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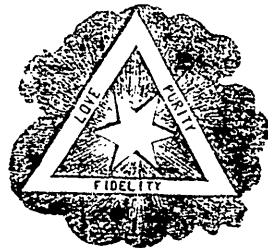
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CANADIAN

SON OF TEMPERANCE



AND LITERARY GEM.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, C.W., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1851.

NO. 1.



A HYMN OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Sifted acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its bows :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing ever more !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn :
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside !

A dreamer drop'd a random thought :
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true :
It shone upon a goodly mind,
And lo ! its light was true,
A lamp of life, and here it shone,
A monitor's name.
The thought was small, but none great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O font ! O world of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

THE HUMAN SOUL.

The soul is the great ennobling principle that distinguishes man from the beasts that perish. Man has a soul as well as a body, and it is this immaterial and thinking part, which is possessed with the powers of judging, invention, and memory ; and capable of knowing, obeying, imitating, and praising its great Creator, that chiefly distinguishes him from the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea.—It is this spark of Divinity that unites the earthly to the heavenly nature, and constitutes Man the lord of the interior creation, the connecting link that unites it to the superior intelligences.

But what above all things, renders the soul of man infinitely valuable, and deserving of his most serious concern, is that IMMORTALITY, which although it has been more clearly brought to light by the gospel, is nevertheless deducible, to a certain degree, from some of the sublime pages of the Book of Nature.

We all know that we are to DIE, and the many vexations and crosses, troubles and losses, pains, afflictions and diseases, which we here experience, we have reason to believe are wisely and benevolently sent by an indulgent providence to prepare us for the change. But when death arrives,—sensation fails,—and the stiff inactive body is stretched on the silent bier.

Dream we — that lustre of the moral world."—that thinking immaterial part in the composition of man. "goes out in darkness ?"—Is it possible to conceive, that while not an atom of the earthly tabernacle can possibly be lost in suffering its decomposition in the grave, or in any other situation undergoing the process which reduces it to its first principles—the light of the soul shall be utterly annihilated, and that lamp of the Lord be for ever extinguished ?

To reason from analogy, and what we have seen of the works of the Creator, have we not rather reason to conclude, that the soul here, is, as it were, in a state of embryo, or preparation for another and a future world, where its feeble powers shall be ripened into action, and the glorious studies of its Maker's works here begun, shall be perfected and completed ? "How," says

the pious and judicious Addison, "can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he never can pass : in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of : and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from attainment to attainment, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ? The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose ? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings ? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted ?—capacities that are not to be gratified ? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity ?

It is true, that if nature is left to herself, doubts and fears will sometimes spring up in the mind of man, and those transporting views that arise from a belief of the immortality of the soul be at times darkened and overclouded ; but what else can be expected in such an imperfect state as this, where we see but darkly *as* through a glass ?

From what we do see we have reason to conclude, that all things are ordered in the best manner possible ; and it is no doubt, equally necessary, that the more substantial joys of a future life should be veiled from our eyes in this world, as it is that the glory of the sun should be concealed below the horizon, and the atmosphere enveloped in the shades of night, in those intervening seasons, when deep sleep *is* upon mankind, because man stands in need of repose. A sailor, (says St. Pierre,) that when I arrived at anchor in a ship which was returning from the East, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land, their native country, they became almost entirely incapable of attending to the ship. Some fixed their eyes upon it, incapable of turning them away ; others put on their best clothes as if they were immediately to disembark.

there were some who stood talking to themselves: and others wept! As we approached, the confusion of their senses increased. Having been absent during several years, they admired incessantly the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks on the shore, covered with sea-weeds and mosses; as if every object was new to them. The spires of the villages in which they were born, which they recognized among the distant fields, and named one after another, filled them with ecstasies of joy. But when the vessel entered the port, and they saw upon the ways their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, who held out their arms, while their eyes were dimmed with tears, and who called them by their names, it was impossible to keep one of them on board; they all leaped ashore, and it was necessary, according to the custom of that port, to hire another set of seamen to bring the ship to anchor. What, then, should we do, if we could see distinctly that heavenly country where all whom we have most loved reside?—If the other world were obvious to our senses, I would persuade myself that, from that moment, every occupation here would cease.—All laborious and vain anxieties of this life would have an end. If the passage from one world to the other were within the reach of every Christian, who would stay in this?

ARMENIAN BURIAL GROUNDS.

At Smyrna, the burial grounds of the Armenians, like that of the Moslems, is removed a short distance from the town, sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose sorrowful feelings are thus deeply overcast. I met one morning a little girl with a half playful countenance, beaming blue eyes and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions.—Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seeds—which, it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreaths on its pure surface. And "why," I inquired, "my sweet little girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls there?" "To bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look, "they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seeds and sing." "To whom do they sing, to you, or to each other?" "Oh no!" she she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here." "But your sister is dead?" "Oh, yes sir! but she hears the birds sing." "Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers." "But she knows I put it here; I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning." "You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much, but you will never talk with her any more, never see her again." "Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in Heaven." "But she has gone to Heaven already, I trust." "No, she stays under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to Heaven together."—*Travels in the East.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Among the speakers on the occasion of the re-interment of the remains of Brant, was Mr. Hotchkiss, an American. The speech is thus reported: Mr. Hotchkiss next came forward. He wore the regalia of the order of Free Masons, and it could be readily seen that he took a deep interest in the business of the day. His air was that of an American, who had seen many summers, and his eye flashed brightly with romance as he stepped forward. He was from Pennsylvania, and had made it his express business to be present on the occasion. He said:—Citizens of Canada, I appear before you not to pronounce a funeral oration on Colonel Brant, but I appear here on behalf of one who has long since been gathered to his fathers, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude he owed to him whose remains you have this day assembled to honor. About fifty years ago a young man left his home on the Susquehanna, on a tour of observation, and in the course of his long wanderings found himself at the door of Colonel Brant's mansion. He was admitted,

food was given him, and his means were exhausted. Employment was necessary. Brant gave him employment; but he soon fell sick, and the disease was of long continuance. Day after day, and night after night, Brant and his family watched over the sufferer, until the end of nine weeks he began to recover. He then thought of his home, many hundred miles distant, with no road but the Indian trail through the wilderness, and his heart was heavy. But Brant ordered one of his best horses to be brought, and provided the youth with means to take him home. That young man (said the speaker, with marked emphasis,) was my father, and I wish to render the tribute of a grateful heart to the posterity of Brant for his great kindness. (Cheers.) Let my right arm fall from its socket, continued Mr. H. should it ever be raised against any of the posterity of Brant; let my tongue cleave to the root of my mouth, should it ever attempt to speak evil of them. Did any man ever explore charity at the hand of Brant and go empty away? I tell you no! Did any man ever raise the supplicating hand to Brant even in the hour of his most bloody conflict, and not receive protection? I tell you no! Colonel Brant was a member of the time-honored Fraternity of Ancient Free Masons, so was my father. On that platform which knows no distinction of nation, creed or color, broad as the abode of man, they met. In the exercise of that charity, which is as expansive as the canopy of heaven, Brant received him. Colonel Brant was a Christian; he found my father a stranger, and he took him in; hungry, and he fed him; poor, and he supplied his wants; sick, and he administered unto him. Oh Brant! noblest Chief of a noble race! peace to thy ashes. May thy memory live in perpetual green; and when the great Archangel's trumpet shall sound and awake the slumbering millions, then shalt thou, and all good Masons and Christians, arise to join the great Grand Lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the universe for ever presides.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.—That truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, is proved by the following case of a Second Marriage told by the *Lewiston (Me) Journal*. In 1814 Mr. Thurston, of Pownal married a young lady of that place, with whom he lived two or three years and then left his wife, and went to the British provinces, where a short time after, it was reported that he was executed for trespass on the king's timber land. The wife after this report became current married a second time with a Mr. Lovell, with whom she lived until his death, which occurred a few years since. Since that time nothing has occurred to occasion a doubt of the truth of the rumour of the death of her husband until a few days since a person called upon her, and stated that her husband had recently died at Hudson, N. Y., having been injured by a fall from his carriage and offered her \$50 for an assignment of her right in his property. This she very wisely refused to do. The next day another man called upon her, and offered \$150, which she likewise declined. An inquiry was instituted, and the result is, that a fortune of some \$30,000, will probably fall into her hands. Thurston left some eight or nine children by a second marriage; but as this, in the eye of the law, was illegal, she remains the sole heir.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The following anecdote of the funeral of a British Alderman is told by a Southerly:—As soon as he knew his case was desperate, he called together all the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am going to die, and my death will be inconvenient to you, because it will be sometime before you can get your accounts settled with my executors; now, if you will allow me a handsome discount I will settle them myself at once." They agreed to the proposal, and the old Alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Nearly twenty years ago, a Mr. Barber lost a pocket-book, not many miles from this city, containing some valuable papers and money. No tidings were ever received concerning the lost pocket-book for nearly a score of years. A month ago, an old man lay upon his death-bed. Something oppressing him in his last hours. He sent for a friend, and commited to him a sealed parcel, to be immediately transmitted to Mr. Barber. It was accordingly sent, and the old man died. Mr. Barber, on opening the parcel, found the pocket-book, papers,

and money which he had lost more than ninety years previously. The affair is a singular one; and yet there is no question as to the truth of the facts we have narrated.—*Christian Guardian.*

CRUEL BOYS.

"Don't kill it, don't kill it."
"There he goes, catch him; knock him down."
"Take care, get away, let me throw, I can fetch him."
"Yonder he is, up in the top of that little oak; give me a rock, I can make him wink."
"O, boys, don't kill it, poor little thing, don't you hear how it begs?"
"Pshaw! go long away. Knock him out, boys, it's nothing but a little old jaybird; kill him, kill him."
My attention was attracted the other day by the above conversation which might have been heard two hundred yards. I heard also hallooing and whooping loud enough to "alarm the natives." On looking out I saw about a dozen of school-boys after one little young jaybird.—Among the whole crowd, there was but one boy who sympathised with the little half-feathered chirper. He begged for him manfully, saying: "Don't kill him, don't kill him." But in vain did he plead for the innocent little creature. The harder he begged, the louder the other boys hallooed, "Kill him, kill him." One threw stones, another sticks, while a third tried to shake him out of the tree, the rest hallooed, and watched the frightened little creature as he made his escape from one point to another, seeking safety from his pursuers. Shame! shame! I said to myself. A dozen great big boys after one little bird! How would you like, now, for a parcel of bears to follow you, when you were out from home, and nobody to protect you? If they did not catch and kill you, would you not be scared almost to death? Well, now the little jaybird is just as afraid of you, as you are of a bear; and it loves to live just as well as you do. Why then engage in this cruel sport?
The little fellow that pleaded so earnestly, saying, "Don't kill it, don't kill it," deserves credit. That single act has raised him in an old man's estimation, at least fifty per cent. I venture he is a good boy to his mother, he is kind to his brothers and sisters, and will, if he lives, make an amiable man. He'll pass through the world, without ever having many scratches on his face, and, as I trust, will be loved, honored and respected by all—both small and great.

BEST ROOMS.—Among all the follies prevalent in the middle classes, that of sacrificing family comfort and convenience to the absurd desire of having a best room is one of the most ridiculous. Let it not be inferred that we consider good furniture, elegant curtains, and handsome carpets, as superfluous luxuries for people in plebeian state—far from it. Consistent taste and prudent display are to be as much admired in the house of a commoner as in the saloons of a nobleman; but when a room is set apart in a small domicile as the mere receptacle of company, and all in that room held sacred to tright ceremony and ostentatious pretensions, when chairs are cased in Holland jackets, and the carpet puts on its pinafore of the same material for months together, when the apartment is literally shut up,—indicating that family comfort lies dead within it,—then may the best rooms be condemned as worse than useless. For our own part, we think there is something perfectly terrifying in being asked into a stately drawing-room—the polished bars shining with unnatural brightness—the fire-irons arranged in stiff angles, evidently never appropriated to their purpose—the table most geometrically studded with glossy unread volumes of rubbish, and the besilked and betasselled sofas looking as if they were intended for anything but sitting on. We give an involuntary shudder as we are left to gaze on costly chimney ornaments and japanned screens, while the lady of the house is, most probably, making a rush to execute the metamorphose of dress and cap. We would much rather have been introduced to the common parlor, where we should have beheld some signs of vitality, and thawed ourselves into a good-humored cheerfulness; but then and there we might have beheld a basket of stockings and socks undergoing the process of repair, the young ones might have been lugging the chairs about, and left a tailless horse and a wheelless cart in the foreground; we might have formed suspicions that bloaters have been among

the matin condiments; and oh, most dire of all! we might have found the mistress in a somewhat rumpled morning wrapper, and a "fright of a cap." Still we should greatly prefer the risks of breaking our neck over Noah's ark, sitting down on a heap of undarned hose, and encountering a fifth rate head gear, to the petrifying, spirit-damping fifteen minutes we are sentenced to sit in the "best room." The children, if there happen to be such humanizing things in the establishment, look on the wares with a sort of religious awe. They never "play" in the "best room;" they never dream of clutching at the splendid bell-rope; they never have the most remote idea of making Lord Mayors' coaches of the embroidered foot-stools, and never think of playing at "bo-peep" behind the richly fringed damask drapey; they never dare to speculate as to whether, with a stout pin, they could pick out the eyes of the queer little man on the Indian card box; mirth and mischief are thoroughly mesmerized, and the little darlings sit or stand as though their life-tide had been suddenly manufactured into the "best starch."—And let us confess, that we experience no inconsiderable sense of misery ourselves in such a situation. It may be that a trace of gipsy blood is in our veins, or that some natural disqualification for "gentility," equally ignoble, makes us, but we are certainly never quite comfortable in a room that is only occupied on "grand occasions."—*Eliza Cook.*

HORSEBACK RIDING IN MADEIRA—The Hon. John A. Dix, in his recent work, "A Winter in Madeira," gives an amusing account of horseback riding at Funchal. For thirty cents an hour a fine horse can be hired at any livery stable, together with a man as attendant, who follows on foot; and when you desire to ride fast, he catches hold of your horse's tail and is drawn along. In this way he prevents you from running away from him. Mr. Dix says that the horses soon become accustomed to the human appendages, and that the fellows have a way of making the horses go fast or slow, as they desire, in spite of the rider.—Mr. Dix says that for ladies this association of horse and driver is a great convenience. They need no other attendant. He is always ready to render any assistance; if the horse loses a shoe, he has a hammer and nails in his pocket to replace it. It is not easy to fancy a more ludicrous spectacle than a lady riding through the city at full gallop, with a man hanging to the tail of her horse; but such scenes are of hourly occurrence in Funchal, and the eye soon becomes accustomed to them.

