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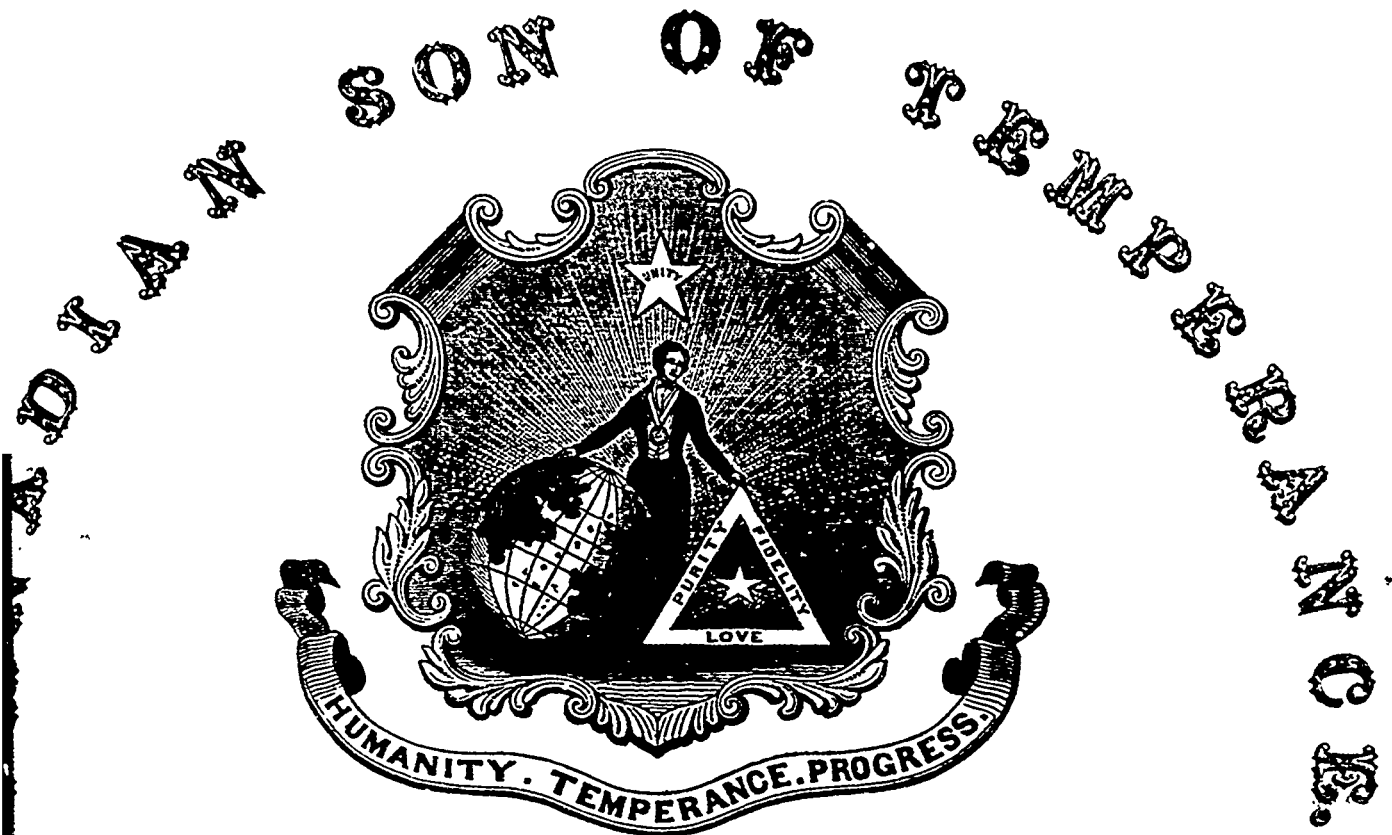
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THE EMIGRANTS OF THE WEST.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do you remember how often you have said  
 "Bring Corallin May  
 As the hawthorns are blossoming we shall be wed  
 And then to the prairie away"  
 Now all over the hills they peep  
 As white out of the spray,  
 And you turn to the past and weep,  
 "Bring Corallin May."

As the crickets chirped in hickory blaze,  
 As cheerily sung, you know—  
 At the summer days,  
 And the time when we shall go"  
 As blades are unfolding bright,  
 As the bees crawl the dew:  
 As the flowers are opening red and white,  
 As the time has come to go.

As in the cabin our love has planned,  
 As the prairie, green and gay,  
 As the twinkling light of the sunset land,  
 "Bring Corallin May.  
 Happy our lives will be, you said,—  
 Do you remember the day,—  
 As our hands shall be, as our hearts are, wed"  
 "Bring Corallin May."

"How sweet," you said, "when my work is o'er  
 And you are yet singing clear,  
 And watch at the lowly door,  
 As your home in the prairie dear,  
 As the ripe by the window now,  
 As the cool spring flowing near,  
 As the dew fall on the heart and brow,  
 As the homes we are leaving here."

THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE LOVE.

Love is the ordeal of true affection. It is there  
 that the passion of the soul manifests its superiority to  
 the impulses of mere animal attachment  
 and must be continually refreshing and kept alive  
 by the presence of the object, but the love that is seated  
 in the heart can live on long remembrance. The mere

inclinations of sense, languishing and declining with the  
 charms which excite them, turn with shuddering and  
 disgust from the precincts of the tomb; but it is thence  
 that true spiritual affection rises purified from every  
 sensual desire and turns like a holy flame to illuminate  
 and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from  
 which we refuse to be divorced. Every other we would  
 seek to heal—every other affliction forget; but this  
 wound we consider a duty to keep open—the afflictions  
 we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the  
 mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished  
 like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection  
 is a pang. Where is the daughter that would  
 willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to  
 remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour  
 of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?  
 Who, where the tomb is closed upon the remains of her  
 he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were,  
 crushed in the closing of its portal—would accept con-  
 solation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the  
 love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attri-  
 butes of the soul. If it has woes, it likewise has its  
 delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is  
 calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the  
 sudden and convulsive agony is over—the present ruin  
 of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive  
 meditations on all that was in the days of its loveliness.  
 Who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? It  
 may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright  
 hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the  
 hour of gloom yet who would exchange it for the song  
 of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a  
 voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a  
 remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from  
 the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave!  
 it banes every sorrow—covers every defect—extinguishes  
 every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring  
 none but fond regret and tender recollection. Who can  
 look upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a com-  
 punctive throb that he had ever warred against the poor  
 handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the graves of those we loved—what a place of  
 meditation! There it is that we call up in long review  
 the whole history of virtue and happiness, and the  
 thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheed-  
 ed in the daily intercourse of intimacy, the tenderness  
 of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its

stilled griefs its noiseless attendance, its mute, and  
 watchful assidues—the last testimonials of expiring  
 love—the feeble, fluttering thrilling—oh, how thrilling!  
 pressure of the hand—the faint, faltering accents, to  
 give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate!—  
 There settle the account with thy conscience for every  
 past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unre-  
 garded, of that departed being who can never, never  
 return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and has ever added a sorrow to the  
 soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent  
 —if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond  
 bosom that has ventured its whole happiness in thy arms  
 to doubt one moment of thy kindness and truth—if thou  
 art a friend who has ever wronged, in thought or word,  
 or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if  
 thou art a lover, and has ever given one unmerited  
 pang to that heart which now lies cold and stiff beneath  
 thy feet—then be sure that every ungracious action, will  
 come thronging back upon the memory and knock  
 dolefully upon the soul; then be sure thou wilt lie down  
 sorrowing and repenting on the grave, and utter the  
 unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep,  
 more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers and strew the  
 beauties of nature about the grave—console the broken  
 spirit, if thou canst with those tender yet fertile tributes  
 of regret—and taunting by the bitterness of this  
 thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be  
 more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy  
 duties to the living.

THE YUMAS INDIANS.

Close upon the banks of the Colorado river live a  
 warlike tribe, called the Yumas Indians, and more ex-  
 quisite specimens of the human form divine were never  
 turned into this barbarous world by good dame nature.  
 They are tall, manly and muscular, and possess a na-  
 tive grace of manner peculiar to the superior tribes of  
 the red man. They are athletic, and swift of foot, and  
 as bold as they are hardy. Their skin is of a dark cop-  
 per color, but smooth and clear, and their countenances  
 betoken great frankness and intelligence; but in this  
 their good looks belie them; for, as a class, they are  
 treacherous, deceitful, and great thieves. They are the  
 most expert swimmers, passing one half their time in the

rushing waters of the great Red River of the West, breasting the most violent current, and transporting heavy burdens from shore to shore. The experts are not men alone—the women are equally dexterous. The principal article of food with them is the Mesquit bean, which grows in great abundance near the banks of the Colorado and Gila rivers, and is eaten by them when ripe and in a raw state, and also dried and prepared as *atooe*, or gruel. The women, as in all Indian tribes, perform the work and collect the beans in huge wicker baskets, holding a bushel and more, which they bear upon their heads. When a matron goes out to pick beans, she takes her papoose, claps it in the basket, and if it is necessary for her to cross the stream, approaches the bank, tosses the basket into the water and springs in after it. The baskets are coated with a resinous substance and are impervious to the water. The swimmer then gives the basket a whirl before her, making it whirl round and fly before her with extraordinary velocity. They swim high out of water and float like bladders. Their hatred to the Mexicans is intense and they have frequently attacked emigrating parties. They are very fond of mule meat, horses, and "small deer," and devour them when scarcely warmed through. The fish of the Colorado they also eat half cooked, tail and all.

They abominate their more civilized neighbours of the Gila, the Pinos and Maricopas, who are quite civilized, cultivate the soil and receive a yearly grant of clothing from the Mexican Government. They are under the command of a Captain-General, a native chief, *Calo Azul*, who has half a dozen wives and a military suit of clothes. The Maricopas and Pinos are the deadly foes of the Apaches and frequently make up war parties, penetrate the Apecherna and return laden with scalps. *Calo Azul*, a little more than a year ago, thought it proper to civilize the Yumas. He therefore took a war party and met the Yumas near the mouth of the Gila; determined not to be civilized, they turned to and whipped *Calo Azul's* little party; whereupon that chief returned to the bosoms of his wives and cornfields with a vow never to attempt to civilize the Yumas again unless he had an invincible band of his warriors with him.

[ORIGINAL.]  
CANADA.

The Briton loves his native soil,  
And sighs afar to roam,  
Exiles too, from Erin's Isle,  
No'er find so sweet a home.

And Caledonia's heath'ry hills,  
A powerful charm impart,  
Which mem'ry keeps, 'mid foreign ills,  
To cheer the wanderer's heart.

And shall Canadians careless be,  
A golden wreath to find?  
Nor drop a tear, nor heave a sigh,  
For scenes they leave behind?

Has Britain fields of brighter green?  
Has Erin tender ties?  
Are sunnier hills in Scotia seen,  
Than greet Canadian eyes?

No! here are scenes of beauty bright,  
Which hearts both warm and true,  
Where every thought gives pure delight,  
But bidding home adieu.

COLDORNE, C. W.

W. R. FINNEY.

SHAKESPEARE, BURNS, BUNYAN.

Let then, the stage-player, the tinker, and the gauger, appear for a moment together upon our stage. The first is a swarthy and Spaniard looking man, with tall forehead, shady sidelong eyes, dark hair curling over his lips and chin, and firm deep cut nostril. The second has a fresh complexion, auburn locks, round brow, hair on his upper lip after the Old English fashion, and sparkling, glowing eyes, not the least like those of a dreamer, but resembling rather the eyes of "some clamorous" as John Woodville hath it. The third has a broad low brow palpitating with thought and suffering, eyes, shivering in their great round orbs with emotion, like the star Venus in the orange west, nostril slightly curved upward, dusky sky black masses of hair, and dimpled, undecisive chin and cheek. All three have imagination as their leading faculty, but that of the player as wide as the globe; and that of the tinker is intense, almost to lunacy; and that of the gauger is narrow and vivid as a stream of forked lightning. All

three have strong intellects, but the intellect of the one is capacious, that of the other caustic, and that of the third clear. All are partially educated, but Shakespeare's culture is that of the society of his age, Bunyan's that of solitary reading, and Burns' a compound of both. All are men of "one book." Shakespeare's being the universe, Bunyan's the Bible, and Burns' the "valiant poetry of Scotland." All are men of intensely ardent temperament, which in Shakespeare is subdued by the width of the mind in which the furnace glows, which in Bunyan becomes a purged flame but which in poor Burns bursts out of all restraint into a destructive conflagration. In the works of *maternem superat opus* the genius of Shakespeare flaming out of mean structures of farce and tragedy, Bunyan's power overflowing the banks of narrow conventional treatises, and the great soul of Burns ever informing the tenement of fugitive poems, *jeux d'esprits*, satires and semi-scantalious ballads. All sprang from the people, but while Shakespeare and Burns belonged to the upper stratum, Bunyan appeared amid its lowest dregs, like a new creation among the slush of chaos. All had something of a religious tendency, but while in Shakespeare it takes a vague diffusive form, and in Burns never amounts to much more than what he himself calls "an idiotic piety," in Bunyan it becomes a deep burning principle of thought, and action, at once swallowing up and sanctifying his native genius.

