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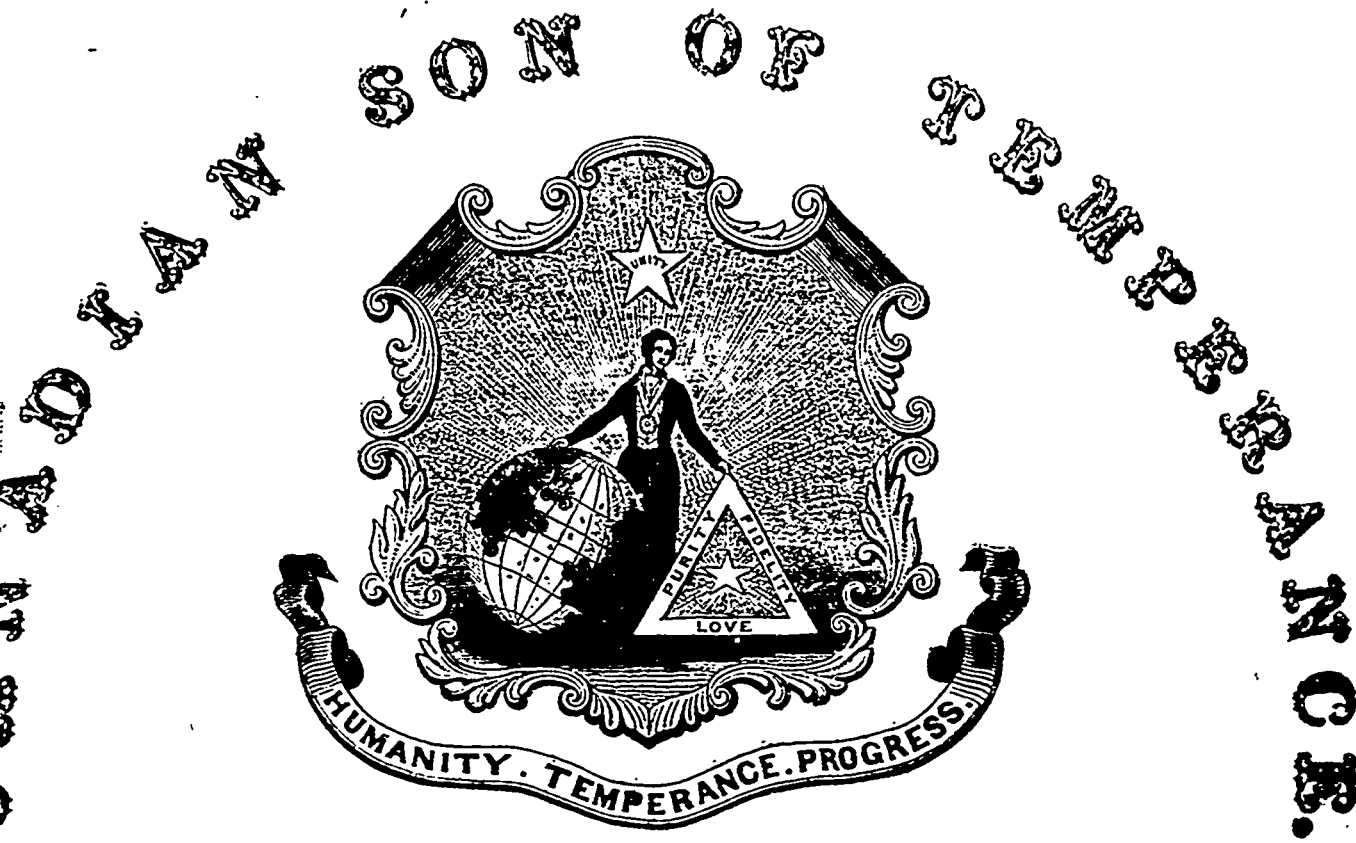
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THE SUNNY SIDE.

the sunny side! the sunny side!
 Of life, why seek its shade?
 One self, while 'midst its shoals ye glide
 One half its cares are made;
 No' fate may crush Hope's fancy bower,
 A gay, determined heart,
 An o'er that bright hour,
 A sunny ray impart.

And what though fortune frown to-day,
 Hope bid the heart be sad—
 Time may speed the gloom away,
 And make the bosom glad;
 No griefs not o'er life's petty cares,
 Despair can ne'er abide
 With him who fearless bravely dares
 To walk the sunny side.

is true the rose may wear a thorn,
 And pleasure leave a sting,
 Not yet o'er eve the rainy morn
 A sweetness oft will fling;
 They cannot feel what joy is worth,
 Who ne'er knew ought of care;
 Like an oasis in the desert earth,
 Blooms joy, when it is rare!

the sunny side! the sunny side!
 Why should the soul be dark?
 Though life may prove a troubled tide,
 God watches o'er the ark,
 And guides us with unerring hand,
 And he shall deem it best,
 Till we reach that promised land,
 Where weary souls find rest.

A FEW THINGS WORTH NOTICE.

There are many paradoxes in the world, and few among them are more venacious and more easily proved than the propositions we announce, but, however convinced we may be of their truth, how seldom do we act upon it—how seldom do we pay proper attention to small things, while on them our happiness or misery, weal or woe, principle depend. Small things, trivial in themselves, become great in the aggregate. The world, they say, is formed of atoms—the comfort and prosperity of its denizens consist in a series of trifles.

A glass of water accidentally spoils a satin dress, and the politics of Europe were changed in consequence, a foolish woman wept because her seat was a trifle lower than that of her wealthy sister's, Charles of Anjou, despite the counsels of his sainted brother, accepted a proffered crown, and Italy and Sicily were rent with civil wars—who has not heard of the "Sicilian Vespers"? Again—an apple fell, and Newton's discoveries arose from that fall, and so on. Search the records of history, of domestic life, of science—and we shall find that the most important results in each have proceeded from some insignificant cause—as the well-moulded hon of pastry led to Canova's exquisite chiselings, and the pleasant driving transformed the postmaster's daughter into an Austrian archduchess.

Some deplorable accident occurs; we shudder as we read the list of casualties—of killed and wounded; our tears fall for the helpless survivors—the aged parents—the widow and orphan. How has it originated? Most commonly in some slight deficiency—some omission in the thoughtlessness of security. A lighted candle in a mine—a frayed rope—the least carelessness with the steam-engine—a policeman neglecting to wave his signal-flag at the appointed moment—some boyish trick, some lark, may endanger, if not cost, hundreds their lives; a bar lying on the iron road may cause the mighty creature that tears its way through hills and plains to diverge from its path and crush all before it in its random course; from a useful servant of priceless worth, it has become a ferocious destroyer; the hand that guided it—the first sacrifice—his cold and powerless beneath it. Man's intellect quails before its own creation—un-governable from man's neglect.

Nor is it here alone that small things are of such incalculable magnitude. Let us look into private life,

what makes the happy home? A due attention to petty wants and petty comforts. The husband—the head of the house—may be an affectionate husband—a kind father, in the main—and yet he may contrive to alienate his wife's and his family's hearts—and this merely by inattentions. As in money, so in love. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Of what avail is it if a man toil day and night to amass money for his home, if he debar it present comforts—if he cast a gloom over his fireside by a cold and uncongenial manner—if his wife be no more than his upper servant, and his children's voices be hushed in his presence? His heart may beat warmly for them, but theirs will not find an answering pulse. The love his wife vowed him will wear itself out, and sink for want of nourishment; his children can only give him a kind of habitual respect not affection. And yet not one of them will have a hardship to complain of: he neither beats his wife nor starves his children, but he neglects to cultivate their attachment—he takes his solitary pleasures, and thus himself up in himself, his children are seldom caressed or prayed, there is no encouragement for them and his wife in the dull routine of home duties. This sort of person is scrupulously polite to women in general—an exact observer of gentlemanly etiquette, but boorish to his female relatives, because they are his own. He contradicts their opinions and "pishes" at their feelings; their wishes, their amusements, are never considered, save as in reference to his own; he will dress them splendidly for his own gratification—give them every luxury in which he can share—but grudge them those feminine employments he cannot understand. His wife's heart ossifies to him his daughters yawn away their lives in opulent discontent—opulent for their rank in life—and accept the first offer they may chance to have, in the hope of an escape. Nor is he much more reasonable with his sons; he cannot sympathize with them, he will not study their characters, he crosses them from sheer stupidity, because he forgets to make allowance for youth. Yet with all this, he is at the bottom an affectionate father, anxious for his children's welfare, but he is ignorant of the power of all things.

In domestic happiness however, the wife's influence is even greater than her husband's, for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her man-

meeting between Henry Clay and Roswell, at ... was very solemn and affecting.

agement of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement and more is spent in sixpences than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it, but it is the perfect imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief, and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. A bottle of rum was no great loss to the Emperor of Russia, but the empress has eyes discovered that one for every day in the year made a considerable sum, and has suppressed an old established custom. Look sharp, lady house-keepers, and follow her example; there is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those little niceties which mark a well regulated house. An unfurnished cruet stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a clammy spoon, a soiled table-cloth; a mustard pot, its old contents sticking hard; find brows about it, are severally nothings, but each can raise an angry word, or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop or a tidy breakfast table, and if wives will not attend to these minutiae, they risk the club or bar-parlor, and their consequences. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation (however intellectual); but we can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanting beauties of an Armida: but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of the higher order of mind will not run this risk: they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

Children, too, can only be preserved in health of body and mind by a constant and minute attention to little things, not only in them but in yourselves. They are watchful and keen observers of all that passes; their comments would sometimes excite your surprise. An acorn contains the germ of the mighty oak, a wanton idea, carelessly thrown on the infant mind, may produce fearful results. They are now plastic and may be moulded at will; but it is long ere you can efface a false impression. You laugh at their childish babble, but see what it portrays: in it you may trace the hero, the philosopher, the coquette, the loving woman. And their joys and sorrows—futile as they seem to us, they are great to them, proportioned to their strength. Our great poet has bid us pity the dying insect's pangs; in like manner dread your children's passions—watch well, but do not tamper with them. Cruelty, vanity, lying, pride, gluttony, selfishness, every evil feeling, may be carelessly fostered in a child, and that by Christian, but unthinking parents. Even the baby in arms can have a kind of education—will give some traits of character—slight, indeed, but indicative to an attentive, vigilant parent.—We give them credit for discernment—we allow that they invariably discover their real friends, and turn from the complaisant but hollow admirer.—why should we doubt their power of knowing right from wrong? They do; and it is not at all unfrequent to hear a child refuse to obey, because "I am naughty—I won't do it."—Some persons love to tease them—to excite their tiny rage—to raise their fears. This is worse than tyranny. Who can answer for the consequences of this folly?—a sordid and suspicious temper, weakened health, and injured intellect. And this fearful, life-long misery is too often the price of half an hour's laugh. Watch well, then, over your children; for a truth small things are great to them.

THE TWO LEADERS.

While Kossuth is receiving the enthusiastic sympathy, admiration and assistance of the people of England and America, George, the other great leader of the Hungarian War of Independence, drags out a miserable and lonely existence at Klagenfurt, in Carniola, a city much resorted to by pensioned officers of the Austrian army. There he lives with his family, consisting of his wife, a single child, now but three months old, a woman servant and a soldier who was his attendant through the war. He sees little society, hardly a family of the city

having sought his acquaintance. He has but one intimate friend, and that is an Englishman. His time is passed in studying chemistry and physics, and his chief amusement is lecturing upon physical chemistry to a few persons. Of money he has plenty; from the Austrian Government he receives a yearly pension of 3,000 dollars; and from that of Russia he has received 60,000 silver rubles. He is very rarely seen in public; about once a month his wife prevails on him to take a walk for the sake of his health, but in general he avoids appearing abroad. The common people regard him with aversion.

THE DOLLAR.

Did you ever think of the power of a Dollar? that poor inanimate silver item in your fingers—did you ever scan its influence? Do you know it to be the leger of nations the test of power, the admission ticket to the graces of a fawning society? The DOLLAR is almost an omnipotent thing—how men love it! What noble self-denial is practiced by humanity upon itself for that SILVER DOLLAR! How men court its presence and kneel in submission at the feet of its possessor! Many preach, pray, work, LIVE and DIE for the dollar. Let us look at a few of its charms. It establishes your foundation in society, gives you influence, draws around you hosts of friends. With it you can buy honor, power, labor; all this can be bought for DOLLARS. Do you want to attain to high position, in community, the State, the nation? Do you wish for glory and applause from the multitude who stand in awe and worship?—You can buy it for DOLLARS. Do you want influence?—Would you wish for hosts to move at your nod, and obey your mandate? Dollars will buy it. Do you want labor upon which to fatten? to live upon the toil of others—owning their very hours and their very souls? Dollars buy them, and society thinks it right.