THE WITCHCRAFT OF WOMAN.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfields, "who cared for nobody—no not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same care. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them; by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small sweet courtesies of life," those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex, their sweetest Charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman.—Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighbourhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you—*William Wirt to his Daughter.*

TIME IS MONEY.—When we change a dollar, the dimes and half dimes escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes. As

time recedes, eternity advances. How solemn the thought, how prudent the advice:—Improve time, and prepare for eternity!

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clinking hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam-king rules the travelled world
And the Pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal,
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn,
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn,
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright-eyed children play,
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the crackling whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round,—
Ah ha, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse hath sought the plough;
We've spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now!

The old Turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate,
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain's side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
How fearlessly we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late,
To babble back the sound;
And the old Pike road is left alone,
And the stager's sought the plough;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now!

QUIZZING.—In conversation avoid a practice, which I am sorry to see now-a-days beginning to gain ground in many circles which assume the title of select. I mean that of quizzing. It is a ridiculous and rude habit; therefore avoid it. You will gain no friends by ever having recourse to it in society for any object, and you are sure to lose many. Nay, I have even known bitter enmity excited thereby. Never become too intimate with a man who is characterised by this fashion. Depend upon it, he can have very little fine or gentlemanly feeling about him.—If you on any occasion happen to be made the object of a quizzical attack, however strong the temptation may be, do not answer the offender in his own strain; but give him a decided token of a disapproval, at the same time without losing your temper. If, as has been the case with myself, you have the misfortune to meet with one the gentle sex who prides herself on her quizzing abilities, of course you must not forget yourself so much as to betray your annoyance even by a look. Laugh it off, and think very little of her. That's all you can do.

VALUE OF VANITY.—Franklin says—"Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of themselves, but I give it far quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if man were to thank God for his vanity, among the other comforts of life."

CEASAR DUCORNET, THE PAINTER.

One night in January, 1806, a poor woman residing in a very humble abode in the city of Lille, became a mother.—But the little stranger was without arms.

Poor thing! he looked very helpless, but his misfortune proved the beginning of his fame; it made people speak about him. Was that not an advantage in our day? Are there not many longing for celebrity who would gladly buy it at the same price? He was born likewise with half legs only. The upper part by some extraordinary freak of nature, had been left out of his organization. He had feet, however, but only four toes, to each; a big toe and three little ones; and with these our little hero —. But we must not anticipate.

From his infancy, before he could have understood the precious consequences. Caesar contrived to impart to his feet the greatest dexterity; we nearly said handiness in playing at marbles, his peg-top, and in performing all other little sports of his age. He was a quick scholar at college; and M. Dumoncelle, his writing master wanted to make him one of the craft. But his vocation was already chosen. A nobler art had already touched his soul; the sight of pictures had quickened his own genius; and little four toes was an artist himself.

On one occasion, after he had been for hours absorbed in admiring the sublime portrait by Vandyke, at the Gallery at Lille, he resolved he would be a painter, nothing but a painter, whatever pains it might cost him.

In the meantime the writing master Dumoncelle, complained most bitterly that his favorite pupil neglected his own beloved art of calligraphy, and did nothing but scrawl men and women in his copy-books, amongst others the angry writing-master, in the extremity of his wrath, sought the sympathy of Watteau, who at that time superintended the School of Design at Lille.

'Good! excellent! capital!' cried Watteau, delighted as he examined the sketches; and the consequence was that little Four Toes, or Caesar Ducornet, as they called him by name, became a pupil of the drawing class. In less than eighteen months he had succeeded to win all the prizes but one.

Some years later, the Duke of Angouleme, passing through Lyons, and seeing his work, was so deeply interested by his genius and natural infirmity, that he offered to carry Caesar to Paris. Little Four Toes declined the gracious offer, not wishing to quit his native town, until he had carried off the prize of all. He did this soon after, and then the young painter took his way to Paris, that city of humanities, where merit of every kind is sure to be fostered.

Ducornet was received into the Academy of Fine Arts as the pupil of Gerard. He soon obtained a medal of the third class; after that a pension on the civil list; then an order from M. de Labourdonnaye, home minister, for the picture of 'St. Louis Dispensing Justice beneath the Oak.'

In 1829, when he was only twenty-three, this wonderful man competed for the prize of Rome, and got an equivalent for the second prize. His competing picture, 'Jacob Refusing to let Benjamin Depart,' was exhibited for the benefit of the poor, and a good subscription was the consequence.

Thus he who might naturally have been an object of charity himself, was on the contrary its distributor. What a lesson to those who have all their limbs to labor with, and cannot even earn their own bread.

Louis Philippe, in 1832, gave him an order for a portrait. Whilst occupied in painting it, and his father, who was almost perpetually by his side, happening to be absent—Caesar Ducornet, for the first time, snatched up his pencil with his teeth, and painted as skillfully as he had hitherto done with his feet!

The talent of this singular artist, is full of thought, poetry, life, and expression. His coloring is perfect. As to his figure, he is not four feet high; his body is slender, his head is large, full, and grandly developed, as phrenologists would say. His voice is powerful; sonorous. His conversation lively, and replete with happy thoughts and lively sallies. A stranger expects to see in him something disagreeable. But no; he thinks otherwise when he enters his atelier, and his eye alights upon Caesar holding his coloring board with one foot and his pencil with the other.

His look is very picturesque, and many beautiful

women and ladies of rank, visit him to enjoy his lively and sensible chit-chat. If any one of his particular friends call upon him, he always presents him with a foot with great cordiality, and shakes him by the hand.

What a heart he has for true love and affection. His father has hardly once quitted him for a moment since his birth. In order to preserve the delicacy of his touch, he must abstain from walking. His father carries him from place to place.—Thus they are always together; two bodies with one soul. You cannot see one without the other. To part would be death to either of them.

JOHN CASSELL.

John Cassell is one of the most remarkable men of the day. He is really a sign of the times a striking representative of the active, practical, pushing, speculating, money-making, philanthropic, onward age in which we live. We need not inform our readers that he is one of the most extensive coffee dealers in England; and that the establishment devoted to its preparation and sale, is sufficient to occupy the attention of any one mind. But in addition to this, he has for his "lobby" a printing establishment in the Strand, London, which is a fountain of political truth and social reform, pouring forth its myriad streams in all directions throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

His first issues from the press were Temperance Tracts, some of them consisting of essays for which he had himself offered prizes. He next established a weekly paper, the *Standard of Freedom*, which is already a journal of high authority, and large circulation, averaging 100 advertisements a-week, and employing some of the ablest public writers in London. Having purchased the establishment where the paper was printed, he next issued the *Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, the first number of which had a sale of 8,000, notwithstanding the number of competitors already in the field. The next speculation was his *Library*, each volume of which contains 144 pages for sixpence, and commands a sale of 20,000 copies, with an increasing demand. Several other useful works, among which is an essay on the "Working Classes," for which he gave a prize of £50, have come from his press. He has a Special Correspondent travelling through Ireland, who writes very judicious and truthful letters on the condition of this country; and he has offered a prize of £200 for the best Essay on the Social State of Ireland.

And now, the same enterprising philanthropist, who so admirably illustrates the maxim of Pope—"Self love and social are the same"—and so fortunately combines his own interest with the public good, has given the Irish people an Almanac for threepence, more practically useful than any popular almanac hitherto published in this country for four times the sum. The *Nation* complains that it is not sufficiently Irish or national; but certainly it is more so than could well be expected from an Englishman. It is a matter of humiliation that Irishmen of capital so seldom start anything generally useful to the masses. When others come forward and supply their lack of service we have no right to grumble. Were John Cassell an Irishman he would have had a "League Almanac" in the hand of every farmer and peasant, so full of tenant-right facts, statistics and arguments, that a landlord would as soon stand a Fellowship Examination in Trinity College, as stand a meeting of his tenants! Mr. Cassell takes so deep an interest in the English land question that he has published "The Freeholder," a monthly Journal devoted to the freehold land movement.—*Londonderry Standard*.

NATIONAL MUSIC.—The Russians and Danes are rich in possession of an original and most touching national music; Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are alike favoured with the most exquisite native melodies, probably in the world. France, though more baryen in the wealth of sweet sounds, has a few old airs, that redeem her from the charge of utter sterility. Austria, Bohemia, and Switzerland, each claim a thousand beautiful and characteristic mountain songs. Italy is the very palace of music; Germany its temple. Spain resounds with wild and martial strains; and the thick groves of Portugal with native music of a splier and sadder kind. All the nations of Europe—I presume those of all the world—possess some kind of national music, and are blessed by Heaven with some measure of perception as to the joyfulness of harmonious sounds. England alone,

England, and her descendent, America, seem to have been denied a sense, to want a capacity, to have been stunted of a faculty, to the possession of which she vainly aspires. The rich spirit of Italian music, the solemn sound of German melody, the wild free Euterpe of the Cantons, have in vain been summoned in turns to teach her how to listen; tis all in vain—she does listen painfully, she has learnt by dint of time, and much endurance, the technicalities of musical science; she pays regally her instructors in the divine pleasure; but all in vain: the spirit of melody is not in her, and spite of hosts of foreign musicians, in spite of the King's Theatre, in spite of singing and playing young ladies, and criticising young gentlemen, England, to the last day of her life, will be a dunce in music, for she hath it not in her; neither—or I am much mistaken—hath her daughter.—*Fanny Kemble*.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, ESQ.

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone."—JOHN PEERYBINGLE, in the "Cricket on the Hearth."

'Tis true. No more can come the hours of pleasure,
When heart met heart with rapturous delight,
Giving back throb for throb, in joyous measure.
And all of life was love, and bliss and light;
When to my soul the world, wealth's glittering coffer,
Honor and station, glory and renown,
Possessed no influence or charm to offer,
To lure me from thy side, my loved, mine own.

Alas! that humble home, so fondly cherish'd,
Is desolate and sad. My treasured bliss,
Thy love, which made life exquisite, has perish'd.
Can anguish know a keener sting than this?
No clock for me can strike the hours departed,
Or give me back the peace that once I knew,
But wearily and sad, and broken-hearted,
I mourn my life's best light in losing you.

But hark! The cricket on the hearth is swelling
Its simple notes of music on my ear!
They strike upon my heart-strings, and are telling,
In tender melody, sweet words of cheer.
They speak of love—of constancy unshaken—
Of faith as bright and spotless as the sun.
Blissful the hopes these gentle tones awaken;
I own their power—thou art—thou art mine own!

A SQUIRREL sitting on a hickory tree, was once observed to weigh the nuts he got in each paw, to find out which were good and which were bad. The light ones he invariably threw away, retaining only those which were heavier. It was found, on examining those he had thrown away that he had not made a mistake in a single instance. They were all bad nuts.—*Woodsworth's Stories*.

THE SABLE.—This animal resembles the marten, and is found in great numbers in Siberia and Kamtschatka. Its fur is very valuable, and the Russian government derives considerable revenue from its sale.

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged and well-situated house exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortu-

nate inhabitants selfish, sensual, regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others or for the laws.

Scientific.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins and rubbish of which carried into seas, and there sunk at the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have completely changed their apparent character, and become black.—But this is explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat and becomes a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure and bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various character according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay or any other earthly impurities.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in the coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly. From distinctly isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are most all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation is generally such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands, but it must have been the result of high temperature, obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down, until the carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but also create dense vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood, in estuaries, would arise from the high temperature; and circumstances connected with coal measures points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Miscellany*.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN MAKING GLASS.—We learn that Mr. E. White, of Honesdale, has succeeded in constructing a furnace by which glass is manufactured with no other fuel than anthracite coal. The result is so completely satisfactory that the proprietor of the glass works of that place has dismissed all his wood choppers, intending as soon

as the fires are extinguished for the coming season to rebuild his furnaces upon Mr. White's plan. Anthracite coal has never heretofore been used in any part of the world in the manufacture of glass. —*Phila Times, Feb. 4.*

QUEENSTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—A correspondent of the *Guelph Advertiser* gives the following account:—"The towers are built on each side, and most of the cables are stretched across. When finished, it will be, it is said, the largest suspension bridge in this planet (what they have in other planets of course I cannot say.) It is 1043 feet from tower to tower, and it seems quite fitting that this great work should tie together with iron cables the great dominions of the two greatest nations in the world, for the people on the other side admit, that, excepting themselves, we are the greatest nation on the globe; and we in turn admit, that, excepting ourselves, they are the greatest nation! so that putting together the estimation of ourselves and of each other, it certainly comes to this that we are the two greatest nations in the world. But the suspension bridge is truly a magnificent work! It is expected to be completed this winter. There are to be ten cables in all, each cable made of 250 wires; each wire warranted, I am told, to bear 15,000 lbs.—The wires are not twisted, but lie together straight, and are kept together by a strong wire that is wound around them, the same as you would wind a thread about a bonnet wire. The cables are firmly anchored in the work, and pass over two stone towers some 14 feet high. On the top of these towers are solid iron plates, and rollers on these, upon which are other plates with groovings for each of the cables, so that there is no horizontal strain upon the towers, but all the pressure is perpendicular on the same principal with the pressure on the bridge under the strings of a violin. The cables when extended, have the shape of a rainbow turned upside down, and to the uninitiated, it would seem that a bridge built on these cables would give a merry run down to the centre and then be up the hill to the opposite side. But instead of the planking and pathway being over the cables it is under them, and is to be perfectly level. The centre of the bridge will nearly touch the centre of the cables, whilst at either end, it will be some 60 or 70 feet below them, and the work to be sustained by iron rods suspended from the cables. A road has been cut along the side of the mountain to either terminus of the bridge, where solid walls of masonry have been built. The planking is to be twenty feet wide, intended at present for teams; but the towers and iron plates are constructed, so that extra cables can be run over them so soon as the iron horse may be ready with his train of cars, and judging from the interest at present taken in the subject of railroads, "in each of the two greatest nations," this time is not far distant.