The fate of these three was curious and characteristic. Shakespeare, the sublime stage-player outliving his early self, with those mysterious errors, which are partially revealed in his sonnets, subsided into a decent, retired, self-indulgent gentleman, like a dull, sleepy, soaking evening, following a day of blended storm and splendor. Burns, after many a vain attempt to rally against the misfortunes and sins of life and temperament, fell down at last their proud recalcitrating victim, dying and making but dubious signs; while John Bunyan, strong in supernal might, victorious over his tendencies, having bound his very madness in chains, and turned his tears and tortures into the elements of hope and triumph, crossed the black river, singing in concert with the shining ones, and passed into eternity, perfect through suffering and resembling rather one of its own native children than a poor burdened sinner from the City of Destruction. Philosophers might speculate long and vainly on the causes of those very different destinies. Our theory is the simple Christian one:—God endowed the three with almost commensurate powers, but one only, through patient struggle and solemn search, reached the blessed hope and new life of Christianity. And we come to the further analysis and illustration of Bunyan's genius, with this exulting thought:—we are not about to speak of a ray that has wandered, or even of a magnificent world unfinished, unnamed, unutilized of God, but of a star once astray, but which returned and received a place in the great galaxy of the worshipping heavens."—*British Eclectic Review*.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

The following is an extract from one of the Rabbis. The Rabbinical writings, as most readers are aware, though generally characterized by the loftiest strains of allegory, still, often contain passages, in beauty of allusion and tenderness of expression, very rarely surpassed, as the following will attest.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sung the setting sun.

"I am the beam of his garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent" and the waters in the clouds and the hollow voice of the thunders joined in the lofty chorus.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth, the Lord upon many waters."

"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence."

"We hear the song of praise," said the parched earth. "All around is praise, I alone am silent and mute." And the falling dew replied:

"I will nourish thee so that thou shalt be refreshed, and rejoice, and thine fountains shall bloom as the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sung, "We are the blessings of God, the Hosts of God against famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon. "We bless you," responded the stars. And the grasshopper

chirped, "We too He blesses in the pearly dew-drops." "He quenched my thirst," said the rose, "and refreshed me," continued the stag, "and grants us food," said the beasts of the forest, "and clothes my bark," gratefully sung the sheep.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." "He heard me," said the vulture of the rocks, "when my time came and I called."

And the turtle dove cooed; and the swallow, and the birds joined their song, "We have found our nests—our houses, we dwell on the Altar of the Lord, we sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquility and peace."

"And peace," replied the night, and echo proclaimed the sound, when Chaucier awoke the dawn and crowded, "Open the portals the gates of the world the King of Glory approaches 'Awake 'Arise 'Arise 'Arise of men give praises, and thanks to the Lord, for the King of Glory approacheth."

[ORIGINAL.]

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MOORE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Now may the muse of Tara's hall  
In slumbering silence rest,  
Since Moore has cast his harp aside—  
The sweetest and the best;  
And genius o'er her bard may weep,  
Who once so sweetly sung,  
He rests in death's seclusive sleep,  
And leaves his harp unstrung.

The with'ring shamrock now may weathe,  
A shroud its chords along,  
Tho' late they sweetly trembled with  
The volume of his song.  
While anguish'd woe her vigil keeps,  
Let kindred spirits mourn,  
As widow'd Erin mourns and weeps  
Upon her minstrel's urn.

Immortal bard, tho' mourning now,  
Fame while thy name she peals,  
Unclass'd the wreath that bound thy brow,  
And placed it on her shield,  
Oh that thou heard'st thy requiem play'd,  
If franchised spirit hears,  
Hibernia's generous tribute paid—  
A nation's heartfelt tears.

A tomb thou hast more noble far  
Than wealth's design or arts—  
A place in fame's triumphant car,  
And Erin's children's hearts.  
And long, oh Erin on thy breast,  
Let sorrow's badge be spread,  
While silence on his harp shall rest,  
And mourn our Moore is dead.

Weep, Erin weep, oh shed thy tear,  
In pleasure's gayest bow'rs,  
While Albion strewn upon his bier  
His azure-thine flow'rs.  
And Scotia, let thy dirge of grief,  
With young Columbia's swell,  
To mourn our sleeping minstrel chieftain—  
Immortal Moore, farewell!

ISWITZIL, August 20, 1852.

RUINS OF CARTHAGE.—Stepping out of the walk closure, the eye ranged over the whole extent of Carthage. The plain, the shores of the inland lake communicating with the sea, and probably the original harbor, every where bear traces of the sites of buildings deep and dangerous vaults yawn beneath the feet of the unwary traveler, and fragments of walls and columns are embedded in a luxuriant growth of wild figs. Our afternoon was wearing away as we descended the borders of the sea. The beach of Carthage is one of those places that like the Colosseum of Rome the ruins of Thebes, tower up in the memory of the traveler above a host of inferior spectacles. Here, however, it is not the monumental grandeur, but the desolation of what was once so great and renowned that powerfully affects the mind. For more than ten miles we follow the shore, everywhere lined with continuous ruins of the buildings of the city, huge, and of which, of a sort of conglomerate formed by the use of mortar and pebbles are strewn upon the intermingled with reefs of rocks, and marble columns and fragments, half embedded in the sand, while what appears to be the traces of piers, as well as the foundation walls of buildings, the waves broke and sometimes covering us with spray as we climbed some jutting fragment, while their melancholy monotony kept up an incessant requiem over this fallen magnificence.—*Bartlett*.

[ ORIGINAL. ]  
FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE FOREST BARD.

Hark Brother, while the muse shall sing,  
A brother bard's esteem,  
Be friendship's sacred note the air;  
Fraternal love the theme.

Would that thy muse inspired my lay,  
Thy fingers tuned my lyre;  
Could I employ thy graceful style,  
Thy true poetic fire.

Then lay fond theme I'd sweeter sing,  
Her eulogies prolong;  
Sabbler thoughts would grace my page,  
Sabbler notes—my song

FRIENDSHIP—companion in my joys,  
My comforter in tears;  
Thou hast been mine in youthful days,  
Be mine in riper years.

A faithful friend is Heaven's boon,  
To him by grief oppress'd;  
For Friendship's hand Heaven oft employs,  
To soothe the troubled breast.

The friendship's talismanic art,  
Her magic power we know;  
When silent tears of anguish fall,  
Or sorrow's tempests blow.

But sadness fills the friendless heart,  
Though prosper'd to a throne;  
The cup of *woe* would taste of *woe*,  
If shared by one alone.

But who can measure friendship's power,  
Or estimate her worth?  
Then vain must be the bard's attempt,  
To set her virtues forth.

Brother, thy name, thy worth, thy love,  
By friendship's mystic art,  
Are graven in immortal lines,  
Deep in thy Brother's heart.

A precious gem, thou'st given to me,  
From friendship's richest mine;  
If ought the title "*gem*," can claim,  
'Tis friendship, such as thine.

How few, how fleeting were the hours,  
We'er together pass'd;  
Yet the fair pictures then inscribed,  
On mem'ry's tablets last.

Yes, mem'ry oft reviews those hours,  
(That pleasure too is thine,)  
When each to other pledged his hand,  
At friendship's sacred shrine.

Sweet hours—their mem'ry still shall live,  
Till we our breath resign;  
Nay, death shall fail to break the chain,  
That binds my heart to thine.

Be it our object here to live,  
For God and realms above;  
Then after death we'll fully prove,  
His, and each other's love.

THOMAS A. FERGUSON.

BURLINGTON, August 12, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

## TWO PICTURES.—A SKETCH.

BY F. B. ROLF.

The roar of the tempest was hushed, and the  
winged rainbow spanned the dark clouds,  
giving by its golden tints the mercy of Heaven  
to the world of sentient and rational beings. The  
expanses swept through the strings of Nature's  
rolling a full and swelling tide of music  
through the wide and everlasting corridors of nature.  
Friendship was beauty and sublimity. The declin-  
ing sun threw its crowns of gold upon the brow of  
the mountain and giant oak. But soon the  
light came! Fair Cynthia shook from her  
the fleecy cloud, and rode forth in peerless

majesty, among the bright constellations of Heaven. The stars, like lamps lit by the hands of Angels, mingled their mellow light, and flooded earth with a sea of glory. But while I was thus admiring nature, the sound of music fell upon my ear. It came from the hall of mirth. Attracted by its mild and soul stirring cadence, we entered. There was a beautiful picture presented to my view. It was a lovely female who had just been led by the hand of her lover to the Hymenial Altar. The snow white bridal wreath sat light upon her brow, and her raven hair floated in rich profusion around her shoulders. She was truly beautiful, and many a noble youth had bowed before the majesty of her brown eye. But one, and only one, had succeeded in winning her heart and obtaining her hand. Their love was mutual, and like two crystal rivulets, which gently roll through the flower clad vale, and sweetly meet and mingle into one; this was the mingling of kindred spirits—the union of loving hearts and the spontaneous overflowing of warm and holy emotions. But whilst the fair goddess of love seemed to preside on the occasion and throw chaplets of flowers around the brow of the guests, yet there was one sight, which caused a thrill of horror to run through my frame. I saw the fond couple approach the table where the light from the massive lamp disclosed to my view the sparkling wine cup. Oh! what feelings filled my bosom, when I saw that lovely bride stain those lips which could vie with the fairest rose, with that liquid fire which 'at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' But time passed onward. The pulpit labors of a May Sabbath were ended, and the glories of sunset were fading in the west as I wandered in solitude, through a grove of evergreens which stood near a beautiful village. There are times when the soul loves solitude. It cuts loose from the cares of life and goes forth to luxuriate in the wide fields of beauty and sublimity. It seems to forget its woes and sorrows, and on spirit wing fly to the radiant shore where no clouds arise. While I was enjoying this revery, amidst the soul purifying scenes which surrounded me, a voice, low and plaintive, fell upon my ear. It was a voice of prayer. A sort of delightful thrill ran through my bosom. I advanced a few steps and a gentle breeze moved the branches and disclosed to my view the form of a female, low bending in nature's own temple in the solemn act of prayer. But fancy, dear reader, my surprise when the moon rushed from behind the cloud, and by its pale beams, I was enabled to recognise the form I once saw in the hall of mirth. But how changed the picture. Her countenance, once so beautiful, was pale and deathly. The rose had fled from the cheek, and the diamond from the eye. But her voice was clear and as mild as the breathing of the Angel's lyre, which sounds amidst the branches of the "*Tree of Life*." But what was the burden of her prayer? Oh! how it must have melted the cold heart of the rum seller, to hear her plead with God to restore her husband to virtue and temperance. She spoke of the joys of her youth—the time when no dark cloud hid the sunshine of love and happiness. But now her heart was broken, and its strings, like those of a deserted harp, vibrate to every breeze of sorrow which swept through it. While I listened, methought if ever angels flew from Heaven with golden phials to treasure up the prayers of saints, and mingle them with odours on Heaven's altar, there must be some sister spirit lingering over the place to catch the prayers of this sainted one. With that love which was manifest by Jesus upon the cross, she implored Heaven to forgive the *rum seller*, and not lay the sin of tempting her husband to his charge. She prayed for light to dawn upon the chaos of her husband's heart, that they might again enjoy the scenes of love and happiness which had once been theirs. But soon the last word of prayer died on the vacant air; all was forgotten upon earth, but not in Heaven. God remembers the prayers of the saints, and will reward them with life in the world to come. Reader, let me remind you, that although the wine cup is encircled with a wreath of flowers,

and a halo of pleasure may seem to flow around it, yet a viper lays coiled in its depth. Its bright hues may glitter in your view, but only serve to decoy you to ruin. Touch it not, for it "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

OROHO, August 23, 1852.

