And the loveliest spot of earth seems fair,
If the fragrant flowers are blooming there;
They are lovelier far than jewels of gold,
As they snow-like lie in the modest fold
Of the bridal veil;—they were surely meant
For woman's only ornament.

What is your mission, ye gentle flowers?
When the bright had fallen on Eden's bowers,
Why went ye not back to your place of birth:
Why did ye stay on our storken earth?
Ye remained to cheer life's weary way,
To whisper the hope to the saddened soul,
That beyond the tomb is a brighter day,
And the gloomy grave is not life's goal.

CULTURE OF TOMATOES.

I wish to say a few words about growing tomatoes which I think would be worth publishing, if it has appeared before this from some other source. I hear people talk about planting tomatoes in any ground, that is not very rich, for the reason that they run all to vines and produce no fruit. Now say what to plant the seed in good rich ground, and allow them to grow until they have made two, three or four feet from the stalk—after which, prune all the side shoots that come out, at or follow this plan all through the season, every three or four days, and let the vines grow the full length, never pinching off the ends. In any way I can raise earlier and better tomatoes than any other plan, and also a great many more of them. It is necessary to stake the vines up to keep them off the ground, and they will then grow from seven to eight feet long, with large bunches of tomatoes at the ends of the vines. Some of my neighbors have tried this plan and pronounce it far superior to every other.—C. H. CULTIVATOR.

A SHORT TALK ABOUT HOGS.

The Editor of the Southern planter gives us in a chapter entitled a "dollar's worth about hogs," first gives the usual mode in which they are raised in his neighborhood, which is to let them grow when they please, and then pick up a living when they can until about two years old, and then, in November to shut them up in a close pen without shelter or food, and suffer them to peck the corn, which is then them irregularly, out of the mire and dirt. At last they are slaughtered. They are only half a pig after fat, and weigh about a hundred and ten pounds. That is managing hogs worse than we do. Certainly we Yankees away up east here, in the north pole, would be ashamed to be seen doing

REVIEW OF THE WOOL MARKET.

What was foretold last spring has come to pass this—that the high prices would react, and that wool would be as much below its real value now as it was above then. Still the depression cannot be permanent, though the grower may not be enabled to realize as high a price as he ought.

There is now in the hands of the manufacturers a fair supply; and, if the dealers carry out their plan of combination, there will be no active competition in the country. It is proposed by the large dealers in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, not to send out any agents to purchase wool, but to leave it to the wool dealers and to the speculators to send it forward, and we think they will be able to carry out their plan. In that case it is to be seen how well the farmers will be able to combine. They might do it to a very large extent, and thus save thousands of dollars, but judging from the past, there is little prospect of their doing it. The Wool Depot system has been very successful when properly patronized,—and it may be again.

The prices should range about as follows.—

Common to $\frac{1}{2}$ blood,.....	26c to 30c
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$	28c to 34c
Full blood Merino,.....	34c to 38c
Full blood Saxon,.....	38c to 45c
Saxon and Merino, heavy,.....	36c to 42c
" " light,.....	38c to 45c

These are prices that will be realized in Buffalo. There will not be much if any advance on these prices before fall, and then we shall look for an advance of from three to five cents per lb. The wool should not sell below these figures, and there is no good reason why it should go higher at present.—*Wool Grower.*

A CURIOUS CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—A Paris correspondence of the N. Y. *Express*, relates the following case of Hydrophobia, which is remarkable from the fact of the victim retaining his consciousness to the last, and having made no attempt to communicate his dreadful malady to those around him. He was himself a physician and when he was bitten in the thumb by a puppy that he was bringing up, immediately applied caustic to the wound. The puppy soon after died, and he burnt out the scar with a red hot iron and no ill effects were for some time produced. He however, grew melancholy, and always maintained that hydrophobia would be the ultimate consequence. On the night of the 9th of April a month after he was bitten, his predictions were verified as he was seized with violent agitation and fever, accompanied with convulsive symptoms. Four hours after the attack, he said to his physicians: "My limbs are one chaos of agony, but my mind remains intact. No one need be afraid of me I shall bite no one, for I have never been of a cruel disposition; and I have no inclination to do any damage. Every effort he made to drink produced convulsion, and he finally expired in great suffering, but without an instant flickering of his intelligence. The more violent symptoms of the scourge had been doubtless allayed, and milder forms introduced by the prompt application of caustic and the red hot iron.

THE GAMBOGE TREE.