A POCKET TELEGRAPH.—An ingenious machine for the prevention of railroad accidents has just been submitted by Mr. Brett, to the inspection of the chief railroad managers of Great Britain. It is a portable telegraphic apparatus for the use of the conductors of locomotives, which by means of a roll of iron wire, may be put in immediate communication with the principal telegraphic wire, and by that means transmit and receive intelligence regarding the safety of the passengers. Its utility is about to be tested in England. The inventor has named it the "Pocket Electric Telegraph."

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.—The investigation in this country and Europe into the nature and causes of the Aurora Borealis, are educing certain laws, which may finally lead to the solution of this astronomical puzzle. The Royal society at Edin-

burgh in 1850 ascertained that the auroral appearance quite faithfully corresponded to the diurnal and annual variations or disturbances of the magnetic needle. They are most at 9 o'clock increasing towards and diminishing from that hour of the night. They are also greatest at the equinoxes, and least at the solstices. They have also a monthly variation of frequency or intensity depending obviously on the age of the moon being the greatest when the moon is about at the end of her first and third quarters. The results of these investigations are interesting.

AN IRREVERENT SPARROW.

Amongst other experiments going on some time ago in the Observatory enclosure, were some by which Mr. Glaisher sought to discover how much warmth the earth lost during the hours of night, and how much moisture the air would take up in the day from a given surface. Upon the long grass within the dwarf fence were placed all sorts of odd substances in little distinct quantities. Ashes, wood, leather, linen, cotton, glass, lead, copper, and stone, amongst other things, were there to show how each affected the question of radiation. Close by, upon a post, was a dish, six inches across, in which every day there was punctually poured one ounce of water, and at the same hour next day as punctually was this fluid re-measured to see what had been lost by evaporation. For three years this latter experiment had been going on, and the results were posted up in a book; but the figures gave most contradictory results. There was either something very irregular in the air, or something very wrong in the apparatus. It was watched for leakage, but none was found, when one day Mr. Glaisher stepped out of the magnet-house, and, looking toward the stand, the mystery was revealed. The evaporating dish of the philosopher was being used as a bath by an irreverent bird!—a sparrow was scattering from his wings the water left to be drunk by the winds of heaven. Only one thing remained to be done; and the next minute saw a pen run across the tables that it had taken three years to compile. The labor was lost—the work had to be begun again.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

A friend presented us a day or two since, with a curiosity in the shape of a flower, which we think is one of the greatest wonders of the floral kingdom we have ever seen. It is about the size of a walnut, perfectly white, with fine leaves resembling very much indeed the wax plant.—Upon the blooming of the flower, in the cup formed by the leaves, is the exact image of a dove lying on its back, with its wings extended. The Peak of the bill and the eyes are plainly to be seen, and a small leaf before the flower at maturity forms the downspread tail. This leaf can be raised or shut down by the fingers, without breaking or apparently injuring it, until the flower reaches its full bloom, when it drops off. We regret our inability to give a technical description of this curiosity at this time, but we hope to do so shortly, as one has been promised us by a person every way qualified to write.—*Panama S. or.*

THE COW TREE.

When travelling in South America, Humboldt and his companions had an opportunity of satisfying themselves, by ocular examination, respecting the truth of the accounts they had received of the *palo de vacca*, or cow tree, the milk of which the negroes were said to consider wholesome aliment. They found by experience that the vir-

tues of this extraordinary tree had not been exaggerated, the *palo de vacca* is a handsome tree, resembling the broad-leaved star-apple; incisions are made in its trunk; it yields an abundance of glutinous milk, of an agreeable and balmy smell. This sweet and nourishing fluid flows most abundantly at the rising of the sun. The blacks and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, with large bowls to receive the milk.

A NATURAL FOUNTAIN OR SPOUTING SPRING.—A California correspondent of the *Family Visitor* gives some interesting sketches of scenery and incidents of his travels from St. Joseph across the plains to California. Among other things, he mentions a spouting spring.

After describing what are known as the Soda Springs, he says: Two miles further on, at the left of the road, ("Bear river,") are the *Steamboat Springs*, so called from the puffing, hissing noise, accompanying the discharge of the water. The principal spring is situated in the centre of a circular flat rock, about eight feet in diameter. The rock is elevated but a little above the surface of the river, which runs in a circular form about two-thirds around the rock. The water spouts up through an orifice in the rock, about three inches in diameter. It spouts up, as it were, by regular pulsations, in the form of a milk white foam to the height of about eighteen inches, like water boiling violently over a very hot fire. It also emits steam, and at every pulsation produces a hissing noise.

The water is hot and impregnated with soda like the water of the soda springs. A white man, living among the Shoshone Indians, whose lodge is three-fourths of a mile from Steamboat spring, informed us that the hissing or puffing sound varies in loudness with the height of the surrounding water. He said that when the water is highest, he could distinctly hear it at his lodge.

A NEW LIGHT.—The *Scientific American* has a letter from George Cadwallader Blaney, Fort Washita, Arkansas, stating that he has discovered, and applied for patents, in this country and Europe, for a mode of making a cheap brilliant gas, produced upon a new and scientific principle, which can be obtained at a cost less than one cent per thousand feet. Mr. Blaney says the process will far surpass every other means of producing gas extant; neither will the material raise in value on account of an increased demand. During the process, another article, more valuable than the gas itself, is produced. Neither is there required, during the operation, a single particle of wood, coal, water, or vegetable matter, and the material can be obtained in any climate or place, however remote from civilization.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.—One of the most surprising circumstances attending the creation of railways, is the amount of capital which, within a limited period, has been expended in their construction and equipment. According to the calculations supplied in the work before us, there were in operation at the commencement of 1849, in different parts of the globe, a total length of 18,696 miles of railway, on which a capital of £368,567,000 had been actually expended. Besides this, it is estimated that there were at the same epoch, in progress of construction, a further extent of 7,829 miles, the cost of which when completed, would be £146,750,000! Thus when these latter lines shall have been brought into operation, the population of Europe and the United States (for it is there only that railways have made any progress) will have completed, within the period of less than a quarter of a century, 29,485 miles of railway; that is to say, a greater length than would completely surround the globe, at a cost of above five hundred millions sterling! To accomplish this stupendous work, human industry must have appropriated out of its annual savings twenty millions sterling for twenty five successive years! Of this prodigious investment the small spot of the globe which we inhabit had a share, which will form not the least striking fact in her history. Of the total length of railway in actual operation in all parts of the globe, twenty-seven miles in every hundred, are in the United Kingdom! But the proportion of the entire amount of railway capital contributed by British industry is even more remarkable. It appears that, of the entire amount of capital expended on the railways of the world, fifty-four pounds in every hundred; and of the capital to be expended on those in progress, sixty-eight pounds in every hundred, are appropriated to British railways!—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Agricultural.



THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITFIELD.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumn sun
Had left the Summer Harvest-fields all green with grass
again ;

The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the woodland
gay

With the hues of Summer's rainbow, or the meadow
flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning, the sun rose dry
and red,

At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he sped ;
Yes, even his noon-tide glory fell chastened and subdued.
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and the softly pic-
tured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light.
Slanting through the painted beeches he glorified the
hill,

And beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener
still.

And hunting boys, in woodland haunts, caught glimpses
of that sky,
Flocked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they
knew not why ;

And school-girls gay with water-flowers, beside the mea-
dow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet
looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weather
cocks ;

But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound 'vas in the woodlands, save the squirrel's drop-
ping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as
they fell.

The Summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-fields
lay dry,

Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale
green waves of rye,

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with
wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop
stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that
dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow
ear ;

Beneath the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere
of gold.

There wrought the busy harvester ; and many a creaking
wain

Bore slowly to the long barn door its load of husks and
grain ;

Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sunk down
at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness
past.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all a-fire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight passed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows
lay ;

From many a brown old farm house, and hamlet without
name,

Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped up harvest, from pitchfork in the
mow,

Shone dimly down the lantern on the pleasant scenes
below ;

The glowing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes, and busy hands, and brown cheeks
glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart.

While up and down its unhusked pile, or nestling in its
shade,

At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout the happy chil-
dren played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and
fair,

Lifting to light her soft blue eyes and pride of soft brown
hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair, and smooth
of tongue,

To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking ballad
sung.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN—A GIGANTIC HOG.

Mr. John Tindale of the Village of Bolton, in
Albion, bred during the past year one of the largest
pigs we remember to have seen an account of.—

The pig is 2½ years old—was fed on peas and oat-
meal—of the common Canadian breed of hogs.—

Its weight when in Toronto was 980 lbs., color
white, height 3 feet seven inches, length from
nose to tail six feet 3 inches, girth six feet 7 inches—

round the breast, girth round his loins seven
feet. Mr. Tindale sold this hog to Mr. Ewart of

Montreal pork dealer, for \$45, having exhibited
it for several days in Toronto. Mr. Ewart has

since been offered he says three times the amount
given for it. He has taken it alive to Montreal,

whence he is going to ship it alive to London to
exhibit at the Great Exhibition of this year.

Mr. Tindale who fed this great animal is an
enterprising butcher in Albion, and an active Son

of Temperance.

TO FATTEN FOWLS.—The best food for fatten-
ing fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil the
potatoes and mash them fine while they are hot,
and mix the meal with them just before it is to be
presented. They fatten on this diet in less than
half the time ordinarily required to bring them
to the same condition of excellence on corn, or
even meal itself.

AGRICULTURE AN ART.

From the Canadian Agriculturist.

We take the following article from that ex-
cellent paper, *The Rural New Yorker*, with the
remarks thereon of the Editor. The writer
evidently belongs to the more intelligent and
thinking class of practical farmers. We agree
with much that he says ; but if more candour
had been shown, in pointing out the true con-
nection between so important an art as agricul-
ture and the scientific principles upon which it is
built, a healthier and juster impression would
have been made on the mind of the reader. No
man in his senses ever asserted, that farming
could be learnt either in the laboratory or
from books. But the knowledge of practice
acquired from work and observation in the field,
may, and has been materially improved, and ren-
dered more intelligible and certain in its results,
by the aid and light afforded it, by means of
science. What is science, but *Truth?—the
truth of nature* ; and all successful art or prac-
tice, must be in accordance with it. If chemis-
try, for instance, has not as yet realised all the
expectations which sanguine minds indulged in
reference to agriculture ; it has unquestionably
been most beneficially suggestive ; it has thrown
light on many of the obscurest points of prac-
tice ;—and it has furnished the practical farmer,
with an intelligible theory of his art. All honor
then to such men as Liebig, Johnston and others,
who are devoting the highest attainments in
science, to increasing the earth's fruitfulness ;—
and rendering more rational and elevating, the
primitive and healthful pursuits of the tillers of
the soil.

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe
and remember that science lays the foundation of every-
thing valuable in agriculture.—*Exchange paper.*

Science, i. e. knowledge, is just as valuable to a far-
mer as to a lawyer, a clergyman, or a physician. Igno-
rant men practice law and physic, and preach—after a
fashion. Sometimes they make money. The same
thing may be said of ignorant agriculturists. Never-
theless it is quite true that knowledge—education—
learning, if you please—contributes as much to the ele-
vation, prosperity and happiness of him who directs the
plough, as of any other man.—*Rochester American.*

That knowledge is necessary to him who would
succeed in business of any kind, none can or will
deny. That the same kind and amount of knowl-
edge and mental discipline are requisite for suc-
cess in the several callings enumerated above by
the editor of the *American*, few, if any will claim.

It is a popular notion at the present day to urge
that everybody must know something about every
thing. If any one undertakes to follow out this
notion, he will find in the end that he knows but
little of any thing. It requires no little time and
effort to know every thing about any thing, even
the most limited subject.

What folly then to urge, as is not unfrequently
done at the present day, that a farmer needs to
master the sciences of Chemistry, Geology, Min-
eralogy, Botany, &c., &c., with vegetable and
animal Physiology,—Latin and Greek and Mathe-
matics, and other specific branches of science too
numerous to name, in order that he may practice
farming successfully.

That knowledge is a good thing and is desirable
for all, who will question ? That a knowledge of
the science of Chemistry is absolutely necessary
to the successful practice of the Art of Agricul-
ture, we deny.—To acquire a knowledge of agri-
cultural chemistry and vegetable and animal an-

atomy and physiology, in a sufficient degree to enable a farmer to conduct his labor in strict harmony with the laws of Nature, as developed and demonstrated by these sciences, would require close study and experimenting for many years—more than are ordinarily allotted to man in these latter ages of the world, and stronger mental powers than the majority of mankind possess. Dr. Liebig, with the unusual natural capacity which he possesses for, and his undying enthusiasm in the study of the science of chemistry, has not yet, according to his own views, mastered the elements of this branch of science to which he has thus far devoted his life. And with all his theoretical and scientific knowledge of agriculture, we doubt very much whether Dr. Liebig would succeed in practical farming, as well as some of our Monroe county farmers, who never looked into a chemistry and perhaps have pledged themselves never to do such a bookish act. Here, then, we have two men, each successful in his vocation, eminently so.—The one is devoting his life to the science of agriculture, and the other to the art.

The knowledge of science is one thing—one kind of knowledge—the knowledge of art is another and a different sort of knowledge.

Art is the application of knowledge to effect a desired purpose. Music, for example, is both a science and an art. And there are multitudes of excellent singers who are as ignorant of the science of music as many of our best farmers are of the science of chemistry. And, on the other hand, there are those who are deeply read and skilled in the science of music, to whom, should they attempt to sing, Dodd's epigram would apply with great force.

"Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing."

The art of farming, and consequently the success, depend more on personal observation and experience than on books; not that we discard books—no, by no means—neither would we substitute them for observation and experience.

Your success as a farmer depends vastly more upon the knowledge of the art of agriculture, than of the science—the one is within the reach of all—the other can be enjoyed only by your Liebig's, your Norton's and your Emmons's. These doctors are ever willing to instruct you in the manipulations of yours, the noblest of arts.

In what we have written here we are not to be understood as opposing the most thorough liberal course of agricultural education;—but as opposing the notion that no man can succeed as a farmer without being an agricultural chemist. There is but one Liebig among the Germans—but one Boussingault in France—but one Johnston in England, and but one—in America. Every farmer should, and may, without the knowledge of these distinguished savans, derive aid in the practise of his useful art, from their excellent writings.—Let all do so—and no one would rejoice more than we, to see every farmer a good practical chemist—but as this is entirely impracticable, we have sought in what we have written, to demonstrate that a man may be a good, thorough, and successful farmer, without being a learned chemist.

W.

REMARKS.—Without fully endorsing the above article, we must admit that it contains much truth. There is no doubt that some writers on chemistry claim too much for their favorite topic—thus taking the opposite extreme of those who reject all science in farming. They depend too much upon science alone—which our correspondent, who properly represents a numerous class of strong-minded farmers, is as far wrong in depending exclusively upon the results of observation and experience. We hold that science and art should be combined—that farmers should not only ob-

serve and experiment, but avail themselves of the knowledge to be obtained from the investigations of others. The subject is a suggestive one, and we may hereafter take occasion to discuss it more fully.—Ed.

DRESSING CATTLE.

Much has been said on the propriety of whipping and currying cows, and fattening oxen in the byre, and much may be said in recommendation of the practice, were the cattle always confined to the byre: but animals which are at liberty a part of the day do not require artificial dressing, except when in high condition, inasmuch as they can dress their own, and one another's skin much better than cattlemen. With cattle constantly confined in the byre, it seems indispensable for their good health to brush the skin daily; and I believe no better instrument can be used for the purpose than an old curry-comb, assisted with a whisp of straw. Currying should not be performed on the cattle when at food; and this should be strictly enjoined, for some people have a strong propensity to dress and fondle them when at food; from no desire to torment them, but chiefly because they will then be in quiet mood. Still the process has a tendency to irritate some cattle, and please others so much as to make them desist eating, and on that account should be prevented. Many other animals are never more jealous of being approached than when eating their food; as exemplified by the growl of a dog, and scowl of a horse.—*Stephen's Farmer's Guide.*

GOOD PROPERTIES AND VIRTUES OF MILK.

An experienced physiologist and chemist declares milk to be a most perfect diet. There is probably nothing better adapted to our sustenance: containing curd casein, which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle—butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat—sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body, the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda; required to give solidity and strength to the bone—together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the acid of gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach. It is therefore, obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituent and that its beneficial effects on the constitution should not be neutralized by adulteration. It is, Dr. Prout properly says, the true type of all food. How necessary, therefore, it is that it should be pure; otherwise, this wonderful and wise provision of Providence will be a curse rather than a blessing.—*Ex.*

A SCIENTIFIC HATCHING MACHINE.

A Hatching Machine has been invented in France, by Mr. Vallee, which is described by the Paris correspondent of the *Intelligencer*. A drum enclosing a warming cylinder forms the basis of his system. He introduces warm air into the drum in which the eggs are deposited, and by circular openings gives access to currents of cold air. It is by the distribution and vigorously rational combination of warm and cold air that he obtains that dampish temperature in which lies the secret of incubation, from which results the development of the embryo in the egg. By this instrument artificial hatching is successfully carried on in every state of the atmosphere and at all seasons. But after the burst of the shell, a mother must be provided for the young. Mr. Vallee's ingenuity thus provides for this emer-

gency. A lamb skin is fastened by one extremity to a plank, and made to open at the other like a pair of bellows. This affords a cover for the little ones and keeps them warm as would a veritable mother hen. The result of M. Vallee's experience touching the period of incubation necessary for the various species of eggs is curious and worthy of record. Here it is—Chickens, 21 days; partridges, 24 do.; pheasants, 25 do.; guinea hen, 25 do.; common duck, 28 do.; peafowls, 28 do.; barbery ducks, 30 do.; geese, 30 do. The degree of heat required is from 40 to 50 degrees French or Centigrade scale, equal to from 104 to 122 Fahrenheit. A small lamp of the Locatelli system suffices to raise the temperature of the apparatus to the proper elevation.—With such a machine every farmer could have a fine supply of fowls.—*Scientific American.*

GIGANTIC TREES.

A letter from the Rev. T. Ewing, of Hobartstown, published in the *Botanical Gazette*, gives the following dimensions of some gigantic trees he saw in Van Diemen's Land:

Last week I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, if not the largest that have ever been measured. They were both on a tributary rill to the Northwest Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called Swamp gums. One was growing, the other prostrate; the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet, or 234 feet in all, so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 feet at the first branch. We estimated it to weigh with the first branches, 440 tons? The standing giant, is still growing vigorously, without the least symptom of decay and looks like a large church tower among the puny sassafras trees. It measures at three feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, at the ground 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height, (which however must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not 40 yards from it, and at three feet from the ground it was 60 feet round; and at 130 feet where the first branch began, we judged to be 40 feet; this was a noble column indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least 100 growing trees 40 feet in circumference.

SWAPPING HORSES.—Think twice before trading off a horse that has served you well on the whole, though he may have some fault. We have known men to swap off horses that had but one or two faults, for others that had a dozen. This generally arises from the bad temper of the owner. A horse refuses to draw before oxen, and he is put off for one that is not willing to draw anywhere. Another is high spirited, and the women can't drive him; he is put off for one that cannot be coaxed out of a walk. Another is not willing to be caught in the pasture; he is exchanged for one that is worthless when caught.

A low horse that hardly keeps your feet from the ground, is put off for one that you cannot mount without a block. A lazy horse is put off for one that has no patience to let you be seated in the chaise, before he must go.

On the whole, we would not advise farmers to think of changing off any of their stock for slight faults; whether cattle or horses, or children or wives. It is better to bear with them, than to run the risk of faults they know not of.—*Bloomington Herald.*

FRIED POTATOES.—The French method of cooking potatoes affords a most agreeable dish. The potatoes are peeled, piped, and cut into thin slices, then thrown into a frying pan containing an abundance of hot lard. As soon as they become brown and crispy they are thrown into a colander to drain, then sprinkled with salt, and served up as hot as possible.

THE CANADIAN

Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, February 25, 1851.

"My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his 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.

THE SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.

In appearing before the public and the Sons of Temperance in Canada West with a new Temperance and Literary Periodical, common custom requires us to state the reasons which have led to the undertaking, and the objects which we have in view in doing so. Within a few years past a new organization of the friends of the Temperance cause has sprung into existence in Canada, called the Sons of Temperance—The first Division of the Sons of Temperance in Canada was formed in Canada West on the first day of June 1848, and in Canada East soon after. On the first day of June, 1848, the banner of the Sons was first unfurled in Canada, in the town of Brockville; upon which were inscribed in golden letters the immortal words "Love, Purity and Fidelity." The little band that unfurled it then only numbered 18. Under the blessing of God it has continued to prosper until now it has increased to an army of about sixteen thousands of Sons. This glorious movement was set in motion by our worthy brother P. S. White, D.W.P.N.D.N.A. On April 12, 1849, the Canadian National Division was formed. There are now it is supposed 235 divisions under its jurisdiction, only 4 of which are in Lower Canada. The order of the Sons of Temperance, as is known to its friends, originated in the United States, in September, 1842. We will speak presently more freely of this origin and its cause, as also of its progress in the United States. No moral movement ever started among Canadians or Americans for the amendment of the condition of our fellow men met with the same success and favour in so short a period, as the organization called the Sons of Temperance. In Canada, although of a very recent date, the progress of this order has been surprisingly great, far exceeding the anticipations of its warmest friends. Their continued growth in all parts of Western Canada has rendered it necessary that their movements, proceedings, and doctrines, should be published and fully explained through a periodical or periodicals of their own. When any good and benevolent cause (like the one we are dis-

cussing), is espoused by great numbers of intelligent men, the absence of good periodicals to assist it by disseminating its objects, is at once felt as a great drawback. All great religious, moral, and political enterprises for the last half century in Europe and America have been forwarded and brought to successful issues through the instrumentality chiefly of these means—By lectures and preaching, and by the aid of the Press in sending abroad among the people and nations, papers, magazines, and tracts. In this manner the slave trade and slavery in the British West Indies were put down—Thus the Sunday School movement and the Foreign Missionary movement were brought into successful operation.—Thus the English Reform Bill was carried, and more recently the Anti-Corn Law League succeeded in changing the policy of a nation. By these means too the American nation are being awakened upon the subject of the evil and sinfulness of slavery in the South.

Lectures and preaching, with the circulation of periodicals, newspapers, and tracts, are then in all civilized countries silently revolutionizing mankind and changing their opinions, it is believed, for the better on all subjects. It is admitted on all hands that no modern evil can be at all compared in magnitude with that of intemperance, and the use of alcoholic drinks. It is the crying evil of all Europe and especially of our Mother-land, and the land of our adoption and nativity. The power of the press, and of tracts, and of good lectures on the sin and evil of intemperance must be brought to bear against it. The divisions of the Sons of Temperance seated in every village, township, and settlement of our fair country must be the levers and blessed instruments in the hands of a wise Providence whereby intemperance shall be banished from our country, and the opinions of its people, of all classes, changed as to the use of intoxicating drinks. Through their instrumentality papers and tracts must be taken and scattered among the people. The rising generation, male and female, must be taught to read with their literature, moral tales and essays, and with their poetry,—essays and remarks on the fatality of drunkenness—the evil of the use of alcoholic drinks, and the wretchedness entailed on mankind by modern intemperance. The number of the Sons of Temperance has doubled within a year in Canada West. They now number upwards of 15,000 and are divided into about 235 divisions. In the County of York they number upwards of two thousand and are daily increasing. Divisions are being formed weekly in all the surrounding counties, and to the west of Toronto as far up as Sandwich. Under these circumstances the need of the aid of the press is felt. The Sons feel the

want of organs of their own; organs that will not be ashamed of their glorious motto as portrayed in the white, in the red, and in the blue. We wish our triangle to be successful and eternal. That purity and fidelity to the pledge, and love to the cause and brethren shall be observed without failure. We have seen and felt the want of good organs for the Sons in Canada. Efforts of a praiseworthy kind have been made, and it is hoped will continue to be made, to sustain any paper now in existence advocating the cause of temperance in Canada, either under the old temperance movement apart from the Sons or connected with the Sons. We trust there is room for more than one temperance paper in Canada. If this were not the case, poor indeed would be the hopes of our future success. If we have enlisted about 16,000 of Sons, to fight for temperance within about two years we may reasonably expect a constant accession to our ranks, and that in two years more we will number thirty thousand. Sons of Temperance hail the friends of this reform under all movements and organizations. They believe, however, in the goodness of their order. That it is calculated to succeed better than the old movement for various reasons that we need not here detail. No greater proof need be asked for than its unprecedented success and the power it retains over its members for good. We have, in commencing this periodical, been actuated more by a desire to serve the order than in view of any profit resulting to the originators. It is doubtful if the paper will for the first year more than pay its mechanical expense. Many who now take no paper will take it, and many who take another will think it but a trifle to pay ten shillings for the cause of temperance or the good of the order which have saved them and perhaps some dear relative from a drunkard's grave. Before closing this article and making some remarks on our intentions, and the progress of the order and its doctrines, we would candidly say to all, that the Sons of this county and Western Canada (fully alive to the good effects of the efforts made through the *Temperance Advocate* of Montreal, in keeping up the temperance fires; as also to the efforts made by brethren of the order at Belleville in a paper published there), think there is still room for such a paper as we this day commence, and that it will do good. Toronto is a central position as to Western Canada, and at present the capital of Canada. A paper emanating from the capital, and located in a county in which there are 45 divisions with upwards of two thousand enrolled members, is well calculated to take well, and to be better informed as to events bearing on the interests of our order than one located in any other part of Canada. It is con-

ceived that temperance papers might be located to great advantage in four positions in Canada, say at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto. We intend as our paper is chiefly supported by Sons of Temperance, to make it emphatically an organ of the Sons. Giving full and detailed accounts of their progress and doings in Canada and the United States, as also of their doctrines. This we can consistently do and move in the same stream with all the friends of the temperance reformation. We all seek the same goal—the complete change of public opinion against the use of intoxicating drinks. Whilst we shall strenuously do this—making the temperance cause the leading object of our journal, we will please the mind with a useful variety in our articles by inserting in each number the best original and selected poetry—essays on morals—science—agriculture and general literature, with a summary of the political events and news of the day.