## A CHICKEN STORY.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown over his horses' shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of outstretched wings and feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag, to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at a large stone house over the there (the Capitol,) that there was a man over there buying for the St. Louis market and no doubt he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him.

"Look here," says he. "when you get over there, go up stairs and turn to the left. The man stops in that large room. You will find him sitting at the other end of the room, and he is now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If the man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself for sale and tries to prevent other people selling theirs. Don't mind him but go right a-head."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open the door and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake, to freshen them, he commenced his journey to the speakers chair, the fowls in the meantime, expressing from the half formed *crow* to the harsh *quawk*, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say sir!"—Here he had advanced about half way down the aisle, when he was seized by Major Sackson, the doorkeeper, who happened to be returning from the Clerk's desk.

"What the d—! are you doing here with these chickens? get out, sir, get out," whispered the doorkeeper.

"No you don't, though, you don't come that game over me, You've got chickens yourself for sale, get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker,) are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string, and shook his fowls until their music made the walls echo.

"Let me go, sir, (to the doorkeeper,) let me go, I say. Fine large chickens only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant-at-arms!" roared the Speaker—"take that man out."

"Now don't will you, I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens now let me have a chance. I say, sir, (to the Speaker; in a louder voice) are you buying chickens to—"

"Go a-head," "at him again," "that's right," whispered some of the opposition members who could command gravity enough to speak.

"I say, sir, (to the Speaker)—cuss your pictures, let me go—fair play—two to one ain't fair (to the doorkeeper and Sergeant-at-arms,) let me go; I say, sir, up there, (to the Speaker,) you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a red cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take—Drat your hides, don't shove so hard, will you! you'll hurt them chickens, and they've had an hard travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you air, up there!"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried, and the members almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the doorkeeper, about the meanness of selling his own chickens and letting nobody else sell theirs, adding that, if he could just see that man up there by himself he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol saying as he went down stairs:

"Well, this is the darnnest, roughest place for selling chickens that I ever came across by hokey!"



## Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

### THE COLD HOUSE OF CLAY.

The rose leaves had faded and lay on the ground,  
The trees of the forest were still clad in green,  
The last ray of sunlight was streaming around,  
With a golden-lued radiance, calmly serene;  
When sorrowing sadly we wended our way,  
To deposit our Mary in the cold house of clay.

'Mid scenes of her childhood, the hamlet and grove.  
Where, happy she roam'd in bright youth's sunny hours,  
'Mid friends and companions, dear objects of love—  
The hoary old schoolhouse and green shady bowers;  
We brought her in silence at close of the day,  
And laid her to rest in the cold house of clay.

She had wander'd afar from objects so dear,  
To share with a stranger the light of her love,  
Ah! never again his lone pathway to cheer,  
May her spirit descend from the mansions above;  
Till death be destroyed in the great final day,  
Her flesh shall repose in the cold house of clay.

W. H. FINNEY.

Colborne, Northumberland.

[We pronounce the above lines to be exquisitely beautiful. They are written by an unpretending Canadian poet, on the loss of the dearest of earth's friends—a beloved wife.—Editor Son.]

"MARRIAGES AND MAIDENS OF TEMPERANCE."—We learn from Bro. M Padgett, D. G. W. P. for Barbour county, that an Association of Maidens and Maidens of Temperance, was organized at Midway, a few days since under very favorable auspices. We are rejoiced to find that this valuable adjunct to our cause is gradually extending itself through our State, and we join in the recommendation of the G. W. P., at the late Semi-Annual Session, and urge upon the membership the importance of encouraging this Association in their respective localities. Bro P also informs us that the Division at Midway is flourishing finely. We expected to hear as much, for our worthy brother is one of the most thorough-going, active temperance men in the State. He never suffers a Division to flag that is under his jurisdiction.—Alabama Crystal Fountain.

NATIONAL UNION, D. OF T.—At the late session of the National Union, the following officers were elected.—Mrs. Eliza Stewart, of Md., W. P. S.; Mrs. Eleanor Clive, of Penn., W. S. A.; Mrs. C. Shurlock, of Penn., W. S. S.; Mrs. M. W. Storrs, of Penn., W. S. T.; Mrs. Mary Hampson, of Md., W. S. Chap.; Mrs. C. S. Jackson, of N. H. W. S. Con.; Mrs. Hester Kent, of R. I., W. S. Sent.—Ibid.

The Queen and Prince Albert were present lately at the performance, at the St. James's Theatre, London, of Schiller's *Don Carlos*. One of the characters in the piece has occasion to make the remark, "*Die Königin liebt schlecht*,"—"Queens make poor sweet-

hearts,") on which her Majesty leant forward, put her hand on her Prince's arm, to attract his attention, and smiled in his face a denial of Schiller's calumny on female royalty.

THE FUNERAL OF MAZZINI'S MOTHER—There is still life in Italy. The subjoined accounts of the obsequies of Mazzini's mother, at Genoa, shows that the sentiment of the noble and the kindly still glows in the Italian breast. The relations which existed between Mazzini and his mother were beautiful and touching. From the time of his boyhood he had only seen her once—at Milan in 1848. But their love had not waxed cool in consequence of their separation. Week by week they corresponded without fail for twenty-two years. This filial devotion knit Mazzini to the Italian heart by a purely human and domestic tie. The solemnities of her funeral, characterized by the fervid feelings of Italy, show what a hold mother and son had (and have) upon the Italian mind, and how the contagious influence of their countrymen's love and veneration has caught hold of even the colder children of the North.

There seems to be a determination with the ladies to make some change in the style and make of their garments, and as soon as one fashion is pronounced unworthy of general adoption, another is furnished for trial. We learn that a new dress has been invented in France called the *costume royale*, combining the gilet and dress in one garment, which may be slipped on and off without the least trouble, and yet preserves the most graceful outline. This will certainly be economical in the consumption of time in making the toilet, and will give our lady friends an hour or two more to devote to duties. Best introduce it.

Two young girls at Henderson, Ky., on Monday last, committed suicide by tying their hands together, and walking out into the Ohio river, where they lay down and drowned themselves. The girls were sisters, aged 16 and 18. When found, they were locked in each other's arms. Cause, family difficulties.

Jenny Lind (Mrs. Goldsmid) has offered the government of the city of Stockholm the sum of £50,000 (250,000f) to organize primary schools for the poor. The Swedish newspapers are singing, in all tunes the eulogy of the northern Nighungale.

SEVEN WIVES.—Sir Gervase Clifton a gentleman of Yorkshire, was "blessed with seven wives," so the epilogue of his own writing says. The first three, who were maidens, he calls honourable; the second three, who were widows, he calls worshipful; and the seventh, who was a servant maid, born under his own roof, he calls his well-beloved. Each of the six agreed to the marriage of the next, before her death, and, at that awful period was attended by her successor. Sir Gervase had several children by his last wife, some of whose descendants now enjoy the family estate. He lies buried at the head of his wives.

A TOUCHING INSTANCE OF SELF SACRIFICE.—In Montreal, a Mrs. Lindlay fell from a chamber window and was instantly killed. She was holding a child in her arms at the time, which, had she dropped, might have been the means of saving her life, but, disregarding her own safety, she managed to push the child inside, while she fell out and was killed.

The Bowmanville Union of Daughters, No 11, held a Grand Soiree on the 15th instant, in the Son's Division rooms.

Mrs. Stowe, the celebrated authoress of "Uncle Tom's Log Cabin, it is said is about to produce a thrilling "Temperance Tale" in the United States, fully showing the necessity of the Maine law.

An immense gathering of Sons, numbering 1500 took place in the city of Pittsburgh on the 2nd September. They were addressed by able speakers and marched in procession through the city. Sons of Canada you see that you have myriads of allies

THE STATE ELECTION OF MAINE—came off on the 13th September, at which the people again passed upon the Maine law.

LOWER CANADA TEMPERANCE.—Mr McKenna writing from Lower Canada to the *Examiner*, holds language, from which we would suppose many of the Lower Canada members would support the Maine Law. "To your taste there is one emblem of which Lower Canada may be proud, a lofty and highly ornamented cross by the wayside, in this parish called the Temperance cross. It has stood for many years, and in all that time not a drop of strong drink has been allowed to be sold within the parish. The Clergy encourage Temperance and if that be a catholic principle it cannot be too extensively inculcated. The Maine Law has true friends in Lower Canada."

QUEBEC SOIRS.—On the 9th Sep., the Sons of Quebec met and formed into a procession, to present to the House of Assembly the various petitions of Lower Canada for the enactment of the Maine Law. They were accompanied by the delegates to the Grand Divison then in session there. The procession which was accompanied by a Band and flags, was received at the door of the House, by the two members for the city of Quebec, Messrs Dubord and Stewart, who proceeded to do all they could to further the prayers of the petitioners. In the evening a great meeting was held at the Russell Hall, at which the Hon. Malcolm Cameron made a good speech in favor of the Maine Law. Mr. Rose, the member for Dundas, also spoke in favor of the Law, and several clergymen spoke. We see the *Quebec Gazette* is now in favor of a prohibitory law. We hope the valuable services of its editor will be always given to the same cause.

A Temperance festival was held at Clarence on the banks of the Ottawa, on the 6th Sep. 250 persons attended. Portions of the Lochaber, Bytown and Cumberland Divisions attended. The London Sailer and Mr. Cambell were the chief speakers.

IN MONTREAL they have just held a large Maine Law meeting, at which resolutions were carried in favor of the Law.

THE GRAND DIVISION OF LOWER CANADA met on the 9th day of this month at Quebec, the citizens which agreed to bear all the expenses of the session.

The Rev. F. B. Rolf, writes us that the Grand Division at Orono is doing well, and that their Temperance Hall will soon be finished.

The Tolsingburgh Division, Oxtord, is doing well and is to hold a soiree during this month.

A Soiree is to be held by the Sons at Beetham during this month.

GRAND DIVISION OF MINNESOTA.—A charter has been issued for the Grand Division of Minnesota Territory, to be located at St. Paul's. It is to be immediately organized.

The Charleston (S. C.) *Literary Gazette* says: One of our contemporaries thinks the Maine Law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors, on a par with the Blue Laws of Connecticut, which prohibited a man from kissing his wife on Sunday. The editor offers one important point of difference between them—a contrast between the things prohibited. To kiss a wife on Sunday is always a very proper, and often a very delightful proceeding, whereas to drink brandy, rum, and whiskey, on Sunday, (or any other day) is very seldom a proper proceeding, and however light it may be to the toper, it is certainly not to those who have to endure the consequences, whether exhilaration, stupidity, or brutality, which ensue. We are disposed to think the anti-liquor law—in the Maine—a very excellent one, and as to its being a Blue Law it strikes us that it will be very likely to prevent a poor fellow from getting "blue."

THE REV. MR. ORMISTON—one of the Lecturers employed by the Grand Division Sub-Committee was tuning by large audiences in the counties of Northumberland, Hastings and Prince Edward on the Maine Law during the last week of August and the first two weeks of this month. He is said to be very talented. He lectured in Belleville on the 6th September.

IN BELLEVILLE—On the 7th September a Maine Law meeting called by Mr. Sheriff Moodie, at the instance of a requisition, was held and resulted in a majority of the passage of the law. The Editor of the *Intelligencer* gives a full account of it and deserves the support of all good Sons for his advocacy of their doctrine.

BROTHER MURDOCK McDONELL, Esq. of Perth, was some time ago killed, was a member of the Sons of Temperance and town councillor, and a Mr. Dorr, lately elected in his stead, it seems, wishes to increase the number of inns there.



**Youths' Department.**

**EARLY RISING.**

Are my flowers awake,  
That were sweetly sleeping?  
Yes, they lift their heads,  
Dewy tear drops weeping.

Have the bees come forth?  
At their work they're singing,  
'To the busy hive  
Honeyed treasures bringing.

Is my birdling up?  
Hark! his song he raises;  
Let me join him too,  
With my morning praises

*Child's Paper*

At a special meeting of the Sons and Cadets of Temperance at Richmond Hill, called on the occasion of the sudden and accidental death of Michael Collins, and William Burket, members of their Order, to take into consideration the painful and afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, in their untimely removal, by the falling in of a sand bank, on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 3rd, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

First, That a Committee be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the members of this Division and Section.