The yorka, or gamboge-tree, grows to a great height in Ceylon, and has a very stately appearance, its small dark-green leaves presenting a beautiful contrast to the light green of other trees. The gamboge is taken from the tree by incisions made in the bark. When thus cut, a yellow liquid, as thick as oil, runs down, and being exposed to the air, soon becomes solid. The fruit is as big as an apple, and deeply ribbed. In some trees it is yellow, in others red. When broken there are two seeds which to the teeth feel like leather, and are surrounded by a scarlet colored, soft, and frothy pulp, of a pleasant flavor, but seldom eaten, as in eating it the teeth become covered with a substance resembling bees wax. An excellent jelly is made from it. The outside of this plant is dried in the sun and used by the natives in their canoes. The wood is of little service, being white and coarse. The fruit is ripe in July.—*Farmer & Mechanic.*

ORCHARD and clover grass are best to be sown together for the making of good hay, for the reason that they ripen at the same time.

GROWTH OF EVERGREENS.

We were visiting "Evergreens" Place the residence of Gov. Wood, a few days since, when our attention was called to some evergreens which Mrs. Wood and the Governor had gathered and brought home in a pocket handkerchief only eleven years since. They are now perfect pyramids in form, and about thirty feet high, and are growing at the rate of twenty inches to two and a half feet in a season.

How many there are who, riding along past such residences, speak of the beauty and attractiveness added to a place from the mere addition of a few evergreens or other ornamental trees, and yet neglect from year to year the small labor and expense required to make their own homes equally as pleasant to the eye. Reader, go now and plant a few evergreens. This is just the time they succeed best in transplanting, and if you wish us to tell you how to do it, why, we will tell you in one word—transplant them just as you would any other tree, only be very careful not to let the roots get dry. One half hour of open exposure of the roots to the sun will kill an evergreen.—*Ohio Farmer.*

GRAVELING WALKS.—How few graveled walks do we find on which a lady with a thin shoe can walk.—The gravel is loose and coarse and gives at the pressure of the foot. If those who are putting on gravel would mix one-twelfth of water lime, and wet it up as for mortar, loosen the dirt slightly in the walk, and then spread on the mixture about two or three inches deep, round in the centre, beat it lightly with the back of the spade, and then leave it for two days without stepping on it, they would find a walk firm and sord to the foot and pleasant to walk upon.—*Ohio Farmer.*

QUINCES LOVE SALT.—The quince tree seems to have a constitutional fondness for salt. We have never seen such superb specimens of this fruit, and such a general luxuriance of the trees, as at Newport, R. I., on the sea coast. A gentleman who noticed this fact, several years ago, told us lately that he had profited by the hint, in giving to each of his trees a top-dressing of two quarts of coarse salt every Spring. By scattering the salt over the surface it dissolves slowly, and does no harm whatever to the roots, but makes both foliage and fruit much more healthy.—*Downing's Horticulturist.*

PASTURE FOR COWS.—See that your cows are provided with good pasture and a sufficiency of pure water. Cows that have to labor hard all day in a hot sun to provide a scanty supply of food, and take their drink from a mud puddle, will not give so much or so good milk, as those that are provided with an abundant supply of succulent grass and water from a spring or brook, so that they can fill themselves in a short time and then lay down to rest. There is no animal on the farm that is so much benefited by rest and quiet indulgence as a cow that gives milk.—*Farmer & Artisan.*

THE HEN FEVER.—We saw yesterday, says the Boston *Times*, a draft for one thousand dollars, which had just been received by Geo. P. Burnham, Esq., from one of his New Orleans correspondents, in payment for a splendid lot of "Cochin China" Red Shanghai" and "White Shang" fowls, sent out by the Crescent City, by Mr. R., from his imported stock. This is getting up steam to some purpose. Mr. Burnham informs us that his sales for large samples from his imported Chinese fowls had reached over \$4000 since the last November show in Boston—averaging upwards of \$200 a week. He has received as high as \$50 for a single pair of his "Cochin Chinas," and the demand for these birds still continues throughout the whole South and West. The stock of Mr. B. is said by those who are judges to be very superior.