Yes, so it is. Speak of it, and the Dollar turns upon you to crush and overpower. Here in the pattern nation of the earth, the star of God's lower realm, the hope of all, and the loved of all, thousands are found who sell their influence, their franchise, their God-given birthright as citizens of such a nation, aye, their very souls if needs be, for DOLLARS. Tell the rich of reforms, of progress, of the rights of Labor, and they call you a fanatic or a fool. Tell the Working-man of his rights—beg of him to awake to his true position, speak to him of Labor Reforms and his place in society, and he oftentimes is found among the first to spit upon you. And all this under the influence of DOLLARS. Who shall not call it next to omnipotent? If you want to be cursed by society, pointed at as a fanatic, trampled upon as an idiot, read out of every thing good on earth or in heaven—just turn and face the influence of DOLLARS. Speak of right to your masters, to your rulers, to your gods of society, and a hideous hiss his heard from all—even those to whom you would give redemption. The world bears a righteous witness against your folly, and your fanaticism is brought forward to impeach your doctrine. And all this is, even in this republican nation, where the people rule? Sell your vote, your influence, yourself, if money can buy you—but cursed be the man who would thus traffic in the opinions and minds of freemen, and palsied the hand that places such a blistering record against itself.—[Wankesha (Wis.) Democrat.]

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

Small birds chase about each other in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter (*Pospia er crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, tops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavoring to catch them again, or pretend to avoid them, as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, drive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

Deers often engage in a sham-battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by its bite; and the orang outang, in wrestling with its keeper, attempts to throw him

and makes feints of biting him. Some animals young in their play the semblance of catching their object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring; body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; bound on the moving leaf, again watch and again forward at another. Rigger saw young jaguars caguaris playing with round substances like kittens. Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks enmeshes in their pastures, racing and sporting each other in the most interesting manner.

Birds of the Pie kind are analogous to monkeys of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie, which was seen busily employed garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them in a hole about eight inches deep made to receive a post. After dropping the stone, it cried currack! triumphantly, and set off for other. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his moment.

WINTER.

The winds are sighing—sobbing
Like mourners round a bier,
And from the hill there cometh
A voice that soundeth drear,
As the trumpet calls to judgment,
Saying—"Prepare, prepare!
Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
And lay the old year there!"

Within are sounds of gladness,
And fires that brightly burn,
And stones of the olden times
Are told by each in turn;
Without, the cry of misery
And wail salutes the ears,
And we look on hoary Winter,
Through mingled smiles and tears.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, faculties of power, but had a passion for brandy which he could not control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as he walked up to the bar together, and the bar-keeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.
The glasses were filled and the two friends stood to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said: "Set down that glass." It was set down, and two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequence of a first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's coming a drunkard.

What if the question was put to every dealer who asks for his license, and pays his money: "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How would he would say, if the love of money did not rule, "Take the license."

A SEDUCER COMPELLED TO MARRY HIS VICTIM.

The Bloomington (Iowa) Reporter tells a story of seduction case, which ended as follows:—The girl had been at the boarding-house some time, under an assumed name, and was lately delivered of a child, since which time she had been gradually sinking. The young man had been to see her, but had not yet signified his intention of marrying her. Last Tuesday night he came down with some flat boats, and stopping here, he came to see his victim, at her boarding-house. The doctors, whose kindest sympathies had been excited by the unfortunate young woman, were on the alert. A landlady locked the young man in the room, and a one border went for a minister, another for the doctor.

ourt; the certificate was also procured, and every made ready for tying the noose in the tightest ner. The young man was confronted by the crowd, told, in emphatic terms, the part he had to play in proceedings. He begged hard for a little time—time enough to go home and make his arrangements—but it was in vain. Without going into further particulars, the couple were united—the bride scarcely to stand upon the floor; the bridegroom wishing himself away. He had, vilely and under solemn prof of marriage, seduced the young woman, but low lawfully his wedded wife. He started that night ew Orleans with his flat boats, saying that he would take charge of her on his return. He has left money at different times, and, we believe, has seen as respectably provided for.

THE END.

A candle in its socket lying,
Flickering, fading, brightening, dying;
The autumn leaf fast rustling by,
A strain of music's latest sigh;
The summer wind's last, fainting breath;
A mournful tone, that tells of death;
A fire, whose embers scarce are burning;
A spirit to its God returning;
A sun extinguished from its place;
A system vanishing in space:
Thus all things end, save God!

Thus all things end! ah! said we so!
Can aught have end that lives below?
Is nothingness the end of strife?
And void the crowning point of life?
Annihilation! is there aught,
Save madness, in the monstrous thought?
We boldly say a thing is ending—
We mean some change is o'er it pending:
For matter changes, and changed must be
Forever; like some changing sea:
Thus all things change, save God!

Where goes the candle, when it dies?
The leaf, the music, summer's sighs?
A finished thought, a word, a death—
Where is the home of parted breath?
Where goes a year, an age, nay, time?
Where is the end—the great sublime?
All—all but centre round their being,
The Great, Omnipotent, All-seeing!
Unending, and unchanged forever!
In vain the end from Him we sever:
All ends are hid in God!

COULDN'T CURE HIM.

ood story is told in an eastern paper, of the treat- of a drunken husband, by his amiable spouse. trying various expedients, all to cure drunkenness, last he thought herself of another plan of making mad drunkard of her lord. engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to Philander to the watch-house, while yet in a state insibility, and to frighten him a little when recover- In consequence of this arrangement, Philander up about eleven o'clock at night, and found him- ing on a pine bench, in a strange and dim apart- Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked him until his eye rested on a man seated by a smoking a segar. here am I?" said Philander. a medical college," said the segar smoker. at a doing there?" ng to be cut up.' comes that?" y, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, bought your body to make a natomy.' a lie—I'm not dead.' matter—we bought your carcass from your her had a right to sell it, for its all the good she ver make of you. If you'r not dead, that's no the doctor's, and they will cut you up, dead or u will do it eh?" asked the old sot. e, to be sure we will, now, directly," was the answer. ell, can't you let us have something to drink be- begin!"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irrefractable inebriate out of the watch-house.

HOW OLD BEN HARDIN GOT HIS WIEE.

Romance is sometimes embodied in a fact six inches long. An instance of this may be found in the rich and and funny stratagem by which old Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, got his wife, of which we have the following— In the days of his young manhood, he was a workman on the farm of a wealthy landholder in that State, and there sprang up between the young labourer and the old man's daughter, what is often called a "secret attachment." By-the-bye, though, attachments are generally secret Well, Ben and his Dulcinea made out matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed the old man had never suspected that the aspirations of the youth were tending towards an alliance with his family, and if it had ever occurred to him, he would have spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic notions, and of the existence of almost insurmountable objections to the match. So one day consulting the ingenuity of his nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood—that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father—that he loved her, and she loved him—and asked the old man what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Won't she run away with you?" asked the old man.

"She might," answered Ben, "if I should make the arrangements. Do you think it would be honorable for me to take the advantage of such a thing?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of the plot. "there would be nothing wrong."

Ben so enlisted the old man in his favor, that he made him a tender of his horse and buggy. The place of meeting was arranged, and reader, you know the rest. Ben ran off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old man snuffed in with the next morning's breeze, and one which chagrined him not a little. Winding up as all old novels do—Ben and his wife were forgiven.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF KOSSUTH.

The best pen and ink sketch of the Governor of Hungary we have yet seen, is given by our friend Col Fuller, of the New-York Mirror. He says, his personal appearance is more pleasing and less unpressive than his portraits represent. He is rather small in stature, slight in figure, with a remarkably fine head, and a still finer eye.

His forehead is very full, round, and high, and particularly well developed in the regions of ideality and benevolence. His moustache quite conceals the expression of the mouth—an object more desirable in diplomacy than in oratory. It is the large, mild eye and benignant smile that beams upon his brow, like sunshine on the mountain, combined with the sympathetic tones of voice chobbing with emotion, which captivates and magnetizes his hearers, exalting them by a sort of musical, moral and spiritual inspiration—the delightful and almost delicious effect of true eloquence. Kossuth speaks at the same time to the eye, to the ear, to the intellect, and to the heart. As an orator he stands in the foremost rank of all the Ciceros. As a Revolutionist and a Reformer, he has no equal in the power he exerts upon the masses, since the days of the ancient prophets. He seems to combine in himself a portion of the elements of Martin Luther, of Peter the Hermit, of William Tell, and of our Washington. As a scholar, a lawyer, a politician, and a diplomatist he may be greater than either. As a patriot, a soldier, and a statesman, we cannot rank him with the incomparable Washington.

Nathaniel Spence, the poor fellow who was found frozen in the snow while travelling on the Fort Stanley Road on Saturday, has, after suffering the most intense pain, submitted to have both his hands amputated, to save his life.—[Galt Reporter.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM,

I have now been more than a week in Jerusalem, and have become familiar with all its features: The city is about two miles square, and is surrounded by a thick wall of grey limestone, about twenty-five feet in height, built in the Sarcenic style.—The population amounts to about 15,000, of whom one-third are Christians, one-third Mahometans, and one-third Jews.—The people, except the numerous monks, and few resident Europeans, dress in the Oriental costume, and all the native women, of every religion, go very closely veiled. The houses are of stone, and present externally the same toom-like appearance of all eastern cities. The streets are narrow and uneven, and are extremely slippery, since the stones, with which they were long ago paved, have been worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims to a marble-like smoothness. The pavements instead of rattling with wheels, or ringing with hoofs, or echoing with the tramp of a busy multitude, hardly dip with the pedestrian's sandalled step, and the camel's muffled tread. The hum of business and the voice of merriment is no where heard. A strange melancholy stillness reigns over the once tumultuous and joyous city.—[Scenes in the East.

CURIOUS DREAM—THE HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL.

Being on a tour through the West of England some years ago, I found myself one morning rapidly advancing up the river Tamar in the gig of the "Captain of the ordinary," at Plymouth. We were bound for the noble ruins of Trematon Castle, in the area of which a good modern house has been erected, and in one of the towers is arranged a very pleasing collection of antiquities. As we proceeded up the river, the gallant captain related the following anecdote in reference to the then proprietor of Trematon — It is well known that, in the afternoon of the 12th May, 1812, the Hon. Spencer Perceval, the then Prime Minister, fell by the hands of Bellingham, in the lobby of the House Commons; the cause assigned by the murderer being the neglect of, or refusal to discharge a supposed claim he had upon the government. On the same night the gentleman above alluded to, and residing at Trematon, had the tragic scene so minutely and painfully depicted in his sleep that he could not resist the desire of sending the particulars to a friend in town, which he did by the up mail, which departed a few hours after he had risen on the following morning. He informed his friend that his topographical knowledge of London was very meagre; and as to the House of Commons, (the old one,) he had only seen the exterior. He went on to state, that, dreaming he was in town, he had a desire to hear the debates in parliament, and for this purpose, inquired his way to the lobby of the house, the architectural peculiarities of which he minutely described, he gave an exact description of the few officials and others in the room, and especially of a tall, thin man who seemed to watch the opening of the door as any one entered, with wild and restless grief. At length Mr Perceval arrived, whose person, although unknown to him; and dress he described, as also the manner in which the horrid deed was done. He further communicated the words uttered by the victim, to the effect, "The villain has murdered—," how the wounded man was treated, and the person of the medical man who was on the instant called in.— These, with other particulars, which have escaped my memory, were thus recorded, and the first newspaper he received confirmed the accuracy of this extraordinary dream.—Notes and Queries.

A COUNTESS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

A letter from Saint Augustine, Fla, to the Savannah Republican, says — "The Ancient City is favoured with the presence of an English Countess, who takes up her abode in Florida, the more easily to secure a divorce from a somewhat antiquated husband, the lady herself being in the bloom and beauty of early womanhood. Her object requiring a sojourn here for a certain period, we understand that, in the course of the present winter, a bevy of distinguished friends are expected from Canada in a yacht.

The Duke of Northumberland has given orders for the construction of no less than a thousand new and comfortable dwellings for laborers.



Ladies' Department.

THE SPIRIT BIRD.

Fly home to my mother, thou spirit bird,
And carry these notes of love;
And tell her a chord in my heart, is stirred;
It vibrates to those above;
For her voice, methinks, on the summer air,
Comes stealing so sweetly along,
It wakes me to thoughts of that world so fair,
Of the happy, the glorious throng.