The committee then retired and prepared the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of this Order in view of the late afflictive and painful bereavement, sympathize with the friends of the deceased on the occasion.

Resolved, That the sum of one pound cy., be drawn from the Treasurer of this Division, and presented to Mr. Collins, mother of one of the above deceased.

Resolved, That the Sons and Cadets of Richmond Hill, attend the funeral, clothed with an appropriate badge on the occasion.

The Cadets then passed the following resolution: Resolved, That ten shillings be drawn from the W. P. of the Section, and presented to Mrs. Collins as a funeral benefit.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to the friends of the deceased. Also to Mr. Toronto Wachman, Son of Temperance, and the Cadet of Montreal.

Signed in behalf of committee.

EDMUND DYER, Chairman.

**A FRIENDLY EPISTLE TO YOUNG MEN.**

It must be apparent to you all, I think, that the pernicious custom of spirit drinking is peculiarly your enemy. The great number of melancholy instances, on record, of young men who started in life with bright and beautiful prospects before them; with every reason to believe the voyage on which they were just entering, would be pleasant and prosperous, but who, finally, through the terrible influence of intoxicating liquors, are gone down to a drunkard's grave,—must convince you that the young have no power to dread, no custom to fear, so much as this. Now, if this is the truth, every mental faculty that is at work to prevent your falling into this great temptation, should receive from you encouragement and support. It is plainly your duty to labor in season and out of season, to advance a cause, so precious as this. The Total Abstinence Reform is hard work, endeavouring to prevent the young men from becoming contaminated by this dreadful foe, in other words to prevent them from becoming drunkards. The well hearted Washingtonians are labouring to make

your journey through life pleasant and happy. Working for your welfare. As one of your number, I earnestly entreat you to come forward and help them carry the gospel of Total Abstinence to all lands, unto all the inhabitants thereof. By so doing you will make "their yoke easy, and their burden light. Don't spend all your precious time in grog shops, and bar rooms, putting the rich enemy—intoxicating liquors into your mouth, to steal away your brains, smoking cigars, listening to the brandy song, and the obscene jest, but be up and labouring for one of the best of reforms (so well calculated to benefit you) the world has ever seen. The satisfaction to be derived by laboring in the reform, however little it may be, you cannot conceive, nor can I inform you: in this particular instance, as in all others, experience is the best schoolmaster. Just look at this subject in all its bearings; examine well the causes that led these men to wage this unceasing war on intemperance, and you will find that it was from the best of motives. It was not, as some suppose, to gain wealth, or to promote their own personal advancement, but purely an act of benevolence, an earnest desire to reform those "who are unfortunately addicted to intemperance," and to prevent the young from becoming drunkards. Let us, one and all, endeavor to lend them a helping hand, in their endeavors to advance their cause, and while they are trying to help us, try to help ourselves, and at the same time, our more unfortunate brethren. In short, let all, young and old, male and female, high and low, unite in one firm phalanx and drive intemperance from our State, the country and the world.

W. H. B.

Plymouth, June 29, 1852.—*Mass. Life Boat,*

A boy named Alden S. Rose, was killed by a bear, some 12 or 15 miles south of Little Rock, Arkansas, early in August. He was sent to a corn field some distance from the house, for roasting ears. Not returning as soon as expected, his brother and wife mounted their horses and went in the direction he had gone, to look for him. Arriving at the field, an enormous bear suddenly issued from an adjoining thicket, and made directly towards them, which frightened the horse the woman was riding and threw her off. Her husband succeeded in getting her up on the horse he was riding, when they escaped from the furious beast. The following morning the mutilated remains of the unfortunate lad were found, partly eaten up by the bear.

SIZE OF LONDON.—Mr. Weed, in one of his letters to the *Evening Journal*, thus alludes to the vast size of this metropolis of the world. He asks, have you a realizing sense of what London, in population and magnitude, really is? Do you know that in population it is larger than a census of 1850 showed the entire state of New-York? The inhabitants of the cities of New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo combined would not make, by three or four hundred thousand, another London.

It is related of ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, that many years ago, when expostulating with a young man about drinking, and urging him to abandon the practice, the young man agreed to leave off, if the Governor would leave off wearing a shirt collar. The latter agreed to the novel requisition, and in conformity to the bargain has never worn a collar since.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS REPROVED.—"Having in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, whilst deeply engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke whilst I was reading. "Behold," said I to him the other children are lost in irreligious slumber, whilst I alone awake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.—It appears from the recently issued report of the Emigration Commissioners that of the 335,966 persons who left the United Kingdom in 1852, 267,357 went to the United States, 42,605 to British North America, 21,532 to Australia, and 4,472 to other places.

A man by the name of ..... was killed a few days since in Lindsay in a drunken row at a Bee.

J. B. GOUGH will Lecture in the ST. LAWRENCE HALL, on THIS EVENING, at 7 o'clock, and on every other EVENING during the week at the CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (Mr. Ross's), Adelaide street.

We have been requested to state that James Shaw, Esq., M. P. P., has, with his usual liberality, presented to Renfrew Division, S. of T., a handsome donation towards purchasing an Instrumental Brass Band.—*Bathurst Courier.*

The last *Temperance Telegraph* of New Brunswick contains a good lending article, shewing that England has lately legislated on the subject of mixing an improper ingredient with Coffee in a way similar to the State of Maine, on intoxicating drinks.

The Editor of the *Cayuga Chief* is attending large enthusiastic Temperance meetings in Western New-York. This talented Brother is as useful with his Temperance oratory as with his vigorous and classic pen. Western New-York, that lies almost within the sound of the Canadian voice, is active in the Temperance movement.

The Sons of New-York city are going to celebrate the origin of the Order in that city on a grand scale on the 29th instant.

In Alabama a Temperance Convention on a large scale is to be held on the 24th November at Selma. It has been started by the Grand Division of that State at a late Session. In this Convention all the friends of Temperance are invited to participate. One of a similar character was lately held in Virginia.

Virginia has adopted a strong Petition to their Legislature for a modification of the license laws. The measure prayed for is not sufficient, although it may do temporary good.

Dr Laycock delivered an able Temperance lecture on the 3rd September to a crowded audience at Paris, C. W.

An able letter appears in the *Guelph Herald* from the Rev. Mr. Middleton, proving that the celebrated Scotch Divine, Dr. Chalmers, was in principle a total abstainer. What says our *non-friend* the *Advertiser* to this? The author of the *Advertiser's* article, imputed to Dr Chalmers is a half-way Temperance man named Dr. Cummings of Maine. We may perhaps insert the letter entire when room permits.

A Union Temperance meeting was held in Simcoe, Norfolk, by the Cadets and Daughters of Temperance on the 16th instant.

Major Dewson who opposed the two last Temperance meetings in the county of Simcoe died a few days ago very suddenly. He was very unwell yet travelled a long distance to oppose the Tecumseth meeting.

A horrid murder has just been committed in Brantford by an old man named Tipple on an unoffending person named Cook. We fear it will be found on enquiry that *rum* has something to do with this matter.

How disgraceful to American taste!! Oneiso Hall, the late residence of J. FENIMORE COOPER, the greatest of American novelists, is about to be converted into a large Hotel.

The Forward Division of S of T., hold a soiree at Hillsborough, in Erin, on the 1st October, 1852.

Alfred Owen, of Simcoe, is authorized by us to collect and obtain subscribers.

THE NEXT SESSION OF THE GRAND DIVISION of Western Canada, will be held on Wednesday the 27th day of October next.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION opens to-morrow; the grounds are beautifully ornamented.

The Dr. Cummings whose writings were alluded to as those of Dr. Chalmers, by the *Guelph Advertiser*, is of London, England, not of Maine.

LATEST ENGLISH NEWS are more favorable for the crops. The failure of the potatoe crops in Ireland is not correct.

We regret that the Divisions in this city have come to the conclusion to have no PROCESSION this week.

GLANFORD SONS.—We addressed the members of the Glanford Division on the 6th September, when the ladies presented the Division with a beautiful banner. An address and reply were read, which we will perhaps publish in our next. The attendance of Sons was large. The ladies turned out well. This division lately has not done so well as usual, but we hope will revive this fall. All the brothers should act in union.

OUR WESTERN TOUR TO NORFOLK.—we will give an account of in our next.

Sir Charles Lyell the celebrated geologist with his lady, have arrived at Halifax en route to the United States.



## The Literary Gem.

[ ORIGINAL. ]

### THE VOICE OF MUSIC FROM HOME.

Sweet is the voice to pilgrim's ear  
Of music, sweet to hearts that yearn for home ;  
We've seen it start affection's tear,  
And heard the wand'rer vow no more to roam.

The thoughts of home—of the dearly loved—  
The loved who there expectant dwell ;  
Of, have the gushings of affection moved,  
To homeward haast—its truths to tell.

The sailor on the mighty ocean,  
Or soldier in most distant climes,  
Hears with deep, heartfelt emotion,  
His country's songs—sweet music's chimes.

The man of crime and the warrior's soul,  
Music—voice of music—when abroad,  
Captive bow to thee—thy sweet control,  
And hear in thee the voice of God.

So the christian soldier 'neath the sky,  
Music, heav'nly music, hears thy voice,  
He turns his thoughts to God on high,  
And there with saints longs to rejoice.

Oh voice of music, be it near or far,  
I love thy sounds—their symphony—  
They lead the soul, like the evening star,  
To realms of spirits—eternity.

A part thou art of love divine,  
And beauty sits upon thy crown ;  
Sweet woman, too, is surely thine,  
Her heart, her soul, is all thine own.

C. M. D.

### GEOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

A correspondent of the *Hamilton Canadian*, writing from St. Mary's under date of the 20th ult., gives an account of a curious discovery made near that place; a satisfactory explanation of the affair, by the Geologists, consistent with science, will, we think, be interesting. The writer says:—

"About a mile and half below the village of St. Mary's on the banks of the river Thames, I am erecting an oat meal mill, and while one of the workmen was engaged in breaking up limestone for the purpose of making lime, he discovered in the centre of one of the pieces an iron or steel instrument, in form resembling a punch, the thickest end being a socket, the other end apparently broken off a small distance from the point. I shall not pretend to give the dimensions with mathematical precision, but it is nearly as follows: length of socket,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.; do. of solid point, 3 in.; diameter of socket at the wide end  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; do. at point  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. The socket part is oxidized; the point or solid part, when the file was applied, still maintained its metallic brilliancy. The socket part is filled with the same deposition of limestone that surrounded it. The position of the piece of rock containing the above was the fourth layer from the top a little distance back from the river. The shells contained in the above layer or strata are evidently marine, showing the deposition to have taken place at the bottom of the ocean. The Rev. Mr. Proudfoot of London, C. W., has gone on a tour to Scotland for the benefit of his health, and has taken the specimen along with him to show it to a celebrated Edinburgh geologist."

### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Hon. Horace Mann, in his eulogy on the lamented Rantoul, related the following touching instance of

conjugal affection, in connexion with the last illness of the deceased :

"Yet Mr. Rantoul, even amid the agonies of his disease, had lucid intervals. There were convictions in his mind so deep-seated, and affections in his heart so strong, as to stand unmoved in any tempest of delirium. On being telegraphed respecting the illness of her husband, his devoted and excellent lady, then in Massachusetts, hastened to his succor. She arrived here at six o'clock on the morning of the day he died. Instantly her voice wooed back consciousness and reason. He seized her hand in his, and held it till he breathed his last. Even when his mind wandered, his grasp of affection was not unclenched. Death only relaxed it.

The swelling of the disease had closed his eyes, and it was beyond the power of coercion to open them. He desired to have them opened by mechanical means, that he might once more behold the features and face whence, for more than twenty years, the light of love had shone down into his heart. Thank God, sir, that, amid all the alienations and strifes and hostilities which seem sometimes to flow out of the bosom as though it were their natural fountain, there are also affections, sympathies, tenderness and loves which are inseparable from it, allied to it by a most congenial affinity; and which we always may find there "close as green to the verdant leaf, or color to the rose."

### [ ORIGINAL. ] FASHION.

BY SYLVICOLA.

As I walk o'er the pathway of life,  
What mocking politeness I meet;  
While the bosom's engendering strife,  
The language is winsome and sweet.  
O soul! are the breathings of art,  
When they come, queen of fashion, from thro'  
But the kindness that springs from the heart,  
O that's the politeness for me.