This paper is not got up under the patronage of, or for any religious sect. Nothing sectional in religion nor anything savoring of party politics shall ever disturb our columns. We would cordially invite the contributions of all lovers of literature and science in Canada as also of the glorious cause of total abstinence. Communications must be short, as we wish to preserve a variety in the paper. We must reserve to ourselves the right of selecting the best articles sent, and also at times of sitting over others as critics. We would particularly desire to hear from all divisions accounts as to their progress and numbers—their location—time of formation and other statistics—Papers relating to the general interests of the order and their statistics and short accounts of soirees will be inserted free of charge. Postage must be paid on all communications. We have before said that the great movement of the Sons of Temperance only began so recently as September 1842. On Thursday evening September 29th, 1842, sixteen gentlemen eminent friends of Temperance in the United States, opened the great campaign of the Sons against King Alcohol and his armies, more numerous than the Russian serfs who crushed the legions of Kossuth. Heaven smiled upon their work—angels recorded the deed upon a book of immortality. The sword of truth mighty in power, experience and results—like the sabres of the Mussulmen conquerors of old—went on from conquest to conquest—from State to State, from State to every Province of British America until divisions of our mighty army of nearly half a million of men overspread the greater part of North America!! Our Sons have cured the poor drunkard of his fatal appetite—of the devilish fiery passion that was hurrying him to destruction. He has been made permanently hap-

py, lifted up from degradation to the position of a man. Songs of rejoicing have been sung over him. Tens of thousands of wives have been made glad. Twenty's of thousands of children have rejoiced over fathers reclaimed. *Touch not! taste not! handle not! the syren cup.* Glorious words! carried out by an army of glorious patriots by example, have proved that we may live and thrive without the taste of alcohol, and be wiser, richer, and better. The system of the Sons of Temperance includes all that is good in the old Temperance movement, combined with much that is new, rendering the cause more efficient and enduring. A man who becomes a Son and enrolls himself among the members of a division is cared for—watched over—warned—entreated and considered one of a compact body. He has contributed his money, and has joined in the songs, doings, and votes of his division. He has to attend (if a good member) meetings frequently. All these things combine to render his vow more interesting, lasting and likely to be kept. Our order has greatly increased in the United States, where it is believed there are now half a million of members. It is increasing in all the British Provinces (in one of which, New Brunswick,) it is already incorporated. To go on increasing we want unanimity of action— forbearance towards each other—a brotherly forgiveness of spirit—a zeal to add good men to our numbers, and the diffusion of our doctrines through the press.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

The first number of the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem* is now presented to our Subscribers. It was intended to have issued it earlier but lists of names not coming in as soon as expected prevented its issue. It will be seen that we come out emphatically under the banner of the order, determined in every possible way to sustain its interests and disseminate its doctrines.

The appearance of this periodical we will venture to say is superior to that of any of the kind ever issued in Canada. Its price is low and it is both a Literary and Sons of Temperance Magazine.

The Sons of Temperance desire such a paper. It is unconnected with any sect of religion and is not and shall not be used by any particular body of Christians as their organ, nor shall it contain at any time any thing offensive to the religious opinions of others.

No pains will be spared to make it a variety paper, useful and pleasing to all who patronize it. We have at the instance of numerous friends got it up in a book form for binding. A large sheet

issued in common newspaper form filled with numerous advertisements is apt to be thrown aside and destroyed when once read. We desire all to keep this paper as a record to bind. Twice a month we believe to be quite often enough for a magazine of this kind to issue, as most who take it will take either a weekly religious or political paper besides.

We wish all to understand that our price is 5s. per copy per year, where over 5 copies are sent to one division, one village, or one address. For our terms in detail, as also for advertisements see last page.

Our next number will appear on the 11th March, and on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

THE PROSPECTS OF OUR ORDER.

Having had occasion within a few weeks past to visit many divisions of the Sons of Temperance from Hamilton to Bowmanville, it is gratifying to know that our whole order is everywhere in a most prosperous condition. The Sons of Temperance are exerting a most beneficial influence in reclaiming men from dissipated habits, and in encouraging a spirit of inquiry after knowledge in all their members. Their aim is to reform the drunkard,—to increase a love for general knowledge, and to improve the moral tone of all in the community. Everywhere the mouths of the people are full of accounts of the doings of the Sons—their soirees and their meetings. We particularly observed this in Oakville, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Streetsville, Waterdown, and Bolton Village. In Toronto the order is progressing. A new Division called the St. John Division is just opened, numbering 30 members, in the West end of the city. The Toronto Division is making constant accessions to its numbers. The Ontario division now very large is steadily increasing. Sections of Cadets are also everywhere being formed.

THE VILLAGE OF BOLTON, IN ALBION, 28 MILES FROM TORONTO.—We visited this thriving little village on the 4th of February, 1851. It is situated in a valley between two high hills. In this valley the main branch of the Humber runs, giving many good mill privileges. Some ten years ago the place was a wilderness, and went by the name of Smoky Hollow. A few enterprising men settled here, and among them Mr. Charles Bolton, a manly, enterprising, and worthy citizen. While at this village we were treated with great kindness by the Bolton family, the Rev. George Wheeler, (the present W. P. of the Sons of Temperance there) and others. The inhabitants all appear happy, well to do,

intelligent, and religious. They have a flourishing Division of the Sons of Temperance, numbering nearly fifty members. It was formed only two months ago. A few miles north of it there is a large Temperance Society. There are nearly 700 inhabitants in the village. Its statistics are as follows: one grist-mill, one saw-mill, one carding-machine, one tannery, three stores, two bakeries, three blacksmith shops, one butcher, three taverns, four churches, two doctors, one conveyancer surveyor and agent, Mr. Prosser; one school-house, in which 60 scholars attend now; one town-hall and a post-office, with a very excellent and accommodating post-master. It has a circulating library also, containing 338 very useful books on all subjects. The library is kept by the post-master, who encourages in a most laudable manner a love of literature and knowledge among all. The library was started some years ago by subscription, and belongs to a committee of contributing members at a dollar a-year. We met with the Rev. Geo. Wheeler here, who seems to be a devoted and worthy christian minister, following the example of the Apostle Paul, shewing forth the beauty of the christian religion, as well by example as by precept.

GUARDIAN TENT OF RECHABITES, COOKSVILLE, FORMED 3RD MARCH, 1847, No. 240.— This body of friends of total abstinence have done great service to the cause of Temperance about Cooksville. They were the cause during the present year of preventing by their votes the return of a spirit-dealer as a license-inspector, and have reclaimed dozens of drunkards from the fatal bowl. Many families in this neighborhood have felt the blessed influence of temperance, fathers made such by this tent. They have initiated nearly a hundred members, and now have 60 on their books. Many have removed to other places. Their members consist of the ablest mechanics and farmers about Cooksville. They have a fine neat Temperance Hall built out of their funds, and a splendid band of musicians numbering 18. The officers of the tent just now are Wm. C. Ogden, Chief Ruler; Past Chief Ruler, Ezra Hemphill; John Ryder, Deputy Ruler; S. G. Ogden, Shepherd; John Izard, Treasurer; Wm. Sanders, Recording Secretary. They meet every second Monday night, and choose their officers every six months. There are two tents under their care—one on the sixth line road, and one at Georgetown. Esqueving, called Petrea, after the famous Arabian city.

The doctrines and rules of this Society are in many things similar to those of the Sons.— Brothers in the glorious movement of total absti-

nence, we hail you as our helpmates. Heaven will bless you as it did the descendants of Jonadab.

IS THE BIBLE AGAINST THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE?

We have frequently met with persons in our travels who when driven from every other position in argument will fly to the last resting place (as they think) of their arguments against total abstinence—the Scriptures. We do not propose to write an article at present on this subject. This we will do at another time. In the meantime we refer with pleasure to the following article cut from an American Temperance paper, published some years ago but not the less important for that. It shows how remarkable has been the interposition of Providence in preserving and marking with its favor an ancient race of true Sons of Temperance from generation to generation.

The Order of the Rechabites in England and America arose from reading an account of this ancient Asiatic order. This order has been instrumental in doing great service to the cause of Temperance.

From the Presbyterian.

RECHABITES' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION, IN THE DAYS OF JEHOIAKIM, SON OF JOSIAH KING OF JUDAH.

The most ancient association of individuals having among its objects that of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, of which any record has been handed down to us by history either sacred or profane, is to be found mentioned in the xxxvth chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah, as existing in the days of Jehoiakim, King of Judah.

Every motive which could be supposed to influence the minds of rational creatures, was, from time to time, presented by the wise and good prophet to the reckless Jews, to induce them to consult their own true interests, by adhering to the laws of morality and order, prescribed by Jehovah, their Creator and Preserver, and pre-eminent among which was the oft-repeated injunction to abstain from the wickedness of idolatry. Despite of the reiterated invectives of the inspired prophet against their abominable vices, the insensible and foolish race, as if courting destruction, nothing heeded but sinned on, whilst their faithful Mentor, sometimes in the sunshine amidst the balmy groves of Palestine, sometimes amidst the torrid atmosphere of a dark and loathsome dungeon in the city of Jerusalem, continued to pour forth, at the peril of his life, denunciations of woes to come on their nation for their continued disobedience to the voice of reason and of Providence.

Among the prophet's various methods of instruction, he was ordered to shame them into obedience to the Divine commandments, by pointing them to the most conspicuous and remarkable instances of obedience to human commandments, of the then existing age, which was found in the family of the *Rechabites*, then residing in Jerusalem.

That family three hundred years before, (as will

appear by consulting the chronology,) had all, husbands, wives, sons and daughters, taken the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

Their great progenitor, Jonadab, a man of great forecast and an eminent personage, no doubt had too frequently witnessed the evils entailed on themselves and families by the "drunkards of Ephraim," and in view of the debaucheries of the Jews resident in the cities of Judah in the days of Ahab, Jehoram, &c., he enjoined on his posterity, a peculiar kind of economy to regulate them for all future generations. They were commanded to live in tents, and neither to sow seed nor plant vineyards, and to abstain from all intoxicating drinks for ever, and the reason assigned for so doing was that they might live long in the country of Judea, of which they were no natives, by preserving an abstinence and frugal course of life, avoiding all the temptations and vices of the Jews to whose religion they were proselytes. The Rechabites appear generally to have led a pastoral life, and many of them are said to have followed the business of scribes, which afforded respectable means of subsistence.

They appear to have religiously obeyed all the strict injunctions of their renowned ancestor, by living in tents and otherwise, up to the time of the invasion of the country by the Chaldean and Syrian armies, when, as a providential measure they sought protection in the emergency within the walls of the Holy City.

In obedience to the Divine injunction, the prophet caused the entire family of the Rechabites to be brought to the apartment allotted to himself in the Temple, and, as he was ordered, caused to be arrayed before them "wine pots," filled with the choice beverage, surrounded with drinking cups, and invited them to partake. But how beautiful is the language of the refusal, pleading the honoured injunction of their ancestors, their unwavering habits of self denial—"they had taken the pledge," their progenitors had done so three hundred years before them, and in them their children's children were understood also "to have taken the pledge," for ever.

They then proceed to show how they had always obeyed all the injunctions of Jonadab and account for their present residence in Jerusalem by adverting to the emergency which induced them to forsake their tents. Now let us observe the issue of this remarkable proceeding. Pointing in terms of admirable commendation to this truly extraordinary instance of obedience on the part of children, to the as truly extraordinary commands of an earthly parent, and which continued inviolate, through as many generations and moreover promised by them to be adhered to for ever. The prophet was commanded to recall to the minds of the Jews their most unwarrantable, unprincipled disregard to the laws and injunctions, the pleadings, warnings, and denunciations against their courses, so often uttered by the most High God, through the medium of the prophet—of that God whose eternal vigilance to do them good had been set at naught, despised and rejected by them from generation to generation. In vain had the heavens rained down on them its mercies and blessings in copious and never-failing streams: in vain had the earth yielded its abundant stores of every thing good for sustenance and luxury. In vain had Jehovah with an all-wise economy, prescribed for them His laws and regulations, so especially adapted to render them the most favoured and enviable race of people on the face of the earth. The voice of reason, the acts of Providence, and the denunciations of prophecy were all unavailable in impressing a sense of their moral obligation on their darkened understandings and corrupt hearts, and their stubborn will refused to listen to the dictates of truth presented in whatever form and arrayed in whatever guise.

Then went forth the denunciation of the judgment against the sons of Judah and dwellers at Jerusalem, for their wilful disobedience of the Divine laws, while at the same time it was declared that for the obedience of his descendants to the pledge required of them by their ancestor, "Jonadab, the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me, for ever—THUS SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS."

The Rev. Mr. Wolff, so celebrated as a Christian missionary and traveller in the East, states that he met in his travels with Rechabites, who pointed with grateful emotions to the remarkable prophecy in relation to their family, and that they continued faithfully to live in all the ways prescribed by Jonadab.

If the reader of this article be the head of a family, let him reflect on the wonderful influence which a wise man of firm purpose may exert on his posterity, extending in the instance before us to nearly twenty-five centuries. Like the effect of a ponderous body cast into water which throws out its concentric circles to the very shores which bound it, so will a line of family conduct instituted at the present day, and firmly rooted by parental example, produce influences which for weal or for woe may extend to a remote posterity, and to the very shores of eternity.

How unspeakably important then, that such a line of conduct should be prescribed with a forecast as wise as that of Jonadab.

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BIOGRAPHY OF FATHER MATHEW.

Although few men furnish a happier subject for the biographer, we can only give in the RURAL NEW-YORKER a brief and imperfect sketch of the life of this distinguished philanthropist. Fortunately, however, the laurels of such a man as Father MATHEW are unfading—and hence there is no necessity of giving the details of his benevolent actions, or extolling his exalted character.

THEOBOLD MATHEW was born at Thomastown, near Cashel, Tipperary County, Ireland, the 10th of October 1790. He was respectably connected on both sides—and is a relative of the celebrated Gen. MATHEW, honorably mentioned in Sheridan's Life of Swift. At an early age he was left an orphan, and adopted by an amiable accomplished aunt, to whose training and example he is indebted for the humane and pious traits of character which have since distinguished him. After a thorough academic course, he pursued ecclesiastical studies for three years. Here, says his biographer, "though a close student, he continued to keep his benevolent sympathies in daily activity, and by his amiable qualities, won to his interest the enduring friendship of many excellent college mates." Among the most devoted of these was the very Rev. Dr. POWER, I. a. e. of New York.

Upon the completion of his ecclesiastical course, Mr. MATHEW embraced the order of Capuchin friars—and, after a season of spiritual preparation under the care of the Very Rev. CELESTINE CORCORAN, of Dublin, he was ordained by Dr. MERRAY on Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, and directly went to Cork to assume the duties of his mission. Here it is said he soon evinced untiring energy and fidelity, with singular equanimity, as a pastor and almoner—such indeed that he was revered by all, beloved by the good almost idolized by the poor and friendless, long before he was publicly noticed.