Fly away sweet bird, to my dearest home;
But carry no sorrow there.
O! tell her in swelling tones, I come,
Her saddened heart to cheer.
This token of love, I pray thee now bear,
Nor tarry thee, in thy flight.
In gentlest tones, crave a lock of her hair,
Then bid her a sweet "good night."

O! rest thee awhile in the leafy bower,
Where my blue-eyed Sister strays;
And sing to her, with thy magic power,
Thy sweetest notes of praise;
For her harp is broken! its strings unswayed!
The light of her eye has fled!
For the grief of the orphan, has o'er her crept,
And its sombre sadness shed.

Then go to the grave of that Father dear,
And warble a pensive sigh,
In memory of grief's bitterest tear,
That a father loved must die.
Go sing thee a dirge, then soar thee to heaven,
To the spirit-land above;
And bring in thy beak, when fades the cren,
Sweet messages of love.

In night's silent watch, mid the darkness deep,
Bright, radiant forms I see;
And in sweetest music, that wakes from sleep,
I hear them calling for me.
O! haste thee, bird, for I long to know
Of that Angel Band, so fair;
Say, why such beautiful robes of light,
Such glorious crowns they wear!

LILLIE.

Champion, Dec. 29, 1831.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION, PRESENTATION, AND FESTIVAL, AT AYLMER, C. W.

SIX AND BROTHER

On Friday last, the Sons of Temperance here hold a Grand Public Demonstration and Festival, in honor of this, the first anniversary of the Aylmer Division.

Considerable interest was excited in the affair for some time previously, as in addition to the other attractions of the day, it was known that the Ladies of Aylmer had by joint resolution purchased a handsome Bible and cushion, which was to be presented on the occasion. Several distinguished advocates of the cause

from a neighboring town were also expected to honor the proceedings with their presence, and adorn them with their eloquence; but the inclemency of the weather for a few days previous rendered the roads almost impassable and of course deprived us of so rich a treat. But their places were well supplied by the Rev. gentleman who officiated in their stead.

At half-past eleven, A. M., the Sons met in the Division room, and having clothed themselves in regalia, proceeded in order to the place of meeting. The Cadets followed their example, and on entering the Methodist Chapel, the place of meeting,—at 12 we were glad to see a full attendance, and what pleased us most of all to observe so many of the Fair Sex grace the meeting with their presence.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the meeting was opened by prayer by the Rev. Geo. Kennedy, after which Mrs. P. Hoagkinson rose, and on behalf of the Ladies presented to Elder Marsh, Chaplain of the Division, a large, handsome Bible, superbly finished, and a silk velvet Cushion, beautifully ornamented with appropriate tassels &c.; accompanying the gift with the following address, which Mrs. H. read in a clear and graceful style.

LADIES ADDRESS.

MR. CHAPLAIN:—I have the honor, in behalf of the Ladies of Aylmer, to present to you, as Chaplain of the Sons of Temperance of Aylmer, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and a Cushion, and beg you will accept them as a memento of the high estimation in which the Ladies of Aylmer regard your praise-worthy exertions in the cause of temperance and benevolence—a cause which we find fully recognised in this good Book—and when we read therein that no drunkard shall inherit eternal life, we trust that not only is the reclaimed drunkard placed in a more hopeful position, but that the rising generation will be beset by fewer snares, and that many who would under by-gone influences be travelling in the inebriate's downward road to destruction, will, through the influence of the Gospel, be rejoicing in the heirs of the better promise.

That this cause may go on and prosper to the ameliorating of the condition of thousands, and be instrumental in the setting forth the praise and glory of Almighty God, is the prayer of the wives and mothers of Aylmer.

At the close of which, Elder Marsh delivered a lengthy and able reply.

[This very excellent document we have to omit until our next, and would say we have seldom read a better one.—Ed. Son.]

This part of the proceedings having been finished, all seemed highly interested; and as we glanced along the various seats at this stage, we could read beaming in the countenances of every one, the feelings of their hearts, feelings of deepest gratitude and delight, and we are sure that this days proceedings, as well as the glorious memento of the goodness and philanthropy of the ladies just presented, will long find a place in the warm remembrances of the Sons of Aylmer.

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy next favored us with a splendid address; indeed, such is one as we rarely hear in these parts. It was at once replete with argument, sound reasoning and well-timed rhetoric. He showed in forcible language the evils of the drinking system, and pointed out in language as forcible, the blessings, the innumerable blessings to be reaped by the faithful Son of Temperance. He impressed upon all the great necessity of being true to their principles, and came down with the thunders of his eloquence on those backsliders, who, regardless of their sacred vows, had succumbed to the allurements of the enemy, and on those who had sacrificed the glorious principles they had sworn to maintain at the altar of filthy lucre.

Elder Marsh then delivered in his usual impressive and agreeable style, an address, at once pertinent and appropriate; during the course of which he took occasion more than once to refer to the vast amount of help the cause had sustained here, at the hands of the ladies, and concluded the proceedings by an appropriate prayer to the Fount of Grace, after which the meeting separated, each better pleased than another with the proceedings of the day.

At half-past two o'clock, about 70 persons sat down to a splendid dinner in the Temperance House. Here again the ladies also graced the festive board with their happy, smiling faces. After justice had been done to all the eatables and many delicacies of the table, Mr. W. H. Tisdale, merchant, proposed a vote of thanks to

Mr. Bates, the proprietor of the House, for the handsome manner in which he had got up the dinner, which was duly seconded and carried by acclamation. And we here humbly endorse the sentiment, as the affair was actually done up in first-rate style, and in a manner well calculated to ensure the future success of our young candidate for temperance patronage.

We had intended to have given you a brief history of the rise and progress of the order here, but having trespassed too far already, we reserve it for a future time. Before closing, however, we may just state that the Order is in a prosperous condition, and that the meetings are generally well attended. To-night we had a good meeting. The new officers for the quarter were installed by Br. John Murdock, D.G.W.P. They are as follows:

J. F. Marsh, W. P.; Elder Marsh, W. A.; T. M. Nairn, R. S.; James Buchanan, A. R. S.; E. Crook, F. S.; H. Martin, T.; C. Hayward, C.; E. Page, A. C.; B. Emmett, I. S.; S. Westard, O. S.

A SON OF AYLMER.

Aylmer, C. W., Jan., 1852.

A THRILLING STORY.

An extraordinary story is told by Capt. Wallace of a lover and his mistress, who were saved in a miraculous manner from the jaws of a shark: "A transport with a part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Spain. One of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The fair one was in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when, overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and supported by her clothes, drifted astern. The officer lost no time in jumping in after her and upheld her by one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower the boat when, to the dismay of all on board a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, gliding towards its victims. A shout of terror from the agitated spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger; he saw the monster's length rear him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed the water so as to frighten the shark, who turned and dived out of sight. The current had now carried the officer and the lady close to the vessel, when the shark appeared a second time, and was in the act of turning on his back to seize the hapless pair, when a private of the officer's company, who was in the hammock nettings, jumped fearlessly overboard with a bayonet in his hand, which he plunged in the back of the shark, which instantly disappearing, the three were saved, before he had time to make his appearance.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS—GATHERINGS.—Rings of any colour should be washed in soap suds and not rinsed. Iron them wet, and they will be stiff and nice as new, except some kinds of pink and blue, which will fade. These may be dyed to look as well as ever. Dip the blue into a little cold bluing and water, and the pink into carmine, from a pink saucer, according to directions, and they will be perfectly restored. Marble fire places should not be washed with suds, it will, in time, destroy the polish. After the dust is wiped off, rub the spots with a nice oiled cloth, then rub dry with a soft rag. When you rub the knobs of your doors, use a piece of paste board as large as your two hands, with a small hole large enough just to encircle the knob—the centre, and a slit in the paper to let it in. The slippage will keep off all soil from the paint, and a nice way of doing it.—[Am. Ag.]

The greater the difficulty the more glory there is in surmounting it; skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Smiles are the sunshine of the heart, imparting beauty and radiance to the plainest features, and shedding a glow of pleasure and delight on a froward.



Youths' Department.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

My Grandmother! I see her yet,
Though years have passed away
Since I beheld her, in my youth,
A matron grave and gray,
Ah! well do I remember now,
That sweet angelic smile;
Each word and look of tenderness,
That did my heart beguile.

How often, when a little child,
She took me on her knee,
And told me of a heaven above,
And that Christ died for me;
Then clasped my tiny hand in hers,
And silent led the way
Where daily she had knelt with me,
And taught me how to pray.

But she has gone—her prayers for me
Have now forever ceased;
But graven on my inmost heart,
They ne'er can be effaced.
Her mission here is closed, and now,
Beneath the churchyard sod,
She sleeps the long, dread sleep of death—
Her spirit dwells with God.

The Cadets at Quebec and in the Lower Provinces,
opening up the right spirit, read the following:—

CADETS' ENTERTAINMENT

Carols and Recitations given by the Cadets of
France in this City last week were pleasing and
have won for their Institution a reputation that
is a large accession of members. The decora-
tion of the Hall were in good taste, and the music of
Messrs Ackhurst and Saffery, and a Military Temper-
ance highly creditable.

It must be beneficial for lads to employ some of their
talents in committing to memory such excellent pieces
as Cadet's book this year contained, as they will
not be forgotten; and the sentiments thus indelibly
impressed on their own minds, are by the public exhibi-
tion and circulation of the pamphlets made interest-
ing to many others, who become thereby more favora-
bly inclined to general virtue and christian benevolence.
The amount of good may result from these apparently
trivial matters cannot be accurately estimated, but the
benefit of youth thus in a moral course cannot fail to
be of much advantage to the State the Church, and
mankind generally.

The season of Christmas inspires most persons with a
desire to do something for our unfortunate fellow beings,
whatever tends to bring more vividly before the
view of what has been done for us by Him who
is a babe to Bethlehem, and at the same time urges
us to look abroad on all our fellow beings as brethren,
and to feel a fair claim to a participation in the temporal
and eternal blessings we enjoy, must certainly meet our
needs. The Cadets have expressed such sentiments
furnished by the Gospel, and have set a good ex-
ample in associations in which older persons are engag-
ed, keeping up a high moral and serious tone in those
which form their exercises and diversion.—*Atha-
nova Scotia.*

CRYSTAL SECTION, CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

A public Temperance Meeting was held under the
auspices of the above Section, in the Hall of the Me-

chanics' Institute, on Thursday evening last; and not-
withstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large and
respectable audience was present. The Chair was taken
in the absence of the W. P. and A. P.'s by Past Worthy
Archon, William Wedderburn, who, previously to intro-
ducing the speakers for the occasion, delivered a short but
appropriate address. Masters W. H. Stevens, B. De-
Wolfe, and Charles N. Skinner, addressed the meeting,
also Mr. J. Travis, Rev. Richard Knight, and Robert
Payne, Esq. After the meeting separated, the members
of the Section proceeded to their Section Room, and
partook of a sumptuous supper, and drank their toasts
with the pure crystal element—cold water.—*N. B.
Telegraph.*

MY AIN SWEET JEAN.

I wad na gie my ain sweet Jean
For a' the wives I yet hae seen;
It's no her looks, it's no her air,
What mak's her seem to me so fair;
It's no her form o' modest grace,
Nor is't her winsome bonnie face;
But 'tis her heart, sae pure and free,
That mak's her a' the world to me.

Let ithers fret: 'tis mine to sing
The joys that riches canna bring:
Let me the bliss o' rapture share,
Where smiles dispel the clouds o' care;
Gie me my cosie, happy hame,
That's a' the gear on earth I claim;
My wife and my bairns three,
Are mare than a' the world to me.

From the Reformer.

The Cadets of Temperance held a Celebration and
Soiree on Thursday evening last in the Hall of the
West Ward Market in this Town. M. A. Scott occu-
pied the Chair. The proceedings commenced by the
Installation of the Officers of No. 77,—next came re-
freshments—then followed a petit Temperance Com-
edy, prepared for the occasion, by the Cadets, which was
well received; after which a number of Addresses were
delivered, and in the interval between them Mr. James
Fraser sang a Temperance song, composed by himself,
which was loudly applauded. The attendance was
respectable and numerous, the large Market Hall being
densely crowded. A number of the Aylmer Section of
Cadets were present, and many presents from a distance.
This first appearance before the public of the present
Temperance organization in Bytown, and as such is
most creditable. The assemblage dispersed about ten
o'clock, and each and all seemed well pleased with the
evening's entertainment.—*Ottawa Citizen*

A gentleman residing in Hartford, recently found a
singular animal in his cellar, and as it appeared to be of
a species unknown to this region of the world, he has
regularly fed and furnished it with a comfortable bed of
straw. The animal has now become so far domesticated
as to be quite tame, come to the call of the gentleman
and eats from his hand. It is of the size of a large cat,
has a tail 14 inches long, quite large and bushy at the
root, and tapering to the end. Its head is quite small
with no more ears than a ferret; nose sharp fangs like
a cat, neck long, which it extends or contracts, body
shaped like a kangaroo, much heavier at the hind quar-
ters than at the forward parts. His color is black upon
the back quite long. His arms and feet are rather flat,
claws three-fourths of an inch long. It does not appear
to be vicious, but rather a domestic animal.