The smile and the bow *à la mode*,  
E'en the beggarman's ush without price,  
For gentility's ghost is abroad,  
And her friends are less honest than nice.  
Society's surface is gloss'd,  
With a exquisite polish of art;  
Like a volume that's gilt and emboss'd,  
But rugged and vile at the heart,

The rude and the unpolish'd clown,  
Tho' just and sincere is despis'd,  
While the sycophant's oil is let down,  
With a relish not even disguis'd  
And the few who have dar'd to appear,  
Unmask'd in life's struggle soon find  
That tho' honesty's vestments are fair,  
The wearer oft lingers behind.

O the sickly white smile of deceit,  
Or the soulless assent of the tongue;  
As soon the old dragon I'd meet,  
Or on the devil's mercy be flung  
But the unresolv'd grasp of the hand,  
The smile that's spontaneous and free;  
Tho' denounc'd by the sleek *le beau monde*,  
O that's the politeness for me.

INDEPENDENT, August 5, 1852.

### EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—PERPETUAL LIGHT.

A most curious and interesting discovery has just been made at Laugres in France, which we have no doubt, will cause a searching scientific enquiry as to the material and properties of the perpetual burning lamps, said to be used by the ancients. Workmen were recently excavating for a foundation for a new building in a debris, evidently the remains of Gallo-Roman erections, when they came to the roof of an underground sort of cave, which time had rendered almost of metallic hardness. An opening was, however, effected, when one of the workmen instantly exclaimed that there was light at the bottom of the cavern. The parties present entered, when they found a bronzed sepulchral lamp of remarkable workmanship suspended from the roof by chains of the same metal. It was entirely filled with combustible substances, which did not appear to have diminished, although the probability is that combustion has been going on for ages. This discovery will we trust, throw some light on a question which

has caused so many disputes among learned antiquaries, although it is stated that one was discovered at Viterbo in 1850, from which, however, no fresh information was afforded on the subject.

### FRENCH RESEARCHES OF NINEVEH.

The Minister of the Interior has received further accounts of the explorations which are being carried on by M. Place, Consul of France at Mossul, in the ruins of Nineveh. In addition to large statues, bas-reliefs in marble, pottery, and artificial jewelry, which throws light on the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the ancient cities, he has been able to examine the whole of the place of Khorsabad and its dependencies, and in so doing has elucidated some doubtful points, and obtained proof that the Assyrians were not ignorant of any of the sources of architecture. He also discovered a large gate twelve feet high, which appears to have been one of the entrances to the city, several constructions in marble, two rows of columns apparently extending a considerable distance, the cellar of the palace still containing regular rows of jars, which had evidently been filled with wine, and at the bottom of which there is still a sort of a deposit of a violet color. M. Place has moreover, discovered the storehouse of pottery, containing various other articles. In addition to all this, he has caused excavations to be made in the hills of Bachicchat, Karsainless, The Levben, Mattai, Karakock, Dagan, &c., on the left bank of the Tigris, within ten leagues from Khorsabad. In them he has found monuments, tombs, jewelry, and some articles in gold and other metal and stone. At Digigiran there is a monument, which, it is supposed, may turn out to be as large as that of Khorsabad. At Mattai, and at a place called Berrian, M. Place has found bas-reliefs cut in solid rock; they consist of a number of colossal figures and of a series of full-length portraits of the Kings of Assyria. M. Place has taken copies of his discoveries by means of the photographic process; and he announces that Colonel Rawlinson had authorized him to make diggings near the place which the English are engaged in examining.

### EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.

Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-outang which having had, when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured of stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Valliant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some of his drinking.

Two carriage horses, which made it a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refusing to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several hures should be attached to the back of the carriage, and being put in a trot be made to pull the refractory horses backward. The result was perfectly successful; for thenceforth they faced every hill with speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog, which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it, that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organ of digestion. Another dog, which had been accidentally burned with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned.

There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals are endued at a knowledge of cause and effect. Strende, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog, having a great antipathy to the music of the violin, always sought to get the

and to conceal it. The well known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience. He says that a mule, laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened adopted the same contrivance afterwards purposely, and that to cure it of the trick, its panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated, it could barely support.—*Passions of Animals.*

## Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, September 20, 1852.

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

### BROTHERS' EYES OF MILLIONS GAZE.

BY H. J. LEAVITT.

TUNE.—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*

Men of sturdy hearts and true;  
Children of the noble few!  
Myriad, now are turned to you—  
Shall they stand, or bow?  
Lo! the hosts of alcohol,  
Ye have driven to the wall,  
Sound abroad a final call—  
Will ye meet 'em now!

Brothers! eyes of millions gaze  
On our watch-fires' hopeful rays,  
Shall the flames be quenched, or blaze  
With more glorious light!  
Give your banners to the sky,  
Raise the glorious battle cry:  
ON TO VICTORY! Win or die,  
Leave ye not the fight!

—Napier, Me.

### THE VOICE OF BLOOD—BLOOD—CRIETH TO HEAVEN.

Reader these words are startling, yet the few facts that follow warrant their use. The voice of blood from the fields, towns, cities and hamlets of Canada—from Sandwich to Quebec, crieth to God for vengeance. The sun of Heaven shineth in his beauty, in his primeval glory—giving life—beauty of colour—health and warmth to nature. The calm and crystal waters of our lakes, our rivers, and our streams, roll on in their purity with their sparkling and health giving qualities for a thousand miles—as cool, refreshing and beautiful, where they enter from the west into the St. Clair, and glide by the city of Detroit, and the urban villages on our borders, as they leap with mighty leap and tossing foam, they thunder in everlasting music over the rocky Cataract of Niagara. Onward the pure waters rush, dancing in the sunbeams, kissing the hanging clouds of fleecy softness, until their eddies dance around the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, or dash against the rocks of Fort Henry. Onward they roll washing the shores of the two greatest nations of the earth, in civil and religious liberty, great in progress of humanity, until the everlasting bulwarks of the earth are washed and cooled with their beauteous waters. There shineth up to Heaven from the bosom of the mighty Superior to the gulf of the St. Lawrence, one vast flood of life giving waters. These waters make green our fields, invigorate our soils and bless us with the gushing springs, the purling rapids and the gentle cascades. What more do we

want as a common beverage? But the voice of blood crieth up from our land—blood the fruits of our ten thousand taverns—our stores, distilleries and breweries. A few days since a man made after the image of his God, breathed in our midst. At Holland Landing his blood was shed—and three human beings are now incarcerated as his murderers—all the victims of strong drink. A few months since a human being at Kingston, was hurled from the gallows into eternity for the murder of his fellow man near Napanee. His last words were "I AM THE VICTIM OF RUM." Drunkenness led to the crime, and he warned his fellow men to learn wisdom from his untimely end. A few miles from this city a month ago, a youth in the greenness of life hung himself, and was found by his aged mother, dangling between heaven and earth!! His life, through the use of rum had become a burden. A few weeks ago a young woman, bright with life's hopes, vigorous in health was left destitute by the loss of an only parent who died through the use of strong drink at the Falls. In the depth of grief, affection and desolation, at her orphanage and the wretched fate of one she loved, she threw herself over the everlasting falls of Niagara. In July near a hundred of the most endeared human beings, were sacrificed on the river Hudson, through excitement and careless conduct, engendered by strong drink in the officers and owner of the *Henry Clay*. Their blood crieth from the waters. In this city a few weeks since a female was beaten to death by her drunken companions, and dozens of similar cases occur within the year in our midst. Every town hath its victim, and every city its many slain before the sword of the god of intoxication. Children perish—homes are desolate—and women weep and die, and their blood and tears cry to Heaven for vengeance. Is there no help? is there no cure—no balm to banish the plague spot of our lovely land? Reader take up many Canadian and American papers and count as we have done in the space of six months, the numberless murders, crimes, accidents, sufferings and riots, all the result of intoxication and the license system, and ask your calm judgment, if there be any balm but the extirpation of the traffic and manufacture for sale? Shall the blood of our people call in vain? Shall the finger of Providence point to countless facts without a warning? Is not the mark of blood upon our country—the fruit of rum?

### LEGISLATORS OF CANADA NOW ASSEMBLED, —

In all you do, as well for the civil and religious liberties of your country, as for the remedying of the social mischief caused by drunkenness—act openly and manfully. If there be an evil proved and patent, and the people ask for its redress, it is your duty and your right to eradicate it by law. Honest men with power in their hands tamper not with evil by half-way measures. If a wrong can be remedied by a law, pass it. Over our domestic wants you are, and of right ought to be supreme, for you are alike our guardians and our servants—the embodied voice of the whole two millions of our people. We ask you to deal with us honestly for the good of ourselves and children. Give us, thorough civil and religious liberty—give us a law

that will forever banish from our midst the demoralising curse of drunkenness. A law that will heal the wrongs of the widow—the sorrowing wife and breadless orphan—a law that will take from the poor drunkard his everlasting temptation, and close the door of the filthy bar room. Oh, happy and blessed will that day be when the sun shall shine upon this land cleared of ALL ITS Grog-shops AND DISTILLERIES. When the home shall be the dearest abode of the father, and the watching wife shall love to see his return from the productive harvest fields, or the busy work shop. When no mother's wail shall go up to Heaven at the sight of a son—the suicide—the victim of strong drink. When the lovely form of woman shall no more disgrace our streets with open profanity in midday—the victim of rum's ruin, and ragged children, the offspring of drunkards, shall cease to pollute civilized society. A fearful account will have to be rendered by those who destroy the human race by intoxicating drink, for they take not only money—the comforts of home—the rights of women and children, but they take the hopes, the claims of the soul, on immortal life. The present House of Assembly was elected by the people after deep thought and contains some of the most talented, wise and patriotic men of our country. The reform and conservative sides of the House are graced with minds of a truly *common sense stamp*. We trust the fruits of the session may be firm resolves, not only to advance the agricultural and commercial interests of our favored country, but also to give us free and unhackled religious rights, and free society from the desolating curse of the traffic in strong drinks. Our friends may rest assured that the best guardians and observers of good laws—the best protectors of our household liberties, and the morals of our firesides, will be a truly sober population. The way to make a population such, is to aid them by the enactment of a radical and COMMON SENSE PROHIBITORY LAW. If public opinion is any test, the House have it in perhaps THE VOICE AND PLEADING OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN. The little children too are watching the actions of their big fathers. Men of Canada what stands in the way? Is it the revenue? We answer the cost of the traffic is more than double the receipts, apart from moral evils! Is it the injury to vested rights? We answer no people should respect VESTED WRONGS, or RIGHTS OF PROPERTY obtained by fraud. Is it for fear of hasty legislation or to take a step in advance of public opinion? We tell you in a voice of thunder, with the tens of thousands of signatures of the hard working hands of the men of Canada—of those who know best the evils of drunkenness in society, lying on your tables, that no legislation can be too hasty, and no step too far in advance, made to support the great interests of CHRISTIANITY, MORALITY, and the PEACE OF THE DOMESTIC FIRESIDE. The time to do right is NOW —TO-MORROW is not intended to amend the evil of to-day. When we act let us do what is truly for the good of our country and the people our masters—leaving the consequences to God. No body of men ever lost any thing by manly common sense just legislation, but many have lost by tampering with evil, as well the affections of their countrymen, as the approbation of their consciences and their God.



### INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT DIVISIONS STATISTICS OF TRAVEL—TOWNS OF CANADA.

In our last we gave a short account of a tour to the east. A few facts were omitted in that account which we now complete as well as add further particulars of a journey to Belleville in the beginning of September.

**BATH DIVISION**, No. 19, has 45 members, meets on Saturday. This Division has been much larger. It requires some active exertions to revive the cause here. Dr. Ashton one of the most active friends of our cause and a talented member of our Grand Division resides here. We spent a few hours with the Doctor and took breakfast with his amiable family. Bath is a pleasant village situated about 28 miles west of Kingston on the Bay of Quinte. The drive to it is over a picturesque country along the water's edge. The road is very level and in many places over a bed of rocks. Beautiful clumps and groves of ever-greens line the road. We observed all over the country in rear of Kingston, thirty miles westward and east of it vast beds of rock, in some places grey lime stone and others granite. Here and there large boulders lie about and immense beds of drif sand and pebbles are seen, showing here as all over Canada, that the lake or sea once covered it for ages. Upon these beds of rock a curious ever-green a sort of dwarf juniper tree grows, generally in circular clumps from ten to twenty feet in diameter, the bushes being two feet high. This shrub is not seen west of Belleville, and is indicative of a cold climate and poor soil. Bath is an old settled place—and seems just now stationary. There is a Division on Amherst Island opposite Bath in the bay.