The first act by Father MATHEW, which seemed to involve him in notoriety and public favor, was a purchase by him, out of frugal savings, of eleven acres of land, for the purpose of giving it as a cemetery, free to the poor, who previously

had no place in or near Cork, where their remains could be decently buried without exorbitant charges. Near the centre of this beautiful cemetery, he has caused to be erected a plain obelisk, about sixteen feet high, and, upon a tablet in the middle of one of its sides, are simply inscribed these words—"Erected in 1830, by THEOBOLD MATHEW." Under this monument with no after inscription but the dates of his birth and death, he desires to be buried, and, when it was erected, he expected to be surrounded only by the bodies of his poor friends; but a wealthy class, partly Protestants as well as Catholics, have persuaded Father MATHEW, by considerable and much needed contributions to his charitable funds, to grant them the privilege of being laid in that now lovely place with his poor dependants.

Father MATHEW began his work of reform among the poor inebriates about Cork. He entreated them in private, as their friends, to break off at once from their tempter and destroyer, and take the pledge;—he exhorted them from the altar, as a servant of the Lord, to desist from habits of intemperance, as they hoped for prosperity here or for happiness hereafter. In 1838 he commenced holding his public meetings twice a week in Cork where he addressed the people generally upon the importance of tee-totalism, distributed circulars, and administered the pledge to the accumulating crowds, which then began to seek his instructions and to adopt the terms he enjoined.

The success of his efforts soon attracted attention, and induced hundreds of pilgrim-inebriates, from both near and distant places, to seek his influence—but incited no spirit of co-operation among the great and influential abroad, until in December, 1839, when the Catholic bishop, Dr. RYAN, invited him to favor the people of Limerick with his presence and labors. The advent of the Great Irish Reformer on that occasion, produced a result and sensation which has since been felt throughout the civilized world. Since then he has visited every part of Ireland, various parts of England and Scotland, and is now on a mission of mercy in this country. Of his great labors, and the vast good they have accomplished, we may cite one all-powerful evidence. Out of the nine millions of Ireland,—seven millions have within the past ten years solemnly pledged themselves to abstain from all that intoxicates—and nearly all their names recorded in his register, with the dates of their respective pledges, and, with very few exceptions, they have religiously kept those pledges unbroken!

Of Father MATHEW it is well said that "in Christian charity, patience, forbearance, humility, industry, wisdom and perseverance, his example has been conspicuous throughout his career; but in none perhaps has he taught a lesson, or set an example, next to temperance, more useful to his countrymen, (and may we not add to our own?) than in his rare spirit of liberality. In administering the pledge, or any other offering or office of benevolence, he has never required any test, political or religious, has seldom inquired of what party or sect the object was, and always treated them with the same undiminished kindness, when he knew they were opposed to his faith or his sentiments. Upon matters of religion he has often said: 'Let each be satisfied about his faith in his own conscience, but not be uncharitably bigoted; for, while each is striving to get to heaven in the best way he can, according to the light which God hath given him, why should we quarrel with one another?'"

Father MATHEW is described as being a very little above the ordinary stature, or about five feet nine or ten inches, with a full though well proportioned figure—and he now stands in the sixtieth year of his existence, as erect and agile as any military commander of forty summers. Long may he

live to reclaim and improve mankind, and benefit the world!—Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

The following is an extract from the reply of Father MATHEW to an address made to him by citizens of St. Louis previous to his departure from that city.

"There is one feature peculiarly gratifying to me, in connection with my mission in St. Louis—I have been delighted at the large number of young men, filling important and trustworthy situations in your great mercantile community, who have from day to day voluntarily presented themselves, and heroically abandoned forever the use of intoxicating drinks. So laudable an example is beyond all praise, and were it permitted me to trace their future history, I would unhesitatingly assert, that from their ranks will yet spring many of your most useful, public-spirited and benevolent citizens. In adopting the principles of Temperance, they have laid a secure foundation. May I fervently hope, that by cultivating a religious spirit, they will add to temperance every other virtue, and thus erect the superstructure of that Temple, which should be dedicated in every heart to the worship of the living God."

THE TREE OF DISSIPATION.

The
sin of
drunkenness
expels reason,
drowns memory,
distempers the body,
defaces beauty, diminishes strength, corrupts the blood, inflames the liver, weakens the brain, turns men into walking hospitals,—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds,—is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the pocket, the beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow—makes man become a beast and a self-murderer,—who drinks to others' good health and robs himself of his own! Nor is this all: it exposes to the divine

DISPLEASURE HERE!!
AND HEARTHLY TO
ETERNAL MISERY!!!

THE
root of all is
DRUNKENNESS!!!

TEMPERANCE IN ILLINOIS.

The Tribune of Saturday says, a bill has passed the Illinois House of Representatives which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in quantities less than one quart, unless sold by druggists and physicians, in good faith, for mechanical, medicinal, or sacramental purposes. If sold to an adult, the fine is \$25 for every breach of the law, and if to a minor under the age of 18 years, the penalty is not less than \$30 or more than \$100. The act also repeals all former laws upon the subject, and completely destroys the license system. Action has yet to be taken on it in the Senate.

TORONTO MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL ASSOCIATION.—On Monday night, Dr. Workman delivered a lecture on Temperance before this Association, in the Temperance Hall. The audience was large, and the lecturer was received with frequent demonstrations of approbation. We have not space for any lengthy notice of the lecture to-day.—Examiner.



The Literary Gem.

We have stated in our Prospectus that we intend to make this periodical not only a temperance one, but also emphatically one, to encourage science, the arts, literature, and agriculture. We begin by making the man a temperate man. We wish to do away with the use of spirituous and malt liquors in our community. In place of the hours and evenings spent by our artizans, laboring men, and others over the intoxicating cup, and in nightly revels with drinking comrades, we wish to see hours and nights spent in cultivating the mind—in improving the heart—in making the wife of our bosom happy, or in devising plans to bring up our children in comfort and religious habits. When the man who has spent his evenings foolishly at taverns, breaks off the habit, he will necessarily have to spend these hours in some other way. In what manner can he do this more usefully than by reading useful periodicals and books, and improving the knowledge of that immortal mind that is destined to spend an eternity with its Creator? Many think it is unnecessary and unseemly for working men to be learned men or to cultivate their intellects. Nothing is more erroneous and at the same time unjust to working men than such ideas. Labor is the wealth of all countries—laboring men are the props and sinews of all communities—labor is honorable, and God looks with delight on the honest laboring man. The mind requires to be exercised as well as the body; and we wish and hope to see the day when every laboring man and mechanic in our country will not only be industrious in his calling, but learned in the arts and sciences, to a useful extent. It is true every man cannot be a learned man in its strictest sense, but every man may obtain a general knowledge of the progress and utility of the arts and sciences of his day, and by means thereof may make himself a more orderly citizen, and more capable of discharging his social and civil duties in society. Nearly all of the greatest men of modern times have sprung from the industrious and artizan classes. God is no more a respecter of persons in intellect than he is in the bounties of nature or the happiness of men. Our success and fame depend upon ourselves.—We came into the world alike in natural powers and mental capacity. Circumstances—education, and our own individual energies make the differ-

ence between us. The great Burritt the learned blacksmith is known to the world by his fame.—His knowledge and his benevolence are known throughout the whole civilized world—yet he was once a common laboring man. He did what we wish to see every mechanic do, that is to improve his mind by useful knowledge. The immortal Shakespeare of England, and Scotland's immortal bard, Burns, were of humble origin. Burns was once a plain Scotch ploughman, whistling in thoughtlessness behind his plough. The great printer, Franklin, once with sleeves upturned, spent his hours and days in handling type. He determined to cultivate his mind and became one of earth's brightest lights—a great moralist and philosopher! Daniel Webster, the greatest statesman of America, was a farmer's son, who once walked behind the plough. The great Sir Robert Peel, was the son of a cotton factor. The world is full of examples still more striking of the poor man rising by the cultivation of his intellect to eminence and great knowledge. We all cannot be Shakespears, or Burns, or Franklins, but we all may learn and know more than we do, and arrive in a few years at a respectable knowledge of the wisdom of our times. Two hours spent in each day in this way by every mechanic, would at the close of a year increase the fund of his knowledge immensely. It will be our aim to foster this tendency in all. To enable us to do this let all who are the friends of the Sons of Temperance, and of religion, and useful knowledge increase the circulation of this magazine. The price of it is only five shillings a-year, scarcely the price of one day's work,—a sum which thousands and tens of thousands spend monthly in liquor or in the use of tobacco, or in some useless way. When the five shillings are paid for this work recollect it is not thrown away. You have for it a useful moral paper, which we wish all to save and bind, and read, or let your children read in years or generations to come. We shall ever be the chroniclers of the arts and sciences, combining a love for them with a sober mind and a total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Every number of our paper will contain something useful on agricultural subjects to please the great industrial class of farmers, upon whose success the prosperity of our country depends. The muses shall also find a corner in this Journal. The most original and beautiful pieces of poetry will be selected and inserted. Everything to strike the fancy of the young—and at the same time to improve the heart, will be given. The first year of this Journal will be perhaps like its predecessors one of bare payment of expenses without any profit. But when its circulation is increased by the patronage of the Divisions of the Sons of Tem-

perance for whose benefit and welfare it was started, it may pay its originators something for their trouble.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS—THE HAPPY FAMILY CIRCLE.

What a world of thoughts! what a world of bliss, and what a world of consequences are connected with these words! Every civilized community is made up of families, with and upon whose happiness morality and prosperity are closely connected, and dependent the body politic at large. An educated and moral community will necessarily be orderly, humane and intelligent. According to the comfort, intelligence, and religious feeling of a community, so will be the observance and the nature of the laws and government by and over that community as a whole. The truth of these remarks may be illustrated by reference to what we see and have seen in many countries in our day. Take Scotland for example and many parts of England. There you will see the domestic family circle surrounded with comforts, contentment, religious feeling, filial affections, and household associations dear to the heart of all. Take as another example also, the happy, moral, and endeared firesides of the people of the New England States. Reared in the happy homes of these people, you find a race of men and women who have scattered themselves over the immense territories of the United States, from New Orleans to Chicago, and from Chicago to Maine. Mr. Bancroft the American historian, estimates one-third of the whole population of the United States as descendants of the twenty thousand Puritans who originally settled New England. Wherever you see them on the wide plains of Illinois, upon the banks of the Mississippi, or in the distant regions of Texas, the happy effects and memories of a moral fireside education are seen in their orderly conduct—in their thrift and industry—in a manly feeling of independence and a cultivated intellect. So remarkably is this the case, that the New England people in every portion of the American Union, exercise a great political and social influence. So it is also with the Scotch in every portion of the world. The wisdom they have heard uttered by their staid parents around their own native hearths, cling around their hearts in foreign climes. There they were taught sobriety, industry, and above all to remember their God in the days of their youth. The holy Scriptures were read to them at night, and in the morning, and filial affection marked all their actions. They left these happy heather homes—their homes upon the happy hills and in the sacred vales of Scotland with a determination never to

forget the sacred associations and the holy affections of their native family circle. Behold the result in their morality and prosperity. In the silent hours of night—in the stillness and thoughtfulness of the Sabbath day, and in the solemn hours preceding death, the beautiful associations and memories of our infant days—of the looks of a loved mother with eyes upturned to God to implore his blessings on her children—of a manly father inculcating in the bosom of his son moral and religious desires, and in his heart benevolent and manly feelings arise before our minds like a mirror of our memory, and are fondly gazed upon. When all other memories forsake us—the memory of the dear hours we have spent with fond parents—the loved times and scenes in which we have participated with tender sisters and generous and affectionate brothers, many of whom are perhaps no more—will arise and be viewed as holy—holy to the soul. Such happy homes and such examples set in family circles are not confined to Scotland and the New England States.—Our own dear country Canada has many thousands of such. England and Ireland have produced thousands of such. They are found in all christian countries. The stability, happiness and intelligence of society depends on the education of the fireside. Take on the other hand France—a country refined in the arts and sciences—highly civilized, and the middle ranks of its people educated. In it we see an absence of that moral feeling—thoughtfulness—intelligence and independence which characterise in a peculiar manner the Scotch and New England people. Why is it so? Social morality in France is not such as one would desire. Conjugal fidelity—the married state, and the endearments and happiness of the family circle are not generally looked upon as sacred. Hence we see a frivolous and unstable people—not actuated by deep-rooted principles: with hearts open to sudden impressions and military enthusiasm—France is their home and their only one; for it they live—they think—and feel. This want of fixed principles in them as a whole people renders it difficult to govern them in any other way than by a military power. But we will find the most noble and remarkable exceptions to this rule amongst them. France has produced the most remarkable of men—men celebrated for their worth as moralists, and as friends of the sciences deeply skilled in all the departments of philosophy; but as a people, they lack the charms of the sober, calm-thinking and affectionate homes we have described. The blessings of the family circle are not confined to the rich or the noble. In Britain the peasant of the meanest kind can have his home—his family worship—his family comforts and order. The Queen may have them;

and Victoria sets her people in this respect a noble example. We of America, however, can have them and enjoy them to a much greater extent than the people of older countries. We are not oppressed by heavy taxes. We see not squalid poverty at our doors, nor a people crying for work and food. Plenty and wide lands surround us. We have but to wish and determine, to enjoy and possess. Behold a group of happy children cheerful in their home, surrounded by the comforts of life; protected by, and watched over by loving and moral parents! This is a sight that angels delight to gaze on. This is a scene that God delights to bless. The permanency of such a state depends greatly—very greatly upon parents. If one of them is dissipated, is drunken—leaves this happy home to spend his leisure hours in the revels of the tavern or the gaming-house, or clouds the intellect at home with the use of intoxicating drinks—this home will be spoiled of its best charms, and marred in its beauty. Alas! how many—many homes—and loving wives, are rendered wretched by the fell destroyer alcohol. Children that would otherwise love and feel a pride to respect a father or a mother, are taught by their dissipated habits to loathe the very presence of those who would be otherwise dear to them. Their advice falls idly upon the ears of the child, when that child sees its giver himself, by his example, contradict his own words. The poor wife, who, after a day's work of industry and usefulness about her house, has a right to spend the evening in happiness and social converse with her mate, sees him come home but to insult her or abuse his children. Perhaps, when expecting the enjoyment of his company, or hoping for an hour in which to unburden her heart to him, he suddenly leaves her to spend his evening in the gratification of an appetite for liquid poison. She has then to fear his return as a nuisance. Very little better is he who would mar the beauty of the family circle by an example at home, which his children in the end may follow and turn to their ruin. Evil commences by a first step—by a drop—by a glass—by a touch. Use familiarizes it, and at last it becomes our constant companion and our master. The strong mind resists the first step. The determined will, shakes off the habit forever. Many a home that would smile with a holy joy, is turned to an earthly hell by a drunken husband, who commenced in the beginning with only an evening glass. One glass commenced the ruin of his once loved family circle, and turned the affection of a dutiful child to disgust. One glass commenced the career of that race which has turned the smiles of a youthful wife to care-worn furrows, and her raven tresses to locks of grey. Of all the enemies of the family

circle there is none like alcohol. It brings strife—poverty—disgust—distress and ruin where once we saw the sacred affections of the heart in full activity. The sober man is thoughtful;—is affectionate to his family;—is kind to his wife;—spends his nights at home in useful reading, or in the converse of some neighbor upon some useful subject. After a busy day he fondles his little ones on his knee, or reads out of the holy Book to his little family group seated around the blazing fire, whilst his contented and happy wife, with delighted countenance plies the busy needle. Oh happy scene! Heaven multiply them! Oh, that man who follows the ways and follies of the drunkard, or the drinker of poison, could fully appreciate his bad example—could fully appreciate his duties to his fire-side circle. We all have had or will have our family circle. Let us remember it is a place of holy affections; of holy examples, where nothing should appear or be done but what God approves.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

DISCOVERIES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—THE NATIVES, PRODUCTIONS, &c.