SINGULAR CASE.—The *Ron-tout Courier* records
the following singular case:—About a month ago,
the daughter of a citizen of Napanoch, Ulster county,
fell into a deep sleep, at about mid-day, without
any previous monition, lasting an unusual time; and
since then recurrent attacks have followed at inter-
vals, one of which, an apparently profound slumber,
lasted within a few hours of six days! During all
this period of sleep, about a wine-glass full of milk
was all the nutriment that could be administered.
Every effort to arouse her from these torpors fails,
save with a remarkable exception. The voice of a
former pastor of the church at N. appears to arouse
consciousness, and with some exertion on his part,
the spell is broken for a time. The case seems to
baffle all medical skill thus far. The girl is about
fifteen years of age.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

I love to hear the mountain rill
Go singing on its way—
To hear the skylark trill
Its spiritual lay—
To lust the coming of the dove,
Or zephyr sighing through the grove,
'Towards the close of day—
But there's a sweeter music still
Than's breathed by skylark, dove, or rill.

I love to hear the honest tongue
When old friends meet again—
To hear the lover, warm and young,
Breathe the unpassioned strain;
The words of sister or of wife,
As honey drops, my sweetest life,
And banish halt our pain—
But there's a music can transcend
The tones of lover wife or friend.

I heard 't first in childhood's years,
Er 't the playful boy
Had felt us power—or dreamed of tears
Drawn from the fount of joy.
It is not now—and I deplore
That I can never hear it more—
That death should e'er destroy
What best can make the heart rejoice—
The music of a Mother's voice!

NEATNESS AND ORDER.

Among the means of domestic comfort there is
scarcely any so important as what is called household
furniture, most persons must have felt that much of their
well-being depends on the articles intended for our dai-
ly and nightly use. A little attention to these matters
is of more consequence than many persons believe;
keeping up appearances within reasonable bounds is a
very laudable endeavor. Appearances are, in many
respects, realities. Children brought up in a well-con-
ducted home where they see every day a shelf or two
of books, a few tasteful vases or other ornaments, or
pictures on the wall, clean curtain and blinds, and well
swept carpet, look upon them all as realities, and with-
out knowing it they grow up with a conviction of their
value, and in most cases prove it, by keeping their own
household in order. A proper and becoming attention
to appearances is often a warrant of true respectability
of character; and it is sometimes said that you never
really know people till you have seen what their in-door
life is.

DID IT A PURPOSE.—Here is an anecdote by
some 'rag of a contemporary, which will excite your
risibles 'some—at any rate it cost us a sideache:—
"An honest farmer had an unruly bull, which had
a remarkable love for him, in a 'horn'; and a sin-
gular penchant for giving his friends and acquaintances
a 'lift in the world.' One day the old farmer was
driving the bull home much against his inclination,
and getting enraged he suddenly hoisted the old man
across the fence into the road, but fortunately only
slightly hurting him. The old man gained his equi-
librium, and then saw the enraged animal sawing
the air with his head and neck, and pawing the
ground. The good old man looked at him a moment,
and then shaking his fist at him exclaimed:—'Darn
your apologies—you needn't stand there, you tarnal
critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did a it purpose,
darn you.'—[Albany Knickerbocker.

The Rochester Times says:—"We could never
understand the reason why the man who sells a yard
of cloth, or a hoe, or an axe, or a pair of shoes, is
regarded by the community as a better or more res-
pectable man than he who made it—nor he who
sells a barrel of flour, or, or ships it off to another
country, than he who raises the wheat from which
it was manufactured."

There will be five Sundays in the month of Feb-
ruary this year. This will not again occur until the
year 1880.



The Literary Gem.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY PARTICULAR REQUEST.

Ah! why this long and lingering pain,
Why do I seek repose in vain,
In vain do close my eyes;
In vain I court the balmy sleep;
Restless and pale do lie and weep
While gentle slumber flies.

These tedious days and nights of grief,
These months of woe with no relief;
Ah! when will they be gone;
When will my tears and sighing cease;
When shall I greet thee smiling peace!
Or when will pleasure dawn!

Alas, the choicest balm no more,
Can this my wasting flesh restore;
I must resign my breath:
No more the healing art can give,
This dying frame the power to live,
Or stay the hand of death.

Farewell pa-pa and ma-ma dear;
If aught on earth could keep me here,
'Twould be my love to you;
But Jesus calls I must obey,
Jesus forbids a longer stay,
My dearest friends adieu.

Full fifteen months I staid to weep,
Now in the arms of death I sleep,
No more to mourn and cry,
Sickness and sorrow now are o'er,
I've fled to Canaan's happy shore,
To realms above the sky.

All hail ye infant choirs above,
Who sang the Saviours dying love
I now rejoice with you;
We've safely crossed the swelling flood
Washed in the all atoning blood
We'll join in anthems new.

[The above Lines were composed by ROBERT CAMPBELL, Esq. of Brooklyn, on the death of Br. A. LAW's child of Richmond Hill.]

THE PRESS AND LIBERTY.

In all ages of the world, where the rights of the mass of men have been protected, and the people have been allowed to act freely, we find literature, the arts and sciences—bravery and success in war, with vigor of mind and enterprise ever conspicuous. On the other hand, where the thoughts and actions of men, were subjected to the dictation of some tyrant or clique of aristocrats, be they in the shape of priests or laymen; we find a laggard spirit, an indifference to enterprise, and a sinking of all that is noble in man, to luxury and vicious tastes. Men to form a great and glorious nation must feel, that each has a share, a voice in, and power to govern the destinies of the country in which he lives. The units of magnanimity and resolution, united, give a character for boldness—progress in deeds and thought. Thus, we find, the superiority of Moses over the slaves of Pharaoh: The Israelites, although, they had long been oppressed, were, in the nature of a commonwealth, having a destiny to fulfil, which, each man took upon himself. Then, we find the feeble army of Athenians, with their General Miltiades on the plains of Marathon,

having only 10,000 freemen arrayed against a host of over a million Persian slaves and their king; the latter surrounded with wealth, defeat their enemies. The world never gazed on such a spectacle before or since. The Persians had no energy or mud, but the Athenians all acted as one body. The Spartans gained all their renown by individual enterprise. "Return" said the mothers and wives of Sparta, "with your shields and repose them." The Romans overran the whole world by their energy and individual prowess. Each Roman felt that his country, its glory, and rights were his own. Thought and action, brooking no superior, but his heaven gods, made him a mighty representation of the freedom and valour of his whole countrymen. Compare in olden times, the free or free nations, with those enslaved or under the rule of some luxurious Darius or Sardanapalus, and the striking difference is at once seen. The little Republics of Greece, shed a halo of glory in arms and literature, over the world for many centuries. Thought, free and untrammelled, had its scope, hence, the results succeeding, we find the bold and manly Roman; at first, virtuous, patriotic, and free; then free learned but vicious. Roman liberty expired with Cassius and Brutus. Behold, the opposite types of tyrants, in Antony, Cæsar, and Augustus.—The Israelites, Grecians, Romans and Carthaginians, excelled all ancient nations, in valour, enterprise, and thought. They were free to a great extent, until enslaved by kings and armies. The same striking effect of liberty of thought and action in nations, is noticeable in modern Europe. Switzerland, Holland a century ago, France when acting as a whole, England on her little Islands; and, lastly, the proud and towering Republic of America: have been, and are distinguished for advancement, notably in arms, but in literature. The greatest instrument for effecting the universal and speedy enlightenment of mankind, is the Press. Give a nation a free and learned Press, with untrammelled religion, and it will be at once, energetic learned and humane. The spirit of the religion of Christ is pre-eminently in favor of freedom of thought, and individual social freedom. Tyrants well know the power of the Press in a free nation. Hence, the thunders of Italian tyrants—the proscription of a Nicholas—the censorship of Austria, Spain, Prussia, and now of degraded France. It is England's bulwark and safety, and America's safeguard and glory. Licentiousness in the Press is an evil, but, it is a less one, as compared with its total thralldom. The people, if virtuous, will make the Press what it ought to be. Give a nation a free Press and all other things will follow. Read below, and deeply value oh! sons of a Saxon race, the blessings of liberty and a free Press. Let us love our civil and religious rights; and feel that each citizen, has a mighty stake in the welfare of his country.

THE PRESS IN SPAIN.—The *Epoca* gives an account of the prosecutions instituted against the Madrid press, by the existing cabinet, which has not been in power quite a year. The *Europa* has been suppressed and fined 30,000 reals; the *Mundo Nuevo*, the *Murgu*, and the *Tribuna del Pueblo*, have been repeatedly seized, fined, and have ceased to appear; the *Nacion* has been seized eleven times, and fined 20,000 reals, and has an editor in prison; the *Heraldo* has been seized ten times, is printed under surveillance of the police, and has one of its editors in prison; the *Constitucional* has been seized three times, and fined 20,000 reals; the *Epoca* seized seven times; the *Observador*, the *Catolico*, and the *Notedades* have also been seized several times.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS UNDER M. BONAPARTE.—The most rigid censorship continues to be exercised over the press. Such of the journals of the Opposition as have yet appeared do so without leading articles, with the exception of the *Pays* which, however, for some time previous to the *coup d'etat*, was favourable to the re-election of the President and the repeal of the law of 31st May. Severe control continues to be exercised, not merely on the journals in the capital, but on those coming from the departments, and which, there is reason to believe, will not cease until the termination of the elections.—Under such circumstances it is evident that for intelligence from the departments we have chiefly to trust to the accounts published by the Government, which, of

course, put the best face on the matter. The *Charter* has re-appeared. It announces that, for the future shall simply discuss the arts and literature. It also do its political character, both in its articles and in its features. This announcement is signed by two local editors, M. M. Louis Huart and Clement Carague! The third, M. Taxile Delord, has resigned. Serious difficulties are stated to have arisen between Emile Girardin and the shareholders of the *Press*. The latter have commenced proceedings to enforce the re-publication of the journal. The Tribunal of Seine has issued an order to M. Girardin to that effect, but the paper has not yet appeared. M. Girardin is to have relinquished his connexion with the *Press*, director and principal editor. The English journal, *Sunday*, which had been detained at the post the day of the day, were delivered on Monday morning to the public, and their delivery has not been interrupted, and it has been made with the accustomed regularity.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

Lake Erie, says the Dublin Magazine, is sixty or seventy feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 450 feet deep, is 230 feet below the level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast extent, on the level with Lake Ontario.

Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water the three great Lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run into Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will count for the fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the Lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others.

As the falls of Niagara must have always existed it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these got into the Upper Lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the Lakes.—[Detroit Daily Advertiser.]

This extract was taken by the Detroit paper, Frazer's Dublin Magazine, we think, and has been in the rounds of nearly all the Provincial papers. We allude to it because the suggestions are incorrect, indeed, it is well known that several of its assertions are so. It is incorrect to say that the *Sea Salmon* and *Herring* are found in the Upper Lakes. This is so. The *Sea Salmon* and *herring* found in Lake Ontario are not found in any of the Lakes above Niagara Falls; at least, if it be so, we never heard of it. We have lived near and visited Lakes Huron, and Michigan during the last twenty years, never heard of either of these species of fish being found in the Upper Lakes. The common salmon, trout, white fish, both fresh water fish, are found in all American Lakes above and below the Falls. The salmon and herring come up the St. Lawrence from the sea and visit all lakes and rivers in communication with St. Lawrence river below the Falls. The solution of the flux and reflux of the lakes can be accounted for on other grounds than therein stated. It is unnecessary to suppose a subterranean river to account for this. The flux and reflux are caused by a less evaporation, a greater humidity or aridity of the atmosphere in some periods and more especially by northern snows and rains falling more at some periods than others. Then considering the great expanse of the lakes and the length of American summers, as well as the vast quantity of water passing over the Falls, the loss of water from the lakes can easily be accounted for. An immense quantity of water is drawn into the atmosphere to water the great plains and forests of America. We question the fact of the bottom of Lake Ontario being 230 feet below the level of the ocean, currents of subterranean water may extend from lake to lake but not such a conjecture is suggested in this article.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, February 2, 1852.