**NEWBERG DIVISION**, No. 77, is situated in Addington, contains about 100 members, a section of Cadets No. 151, with 27 members, just formed—Division meets Saturday. This is a very active large and enthusiastic Division—standing on a firm basis.—Newbergh is a large country village, situated on the Napanee river, with good mill privileges, about 25 miles from Kingston and 10 from the Bay in the interior. It is situated in a deep valley and has a fertile country about it and a prosperous intelligent yeomanry. It is emphatically a temperance community for there is but one tavern in the village which is well kept—and orderly to all appearances. The population of the village may be 600, consisting of many very intelligent mechanics, merchants and business men. It affords one delight to meet with a spot like this, where every one seems in favor of the cause of Temperance, and what is equally good of general intellectual improvement. It is a fact that we have often remarked where men become temperate they at once set to work, not only to improve their circumstances in a monetary point of view, but also their intellectual welfare. The people here were just about forming a joint stock library. Mr. Hooper the Postmaster, and Bro. Hers Caton, Detlor and Black, with Dr. Aylsworth we found to be truly energetic Sons. All we regretted was that our stay was so short among them. The good people of Napanee would have received a visit from us if time had permitted, but we had to meet the up Boat for Toronto at Kingston and could not visit Napanee or Loughboro. This Division is situated in the large and populous township of Camden, which contains 6000 people.

**MILL CREEK DIVISION**, 12 miles west of Kingston on the great Provincial road, contains 100 members, meets on Saturday, is situated in a small village of that name in the midst of an old settled and wealthy country. It has a Section of Cadets. Mr. Clark keeps a very good Temperance house here, which it would be well for all travelling Temperance men to visit. A large Sunday School picnic was held the day we passed through it; 120 children having turned out in their Sunday best, to partake of a pleasant chat, play and feast, in the woods. We had not time to visit any of the Brothers in this Division. In this vicinity there are several large Divisions besides.

**ELGINVILLE DIVISION**, No. 121, contains 100 members, meets on Saturdays, at Morven village in Earnestown. **CLARK'S MILLS DIVISION** and **HOLLEY'S CORNERS DIVISION**, are situated a few miles from each other in the vicinity of Newbergh.

**KINGSTON CITY**—Is truly a city of taverns and consequently of petty crimes, assaults and vice. A disgraceful row occurred there lately at a Temperance meeting, got up to discuss the principles of the Maine law in a peaceable manner. The meeting was regularly called and should have been conducted in a quiet manner. If the Maine law is a bad one, it is easy to prove it by words without a resort to force and violence. This, however, is the course always taken by men who are in favour of public abuses, and afraid to hear the truth. The truth fears not light or discussion, error and vice love darkness and hate discovery or fair discussion. As a matter of course the **RUMMITES** of Kingston, succeeded by dint of noise, *blackguardism* and *violence*, in breaking up a well intended meeting. The friends of the good cause here must not despair—rally again—meet—write—and urge on the cause of truth, humanity and Temperance.

**MORTON THE DISTILLER** who figured largely at this meeting own's a large distillery in the city, which consumes 600 bushels of grain per day. There are four or five breweries in Kingston, ten large churches, some of them of beautiful construction, an elegant Market house, and some very fine stores and private dwellings. In front of Kingston is a large Island called Garden Island, separated by a bay from the city. The clear water and high stoney situation of this city, must make it very healthy. Its greatest present curse like Toronto, is drunkenness and low grogeries.

**THE FIRST CANADIAN DIVISION.**—The people of this city applied about the time those of Brockville did to open the first Division of Canada. They even allege they applied before, but as the distance they had to go was greater to get an American Deputation to open the first Division, the people of Brockville, in reality, opened the first Division of Sons, and the Kingstonsians came in as No. 2.—Eleven persons came from Sackets Harbour to open the Frontenac Division, and were entertained handsomely by the Brethren of Kingston in the month of August, 1848. Whilst this matter was proceeding the Brockvillians had sent to Ogdensburgh for a Deputation and fourteen Sons came and opened a Division in their beautiful town, and succeeded by beating the Kingstonsians in the formation of their Division. So it was a race for good, both towns being anxious to earn the honor of *superior energy and first action*. Two of the Ministers of this city, belonging to the Church of England, the Rev Messrs Rogers and Mulkins, the latter Chaplain of the Penitentiary, have done much for the cause of Temperance here. They are both Sons. Brothers Stacy, Rudstone and Dr. Sutton, are active Sons in this city. We should judge that Kingston is decidedly growing, although we heard the contrary.

On the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of September, we visited Cobourgh. Colborne, Brighton, Trent and Belleville. Cobourgh Division has lost some members, but is still a large talented and influential Division; having within it some of the best Sons of Canada, among them Drs. Beattie and Powell and Brothers Ebenezer Perry and Hargraft. As to the good the Sons have done here, the fact that they obtained 1600 adult signatures to the Maine law Petition lately, in the township of Hamilton, in which Cobourgh is situated, is a sufficient proof. We addressed the Division on Tuesday the 31st August. They meet in a very good room, and the Division has over £250 in their Treasury to the good. This beautiful town has a thorough Temperance population. All the Division requires is a more punctual attendance of its members.

In the immediate vicinity of Cobourgh are situated the Grafton, Haldimand, Spring Bank, and Port Hope Divisions, all large and doing well. Grafton Division has 40 members—Haldimand Division has 70 members, meets Wednesday—has a Section of

Cadets. **Spring Bank Division** has 50 members meets Thursday. These three Divisions may be called rural Divisions, being chiefly composed of farmers. The next Division is Colborne, 15 miles east of Cobourgh, in the village of that name. This is a large, prosperous and enthusiastic Division, embracing within it most of the influential people of the neighborhood. It contains over 60 members, has a Section of Cadets and meets on Monday. Colborne is a village on the Kingston road, a few miles from the lake, on which it has a port. It does a good deal of business in the lumbering line. Mr. Fraser is about to fit up his premises and make a comfortable Temperance House here. If he will exert his ability he is just the man for the purpose. Colborne consists of an Upper and Lower village.

**BRIGHTON DIVISION**, No. 18, contains 70 members meets on Tuesday. The village of the same name contains 600 inhabitants, and has a very fair Temperance house, kept by B. B. Bettes. We advise all travelling Brothers to patronize it. A meeting was held here the day we passed through the place, for the purpose of having a canal cut a cross a strip of land, six miles wide, dividing lake Ontario from the Bay of Quinte at Presquile. It would greatly shorten the route to Kingston to do so—render the lake less dangerous, and open up new sources of commerce. Boats would then go direct to Belleville to Kingston down the bay. The cost of the canal would not be over £125,000. We hope to see the work done soon. At Brighton at Presquile, the Bay of Quinte, commences and runs nearly to Kingston. It is a long narrow bay, or more like a river, formed by the county of Prince Edward, which forms the shore of lake Ontario, and the counties of Frontenac, Hastings, and Northumberland on the main shore. The county of Prince Edward is a narrow strip of land lying between this bay and main land, of irregular width but very fertile and healthy. The bay itself is about 60 miles long, extending nearly to Kingston of irregular width, varying from three to 5 and 10 miles—the water looks very pure. In some places the bay is adorned with small islands and strips of land, and a little marsh. The land to the south of it rises gently in the interior, and from the main shore looks very picturesque. It is said fruit grows well on this narrow strip of land. There is but one Port, Wellington, on it towards Kingston. If the canal alluded to were cut at Presquile, it would in effect make this piece of land an Island bounded by the lake, bay, and canal. On the Peninsula of the county of Prince Edward, there are several large villages and Divisions of the Sons. Among them are Ameliasburgh—Highshore—Patton—Union—Wellington—Radnersville and Concession Divisions and a new one just opened in Ameliasburgh.

**RADNERSVILLE DIVISION**, No. 92 has 80 members and meets on Saturday. Concession Division is present doing badly. D. G. W. P. James Peck, an active member of the Order, on Monday the 6th Sept. opened a new Division in Ameliasburgh with 3 Charter members—it is to meet on Monday. We would be pleased to hear from any of these Divisions and would like to have some Brother in each introduce this paper among the members.

The beautiful country of the Bay of Quinte ought to be, as we trust it will be, the land of true Temperance, as it is of rural beauty and agricultural productivity. The road between Brighton and Trent river is very sandy and should be macadamized. Half way between Brighton and Trent river village, is the village of Smithfield and the Trent Division, No. 111. It has 45 members. There is a Temperance House kept here. The next Division half-way between Brighton and Belleville is the **TRENT DIVISION**, No. 17, containing 120 members and a Section of Cadets. It meets on Saturday. This Division, although it has more to contend with than most Divisions, is doing well. It has some truly excellent Sons in it. When we say so much to contend with, we allude to the fact that in the village, which contains less than a thousand people there are at least half a dozen large inns

some small drinking places. At certain seasons in the year several hundreds of French voyageurs and boatmen, visit the place to raft timber down the St. Lawrence. They are a drinking class of people, and keep up a drinking spirit among the working classes. In this place there is an excellent *Temperance House*, kept by Jeremiah Simmons, which is well worthy of patronage. He is a very energetic Son of Temperance. The village of *Trent Port*, contains it is said 900 people, is situated on the river of that name and the Bay of Quinte. Vast quantities of lumber, and produce, are shipped from this port. A Steamboat is to ply immediately from it to Kingston. In the rear of the village there stands a high hill with a parapet, looking like the work of man. This hill is nearly 200 feet high and commands a fine view of the country. In rear of this village the *Frankford Division* is situated—it is large and meets on Tuesday. The road between the Trent and Belleville, a distance of 12 miles, is beautiful and level, macadamized and planked.

**BELLEVILLE**—Is a town containing over 4000 people, situated on the Bay of Quinte, 45 miles east of Cobourgh, and about 60 west of Kingston. It is situated on the river Moira, formerly called Myers' creek, a large stream. It is a beautiful, bustling, growing inland town of recent growth. The river that bounds it—the bay in front with its Islands, and the rising grounds about, all form a fine prospect. The principal street is near a mile long, built up with elegant two story brick and stone shops and inns. A fine bridge crosses the river. The Port is good and the steamer *Gildersleve* plies daily between it and Kingston in the bay. There is a great deal of business done in this place and some wealthy active business men. Belleville contains two Divisions, the Hastings, and Moira, numbering in all over 120 Sons. The old Divisions divided, on account of some local difficulty. The Divisions here have lost many members lately, and have a large rum interest and what is worse a numerous class of *intemperate moderate drinkers* to contend against. We are informed that drunkenness is on the increase in the town. There are 15 taverns and 4 saloons in which intoxicating drinks are sold and many of the inns sell liquor on the Sabbath with impunity. There is a Temperance Hotel kept in this town by Benjamin Peshly, a very active and zealous Son. He has not been able to get his house as yet in a proper state to accommodate travellers as he would wish, but is making great repairs to it now. Sons generally should patronize him and remember the opposition and difficulties such houses have to contend with. Belleville has no better Son than he. All we regret is that his house is not more generally patronized, when he could afford to keep a good one. Belleville contains one large distillery, 3 breweries, and is incorporated. The Temperance cause here, has suffered by the admission of many men, coming in the genteel classes of society, who left the Division without any good reason. The consequence has been that many have been discouraged. But Brothers must not be discouraged in this ground. In our Order we know no man on account of his class. The Son, be his calling what it may, who adheres to his pledge and conducts himself honorably, is the only man we truly prize and respect. There was a Maine law meeting held here on the 7th and the Rev. Mr. Ormiston lectured on the 6th.

**PERCY DIVISION**—is situated some twenty miles south-west of Belleville and held a Soiree on the 6th. This Division is divided into two. Caniff's Division is about 8 miles from Belleville.

**IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND**—Large and enthusiastic meetings have been held in London. At a meeting near 30 000 persons attended and were addressed by Mr. Kellogg an able Temperance lecturer from the United States, now just returned. He says that the friends of the cause in England and Scotland never were more active than now; and that they are generally in favor of the Maine law principle, anxiously looking for its successful issue, to follow the example.