BATHING.—It is well known that the Russians have, for many centuries practiced a great deal of bathing. At all seasons of the year, the old and young, from the infant up, frequently bathe themselves or are bathed. Consequently rheumatism is almost entirely unknown among them. We must attribute this principally to their habits of bathing, for the climate is even more variable than our own. Their diet, too, is very simple, consisting almost entirely of brown bread, garlics, and water.—*Journal of Health.*

two years old, that weighed but one hundred and twenty pounds. The Editor, however, goes on to lay down a method of feeding hogs which we think would be an economical one for us to follow. His advice is to get all your pigs by littered in March—feed the sows till the pigs are weaned—feed these well, but not too early, until clover comes. If you have no clover, feed at least a clover lot for your hogs. Cut off the ends of their noses, if you can't get rid of the roots any other way, and turn them in.

After this, fence off part of an oat field, and remove from the clover lot into it as soon as the oats are in the milk state. They will eat them up clean. By doing so they will be ready to glean your wheat fields. This plan will not work well with us at the north, as we generally stock down our lands to clover and wheat, and should not want the hogs to eat it. As soon as the corn is in a right state, begin to get up green corn for them, and feed with that, stalk and all, just as much as they will eat. It is a good idea to have a lot planted in corn for this very purpose, and also a lot planted later, to keep them in green corn all frost. When this food is exhausted, then put them in a pen with good shelter and troughs, and feed them with the best you have, and kill them when you think they are fat enough to suit you.—*Maine Farmer.*

HOW TO LIVE A LONG LIFE.

Notwithstanding all our miseries here man and woman desire to live a long life. One seeks one support and another something else. Yet how little their efforts tend to prolong life. The most careful are frequently the shortest lived, while those who literally court death, seem to bear charmed lives. Yet skill and care must be something, as statistics show that want and poverty kill short thousands of lives. The following is the latest theory of the matter, as every one can understand it—

Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow, may live extensively or intensely—may draw his little amount of vitality over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one—when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, drinks pure water, avoids inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too liberally, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves his mind, and thus husbans his quantum of vitality, will live considerably longer than he otherwise would, because he lives intensely, who beverages himself on beer and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges in exhausting pleasures, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food, thereby debilitated by his pleasures and must exhaust his vitality which keeps him alive."

It seems to us that the great object should be not so long we may live, but how shall we live the most fully, for it is not time that constitutes human existence, but rather the objects that fill up life. One who employs life is really older than many who have lived twice their years.

We would therefore say, live usefully and honorably, so you do live, for thus you may live a really long life, for the good which you have done, if not in the mere number of years that may have passed over you—

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way,
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Finds us further than to-day."

CORN SEED AS A FOOD FOR STOCK.—Mr. Wm. Turner in a report to the Essex County (Mass.) Society, in speaking of broom corn, states that he raised 3,300 lbs. of broom, and 330 bushels of seed. He says it is worth as much for cattle and swine as corn. Mr. P. keeps a large dairy, and, of course, has from practical knowledge of its virtues as food for stock.—The staple crop of Massachusetts is excellent this year. The exports of ice from this port, in the month of April, were 15,911 tons, and the total amount for the year is 45,370 tons, against 35,963 last year. The exports last month, 19,239 tons was to New Orleans, 1291 to Mobile, 925 to Savannah, 600 to Charleston, 300 to Havana, and 400 to the East India.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW MEETING, AT
CALEDONIA

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that a meeting was held in the Free Presbyterian Church, in this village last evening, called, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of petitioning Parliament at its next session, to pass a law similar to the much celebrated Maine Liquor Law; at which the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:—

Resolved, That in view of the numerous and wide spread evils, produced in our country by the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, this meeting deems it right and proper to express publicly, its decided conviction, that nothing less than an entire prohibitory law can effectually shield the people of Canada from the evils of intemperance.

Resolved, That a committee of three persons be appointed by this meeting to draft a form of petition to the Parliament of Canada, for the passage of a law similar to the Maine Liquor law,—procure signatures to the same, and forward to some member of said Parliament, for presentation at its next session.

The Rev. Mr. King of Glamford, addressed the meeting at length, urging with much force and energy, the necessity of a prohibitory law, against the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and showing most conclusively, the applicability of the Maine Law to the present wants and condition of the people of Canada.

I should also state that a meeting, was held in the same place, and for the same purpose on Friday evening last, which was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Dick, of your city, who was passing through our place, and very kindly consented to give us a lecture on the Maine Law, for which he will please receive the most hearty thanks of the friends of Temperance in this place. Mr. Dick's lecture was clear, logical, and argumentative, and I think must have convinced every person that heard it, of the justness, and propriety of a law forbidding under severe penalties, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. *Rum-selling* is the egg from from which is hatched all those evils over which we as Temperance men mourn—the deadly *upas tree* which is scattering destruction and death through our country—the *fontaine* which continues to pour forth the seeds of disease, wretchedness, and premature death. And no measure deserves the name of a remedy, which does not aim at the destruction of this egg—the cutting up, root and branch of this tree—and the effectual drying up of this fountain.