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

From the New York Reformer.

MESS TO THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

BY MISS A. CROSS.

Sons of Temperance, courage take,
Let all your love of kindred wake;
If all your duty now be done,
Sure, soon the vict'ry will be won.

For lo! your brothers of the East
Have conquered, and are now at peace,
With that tyrant whom you're fighting,
Which our country now is blighting.

Let now your banner be unfurled,
Display your motto to the world;
, may ere long its language be,
The Empire State behold is free!

Break the ranks of King Alcohol;
Make all his cowering armies fall;
O, give no quarter—parley not;
Too long like cowards you have fought.

Like a band of valiant brothers,
Stay the tears of weeping mothers;
A sister's hopes, they shall not fail,
For truth and right will yet prevail.

verp, 1852.

OUR TETOTAL CREED.

Abstinance from the manufacture, sale, and
all intoxicating drinks, and no letting of build-
others, either for making or selling such
as; moral suasion alone for the drunkard,
al and legal suasion combined, for the drunk-
er; no voting for rumocratic candidates, ei-
er state, county, town, or city officers;—a
of all business patronage from places where
ing drinks are either made, sold, or drunk,
—and establishments of a moral and tetotal char-
—and a harmonious and constant co-operation
all tetotal organizations, for the suppression
manufacture, the traffic, and the use of alco-
verages; and also, legislative protection
plan and principles of the State of Maine.—
ct.

cut the above from an American exchange
and must say with it that our tetotal creed is
e. There is no use in playing with evil. If
and use of intoxicating drinks in society be
which all right thinking men admit, then
old as consistent men put them down in eve-
within our power. So long as we cling to
ature alcohol—so long as we countenance
n any way, we are indirectly guilty of the
d off our fellow man who fills the drunkard's
Vote not, therefore, for men who uphold
r traffic. No truly sincere and conscientious
do so. Prefer, if within your power, tem-
lms to those selling liquor, and likewise all
f business if convenient, where the sale of
avoided, to those where it is practiced. The
of temperance have enough to struggle with,
ld receive our preference. Let no Son who
sincerely, allow the columns of his newspaper,

for the sake of a little patronage, to hold up for sale
to the public, *Wines and Liquors*. Be sincere,
friends, and give up a little gold for a cause which
you say on your lips, is just. The above remarks
are prompted by the receipt of this letter. Example
is every thing; and if we cannot forego a little pro-
fit, what are we worth as Sons?

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

Bytown, Jan. 15, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late number of your inter-
esting journal, I found the following sentence: "So
long as we have taverns, so long will we have
drunkards." With this I fully agree; and as a
circumstance has lately taken place which bears
somewhat on this point, I have to request your opin-
ion on the matter.

At the late municipal election in a town in Cana-
da West, there were four candidates for municipal
honors, all professing the same line of politics, two
of them practical teetotalers, one a moderate drink-
er, and one a tavern keeper. In one ward resided
several members of one of the subordinate divisions
of the Sons of temperance, who are voters—amongst
others the W. P. With him all the candidates differ
in political opinion and religious belief. He, as well
as some others, voted for the teetotaler, the moder-
ate drinker, and the tavern-keeper.

Now, with the above declaration on your part,
and as a Son of Temperance, I ask you, if, in your
opinion, he acts correctly? Was this course be-
coming a member of our Order? Was it compati-
ble with the voluntary pledge to discountenance the
use of alcoholic drinks? Can such an act be just-
ified, or was it politic? Was his vote consistent
with his obligation? Did he thus properly repre-
sent the division over which he presides, or can
such a manner of proceeding tend to elevate the
principles of our association in the minds of think-
ing men?

Yours fraternally,
A MEMBER OF No. 224.

TEMPERANCE PAPERS SHOULD BE READ BY THOSE WHO ARE OPPOSED TO US.

It gives us pleasure to know and hear that per-
sons are frequently brought into divisions by reading
this paper. Two individuals have, within a few
months, joined the Ontario division from perusing
it. A young friend of ours came to us the other
day, and remarked that by lending his copy to a
young man, he had induced him to consent to join a
division. Now, this we say not because we think
our paper has more influence than others, but sim-
ply to show that we must not keep our light hid un-
der a bushel. The great object Sons should have
in view, is to convert others honestly to their views.
Be not hasty in bringing men into divisions, but
still do so by convincing them thoroughly of the
benefit of the Order. There can be no more effec-
tive way of informing the minds of others, than by
letting, or getting them to read and subscribe for
some good temperance paper. Remember that every
man that you induce to join the Sons, is one saved,
perhaps, from the drunkard's grave. In achieving
the conquest of any mind by argument and example
and inducing him to enroll his name in the temper-
ance ranks, you not only do a good act in the eyes of
God, but you are performing your duty as a man of
the world and a Son. Let every Son try to get
some friend and neighbor of his acquaintance to
take and read a temperance periodical for one year.
The expense will be trifling to him, and will on many
accounts be a blessing, even if the neighbor should

not join us. We believe our paper the past year
has been read by thousands who are not Sons. It
is our desire that those who are not such should
read it, so that they may imbibe temperance princi-
ples. In a few instances, thorough friends of the
cause of temperance in Canada, have taken extra
copies of us to distribute. We can do no harm by
alluding to a few of these most excellent men:—
They are Mr. Perry, of Cobourgh, Mr. Ketchum, of
Buffalo, Messrs. Whittemore, Freeland, Bowes, E.
Lawson, Thomas Lawson, of Toronto, Hon. Mr.
Cameron, of Sarma, and J. Currie, of St. Catharines.
Many a man has been saved by the gift of a good
paper; and we wish all Sons would think it incum-
bent on them to take a little pains to circulate among
drinking men, temperance intelligence. It is much
better that tipping men should give a dollar or more
or less for a good paper, than to throw it away upon
a bar for liquor to injure themselves. We care not
by what means temperance information is spread;
but let us spread it in some way, and feel it as a
part of our duty to do so in every division in Canada.

TOWN OF CHATHAM DIVISIONS.

There are two divisions in this growing town:—
When we visited Chatham, in 1833, it could scarcely
be called a village. Now it is one of the most thriv-
ing, go-a-head places in Western Canada, situated
on the fine river Thames and having a constant in-
tercourse with the rivers St. Clair and Detroit, and
the city of Detroit. Its population, we believe, ex-
ceeds 2,000, and the business done in it is great.—
There are two divisions—a good feature.

Officers of the first—Kent Division, No. 55, are
George Turnbull, W. P., James Burns, W. A.,
Husted Moe, R. S., and Henry Verrell, F. S.

Chatham Fountain Division, No. 216: principal
officers—Wm. Price, W. P., David Pratt, W. A.,
George Smith, R. S., and John Dickson, F. S.

Officers of Crystal Fountain, Section Cadets, No. 31:
Frederick O. Waters, Worthy Patron.

We want to hear of a Union of Daughters among
the good ladies of this town.

Br. Smith, of the Chatham Fountain Division, has
kindly sent us the names of these officers.

PETITION PARLIAMENT.

Houghton, Jan. 13, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen your extra, which
told us how to obtain your new volume, I hereby
enclose one dollar for a copy to be addressed to
Francis Kearney, Houghton P. O.

I think it would be no harm to advance a few
ideas in regard to the progress of temperance in
Canada.

Suppose there should be a petition, say styled a
"Provincial Petition," in this, or some other way
printed, as many copies as there are divisions of
in the Province, and send a copy to each divi-
sion, with a request that all would sign them,
and obtain what names they could to the same. I
think there could be nearly nine-tenths of the inhab-
itants of the Province obtained as subscribers for
such a law to be passed as in Maine, or a similar
liquor law; and, moreover, I think the Provincial
Parliament would not dare go contrary to the wishes
of such a formidable army as could thus be got up.

I would not have troubled you with this, had I not
seen in your Gem extra, what is there contained
concerning your desire to benefit back-woodsmen
and countrymen.

Yours truly,
FRANCIS KEARNEY.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Even in the happiest choice, where favouring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done—
The prize of happiness must still be won,
And oft the careless find it to their cost
The lover in the husband may be lost.
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure
Love in his open face, wear the pleasing dress,
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his woe or woe
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bid you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear—
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
Eve's o'er your cold and ever-sacred urn
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

LORD LITTLETON.

OSHAWA DIVISION.

PRESENTATION OF A BANNER TO THE OSHAWA DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE, BY THE LADIES OF OSHAWA.—On Friday evening last, the 17th Jan., the Ladies of Oshawa presented the Sons of Temperance of that village with a most beautiful Banner, as a token of respect for them and a manifestation of the interest they take in the success of the great and glorious cause which they are united to perpetuate. Previous to the ceremony of presentation taking place, the company sat down to an excellent supper, which had been prepared by Mr. Henry Carswell, whose experience and skill as a Baker and Confectioner was fully demonstrated, and acknowledged by those present in a manner not to be mistaken. After supper the Ladies came upon the platform, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Thornton, who addressed the members of the order on their behalf, after which they presented the Banner. Dr. Wm. McGill then replied on behalf of the Division in his usual happy and masterly style, and closed by thanking the Ladies for their valuable gift, and the lively interest manifested by them for the success of the glorious cause in which they (the Sons) were engaged. After the Dr. had concluded, the Rev. Messrs. Climie, Byrne, Thornton and Hoag, addressed the meeting, and all seemed deeply interested and highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. We thought the Banner was beautifully executed, but would have liked it better had it been of Canadian manufacture. We do not believe in the principle of employing Brother Johnathan to do our work, and sending our spare cash across the lines, when we have in our own Province artists equally as competent for the task, and who stand as much in need of the "needful." The Sons of Bowmanville got their Flag executed in Toronto at a few hours' notice, and we think it would bear comparison with the Oshawa Banner, notwithstanding our neighbours sent all the way to Rochester to have it done right!

LIVERPOOL TEMPERANCE.

I stopped at Brown's Temperance Hotel, Clayton Square, and can recommend it to all strangers visiting Liverpool.

Liverpool is a large city, and presents a very business like appearance. I was struck with the solid, substantial look of everything I saw on my arrival. Their extensive docks built at a vast expense, are celebrated the world over, and their houses, stores, and public buildings look as if they would stand forever.

I was in several small meetings of the Sons of Temperance while in the city, and am to return and lecture in one of the principal Halls as soon as I have time.—There are 33 Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Liverpool and Manchester, and about 1400 members. After a stop of a few days I came on here to London, through a beautiful country, re-

sembling the Western States in its general appearance, but very highly cultivated. Of the rail roads,—great temperance meetings in Exeter Hall,—and various other matters, I shall say something in my next.—FRANCIS W. KELLOGG.—[Correspondence of the Nova Scotia Athenaeum.]

A NOBLE ACT. □

MR. CLAY AND FATHER MATHEW.—Mr. Henry Grinnel, received last month, the following note from Henry Clay, which speaks for itself. It sets an example which our citizens can worthily follow:

ASHLAND, 9th Oct. 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: I observe that you have put in motion a plan for the relief of Father Mathew. I enclose a check of fifty dollars, my "mite" which I request you to apply to the fund which is being raised for him. With constant and friendly regard,
HENRY GRINNEL, Esq. H. CLAY.

A TEMPERANCE ITEM.—We recently conversed with a highly respectable magistrate of Fayette County, in this state, who, among other things, informed us that in his county, there is not a single tavern or other place where spirituous liquor is sold either in large or small quantities. Fayette is one of the richest portions of Ohio, and since the banishment of King Alcohol, there have been no paupers or other charge upon township trustees.

THE DRUNKENNESS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Under the legislation, pursued for two hundred years, has grown up all the intemperance of the State. And what an amount! In the city of New York, there were arrested between the 15th of July 1849, and the 31st of December, 1850, 26,675 persons for drunkenness; 29,190 for intoxication and disorderly conduct; 11,347 for vagrancy; 13,898 for assault and battery, 20,202 for disorderly conduct. Total, 111,360, nearly all the victims of the grog-shop. In 1849, there were committed to the prisons of the State 16,114 persons who had committed crimes under the influence of intoxication; and of the poor then in the poor-houses, two-thirds, or 58,260, were pronounced paupers from the drunkard's grave. Three hundred thousand in ten years! all under a system of legislation, which would regulate the traffic.

The Main Law meets the exigencies of the State; it furnishes the perfect protection which the people require at the hands of legislation from the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. FLOCK.