**WHO CAN MAKE HIS FORTUNE BY A TEMPERANCE PAPER?**—One would suppose that publishing Temperance papers in Canada just now must be profitable. When we commenced the agitation of the publication of this paper in the month of September, 1850, there was no other in the field in Western Canada—nor was there any paper that was devoted to the exclusive discussion of the doctrines of Sons in Upper or Lower Canada. We were told it was a risky matter, and we had just seen one go down in Belleville for want of support. This paper was commenced under very adverse circumstances, and has been conducted now for nearly two years, bating for the advancement of the principles of our Order, and we have vanity to think has done some good. Others in the shape of Cadet and Temperance journals have since that time been originated, all dividing the field. Another is to be, or is, started in Hamilton. It is not likely that any Temperance journal of Western Canada does, or will be likely soon to exceed the circulation of the *Son*. The *Temperance Advocate* of Montreal only, has a larger circulation. Yet we must tell our ardent newspaper friends that the actual cost, printing, paper, postage, travelling expences, agency and losses, equal all our receipts, and we stand at the end of the year, about where we commenced, only free from debt. Let the field be divided a little more and what is to become of publishers? Canada is now perfectly surfeited with newspapers, and every locality is starting one. We prophecy a reaction of no small amount in the newspaper mania. Too much competition will have the effect of driving some from the field or of giving an inferior cheap article. No American Temperance paper can live by its mere subscription list. Advertisements keep them alive. Here we again see the mania for new things. Some persons in Hamilton want a paper there in the Temperance interest, to oppose the rabidness of the anti-Temperance spirit of the *Spectator*. One of the oldest and best Sons of Hamilton remarked to us, that the best way for Sons to put down the *Spectator* was to CEASE TO PATRONISE IT. No good would result from a bitter warfare with this newspaper on Temperance grounds. Let Temperance papers keep themselves well schooled in Temperance arguments and statistics, leaving abuse, rows and violence to their rum enemies. The common sense of the community will clearly see that the principles and movements of the Sons and the Maine law, only, can put down intemperance. Getting up a rival paper to the *Spectator*, to carry on a paper warfare with one, who panders to the feelings and tastes of every tavern keeper and bar room loungers in Canada, cannot advance Temperance much.

**THE POLICE REPORTS** of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec, swarm with accounts of drunken rows, assaults, riots, beggary, &c. *Mary this one—Bridget that one, &c. &c.*, men and women, appear daily with black eyes—bruised heads and faces—the fruits of midnight drunkenness. These are arguments that *anti-Maine law men*, would bring forward to prevent us from putting down city grogeries. Constables and aldermen and city magistrates, look these poor culprits in the face and ask them how they dare outrage the laws - yet they will go and drink liquor over the same counters, that dealt out the poison that caused the miserable wretches to come before them. What a stultification of common sense is all this!! How wicked must be the hearts of men, who punish the dupes of the traffic, upheld by themselves!! Entrap men and women into crime and then punish them. Women in Canada by the hundred in our cities, are hastening to the grave through the instrumentality of low taverns. When Temperance men attempt to hold meetings in

these cities, mobs of unkeepers and their retainers like that of Kingston, backed by Editors like Dr. Barker and him of the *Spectator*, put down open and fair discussion. Let any of our readers examine the *Daily Patriot*—the *Daily Kingston News*, or any of our city papers, and there they will see arguments by the score in favor of the Maine law, in the DAILY POLICE REPORTS.

A statement of the Liquors consumed and Imported into Canada, and the Distilleries in existence has been laid before the House of Assembly. An abstract follows, taken from the *Globe*. It will be seen that an immense amount of money is spent amongst us all for the useless purposes of pampering a vicious appetite and keeping up thousand of taverns, that fill our land with crime and paupers. Over a million and a half of dollars is probably uselessly spent by our people in this way.

#### DRINKING STATISTICS.

The number Sills in Canada in 1847 was 171; in 1848, 163, in 1849, 166, in 1850, 163, in 1851, 140, showing a gratifying reduction. The number of gallons of Whiskey distilled was in 1847, 2,134,721; in 1848, 1,919,538; in 1849, 2,167,008; in 1850, 2,068,112; in 1851, 2,269,141.

The total quantity of Spirits and Wines, imported into Canada, in the year 1851, was 536,040 gallons.

The quantity of Spirits consumed in the Province in 1851, was therefore 2,805,181 gallons, less 8,304 gallons exported, or precisely 2,796,877 gallons. The quantity of Ale, Beer, and Cider, manufactured in the country, there is no way of getting at—but the imports of this article for 1851 amounted to 97,407 gallons. Independent of these latter articles, however, the sum spent on intoxicating drinks, at wholesale prices, must have amounted to the enormous sum of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At retail, the money paid for Spirits, Wine, Beer, &c, must have been enormous—certainly not less than a million and a half of dollars! What an argument for the Maine Law!!

**PERCY SOIREE**—A large meeting and Soiree took place at Percy on the 3rd day of September. The Episcopal Methodist Conference was then in Session, and the people were addressed by several speakers from that body.

#### DEATH OF W. S. BURNHAM, ESQ. P. G. W. P. OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN CANADA WEST.

We regret to see an account of the death of Brother W. S. BURNHAM, late P. G. W. P. of the Order of the Sons in Canada. He died some week's ago in Chicago, Illinois, of Cholera. The particulars of his death we have not seen. He was a man of very enlarged views on all subjects, and will be deeply deplored by those who knew him best. His business transactions turned out unfortunate at Chippawa, which place he left last spring and went to reside in Chicago.

**RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED BY RAINBOW DIVISION, No. 38, SEPTEMBER 3, 1852.**

Moved by D. G. W. P. John Rapelje, seconded by Brother Alexander Smith:

WHEREAS this Division has heard with deep regret of the sudden death of one of its members in Chicago, on the 28th day August, by Cholera. W. S. BURNHAM, Esq. our esteemed Brother, late of this village. Be it therefore

**Resolved**, That this Division tender to the bereaved friends of our deceased Brother and Friend, their deep and heartfelt sympathy; and whilst they do this they cannot refrain from expressing their united opinions in testimony of the uniform kindness, the generous Philanthropy and noble Temperance example—shown in his conduct in this community by our departed Brother. His mental energies were freely given in favour of those movements which tend to elevate and ennoble man Religiously, Morally and Physically. It was further

**Resolved**, That the R. S. of this Division forward a copy of this Resolution to the Friends of the Deceased and also for publication in the *Canadian Son of Temperance*.

HENRY BOND, W. P.

ANDREW DOBBIN, R. S.  
Chippawa, Sept. 3, 1852.

## THE WINE CUP.

Look not at the wine when 'tis red,  
Giving its color in the cup,  
It presages darkness and dread  
Oh! pause—ere thou raise it to sup

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,  
Lest tempted to taste thou shouldst be,  
The deceitful poison is there,  
Fruit of the forbidden tree.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,  
For many through looking partake,  
A mania turneth the r head—  
God—kindred—and self they forsake.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red  
When it moveth itself aright,  
Lest a dizziness turning thy head,  
Disgrace all thy prospects should blight.

Look not on the wine when 'tis red,  
At the last like a serpent 'twill bite,  
The sting of the soder is there  
Though seeming to promise delight.

—Union Ark

## GOOD SOLDIERS ARE WATCHFUL AFTER THE BATTLE.

There are very many Sons and Temperance men, who tell us that the Maine Law is sure to pass, and that the rum interest is prostrate—the work all done. They will therefore relax their efforts and let agitation alone. The Maine Law came into operation in the State of Maine in June, 1851, and has consequently been in force over a year. The Watchmen Clubs for a time grew a little cool. As a consequence what do we see? Why, that a powerful rum party is rearing its head again there to repeal the law. Various means are resorted to elect a legislature and Governor that will either repeal or modify the law. Temperance men have been obliged again to turn out, organize, agitate, and act. They have learned this truth, that the beauty of political like that of mental or physical health, is dependent upon eternal vigilance and action. To be free and wise in social institutions and government, we must always be on our guard. To be victorious in mind, or healthy in body, we must be studious and industrious. The Sons have sent many tens of thousands of names, for the passage of the Maine Law, to Quebec—they have organized Divisions in Canada and held meetings in every part of the Province. Let them not think with all this that their work is done. No, if to-morrow the Maine Law were passed, their organization would be quite as necessary as now. A garrison is wanted to watch the enemy. He will arise. He is sleeping now in Maine and Massachusetts, and awaits the slumbers—the disorganizations, the indifference of temperance men, to show again his bloated visage. A law when passed requires friends to keep it in force. The scenes that have occurred in Kingston, in the counties of Simcoe, and Halimand, all go to show that there is a secret opposition that Sons little dream of. The rum party too, are not like Temperance men—their trade is profitable, and they mind not thousands of dollars to protect it. A dissipated man spends with apparent good will ten dollars, when a truly Temperance man would not spend a dollar. When asked to subscribe in Kingston they immediately put their names down to a fund for hundreds of dollars to form a committee, and funds to carry on an agitation against the Maine Law.

## MANY DIVISIONS ARE GOING BACK.

It is a truth that must not be disguised, that in many parts of Canada, especially west of Hamilton, and even in our own county, many Divisions are decreasing instead of multiplying. We could name dozens that number now only the half of their last year's complement. What is the cause of this, and what has come over the spirit of the movement? There are three sorts of persons in our Divisions—naturally temperance men—such as would continue so even if the Order did not exist—reclaimed drunkards and moderate drinkers, and men who join from interest and in view of the benefit system, most

of whom were moderate drinkers. Portions of all three join from curiosity. These classes swelled the Divisions in 1851 to an unnatural extent in many places. Curiosity has subsided—taverns have drawn from duty, and want of principle has changed the minds of many, who one by one have left the Divisions. Meagre attendances have chilled the small flocks left, and thus Divisions have gone down. Working men, farmers, and city people have trampled under foot, one of the noblest instruments ever devised for advancing Temperance, and improving man socially and mentally, in conjunction with religion. Want of principle—want of true love for the order and an enlarged Philanthropy,—a mean parsimonious spirit in many—a fear of paying a few dollars in dues are at the bottom of these failures. We say to these Divisions arise again—cast off the vile spirit of sloth and indifference, and let the Spirit of God awake to duty and the upholding of prostituted vows. Let not energy flag so soon in a good cause. We must remember that our children are concerned in this matter. God will visit on our posterity the fruits of our neglect, and as we sow, so will our children reap. No one Division formed in Canada need have gone down, had true energy been used. The battle in Canada is only just begun; and we have only tasted of the edge of the cup of good, that might be realized from the Orders of the Sons and Cadets.

## RENFREW SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR,—Being on a journey, and having occasion to call at the Village of Renfrew, where I remained over night; and being always a well-wisher to the Temperance cause, I can assure you that I felt proud to hear of the progress making in Temperance in this place.

It appears that the Renfrew Division, No. 151 Sons of Temperance, was instituted January 20, 1852, with thirteen chartered members; since that period the figure has now changed to a hundred, and from what I can learn they are still rapidly increasing. A Section of Cadets is also about being organized in the Village; and it is anticipated that, in a very short time, the Cadets will outvie in numbers their elder brethren of the Order. And what is more enterprising and laudable than reany might be expected in a Village where but a few years ago stood merely an unbroken forest, is that they have just now got up a "BRASS BAND," so that after making a few outlandish discords, as may be expected at first, they are determined to sound their own praise throughout the length and breadth of Renfrew and vicinity, and that too in such harmonious strains, that even the surrounding forest will be compelled to join in and chant at least the chorus.

The Sons of the Renfrew Division richly merit approbation for the steady, uniform, and unyielding energy they have exhibited in their glorious cause. "Energy" of course knows of nothing but success; it will not hearken to voices of discouragement, it never yields its purpose, though it may perish beneath an avalanche of difficulty, yet it dies contending for its ideal.

Again keeping in view the meagre population of this locality, it is certainly a matter of surprise and amazement to see what has been accomplished in so short a time, contending as they have had to contend, with ignorant and violent prejudice; and even individuals from whom better things might have been expected, have been spitting out their venom and irony whenever opportunity afforded. In short the opposition they have met with has perhaps never been met before by any other Division of the Order. But let them go on maintaining their noble Order, and the time will soon arrive when their heralds will proclaim the glad tidings of victory over everything that opposes Virtue, Love and Temperance.

Yours, &amp;c.,

A "Sax."