The news from the interior shows that there is considerable turbulence prevailing among the different native sovereignties or tribes, and that this fact was causing injury to the settlement in various ways. One of the frontier papers states that somewhere about two hundred lives were lost last year, by the collision of different savage tribes, and that similar results will follow in successive years, if the impetuosity of the barbarian people be not restrained.

Discoveries are daily making in regions beyond what was denominated the frontier. Among others, travellers have arrived from the Zulu country. In some places it was fertile and beautiful, with luxuriant vegetation; in others the land was barren, and not a tree to be seen for miles. The chief food of the inhabitants is milk, rice, and sweet potatoes. In one place a party of travellers came to the kraal of one of the principal Zulu chiefs, styled by the natives En Corzin. Here they were hospitably entertained four days. Corzin, the chief, rejoiced in the possession of twenty wives, all of whom were daily dismissed to the labors of the field, except one favorite dark beauty, who seemed exempt from this unfeminine occupation. A cup-bearer, too, figured at the festive board, reminding the travellers of Pharaoh and the kings of ancient times—a tall, stalwart native, whose head was bound in a large blue shawl in oriental style. The natives use black earthenware cups. These cups were so beautifully glazed, and of such curious workmanship, that the travellers were surprised to find that they were manufactured by the natives. The kraal, or hut, of the chief was surrounded for miles with those of his relatives. About one hundred of these vassals were summoned upon one occasion, and despatched to hunt buffaloes. Large crops of sweet potatoes, and Caffre oorn were seen, as well as immense quantities of sugar cane. An expedition of about 40 volunteers, headed by the English crown prosecutor, had under plea of stopping the incursions of the "Bushmen," invading the territory of an old chief, the ally of the English, seized 500 of his cattle and several of the Bushmen boys as captives, and required him to cede all his unoccupied territory to the British, all because he had

not prevented the incursions of the Bushmen. The vassals of the old chief, discontented at these proceedings, have fled in terror over the frontier.

Discoveries of considerable magnitude have, according to the Cape Town "Mail," been shed over the geography of the interior of Africa. The substance of it is, that the great lake before reported, discovered in South Africa, although receiving the waters of several rivers, has no outlet to the ocean. About seven days' journey to the north of this lake, a ridge of very high mountains crosses the continent, and beyond it a new "river system" commences, the streams all flowing to the north, and ultimately to the ocean. It on one of these streams, say the accounts, that Mozalekatske and his tribe have made a temporary resting place. This chief, some twenty-five years ago, was in subjection to a Zulu tyrant named Chaka, residing near the eastern coast, south of the latitude of 28 degrees. Escaping from the dominion of his merciless master, he fled with a large body of adherents over the mountains to the north-west, spreading devastation around him as he passed. He was driven still further northwest by the Boers, who, in their turn, have been pushed forward by the advancing civilization of the English. Thus, Mozalekatske, with his ferocious legions, have been retiring continually towards the equator, leaving behind them a deserted country, swept of inhabitants by his destroying march. He has now traversed at least a thousand miles from the point at which his wanderings commenced, at least a quarter of a century ago. Still his indefatigable pursuers dog the steps of the retreating lion, and have already begun to rout him from his latest lair in the centre of the continent. The Cape Town "Mail" hazards the prediction that before another quarter of a century shall have elapsed, the whole interior of South Africa, to the Equator, will be occupied by civilized communities of the European race, and probably under the dominion of Great Britain. Among the discoveries in the new land of promise are ivory in considerable quantities, and many other articles of commercial value.

The Anglican, Independent, and Baptist clergy, have published a declaration protesting against the control assumed by the States in the government of the churches.—*Boston Traveller*, January 18th.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible itself (as Professor MacLagan has said) is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written fragment by fragment throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing—history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, liberal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer—in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, of subjects not obvious, but most difficult—its authors are not found, like other writers, contradicting each other upon the most ordinary of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

SHINGLING A HOUSE.—The new "reformed farmer" had fallen almost asleep, it being nearly midnight, when he heard the landlord's wife say—

"I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to."

"Hush, hush!" says the landlord, he'll call for something else directly."

"I wish he would make haste about it then, for it's time every honest person was in bed," said the wife."

"He's taking the shingles off his house, and putting them on *our's*," said the landlord.

At this James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes and stretching himself as if just awoke, saying, "I believe I'll go."

"Dont be in a hurry James," said the landlord.

"O yes, I must go," says James, "good night," and off he started.

After an absence of some time the landlord met and accosted him—

"Hallo, Jim, why aint you been down to see us?"

"Why," says James, "I had been taking shingles off my house, and it began to leak! so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I have done it."

The Tavern keeper was astonished, went home to tell his wife all about it, and James ever since has left rum alone, and attended to his own business. He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.

GAUDALUPE MINE.—The California *Curier* gives the following description of a quick-silver mine. If reliable—of which it would seem there can be but little doubt—the owners have certainly "struck a vein."—"A gentleman who has recently made an examination of this mine, has placed upon our desk a specimen of the ore now obtained there, which is fully equal to the richest and best cinnabar we have ever seen. From him we learn that the vein is daily increasing, and is found to extend in all directions, presenting on every side a nearly solid mass of ore, yielding from 60 to 85 per cent of pure mercury. The mine is reached by a beautiful road, good at all seasons of the year. It is in the same hill as the New Almaden mine, four miles distant from it, and only about eight miles from the city of San Jose. The company are now erecting extensive smelting apparatus, and in a short time will be able to run out some thousands of pounds of quicksilver per day. The value of the quicksilver obtained from this and the New Almaden mines this year, will amount to several millions of dollars. Our readers may not be aware that it requires two pounds of quicksilver to produce one pound of silver; and that hundreds of silver mines, in Mexico and South America, cannot now be worked in consequence of the impossibility of obtaining this supply. The demand for quicksilver in this country, will, as the rich placers fail, and the quartz becomes more worked, and silver mines are opened, be very great; and, except for these cinnabar mines in our midst, impossible to be supplied. But those mines will not only fully supply us, but have a surplus to be sent abroad. Thus California not only yields to the world the richest treasures of gold, but in her quicksilver she holds in her hands the key to unlock the silver deposits of our own and other States, and the means to extract the finest particles of gold from our auriferous soil and gold-bearing rocks."

It is a vulgar notion that politeness is only required towards superiors. But the truth is, that every man ought to regard his fellow man, or friend, as his superior, and treat him accordingly. Such feeling the real gentleman always has.—"Let each esteem others better than himself," says an Apostle. This is the very soul of good manners.

INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE.—A trader named Mr. Zacharia, five months ago, took a small store, 6 ft. by 10 ft., situated on the levee, and invested \$50 in clothing. Since that time he has turned over \$215,000, has enlarged his house of business, and is now on his way to the States to bring his family to Stockton.—*Stockton Times*.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The *Atlantic Steamer* supposed to have been lost, after being disabled at sea, arrived in safety at Cork, an Irish port.

The Hon. James Morris has been appointed Postmaster General, with a seat in the Cabinet. The new Post Office arrangements will soon come into operation.

Louis Napoleon, President of France, has formed a new Cabinet.

It is rumoured that the Pope is about to abdicate at Rome and go to a Convent.

Great preparations are making for the great Exhibition in London. Every description of ingenious inventions are preparing for it. The war spirit in Germany is dying away—Prussia is yielding to Austria.

Russia has annihilated the old Polish boundary line and made all Russia.

There has been a great riot in Boston about a slave who was rescued and has gone to Canada. The weather has been very mild in the western States, and all the rivers are rising.

We have had very heavy rains with mild weather for a week at Toronto.

The Queen is about to open Parliament in England in person. The religious excitement there is subsiding.

The Council of the City of Toronto has passed strong resolutions against the removal of the Seat of Government.

Br. Whittemore has introduced a bill in the Council to limit and regulate the licenses to innkeepers in Toronto. This is a good move.

Very stringent rules have been made as to innkeepers in all parts of this county.

Public meetings are to be held in Toronto against the removal of the Seat of Government and against Slavery in the United States.

Wheat in Toronto is bringing from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per bushel. Best pork, 22s. 6d. per 100 lbs. Hay per ton from 45s. to 60s. Good flour, 18s. 9d. per barrel.

STATISTICS OF THE SEVERAL DIVISIONS OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN THE COUNTY OF YORK AS TAKEN IN FEBRUARY 1851.

YORK DIVISION, No. 24, formed October 23, 1849; 45 members and a section of Cadets; night of meeting, Monday; acting W. P., G. P. Leddie; acting R. S., Oswald Foster. This division is increasing rapidly.

ONTARIO No. 25, formed October 29, 1849; about 180 members, and a large section of Cadets; night of meeting, Monday; Geo. Williams, W. P.; J. W. Woodall, R. S. They meet at the Temperance Hall at half-past 7 o'clock.

TORONTO No. 159, formed August 13, 1850; about 90 members, and a flourishing section of Cadets; night of meeting, Tuesday; William Rowland, W. P.; Jas. Manning, R. S. Are sitting up a fine new room.

ST. JOHN'S TORONTO No. 212; formed February 18, 1851; 35 members; night of meeting, Tuesday; John Ballantyne, W. P.; W. J. Turner, R. S.

MIMICO, No. 98; formed March 10, 1850, 34 members; night of meeting, Tuesday; Thos. Johnson, W. P.; Joseph Dawson, R. S.

SMITHFIELD, about 30 members; other particulars not known.

MEADOWVILLE, No. 43; formed December 26, 1849; 14 members; night of meeting, Monday; Geo. Arcoat, W. P.; Wm. Dandy, R. S.

BRAMPTON, No. 42; formed November 23, 1849; 97 members; night of meeting, Wednesday; Robert Kelly, W. P.; Wm. Fed, R. S.

STREETSVILLE, No. 53; formed January 14, 1850; 80 members; night of meeting, not known; Martin Dandy, W. P.; Wm. Heaby, R. S.

CHURCHVILLE, No. 54; formed January 15, 1850; 50 members; night of meeting, Saturday; Richard Pointer, W. P.; Wm. McCormick, R. S.

CENTRAL DIV. YORK, No. 179, when formed not known; about 50 members; night of meeting, Thursday; Andrew Ross, W. P.; J. C. Moulton, R. S.

THORNHILL, No. 82; formed March 1, 1850; 55 members; night of meeting, Friday; W. P. Purkiss, W. P.; Mr. Rupert, R. S.

DIVISION AT DAVIS' CORNERS; particulars not known.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 97 : formed March 20, 1850 ; 20 members ; night of meeting, Saturday ; John Blair, W. P. ; John Tiers, R. S. This division has been kept alive and greatly revived by the noble conduct of its present W. P., Mr. Blair. At one time he stood alone on the rock of truth. All forsook him. By degrees his untiring zeal not only brought back many who had left, but got many new members of influence to join this now promising division.

MARKHAM, No. 87 : formed March 14, 1850 ; 60 members, also a section of Cadets—21, night of meeting, Thursday ; Henry R. Waling, W. P. ; Thos. Wilson, R. S. They are building a Temperance Hall.

LAMBTON, No. 94 : formed March 14, 1850 ; 20 members ; night of meeting not known ; Mr. Smith, W. P. ; Mr. Tefy, R. S.

WESTON, No. 95 : formed March 23, 1850 ; 58 members ; night of meeting, Monday ; John Shuttleworth, W. P. ; Robt. Hareard, R. S. This division is greatly on the increase.

NEWMARKET, No. 108 : when formed not known ; 80 members ; night of meeting, Tuesday ; Dr. John Ford, W. P. ; John Terry, R. S.

PORT CREDIT, No. 96 : formed March 25, 1850 ; 30 members ; night of meeting, Thursday ; Alex. McGregor, W. P. ; Spencer Savage, R. S. The worthy head of this division is an old warrior, who after serving old England for 30 years, will serve the good cause of Temperance the rest of his days.

CANTON DIVISION, PICKERING, No. 133 : formed June 15, 1850 ; 25 members ; night of meeting, Tuesday ; David Hamlin, W. P. ; Bertram Watson, R. S.—The brothers in this division have had much to contend with, but are zealous and strong in hope.

BROUGHAM, No. 104 : formed April 15, 1850 ; 38 members, and a section of Cadets—12 ; night of meeting, Saturday ; Robt. Stevenson, W. P. ; Eli P. Hubbard, R. S. This division is prospering and its members are true to the cause.