The following is a part of an address delivered to the Division, by Dr. Flock, a Brother in the Cumminsville Division, in Nov., 1851.

WORTHY PATRIARCH AND BRETHREN:—I have chosen for your edification and instruction, (I hope,) a subject which ought to be interesting to every Son of Temperance who is zealous in the cause, and who has the success and prosperity of our institution continually before his mind. I will endeavor to point out to you the properties of alcohol, and its effects upon vegetables, animals, and the constitution of man, and to show you the tendency it has to deprive man of his reason, to rob him of his riches, to render his home destitute of the charms which formerly it possessed, and his beloved family of the pleasures and happiness of the fire-side. In the first place let me state to you that the process of fermentation is not of modern date; it was known in the most remote ages of antiquity. The Sacred Historian tells us in the tenth chapter of Genesis that "Noah became a husbandman, planted a vineyard, drank of his wine and was drunken." This was 2348 years before Christ. Homer, one of the earliest of profane Historians, whose writings appeared 900 years before the Christian era, frequently speaks

of fermented liquors, and observed their effects on body and mind. The Egyptians, we are told, Heroditus, drank a liquor fermented from barley. The process of distillation was known in China before it was understood in any other part of Europe, Asia, or Africa. Olinensis is said to have taught in the 12th century; still it is supposed to have been known long before his time. Doubtless you are well acquainted with the properties of this body, soul destroying demon. It is a liquid, limpid, colorless, and inflammable, possessing a peculiar penetrating odor, and a livening taste, and upon present time it is not known by what means it can be solidified. It also possesses a very solvent property, and many substances which cannot be reduced by water are easily rendered soluble when alcohol is employed for the purpose. Its affinity for water is great, perhaps it is in consequence of this when a man has been seedy over night he calls for cold water in the morning. It is partly on account of its affinity for water, and partly by shutting out atmospheric air, that it is so useful in preventing putrefaction of animal matter, for by the exclusion of air and water two powerful promoters of putrefaction are removed: it is frequently used for the purpose in preserving animal preparations; it absorbs the watery part and renders solid the remainder—probably it is in consequence of its anti-putrefactive property that many drunk under the foolish erroneous idea that it will ward off contagious diseases.

Its effects upon vegetables are those of a rapid and fatal poison. It is said that when a plant has been immersed in alcohol, they lose their power of generating and frequently become useless, that upon plants they are the same as those of strychnine or Prussic acid. Ammonia has been employed to return life to plants destroyed by it, as late years has been recommended as a remedy against drunkenness. Whether it has proved successful or not I cannot say, not having seen it employed for this purpose.

When administered to inferior animals its tendency is to destroy them. Experimenters tell us that a leech be plunged in alcohol its body becomes shrivelled and contracted, and with a very little motion it dies in a few seconds. When introduced into the stomach of the frog it produces death almost immediately, and if it be applied to the limbs or neck it induces loss of motion and sensibility, which cannot be recovered from, even by the application of very strong stimulents and nitants. A celebrated physiologist laid bare the skull of a sparrow and introduced into its stomach a few drops of alcohol a few minutes he observed that it could not be itself either in flying or in walking, and stated it acted as it would if the cerebellum (that part of the brain which governs motion) had been removed, except that in the former case it was insensible and in the latter it would not be. It has a similar effect upon larger animals, and when they have been examined after death, inflammation has been found to have existed in the stomach.

What are the effects of alcohol or ardent spirits upon man? They depend upon the strength of the liquor, the quantity taken, and the constitution of the person using them.

The local effects are those of a powerful irritant and poison. When applied to a part it produces pain, heat, redness, and swelling, with the symptoms of inflammation. The local influence depends not wholly, upon the chemical influence which alcohol exerts over the tissues to which it has been applied, and the inflammation produced by its application depends upon the resistance which the tissues make to the irritation of the alcohol.

With reference to the remote effects, let me refer you to an extract from the work of a celebrated author on pharmacy. He says: "The remote effects of ardent spirits upon men may be conveniently considered in the order of their intensity, and for this purpose we may divide them into three degrees or grades. 1st. The mildest degree, or that of excitement. This is characterised by excitement of

and nervous system. The pulse is infrequently the face flushed, the eyes animated, perhaps red, the intellectual functions are excited, the individual is more disposed to joy and pleasure, cares disappear, the more easily and are more brilliant; at this the most violent protestations of love and are frequently made; there is a strong desire to talk, and various indiscretions are often committed (*In Vino Veritas*.) This degree I presume to be the one to which all persons are in drinking. The unfortunate man who drowns his cares, the coward to give him a more vivid for the sake of enjoying the society of his friends, the drunkard from mere sensual gratification perhaps would wish to go beyond this, when they have gone thus far exceed the moderate limit. The second degree is that of inebriation or drunkenness. The essential characteristic stage is a disordered condition of the intellectual functions, and volition, or will manifested in a manner, ranging in its character in different individuals; and by an incapability of governing the voluntary muscles. This state is accompanied with excitement of the muscular system, frequently with vomiting; there is an almost insatiable desire for sleep, which continues for several days, and when he wakes up there is headache, &c. The delirium depends as regards its origin upon the constitution and temperament of the individual; hence the terms, the surly, quarrelsome, the drunkard, &c. The third degree, or that of True apoplexy. This condition is usually produced when excessive quantities have been taken in a short time; the person can sometimes be roused, at other times he cannot, and death usually follows suffocation.

(To be Continued.)

GAINSBORO DIVISION.

St. ANNS, Jan. 16, 1852.

BROTHER:—I wish you to place my name in the books as a subscriber for the second volume, and also to send a copy to John Winters;—St. Anns, Lincoln County, C. W. I am about Gainsboro Division: This division is three months in existence, and consequently attained the stature of a perfect man; yet I hope to say we have the "fallow ground" broken, and the seed is beginning to be put in, in respect the gathering of an exuberant crop close of the winter campaign. I have a zeal, a union in sentiment, and union in action which bid fair to triumph over difficulties and opposition, although one is Legion and Hercules.

My brother is our W. P., and Jacob Upper

Fraternally yours,
G. M. GILMORE, P. W. P.

S. OF T. PETITION.

LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Whereas the undersigned inhabitants of the County of..... of New York, petition your Honorable body for a law that shall prohibit, under suitable penalties, the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that shall authorize the enforcement of the law, under suitable restrictions, to destroy all intoxicating liquors kept for sale in violation of the law. And your petitioner prays, etc.

TEMP. SOCIETY PETITION.

LEGISLATURE, THE SENATE AND ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Whereas the undersigned citizens of the State of New York, petition your Honorable bodies: That, for years past, the people of this State have been grievously afflicted and oppressed with the evils of Intemperance and

with Taxation for its support: that all Legislative action has failed of affording relief; being an attempt to regulate that which is evil, only evil, and that continually. Your petitioners hope in the adoption of the principle now in progress of application in the state of Maine; and they pray your Honorable bodies, that Legislation on this subject in our own State to be made conformable to that principle, that we may have protection from the traffic in intoxicating Liquors as a beverage, by a law of entire prohibition; and that, as your honorable bodies have recognized the right of the State to destroy the implements of the counterfeiter and the gambler, so you will feel it to be the duty and right of the State to seize and destroy all intoxicating Liquors kept for sale as a beverage; these being the implements of the liquor seller in the work of death.

Since the Liquor Law went into operation in Portland, Maine, it is said, that crime has decreased in that city seventy per cent.

The Youth's South Total Abstinence Society, Liverpool, held its quarterly tea meeting, Nov. 13, at Richmond's Sons of Temperance Hotel, in that city. Temperance songs, recitations, and other amusements enlivened the occasion. The efforts to draw the youth of Liverpool from the haunts of dissipation appears to be quite successful.

GUELPHI SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

GUELPH, Jan. 17, 1852.

SIR:—Believing that it will be gratifying to you, and encouraging to the friends of our noble Order generally, to hear of the onward march, and successive conquests we are making in this locality, I have taken the liberty to pen a few lines for insertion in your valuable journal.

About eighteen months ago I left your busy and thronged city to take up my residence in Guelph; at that time the Order of the Sons of Temperance had scarcely been heard of in this part of the country; but having an impression that if a division could be established, it would tend to the amelioration of the habits and circumstances of the people generally, and especially of those addicted to intemperance. I drew up an application for a charter, and after procuring some twelve or fourteen names, forwarded it to Bro. Dick, D. G. W. P. In about one week after the application had been transmitted, Bro. Dick came and organized the Division; but I must say, under very unfavorable circumstances.—For about six weeks after this, we were obliged to meet in a private house; and met with but little encouragement.

About this time the old Temperance Society gave their mid-summer soiree; and we, for the first time, appeared as a division in full regalia, which caused no small degree of excitement. This gave an impetus, too, to our prosperity, almost incredible.—our numbers increased, we became quite popular, and now the general feeling is in our favor. The division numbers between 150 and 200 members—all "good and true."

In about one month after the division had been organized, a Section of Cadets was opened, of which your correspondent was the first W. P. Through the establishment of this branch of the temperance movement, a vast amount of good has been accomplished; and the sum total that may yet be accomplished cannot be estimated, until eternity reveals the fact. The Section numbers between fifty and sixty members; this number includes two-thirds of the youths of the locality, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen years.

We have also a Union of the Daughters of Temperance, which will doubtless accomplish much good in time. They have not been established long enough to judge what effect the mighty influence of the fair sex possess, to say what will be the result. I am glad to be able to state, however, that their numbers are increasing; and the impression—very prevalent some time ago—that it was an useless institution, is fast being removed. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me, I will enlarge upon the point in a future communication, "on the sphere in

which it is intended they should move." I believe the Union numbers about 30 members.

On Tuesday evening, the 23d ult., the Section gave a social tea-meeting: in which the Sons and Daughters heartily joined,—making the temperance family complete—Sons, Daughters, and Cadets, all associated together. It being the first time Daughters appeared in regalia, considerable excitement was manifested, and on their entrance into the hall, the Section sang that beautiful ode commencing

"Welcome sisters, welcome ever,
To our social, friendly band."

Several Rev. gentlemen, and others, together with different members of the Section, addressed the assembly on the occasion. The company separated about nine o'clock, after spending a most agreeable and pleasant evening.

On Friday, Jan. 9, the old Temperance Society hold their annual winter festival, which was very well attended. One circumstance connected with the proceedings of the day, excited considerable interest,—and that was the presentation of a beautiful volume of the Holy Scriptures to the Daughters of Temperance, by the Guelph Division. The Bible was presented on behalf of the division by the Rev. J. J. Braine, our late Chaplain, that gentleman making a most admirable and interesting speech, which was replied to by Mrs. Hall, the D. G. P. S., on behalf of the Daughters.

The cause is onward; and we anticipate the day is not very far distant, when intemperance shall be known only as a thing that is past.

Yours, in the bonds of the Order,
E. JACKSON.

EASTERN SONS.

KEMPTVILLE, Jan. 23, 1852.

SIR AND BROTHER:—It is with great pleasure I inform you that another bulwark to impede the progress of intemperance has been erected in this Township, at a place called Hick's Corners, eight miles distant from Kemptville. In connection with my brothers of Kemptville Division, No. 16, I succeeded in organizing a division, No. 342, and altho' the place is of small extent, yet we have 15 charter members, and seven or eight have been initiated since during these two weeks. Bro. Alvin Beach, is W. P.

Kemptville Division is in an excellent state at present; members join our ranks every night.—Bro Henry L. Hagerman is W. P., and Bro. W. J. McDowell, R. S. for the present term. Our night of meeting is Tuesday. No. 342 meets on Wednesday night.

Yours truly,
WM. HENRY FANNIN, D.G.W.P.

A GOVERNOR'S OPINION.

The Governor of New York State, in his recent address to the Legislature, uses this language which pretty clearly shows the cause of crime in that great commonwealth:—

"An extraordinary number of capital offences and a considerable increase of other crimes, have made the last a memorable year in the judicial annals of the State. This melancholy fact must be attributed in a large degree to the prevalence of intemperance in our cities and larger towns—a growing evil which has become the most prolific source of wretchedness, pauperism and crime."

TEMPERANCE.—Mike Walsh created a little merriment in the House yesterday by offering a resolution granting the use of the Hall to the Hon. E. L. Snow, for Tuesday evening next, for the purpose of delivering a temperance lecture. Leave was granted, of course. Col. Snow is one of the New York delegation elected on temperance grounds, and is an able and effective speaker.—[Daily State Register.]

WINTER.