Rum-selling, and intemperance are inseparable—One cannot exist without the other. Wherever the whiskey traffic is carried on, there drunkenness and intemperance with all the numerous family of evils engendered by them, will surely prevail. Wherever *Rum Holes* are multiplied, there poverty, crime, and misery, will be multiplied. One is a cause, and the others the effects. It is a maxim in philosophy that "remove the cause and the effects cease." What we want in Canada, is a little *Maine Law Philosophy*. There is nothing more true than that the people of Canada can have the Maine Law if they wish it. People may talk of the prerogatives of the Crown, as much as they please, but under our free, responsible, representative form of government, the people, the true source of political power, are and of right ought to be all powerful.

No important measure is likely to pass through our Provincial Legislature, and become a law without the previous sanction of the people. All great reforms, whether of a moral, social, or political nature, were effected only by *teaching, agitation, and discussion*, and the Sons of Temperance, and other friends of the Cause in Canada, will get the Maine Law only by using the same means. *Agitate—agitate—agitate*—should be the war cry of the Sons of Temperance, when petitions are sent from us by the thousands. We must *teach* and *talk*, until we have created such a public opinion, and produced such a pressure from without, as shall force our M^s. P. P. to yield to our wishes. If the friends of Temperance in Canada are but true to their principles, true to the cause, success is certain.

In this age of *Reform and Progress*—of stirring speeches, and noble thoughts—of new wonders, and useful inventions—of *science*, *revelations*, and wonderful discoveries, when mind is agitated to an uncommon degree, upon all the great and important questions affecting the happiness and destiny of man, every man, every minister of the Gospel, every newspaper editor, a the

land should define his position in regard to this question.

There should be no neutrality—he that is not for us is against us.

How is it, that so few ministers of the Gospel comparatively, give us their countenance, aid and co-operation; even some of them who are professedly our friends, give a most dreadful uncertain sound on this question. Christian ministers in our country exert, as they ought, a most powerful influence; and this influence if exerted to promote our cause, would materially help to mould a right public opinion—but among some of them there is too much *daubing of intempered mortar*. In some places the whole Gospel is not preached as it should be. Many of them are not inclined to *speak out*, and more that *dare not*. It is really curious sometimes to see a minister of the Gospel, in his sermon or prayer, when enumerating the evils in society about him to be deplored, avoid speaking of drunkenness, or intemperance—there seems to be a studied silence on this point, which is significant. Is not drunkenness a crime, a sin as well as Sabbath breaking? Is not intemperance to be deplored as well as swearing? But I am happy to say that there are some noble exceptions, some *bold out-spoken* ministers who will preach and speak the whole truth whether men will hear or forbear, who fear God rather than man.

Yours Fraternally,

A. C. BUCK, D. G. W. P.
Caledonia, May 20, 1852.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Whig party in the United States have nominated General Scott for President—the best choice they could politically make, but not the best man. He will be elected in our opinion.—The Cholera on the Southern and Western rivers is prevailing to some extent—139 persons died in one day in New Orleans. Cleanliness and attention to diet with strict temperance are the means to avoid it.—Austria has suppressed General Gorgy's work on the Hungarian Revolution, because it admits that Hungary up to a certain time was justified in her acts.—France is still awaiting the turn of events—watching her northern enemy, Russia. Peace will reign in France so long as Napoleon can find money to pay, and vice and pleasures to amuse the soldiers of France. The people are powerless under the soldiers.—It seems that the God fever is raging to a fearful extent in England. Dozens of vessels are leaving for Australia. There is a tremendous amount of *Gas in human nature* in this generation.—The English House of Commons are doing but little—playing in fact a game of *non-committalism*. It is difficult for them to do—what they are unwilling to advance. The coming elections will probably be against them.—The Catholic Priests in Ireland are trying to stay Irish Emigration.—The English elections will take place it is supposed during this next month.—The Michigan Central and Chucage Railroad is finished. On the 21st May a train containing 800 passengers passed from Detroit to Chicago from 7 o'clock A. M. to 8 o'clock P. M.—thus a person leaving Chicago in the morning may be in New-York in 48 hours. A train of railroad cars went from Buffalo via Dunkirk to New-York city not long since in a train in about 12 hours, a distance of over 400 miles. The Americans are summing up space.—A sad persecution is going on against the Chinese in California.—The yellow fever is raging fearfully in Rio Janeiro.—A serious battle has just been fought between the English troops and the people of Burmah, in which the British were victorious with a loss of some officers and men. It is difficult to tell what all these Indian wars arise from. It seems some of the Indian tribes are at war with the British.—The Cape of Good Hope is still the theatre of war, the Kaffirs being at times victorious and at another time discomfited.—The French are about to build a world about Crystal Palace.—Queen Victoria's eldest son, the heir apparent, has a yearly income of £50,000.—Northern whale fishing vessels think that Sir John Franklin is still alive and has got into some ice in warmer latitudes or more open seas.—Great efforts are being made to explore the interior of Africa.—The crops in England and Ireland look well.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Mr. Hincks has arrived in Canada from England—negotiations with the English Ministry for a loan to carry on the Halifax Trunk Railway having failed as Mr. Hincks says, by the coolness and indifference of Sir John Packington. We think it may in the end