SALEM, No. 89 : formed March 24, 1850 ; 25 members ; night of meeting, Thursday ; Matthias McKay, W. P. ; L. D. Maxwell, R. S.

BROOKLYN, No. 30 : formed November 2, 1849 ; 75 members and a large section of Cadets, and a union of Daughters—also a Temperance Hall ; night of meeting, Monday ; Wm. A. Kelly, W. P. ; Wm. McGee, R. S.

COOKSVILLE TENT OF RECHARITES No. 240 : formed March 3, 1847 ; 60 members ; night of meeting, Monday ; W. C. Ogden, Chief Ruler ; Wm. Sanders, R. S.

BOLTONVILLE, No. — : formed December 16, 1850 ; 47 members, and a section of Cadets with a Temperance Hall ; night of meeting, Tuesday ; Joseph Wheeler, W. P. ; Wm. Stoughton, R. S.

OSHAWA, No. 35 : formed November 6, 1849 ; 130 members and a large section of Cadets and a union of Daughters ; night of meeting, Monday ; John Boyd, W. P. ; A. M. Frewell, R. S.

WEITBY, No. 31 : formed November 2, 1849 ; 65 members, and a section of Cadets ; night of meeting Wednesday ; J. H. Gerrie, W. P. ; John Newsome, R. S.

PRINCE ALBERT, No. 34 : formed November 1849 ; 60 members, and a section of Cadets—25 ; night of meeting, Saturday ; Samuel P. Barber, W. P. ; D. McKecher, R. S.

COUNTY OF SIMCOX.

BRADFORD, No. 146 : formed July 12, 1850 ; 50 members and a section of Cadets and a beautiful Temperance Hall ; night of meeting, Monday ; Wm. Lawrie, W. P. ; Wm. Drury, R. S. The spirit that pervades this division is worthy of all imitation. Nothing is spared to further the cause.

BARRIE AND INNISFIL, The particulars of these two divisions have not been received. They will please send them.

COUNTIES OF WENTWORTH AND HALTON.

HAMILTON, No. 25 : formed October 24, 1849 ; 250 members ; night of meeting, Wednesday ; P. T. Ware, W. P. ; Edwin R. Owen, R. S.

WELLINGTON SQUARE, No. 183 : formed April 10, 1850 ; 50 members ; night of meeting, Monday ; John H. Sanders, W. P. ; M. R. McGee, R. S.

OAKVILLE, No. 61 : formed Feb. 11, 1850 ; 102 members ; and a section of Cadets—29 ; also a Temperance Hall ; night of meeting, Friday ; Robt. Balmer, W. P. ; Francis Crooks, R. S.

BRONTE, No. 142 : formed June 12, 1850 ; 28 members ; night of meeting, Saturday ; Jacob Wheeler, W. P. ; Andrew Williams, R. S.

PALERMO, No. 143 : formed July, 1850 ; 18 members — night of meeting, Wednesday ; Thos. Head, W. P. ; John Robertson, R. S.

BURLINGTON DIVISION, HAMILTON, No. 197 : formed December 19, 1850 ; 35 members ; night of meeting, Monday ; D. Eastwood, W. P. ; H. W. Jackson, R. S.

WATERDOWN, No. 102 : formed May 3, 1850 ; 50 members, and a section of Cadets, night of meeting Tuesday. Reed Baker, W. P. ; Andrew Tait, R. S.

COUNTY OF DURHAM.

BOWMANVILLE, No. 39 : formed October, 1849 ; 100 members, and a large section of Cadets, also a union of Daughters numbering 21 ; night of meeting, Monday ; Donald McTavish, W. P. ; Richard Windatt, R. S. This division is in a flourishing state, and is situated in the prosperous town of Bowmanville.

MELVILLE and LINDSAY.—No account of these Divisions received as yet.

The foregoing are all the particulars which have as yet come to our knowledge from personal visits made. We intend to give accounts of all Divisions we visit, and would be happy to receive short statistics of all, which we would with pleasure insert in our future numbers.

General Advertisements.

VOCAL MUSIC CLASS.

W. H. WOODCOCK,

ORGANIST, FROM LONDON, ENGLAND,

HAS the honor to announce to his Friends and the Inhabitants of Toronto generally, that he will open

AN ELEMENTARY CLASS FOR THE PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC, On the most approved system in use in the Collegiate Churches of England,

In the Hall of the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1851, at 7 o'clock precisely.

TERMS—12s. 6d. for a course of Three Months, Two Lessons will be given in each week. NO EXTRAS.

References are kindly permitted to the Rev. H. GRASSETT M.A. Rector of St. James, Rev. Dr. LETT, Incumbent of St. George's, Ret. Mr. MITCHELE, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Church, Rev. Mr. MCKENZIE, B. A., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Yorkville.

TICKETS may be obtained at the "Church" Office, Nordheimer's Music Store, and Mr. Heakes' Dry Goods Store, King-street ; at Mr. Edward's, Sadler, Yonge-street, and at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on the night of Meeting.

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1850. 24-2t

WANTED.

FOR the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, a STEWARD and MATRON, to enter upon their duties in that Institution on the 1st April next. The candidates must be either single persons, or if married without children. A stipend of £60 per annum is attached to the former office, and £50 to the latter with apartments and rations. If a married couple be appointed, the salary for both will be £100. Applications with testimonials to be sent to the Clerk, Mr. McKLADY, on or before the 1st of March, and the parties to attend personally at the Asylum on the 3rd of March, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

Toronto, 3rd February, 1851. 22-td

All the City papers will please to copy the above until the 1st March, and send in their accounts.

TAVERN LICENSES, &c.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL Persons desirous of taking out Licenses to keep Hotels, Taverns, Beer Houses, Confectionaries, for the sale of Spirituous or Fermented Liquors, or to keep Temperance Houses, Victualling Houses, Ordinaries or Eating Houses in the City of Toronto, are required to make their application in writing, addressed to the Inspector of the Ward, either at his residence or at the City Hall, on or before Thursday the 27th day of February instant.

The Inspectors will meet at the City Hall daily at ten o'clock, A. M., to receive and consider the propriety of granting such Licenses.

Toronto, 24th Feb., 1851. 1-w

CORPORATION SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the vacant Shops and Butchers' Stalls in the St. Lawrence Market including those in the Lower Market will be LEASED by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the 4th of MARCH next. Conditions of lease will be made known hereafter.

The MATERIALS of the Old Market Buildings will be sold by Auction also, on the same day.

[By order of the Market Committee.] CHAS. DALY. Toronto, Feb. 22, 1851 1-1

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the TORONTO TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY, of the city of Toronto, will apply, during the next ensuing Session of the Parliament of Canada, for an Act of Incorporation, to enable said Society to hold Real Estate, and for other purposes.

JOHN McNAB, Secretary.

Toronto, 15th Feb., 1851. 1-1f

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, during its next Session, for an Act to Incorporate the SONS OF TEMPERANCE, and to enable them to hold real and personal property, and for other purposes.

JOHN M. ROSS, D. G. W. P.

Ontario District, No. 25, S. of T. } Toronto, 18th February, 1851. } 1 1f



NEIL C. LOVE, APOTHECARY & DRUGGIST

(SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR.)

No. 92, East side of Yonge Street, two doors South of the Bay Horse Inn and opposite Edward Lawson's cheap Tea Store, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, and Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, &c., &c.

N. C. L. has just received a fresh supply of English and Scotch Field, Garden, and Flower seeds which can be had at low prices by calling at his Red Mortar store. Printed catalogues of the seeds will be sent to any parties desirous of obtaining them.

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1851. 1-7

OAKVILLE TEMPERANCE HOUSE
BY CHARLES DAVIS.

Comfortable meals, and beds, furnished travellers. Good stabling for horses.
Feb. 22, 1851. 1-y

BRONTE TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

(LAKE SHORE ROAD.)

BY WELLINGTON BELVEA,

Sons of Temperance and others are respectfully requested to patronize this house where every effort will be made to please and accommodate the travelling public.
Feb. 24, 1851. 1-y

TEMPERANCE HOUSE,

BY

JOHN ALLEN,

EAST MARKET PLACE,

(One door from the corner of Front-street.)

TORONTO.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Hot Joints, Soups, &c., &c., Tea and Coffee ALWAYS ON HAND.

N. B.—This House will be conducted on strictly Temperance principles.
Toronto, Feb. 25th, 1851.

NONQUON TEMPERANCE HOUSE,

OSHAWA, WHITBY,

BY HENRY PEDLAR.

THE Subscriber having fitted up his house comfortably for travellers solicits a portion of the public patronage, especially of the Sons of Temperance. Having kept a public Temperance House in England for a long time his experience warrants him in saying that every comfort will be furnished his customers in the way of eatables, good beds, and attention, at moderate prices.

February, 1851. 1

Toronto Division, No. 159,
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

A LECTURE on "the rise and progress of the Order of Sons of Temperance," will be delivered in the Division Room, Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening next the 4th of March at half-past 7 o'clock, by a member of the Toronto Division.

"Sons" generally throughout the city are invited to attend.

Toronto Feb. 24, 1851. 1-tt

B. WARD, JEWELLER,
No. 7, QUEEN STREET EAST,
TORONTO:

Sons of Temperance supplied with Emblems.
February 24, 1850. 1-y

Greater Bargains than Ever!!

AT

E. LAWSON'S CHEAP CASH STORE,
Corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets.

IN TEAS, FRUITS, &c.

E. LAWSON,

In returning his thanks to his numerous customers for their liberal support during the past year would respectfully inform them and the public, that he is now CLEARING OFF the balance of his splendid stock of *Genuine Teas, Fine Fruits, &c.*, at a **GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE**, to make way for a more extensive importation in the Spring. Parties wishing a supply of GROCERIES, would do well by calling and examining for themselves, as the goods are *cheaper than can be purchased in any other establishment in Canada West.*

CONFECTIONARIES

Of every description, manufactured on the premises, on an improved system, by first class workmen.

NO SECOND PRICE.

All Goods purchased at this Establishment are warranted to give entire satisfaction, or the money refunded. Goods sent, free of charge, to all parts of the City.

Toronto, Feb., 1851. 1-y

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand Sons of Temperance Emblems. D. G. W. P's., Regalia and Emblems; lace, cord, ribbon, &c.

P. T. WARE & Co.

N. B., Also to be had of D. T. Ware & Co. London.

HAMILTON, C. W., Feb. 24, 1

Sir Henry Halford's
IMPERIAL BALSAM,

For the cure of Rheumatism, Acute or Chronic-Rheumatic Gout, Neuralgia, and all Diseases of that class.

THIS MEDICINE is pre-eminently calculated to alleviate and cure the above diseases—its success in every case where it had a fair, honest and impartial trial, fully confirms its general reputation of being the very best medicine in the world for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Tic doloureux and diseases of that description.—References and Testimonials of the highest respectability are coming to hand from all parts of the Province, in favour of the Imperial Balsam. This medicine is warranted to contain no calomel, or any other mineral or ingredient of a deleterious nature.

A Case of Chronic Rheumatism of fifteen years standing, cured by Halford's Balsam and Hope's Pills.

Toronto 13th Dec., 1848.

DR. URQUHART:

Dear Sir,—I hereby certify, that I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for fifteen years; for a considerable time I was confined to my bed, and the greater part of the time I could not move myself; some of my joints were complete-

ly dislocated, my knees were stiff and all my joints very much swelled; for the last three years, I was scarcely able to do three months' work without suffering the most excruciating pains. I was doctored in Europe by several physicians of the highest standing in the profession, as well as in this Province, I was also five months in the Toronto Hospital, and, notwithstanding all the means used, I could not get rid of my complaint; indeed I was told by very respectable physician that I never could be cured so that at the time my attention was directed to your Sir HENRY HALFORD'S IMPERIAL BALSAM, for the cure of Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout—and Dr. HOPE'S PILLS I was despairing of ever getting cured; when I called on you, I was hardly able to walk, and what was almost miraculous, in three weeks from my commencing to take your medicine, I gained fourteen pounds in weight; my health was much improved, and in about three weeks more my Rheumatism was completely gone and my health perfectly restored. I now enjoy as good health as any man in Canada, since my recovery I have walked forty-six miles in one day with perfect freedom, and I assure you, Sir that I feel truly thankful. You can make any use of this you please; my case is known to several individuals of respectability in this city, their names you know, and can refer to them, if necessary.

Yours, truly and gratefully,
THOMAS WRIGHT.

Parties referred to—William Gooderham, William Osborne, and Samuel Shaw, Esquires. For sale Wholesale and Retail, by

S. F. URQUHART,

Eclectic Institute,
69 Yonge-street, Toronto. }

25 February, 1851. 1

THE
CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE

AND

LITERARY GEM.

A semi-monthly magazine devoted to the discussion of the principles and objects of the order of the Sons of Temperance, and to the furtherance of the temperance reformation generally; as also to LITERATURE, the ARTS and SCIENCES and AGRICULTURE, is published on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, at Toronto, C. W.

The price of this periodical where single copies are taken or sent by mail is 6s. 3d. per year, payable in advance. Where 5 copies and under 25 copies are taken by clubs or divisions, or sent to members of divisions residing in or near a Village or City or to one Post Office, the price is 5s. a year in advance.

Where 25 copies or over are taken by clubs or divisions guaranteed in writing by letter and sent to one address, the price is 5s. payable quarterly in advance.

Where 40 copies or above are taken and paid for in advance and addressed to a division or one person, the price will be 4s. 6d. per copy only.

No pains will be spared to make this magazine a useful family record and literary miscellany.

Advertisements relating to the Sons of TEMPERANCE or to the holding of Soirees will be inserted free. Other advertisements will be inserted on the last four pages on very reasonable terms and may be left with the printer.

All communications (except letters enclosing money) must be post paid and addressed to the Editor, Toronto.

CHARLES DURAND, Editor; Office opposite St. Lawrence Hall, Market Buildings, up stairs.

J. G. JUDD, PRINTER.