Stormy Winter comes again,
 Bringing snow, and hail, and rain,
 Beating 'gainst the window-pane—
 Rudely knocking at the door!
 Boreas hails to-night a rout—
 See the shutters bolted about,
 Fasten all the doors about,
 Stormy Winter is without—
 God have mercy on the poor!

On the poor, half-clad in shreds,
 Through whose low and leaky sheds
 Snows beat down on aching heads,
 Piled on the naked floor;
 He that looks, may there behold
 Side by side, the young and old,
 Shrivelled arms the babe entold—
 Oh! how dreadful is the cold—
 God have mercy on the poor!

See, the famishes' infant prest
 To the food, but empty breast,
 While the mother bends distress,
 Dropping tears upon the floor;
 Thou who hear'st the ravens cry,
 Here look down with pitying eye—
 Send them manna from the sky,
 Or, let birds their bread supply—
 God have mercy on the poor!

Hark! the storm is raging yet—
 Who beside his fire can sit,
 And the sufferers forget
 Shivering on the frozen moor?
 Ye, who downy pillows press,
 Ye, whose limbs soft robes caress,
 Pity and relieve distress!
 Oh, the storm is pitiless—
 God have mercy on the poor!

GLANFORD SONS.

Extracts from the address of Brother Ferguson, delivered to the Glanford Division, Sons of Temperance, in Nov., 1851.

The following is a part of the above address. We regret that our limits will not allow the whole. It will be recollected that many divisions have a right to share in our columns, and we must divide them between all.

BROTHERS:—We, as a body, should be united. The success of our cause, and the triumph of truth, depend upon unity of feeling, and concert of action. No cause, however good, no reform, however God-like, can succeed unless its supporters are united.—Think you that that little band of patriots, who, in defiance of tyranny and usurpation, pledged their "lives, fortunes, and sacred honours" to defend the liberties and rights of their countrymen, could have succeeded against the enemies of a scripted tyrant, if they had not been united in the glorious cause? Ah, no! To this day *Cæsar* *Gracianus* would have been shaven,—braves of wood and drawers of water; her allies of liberty would have been broken down; her eagle would have taken its flight to other shores, if the hearts and minds of those great men had not been one in the cause of freedom, humanity and right. The Order of the Sons has progressed to a much greater extent than even our most sanguine expectations had dared to hope. Its success since 1849 has no parallel in the histories of other societies. And it is this day exerting an influence, a moral power which is felt in the very heart of the world. Our work is a benevolent one, and presages a brighter day for the world. And why all this?—What is the mystery of the success of those who have been engaged in abolishing the old practice of ruining one's self, and spreading misery on all around, and of establishing the world wide dispensation of freedom from the tyrant alcohol? It is found in the truth and justice of our cause, and not in that alone, but in the unity of the efforts which have distinguished those who have been fighting the good fight. And is it not reasonable to conclude that our future success depends upon our harmony, union,

and devotedness? Most certainly. If we are divided amongst ourselves, if there are wranglings, alienation of feeling, and unprofitable disputations in our midst, what can we expect but the utter destitution of the spirit and life of temperance. We have to contend, it is true, with odds in some places. The wealth, the popularity, the influence of the religious and anti-religious society are arrayed against us. Deep-rooted prejudices, long-cherished errors, bigotry that has no head to reason, or heat to feel, are all combined to stay the progress of our cause, and chain us down to antiquated systems—systems, thread-bare and worn out, and which emphatically belong to the dark ages. To meet this influence—to overcome the obstacles that oppose the progress of our principles, we need to concentrate all our powers, and unite all our energies. We can accomplish nothing without this. If we are distracted with intestine commotion—if the harmony of our union is disturbed by feuds and petty wranglings, can we expect to succeed against the combined powers that are arrayed in one mighty phalanx against us? Most assuredly not. "United we stand, divided we fall." United, no earthly arm can arrest the progress of the truth of our order; divided, we become as helpless as the sleeping infant. United, the Son of truth shall pour down its glory upon a darkened and united world. Divided, error shall spread its sable curtains over all that is beautiful and lovely in the moral creation. Then, as we love *Temperance*, as we would see it nobly marching forward, from conquering to victorious conquest, let us waive all profitless disputes, drop all exciting subjects, abandon forever every cause of offence, and let charity do her perfect work in such a manner that brotherly love shall continue.

The third, and last reason why we should dwell together in love and peace is drawn from the nature of the cause we profess to advocate. Immaterial what the requirements of other temporal societies are, they do not come up to the high and God-like requirements of the Sons of Temperance. We claim not only an equal share of moral power with other systems, but we claim purer, higher, and holier moral influence. The reason is obvious. We live in harmony; we reduce our doctrine to practice, and know by experience "how sweet and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Again, our existence here will not always be one. Is it not much better to live in peace and harmony, than be devouring one another, or injuring our fellow man?

We have something else to do. We can all do something towards hastening that happy time when temperance, peace, brotherly love, and fraternal good shall become universal. When intemperance shall cease and all conflicts shall be laid in perpetual harmony, and peace with her olive branch, her mild sceptre, shall rule the riotous. We can all do something to hasten this glorious period. And how? By acting well our part; by performing in a faithful manner the duty which our cause requires. It should be our constant aim to strive to snatch the medicine from his cup, and to encourage all who are engaged in the same work. And especially we, who are bound up by the ties of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, and who are engaged in a glorious and blessed cause, should ever strive to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. What if we do not all see alike upon questions of minor importance? What if we do not all feel disposed to adopt precisely the same measures on all matters? Let us be charitable and forgiving, love one another.

JOHN W. FERGUSON.

Sir:—As the address was delivered by the above subscriber, the W. P., some time since, and by a vote of the Division the request was to be made to you to insert it in the Gem if you think it worthy of the space it will occupy, you can do so.

Our Division remains steady as yet. My compliments to you and family.

Yours, as I. P. and F.,
 DAVID K. CHICATE, P. W. P.,
 Glanford Division, S. of T.

THE LIQUOR LAW

OPINION OF THE U. S. S. COURT.—A correspondent requests us to publish the opinions of the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a Massachusetts case, argued against the Massachusetts law, Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate. The Judges were unanimous in sustaining the Massachusetts law, and in giving the power of the States, not only to restrain and regulate the liquor traffic, but to prohibit it.

Chief Justice Taney said "If any State deems retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, I see nothing in the Constitution to prevent from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether."

Mr. Justice McLean said, "No person can interfere into a community malignant diseases, or any thing that contaminates its morals or endangers its safety."

Mr. Justice Catron said, "If the State has the power of restraint by license to any extent, she may go the length of prohibiting sales altogether."

Mr. Justice Daniel said of imports that are under all control of the Government, "They are like all property of the citizen, whether owned by the importer or his vendee, or may have been purchased by package, bale, piece or yard, or by hogsheads, cask or bottles." In answering the argument that the importer purchases to sell when he pays to Government, Justice Daniel continues to say, "No such right is chased by the importer; he cannot purchase for Government that which it could not insure to be sold independently of the laws and policy of the State."

And Mr. Justice Grier said, "It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, crime, which have their origin in the use and sale of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exercised in the States, is alone competent to correct these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect the purpose are within the power of that authority. All laws for the restraint or prevention of crime, or the preservation of the public health, and morals, are from their very nature, of primary importance, and lie at the foundation of social existence. They are for the protection of life and property, and necessarily compel all laws on subjects of social importance, which relate only to property, contract or luxury, to recede when they come in contact with *Salus populi suprema lex*. The extent of the social compact require that such laws be executed and above all others. It is for this reason that the police laws, which protect public health, compel commercial regulations to submit to their control, restrain the liberty of the passengers, they operate as a check upon the agents of navigation. They inspect and crew the cargo and cast it overboard. All these are done, not from any power which the State is to regulate commerce, or to interfere with the regulation of Congress, but because police laws for the prevention of crime and protection of the public welfare necessarily have full and free operation, according to exigency that requires their interference. If a vessel were to come to the U. States from a distant port, and the cargo were to be found to be a thousand fold in the breadth, wealth, and happiness of the people."

Thus, all the Judges of the United States Supreme Court re-affirmed and corroborated the decision of the Massachusetts State court that the entire control of intoxicating drinks is within the legitimate power of the State Legislature.—*Aguste eye*.

CARBONEAR.

An extensive library in connection with the Temperance has been set on foot here during the week. A room is to be appropriated for the purpose in the Temperance Hall (now well on towards completion) where a selected Librarian will be in attendance to deliver out the books. The handsome catalogue of names has been presented to the "Sons" by J. Harbison Gracey, Esq. in furtherance of this object. *Harbison Gracey Herald, November, 19.*

OHIO.

The Grand Division closed its annual meeting in Cincinnati on the 30th October. Nearly one hundred members were in attendance, more than twenty being initiated at the previous session. The Convention declared unanimously in favor of making efforts to secure the enactment, by our Legislature, of the law of Maine, on the subject of the Sale



Agriculture.

LABOUR.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Here from the burning iron's breast,
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intense glow—
! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
No head beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
! deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now—
! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

! ye who plough the sea's blue field,—
Who ride the restless wave,
Toath whose gallant vessel's keel,
There lies a yawning grave,
And whose bark the wintry winds
Like friends of fairy race—
! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

! ye upon whose fever'd cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night,
No labour for the weans of men,
Champions of truth and right—
! though ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

! all who labour—all who strive—
! ye wield a loftier power;
! with ever might, do with your strength;
! all ever golden hour!
! glorious privilege to do
! man's most noble duty,
! to your birthright and yourselves,
! to your own souls be true!
! weary wretched life is theirs
! who have no work to do.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.

cannot rise through a great depth of milk, as it is desired to retain its cream for a time. Do put into a deep narrow dish: and if it be so fire it most completely of cream, it should be put into a broad flat dish, not much exceeding in depth. The evaporation of cream is facilitated, and retarded by a depression of temperature: the usual temperature of the dairy, 50 deg., all the cream will probably rise in 36 hours. 50 deg. it will perhaps all rise in half that time when the milk is kept near the freezing point: cream will rise very slowly, because it is naturally solidified.

In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not thundersy weather. The season has its use, the milk in spring is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best for cows in summer pastures to be milked, and in autumn, the butter keeping better than that of the summer, cows less fed, give milk than other give new milk and come out very much better. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The first down milk of each milk of all times and seasons, is richer than the first down which is the poorest.

PIGS—GREAT YIELD.

Mr David Hayward, of Smith's Creek, K C., brought to market a few days since, eight pigs of one litter, and only 8 months old, having been pigged in April, of the undermentioned weights when dressed, viz—349, 348, 368, 304, 307, 367, 325, 336. Total 2616 lbs., which at 4d. 5-r per lb. yielded him £51 10s. 6d.

Mr Hayward challenges the Province to beat this—
[Telegraph St. John's.

HORSES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The herds of wild horses present a beautiful spectacle when they are alarmed in their native wilds by the intrusion of an army.—Instead of flying, as the deer and other timid animals, they gallop round in compact masses of many thousands, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitering the strangers; and frequently advancing boldly to within a few yards of the line of march, where they halt to gaze at the troops, snorting and showing every sign of astonishment and displeasure, especially at the sight of the cavalry. These droves are always headed by fine-looking old barshaws, whose flowing manes and tails plainly show that they have never been subject to man's control; and in the rear the mares and colts follow. There is a singular looking breed of horses found among the mountains, very diminutive in size; not neatly formed like ponies, but rather resembling cart-horses in miniature. They have large shaggy manes, very rough coats, and thick fetlocks covered with long hair. They are never shod, nor are their hoofs ever pared, so that the horny part projects forward, in some instances, to nearly a foot in length. This gives the animal a most awkward appearance, and suggests the idea of people walking with snow-shoes, yet, notwithstanding this apparent encumbrance, they are very sure-footed little animals, and considered equal to mules on bad rocky roads.

A MAMMOTH CHEESE.

We saw, on the counter of Mr T. H. McKenzie, the other day, a cheese of huge proportions, weighing 496 lbs. We are proud to say that this very creditable specimen of dairy produce is of Canadian manufacture. It was made by C. H. Winder, who resides near Ingersoll, in the township of Oxford. We have before us occasion to notice, favourably, the cheese made in the Township of Dereham, in the County of Oxford. From this last gigantic effort, we shall expect to see Oxford soon become to Canada, what Cheshire is to England. Our readers from the country, as well as those in town, should call and see the monster.—Dundas Warrier.

LARGE CHEESES.