be all for the best for Canada. Let us mind our own business.—The chief topics of our Provincial Railways.—The chief topics of our discussion since our last issue in the political are certainly not very important, yet they have much paper.—Dougal McNab, the forger's lawyer, Mr. Hincks—the libel trial of the *North American* with the *Spectator*, and *Mail Bag* contracts—excellent Post Master General.—Just now much is going on about the failure of the mission of Hincks to England.—In July we will be preparing for the August campaign. The tug of political fare comes on then in Quebec. All we hope for is our members go to work manfully—pass good laws—take little—drink little—and pass a good anti-licence Law.—Mr. Gough is lecturing in the neighbourhood of Cobourg.—Barrow's great agency is to be in Toronto on the 1st and 2nd July, is worth seeing.

Dr. Gavin Russell has written a letter in reply to the *North American*; we will try to insert it in our next.—It is in contemplation to form a Roman Catholic college for the education of Catholic priests in this city, by Bishop Charbonnel—Catholic dogs are common near Elora, and also in C.atherine.—Newfoundland is asking for more government.—An agitation is now going on in Canada to make free grants of 160 acres to the settlers; the same plan is adopted in the States.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY.

G. M. C., Port Robinson, \$1, new Sub.; W. Dawn Miss, \$4, 5 new subscribers 1852; Westminster, \$1 for 1852; G. D., St. Vincent, \$1, 1852; Rev. W. C., Simcoe, \$1 1852.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Br. H.'s Address to the Trafalgar Central we will try and insert in our next. Address from Iron and Lecture from Ianisiff are received—insert a part or all of them in our next. "The Broken Vow," a temperance tale by Thomas, is received and will be inserted. Referred to the cause of delay correctly.

TO OUR AGENTS.

Agents may now take half yearly Sales from 1st June to 1st January, 2s 6d in advance, 3s 9d for the whole volume, taking the numbers, to new subscribers. Old subscribers over 2 months standing in arrears must pay.

MARKETS AND WEATHER, Toronto, June 1st.

The weather since our last issue has been very warm. The thermometer rising above 80 and at other times it has been too cool. On the weather has been rather cooler than usual season. We have had frost in the highlands is abundant, crops of wheat and spring are pretty well, in the front counties. Gardening backward.

Beef \$4 1/2 per 100lbs; Pork \$5 1/2 per do; Bacon to 5d per lb by carcass; Lambs \$1 1/2; Calves \$4 to \$5; Wheat per bush 3s. 8d; Oats 1s 3d to 1s 5d; Hay \$7 to \$10 per ton; Butter 6d to 7d fresh; Eggs 5d to 6d per doz; Toes 3s. to 3s. 9d. per bush; Flour from 1s 18s 9d. per bbl.; Hides \$3 1/2 per 100.

DIED—In this City on Saturday the 13th of the consumption, Miss MARGARET MITCHELL, daughter of Bro. P. Milton of Ontario Division, aged 31. Miss had not been of long duration. She was very generally esteemed, and a member of the Temperance Union of Daughters. Her funeral was attended by a numerous body of citizens and members of various Divisions, as well as Unions of the Son of Temperance in this city.

In the Township of Barton, on the 25th of the year, William Rymal, Esq., at the advanced age of 84 years R. was among the first settlers of the Barton Division and with his family is connected a very large part of the population of that place.

The deceased was one of the earlier friends of the father of the Editor of this paper, and was many times as a member of Parliament for thirty years ago.—[Editor Soc.]