Our friend, of the Dundas Warrier, makes a great do about a cheese at T. H. McKenzie's store. Dundas, weighing 406 lbs., but this is a small pattern to a couple we have at present in Town. If he will take a trip to Brantford, we will take much pleasure in showing him one at Mr Lewis's store, weighing 546 lbs. and another at Mr Craig's still heavier, weighing over 600 lbs. Haint this going the whole hog in the cheese line?—Brantford Courier.

THE BAMBHO.

There is no plant in Bengal that is applied to such a variety of useful purposes as the bamboo. Besides being employed in the construction of the implements of weaving, it is used for almost every conceivable purpose

to which wood is applied in other countries. It forms the posts and frames of the roofs of huts; scaffolding for building houses; portable stages used in the various professions of the natives; raised floors, for storing rice and various kinds of agricultural produce; it is made into various articles of furniture, such as chairs, beds, and tables; and is used in the construction of bridges across creeks, for fences around houses and gardens, as a cover in raising water for irrigation; and as stepping-stones, jetty stations, akharas, &c. It is the material of which several agricultural implements are made, as the harrow, and hawkes, dooles or liens, and hoes are all made of it. The common mode of carrying light goods is to suspend them from the ends of a piece of split or hoed, club breakers, &c. Hackenes or carts, bamboo ladders across the shoulder. The shafts of javalins or spears, and haws and arrows, clubs, fishing rods, &c. are formed of it. It is employed in the manufacture of fire-works, as rockets &c. A joint of it serves as a holder for various articles, as pens, small instruments, and tools, and as a case in which things of little bulk are sent to a distance. The eggs of the silk worm were thus brought from China to Constantinople in the time of Justinian. A joint of it also answers the purpose of a bottle, and is used for holding milk, oil, and various fluids; and a section of it constitutes the measure for liquids in bazars. A piece of it, of small diameter, is used as a blow pipe, to kindle the fire, and by gold and silver-smiths in melting metals. It also supplies the place of a tube in a distilling apparatus. A cleft bamboo is employed as a conduit for conveying water from the roofs of huts. Split into small pieces, it is used for making baskets, coops for poultry, bird cages, and traps for fishing. A small bit of it, split at one end, serves as a tong to take up burning charcoal; and a thin slip of it is sharp enough to be used as a knife in shelling betel nuts, &c. Its surface is so hard, that it answers the purpose of a whetstone, upon which the ryots sharpen their billhooks, sickles, &c.

NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

The New-Orleans Medical Register contains an article by Professor Stone of the virtues of "Phosphate of Lime in Scrofula and other depraved states of the System," which is of some moment. It was suggested by an essay in the London Lancet on the "physiology and pathology of the oxalate and phosphate of lime, and their relation to the formation of cells."

"The conclusions of the author (says Professor Stone) are based upon careful chemical research and results from the use of the remedy. His researches show that in man, as well as in vegetables and inferior animals, phosphate of lime as well as albumen and fat, is absolutely essential for the formation of cells, and he considers that many of the pathological states of the system depend upon a deficiency of this salt. The affections in which it has been advised are ulcerations dependent upon a general dyscrasia, and not a mere local affection, infantine atrophy; in those suffering from ricket, and consequent diarrhea and tuberculous diseases, particularly of the lungs in the early stages."

Struck by this article Professor Stone tested it, and he thus describes three cases in which its virtues were very obvious. The first was that of a slave who was admitted to the Professor's infirmary in July, with a disease of the nose, the whole system showing great progress in scrofulous decay. The usual remedies were unsuccessfully applied until August, when cod liver oil was used, but the disorganization of the stomach was increased by it. The phosphate of lime was then applied—eight grains three times a day; its good effects were soon apparent. It and the oil were therefore administered together, and the patient soon was restored to health.

The second case is that of a young lady aged 24. Her disease was one of "consumed phthisis, which might have been expected to terminate in the course of a few months" fatally. The upper part of both of her lungs was filled with tubercles, and in some places was beginning to soften. The case was evidently a bad one. The treatment of cod liver oil was at first used, but without marked improvement. The phosphate of lime was then administered with the oil, and the result, as in the case of the negro, was soon apparent. The patient was rapidly getting well.

The third case was that of a child seven years of age, in which the phosphate of lime was used with complete success.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.
RISING STAR DIVISION.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me again to occupy a small space in your Gem.

The anniversary tea meeting of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School, came off on the 30th Dec., at the Primitive Methodist Chapel; the day was very unfavorable. However, about 100 of the Sabbath School children marched in procession, with the Sons and Cadets of our division. The Richmond Hill division and Cadets being present. Likewise, after the cloth was removed, several interesting dialogues commenced between the children of the school. We noticed especially the one between Miss E. Savage and Miss M. J. Edwards; and there were several recitations, likewise very good. After an excellent address, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gledhill, the meeting separated until 7, P. M., when the temperance lectures commenced.

The W. P., Bro. Lever, being called to take the chair, the meeting was first addressed by the Rev. Mr. Nichols, P. W. P., of our Division; after which an interesting dialogue took place on temperance, between Miss S. Lever and Miss Fletcher, which called forth great applause. Next, Mr. Ashton Fletcher, the W. A. of our Cadets, addressed the meeting, directing his discourse chiefly to the Section. The meeting was next addressed by E. Dyer, D. G. W. P., Richmond Hill, the Rev. Mr. Gledhill; and last by the soul stirring voice of the Rev. Robt. Dick, of Toronto. This worthy brother addressed the meeting for some length of time, displaying his talents to great advantage.

During the addresses of the above named gentlemen, our W. P. had his heart so warmed in the cause, that in his closing remarks, he gave a challenge to the whole audience, that if there was a single individual in the whole assembly that would lift his hand to become a Son, he (the W. P.) would abandon the pernicious habit of smoking; so long as that individual would remain a Son of Temperance. The challenge was immediately accepted by a young man named Ganton Thompson. No sooner had the young man taken down his hand, than the pipe of the W. P. was dashed in fragments at the feet of the audience. This young man, along with four others, has since surrendered up the poison cup, dashed down the cloqua rite bowl, and joined our ranks, determined by the blessing of God, never more to be bit by the serpent or stung by the adder. Our numbers are still increasing, propositions for membership and injurious services, are our weekly employments. Powerful arguments and gentle words are the weapons of our warfare.

I have likewise to inform you that we have returned Mr. J. Stoenburgh, the T. of our division, as a license inspector. But still we meet with some that are opposed to our cause. Individuals that profess to take so much interest in the cause should be more liberal, in order that tracts, pamphlets, and periodicals, such as the Literary Gem, Temperance Advocate, and others may be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. When this is done new divisions will be formed, where the name of our cause exists. Should there be any individuals who will stand aloof from our cause, let it not be told in Gath or published in the streets of Askelon, lest the friends of the pot should rejoice, lest the demons of darkness should triumph.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,
W. TRUDGEN, R. S.

Markham, Jan., 14, 1852.

RISING STAR DIVISION, No. 176.

Postage.—Whereas several communications have been received by our division without the postage being paid, for the future we have adopted this law, that no communication shall be received by this division without the postage is previously paid, except from the Grand division, we being willing to post pay all that is sent from our division. All communications for the present quarter must be addressed

to Wm Trudgen, Richmond Hill, and office Yonge street, C. W.

W. TRUDGEN, R. S.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

To the Editor of the Guelph Herald.

SIR AND BROTHER:—I have the pleasure of informing you that the Hon. Adam Ferguson (of Woodhill) has presented the Fergus Division S. of T. with an elegant framed Portrait of Father Mathew, which I was directed to communicate to you, and request you to give it publicity in the Herald. You will please use your own judgment and prudence in regard to the above affair; as the only object the Division have in view, is the promotion of the Temperance cause.

I remain yours in L. P., and F.,
JOHN MENNIE,
R. S. Fergus Division.

Fergus, Jan. 19th, 1852.

DR. JEWETT.—It appears that the Temperance folks of Montreal have got hold of another great advocate, a rival to Gough, but an orator of a different style. The person we allude to is Dr. Charles Jewett, who, if we may credit the American papers, is an awful smasher. Dr. Jewett's speeches have been frequently reported, published, and re-published. One of the most popular volumes upon the Temperance question, is composed of these addresses, and of sundry poetical effusions. We believe that this gentleman has edited, and for ought we know, still edits a newspaper; it is therefore probable, that his advocacy of Temperance will be of a character to commend itself to the educated, as well as to the less favoured classes of society.

The public will be indebted to the Young Men's Temperance Association for the services of this great Lecturer.

Dr. Jewett will be here early in February.—[Pilot.]

BARNUM'S MISFEITANCE.—It is stated that in consequence of the loss which Mr. Spooner sustained by the destruction, by fire, of the Philadelphia Museum, a few nights ago, which he purchased of Mr. Barnum, last summer, Mr. B. has presented him, unsolicited, with five thousand dollars, and has also cancelled various claims which he held against him. With some faults—and who has them not?—Barnum is generous, and no regard of gains.—Daily S. Register.

GRON.—The following Resolution, passed on Thursday evening last, was sent to us by the Recording Scribe of Gurney Division, No. 5, S. of T.

Resolved unanimously—That this Division take 50 copies of the Temperance Telegraph, and that a Committee be appointed to dispose of the said number of papers.—Telegraph N. B.

WHY was Jonah in the fish's belly like a fashionable lady?

BECAUSE he had more of the whalebone about him than was good for him.

ANECDOTE OF WESLEY.—"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

We see it mentioned in one of our exchanges, that the Council General of Geneva, the birth-place of Columbus, has just contributed the sum of 15,000 francs towards the erection of a Monument to the memory of that great navigator, in that city.

SINGULAR.—There is at present on Green Point, in Suffolk county, R. I., an old lady 84 years of age, who has for the last twenty years been toothless, but is now eating a new set of masticators.

A MONSTER.—A woman in Paris was condemned to the guillotine, previous to the sailing of the Africa, for having caused forty-three deaths by seven poisonings, while in employment as a servant. Her counsel pleaded monomania, and the question was discussed at length in court by two eminent physicians.

A newspaper, called the Canadian Freeman, started in Hamilton,—said to be the organ of the slavery people of Canada. We thought only all Canadians were opposed to slavery.

The *Lamiton Shield*, is the name of a just established at Sarnia, a town on the extreme point of Canada. This place is growing as its people are quite enterprising.

An anti-slavery concert was held in Tonawanda, beginning of January to raise funds to be slaves.

Henry Clay is reported to have declared in favor of Gen. Cass for President.

The daughter of the Hon. Francis Hinckley, been married to Capt. Charles Ready, of the landers. His excellency, the Governor General, present, and many distinguished persons.

The Quebec rail road, connecting that city with the United States, was commenced early in January, turning the first sod. The Hon. John Rolph, made a speech on the occasion.

Lumbering is going on in the Ottawa and areas, this winter, with great energy and to a great extent. Immense quantities of white pine are being manufactured, and a hard tug will take place for getting first to market. Wages of men are so high at present as they did a short time ago, that it can be procured at a reasonable rate. It may conclude that manufacturers will be able to carry on their operations under favourable circumstances.—Ottawa Advocate.

It is affirmed that the total number of killed in Paris and Departments, in carrying out the coup d'etat, is not less than 2,000.

A HARD QUESTION.—One of the members of the church in Southern Kentucky was arraigned at church not long since on the charge of having with a temperance society. The members of the church should be excluded. He then proposed to settle the question, how much liquor our members must drink to entitle him to full fellowship.

VARIETIES.

A number of working men in London have petitioned a league to reduce the price of beer.

The London Law List contains the names of more than 3,000 barristers at-law.

Marshal Seidl, one of Napoleon's most distinguished generals, and an eminent statesman, died on the 10th, at St Armand in France. Soult, Napoleon's Wellington, where all born in one year.

Why are puppets on a drunkard's face like gravestones on a London Newspaper? Because illustrations of Punch.

Why is a newspaper like a wife? Because man ought to have one of his own.

Why is a carrier to be a citizen than a politician? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash the warm swards, and then with beef brine. The scabs will cure in the worst case.

The Fugitive Slave Law has been declared by Judge Drayton, of Illinois, to be unconstitutional, that ground he discharged an alleged fugitive who was brought before him.

The Legislature of South Carolina has passed a Homestead Law, exempting dwelling-houses, of land, one horse, and \$25 worth of provisions.

The population of New Orleans is 116,457, 17,009 are slaves.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Texas to establish the Free School system in that State.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser announces the opening of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad to the State line.

Assurances have been received from Spain that three thousand will be liberated.

The sum of \$541,63, has been raised in New York, in aid of the Hungarian cause.

The probability of manhood is extending in the country. At Bangor, Maine, they complain of a beggar, who are said to be mostly impostors.