Renfrew, August 1, 1852.—*Bathurst Courier.*

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

VISITING—As a means to enliven the Divisions nothing is better calculated to have that effect than for members of one Division to visit others, and thus keep up a friendly correspondence. This will put the Divisions upon their sense of self-respect by rallying to give their brothers a respectful greeting, and more than this, tend to instruction and edification. We are creatures of imitation and are disposed to self-improvement when examples meet our eyes and come within the range of observation. We can do many things when we have seen them done, when but for the sight we should never have attempted to try the experiment. Now we propose that the Divisions of Districts revive their former habit of brotherly visitations, so that they may be brought nearer by a closer acquaintance, and quicken each other to duty and to renewed exertions.

RUIN AND CRIME.—In 1851 there were 10,147 persons sent to jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts for crime, 3,850 went there for the simple crime of drunkenness;—besides that, 2,082 who were "addicted to intemperance," though sent there for some other crime. This county alone furnished 2,021 drunkards in 1851, and had in its prison 249 more who were addicted to intemperance. In six years in five counties of Massachusetts, 16,200 persons have been judiciously punished for public drunkenness—8,499 in Boston alone.

RUIN AND THE REFORM SCHOOL.—There have been 569 boys sent to the Reform School at Westboro' in the two years of its existence—72 had intemperate mothers, 255 had intemperate fathers, and 261 of the boys had been in the habit of using intoxicating drinks.

A GOOD COLD WATER ARRANGEMENT.—The Maine Legislature passed a law at the late session, providing that any person who will construct, maintain, and keep in good repair a watering trough beside the highway and well supplied with water, the surface of which shall be at least two feet and a half above the ground, and made easily accessible for horses and carriages, shall be allowed three dollars out of his highway tax for each year he shall furnish the same. It is no more than right that the legislators of Maine, having provided a cold water law for man, should now make a similar provision for beast—"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

BARON ALDERSON ON DRUNKENNESS.—In lately sentencing a man who, in the fury of intoxication, had killed his wife, this learned Judge said—"If we could but cut off drunkenness, what a small calendar of crimes we should have. It is the most prolific source of eternal misery in the world. He who takes away his own senses, and performs an act of violence or wrong, is responsible for that act, because he is responsible for putting himself in the situation which causes it."—*Liverpool Times.*

License Law.—This is the house that Death built. The Price of Blood.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

The Maine Legislature.—This is the cat, that cornered the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

The Wholesale Liquor Dealers.—These are the dogs, that barked at the cat, that clutched the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

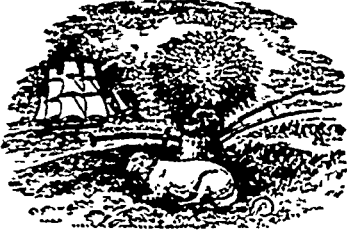
Public Sentiment.—This is the ox with the lofty horn, that cautioned the dogs, that growled at the cat that muzzled the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

Vagrant Jails and Poorhouses.—These are the kennels, all forlorn, that lost their fall pairs by the speckling horn, that maddened the dogs, that snarled at the cat that put screws on the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

THE DREADFUL FRUITS OF THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.—On Friday the 13th August, near Weston, a young man named Black, the beloved son of a widow lady, and a Clergyman of the church of England deceased, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. Temporary insanity was brought on by excessive drinking. The mother missed her son, went to the barn, and then found him a useless corpse, hanging with his arms outstretched. What must have been the feelings of the mother!!

A few weeks since, a dreadful tragedy occurred at the Holland Landing, the fruits of strong drink.

Dr. Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated author, and editor of the London Punch, is said to be "making a sad wreck of himself by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors."



## Agriculture.

### COMMUNION OF NATURE

Go and wander on the mountain,  
In the valley, at the fall,  
Mark the forest-pines trees waving,  
Hear the wild bird sing at will  
Gaze upon the changing seasons  
And the gift to earth they throw  
Of the God who made them speaking,  
As they come and as they go.

Sitting down in sunny places,  
With the fresh wind on your cheek,  
Let the holy voice of nature  
To your inmost spirit speak—  
In the blade, the leaf, the blossom,  
As in thinking man, you'll find  
There are voices, there are beauties,  
For the ear and eye of mind.

Oh, ye dwellers of the city,  
Who in handicrafts excel—  
Who, with mighty hearts and sinews,  
Work so bravely, work so well—  
Bringing from the world of matter  
Proportions and wonders rare,  
Which the hand of God hath planted  
For your searching wisdom, there.

Is there nothing on the mountain,  
In the valley, and the flower,  
Far beyond their merely serving  
To beguile an idle hour?  
Is no precious treasure hidden  
That hath power the heart to bless?  
Go and ask those spirit teachers?  
And their voice shall answer "Yes!"

**AMERICAN RURAL LIFE.**—Many thousand farmers in her England and other states, rear large families, pay their debts and taxes promptly, live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, tally up money, on a farm of fifty acres. With that there is a place for everything, and everything in its place. Their horses and all cattle, tools and implements are attended to with clock like regularity.—Nothing is put off till to-morrow, that can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings, or severe weather which forbid employment out doors, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper or tiler, and one woman spins another weaves and another braids "Palm leaf hats." And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world.

**DEATHS OF THE SANCTUARY.**—Some two years ago a swarm of bees took possession of the belfry of the First Congregational Meeting House in Dover, N. H., where they remained until disturbed and routed last week by some workmen who were repairing the building. Forty or fifty pounds of honey were found in their cells.

Some forty or fifty thousand dozens of eggs have been shipped at Milwaukee, for New York this season.

It is stated that the quantity of oysters now landed in the waters of New Haven harbor is 500,000 bushels. Estimating 200 oysters to the bushel, would make one hundred millions of oysters. These oysters enter the early fall trade, and are aside from the enormous quantities imported and opened during the winter months.

**MEADOWS.**—Upon examining the edge of the scythe with a microscope, it will appear fully as sharp as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle will pass under the scythe, and the scythe of a bee seen to cut the same instrument, exhibits everywhere the

most beautiful polish without the least flaw, blemish, or in quality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the accurate circle. How magnificent are the works of God!

**TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.**—While looking over the Farmer's Department in a late number of your cheap and valuable newspaper, I saw an inquiry as to the best method of killing Canada thistles. I would inform your correspondent, and numerous readers that if they will cut them at the right time, they will surely destroy them. Neither a particular time in the moon, nor the longest day, have anything to do with it, but cut them as soon as they are in bloom, and not before. There are only about two days that they are right. If they are cut before they are in bloom, there will be too much strength in the roots. Try it all of you that have Canada thistles.

**TO MAKE WHITE-WASH.**—The following receipt is the best known, combining excellence and durability. Take a barrel and sack one bushel of freshly burned lime in it, by covering it with boiling water. After it is slacked, add cold water enough to bring it to the consistency of good white-wash. Then dissolve in water, and add one pound of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) and one quart of fine salt.

**TO RESTORE BLOND LACE.**—When blond lace gets tumbled, breathing upon it will be found to answer the purpose of an iron, without chance of making the lace look yellow, as it probably would be by the use of an iron. There is no necessity for unpicking the lace.

**CURE FOR CRAMP IN THE LEGS.**—Stretch out the heel of the leg as far as possible, at the same time drawing up the toes as far as possible. This will often stop a fit of cramp after it has commenced.

**TO RESTORE PORK.**—In warm weather, the brine on pork frequently becomes sour and the pork tainted.—Boil the brine, skum it well, and pour it back on the meat boiling hot. This will restore it, even when it is considerably injured.

**VINEGAR FROM BEETS.**—Good vinegar is almost an indispensable article in every family, many of which purchase it at a considerable annual expense, while some use but a very indifferent article, and others for want of a little knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that too without much expense. The price of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, and express the juice in a cheese-press, or in many ways that a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel, cover the bung-hole with gauze and set it in the sun, and in 12 or 15 days it will be ready for use.—*Farmer & Mechanic.*

**SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.**—A two-year-old heifer, belonging to Mr. William Murray, of Galehouse, died last week, having been ill some time—baffling all the veterinary skill in the neighborhood. On being opened by Mr. Laird of Boagate who was anxious to ascertain the nature of her disease, an adder, measuring 3 feet 7 inches in length, was found in her. This singular circumstance is, we are told, without a parallel. The adder was on the point of being discharged, and it is thought another dose of loosening medicine would have rid the heifer of the troublesome guest, and saved her life.

On the 19th ult. at Fox Jo Lac, Wisconsin, two men were overtaken by a cold water down in the bottom of a well. A Mr. Chapman threw cold water down upon them until one so revived as to be able to assist in extracting the other. Both were finally saved by the application of water.

**REMEDY FOR PALPITATION OF THE HEART.**—We are informed by one who has tested the remedy repeatedly, that a teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in a tumbler of water and drunk at once, checks the most violent attack of palpitation of the heart in a few minutes. It is worth trying.

**A MARINE MONSTER.**—The brig *Village Girl*, which arrived at this Port on Thursday morning last, from Patagonia, with a large cargo of guano, brought home a large Leonine seal. This monster of the deep was captured on an island off the Patagonian coast on the 18th December last, whilst in a state of repose. One of the crew, observing the huge animal sleeping on the shore, armed himself with a crowbar, and, with more courage than prudence, proceeded to the attack. He succeeded in approaching the animal without rousing it, and dealt out a most formidable blow on its head, by which it was severely stunned, but not altogether disabled. Breeding profusely from the mouth and nostrils, the monster reared itself upon its hind feet or fins, and threw itself against the breast of its assailant, covering him with its blood, but before the wounded creature could recover as if it was pierced by four or five other seamen by whom it was ultimately dispatched. The reader will form no mean estimate of the courage of the seaman who ventured single-handed to attack so formidable an enemy, when he is informed that the monster was upwards of 19 feet in length, and is supposed to have weighed about two tons and a half!—*Whitehaven Herald.*

**DUST FOR CLEANING KNIVES.**—Ground charcoal is said to be the best thing in the world for cleaning knives. It will not wear the knives away like brick dust, which is so often used.

**THE PROTECTION OF FISH.**—A female carp will deposit something like a quarter of a million of eggs; a sturgeon six or seven millions; a salmon several hundreds. Yet of these very few are really fecundated, or grow into fish, on account of the accidents which destroy them, not to mention the quantity devoured by other fish. Two humble fishermen of France have recently directed their attention to this matter, and have devised a plan by which all, or the greater part of, these eggs may be fecundated, and rivers stocked with fish to an incalculable amount. A pamphlet before us describes that simple plan, and gives much more information on the subject. The discoverers have merely watched the operations of nature, and guarded against the thousand accidents which interrupt those operations. The eggs grow within the ovaries of the female until they become burdensome to her and she relieves herself of them by pressing her stomach against the pebbles, or any other substance at the bottom of the water. The eggs flow from her into a hole which she prepares for them. By a similar process the male relieves himself of the mill, which flowing on the eggs fecundates them. The fish then cover up these eggs with sand or pebbles and leave them to become fish in due course. All, therefore, that man need do is to isolate these eggs from the destructive accidents, rivers, and to furnish them with all the necessary conditions. This has been accomplished by the simple plan of Gehin and Remy, who, under the patronage of the government, have stocked streams and rivers in France. In a report made by Dr. Haxo, to the *Academy of Sciences* in 1849, we read that these men had formed a piece of water, belonging exclusively to them, in which they have now between five and six millions of trout aged from one to three years. These are new to fly-fishers, and gentlemen whose trout streams are impoverished!

**A NUT FOR STUDENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.**—The *Inverness Courier* says.—The other day two of our best gamekeepers went up to Lobb Ussie (not far from Branhan Castle) in search of heron's eggs for preservation. While prosecuting their search, they came upon a deserted heron's nest about thirty or thirty-five feet high on a tree, where they found a wild duck sitting on her eggs. This is a very curious circumstance indeed, ducks almost invariably forming their nests on the ground.

**THE HONESTY LAW OF ILLINOIS.** which protected the bread of every family in the possession of a homestead from execution to the value of \$1,000, was repealed by the called Legislature that has just adjourned. The law had become very unpopular throughout the State, as it hindered the collection of debts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the Island of Cuba a great excitement exists as to a supposed revolution. Many hundreds of the respectable inhabitants have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated. A paper called the Voice of the People has been suppressed. Some American papers have been prohibited from entering the Island, and it is stated that American citizens have been prohibited from landing. It is believed that a secret desire exists for emancipation from Spain. The old saying may be here verified that the "blood of patriots is the seed of future revolution and freedom." Lopez was executed there about a year ago, and no doubt the up-hot of the turn of events will be the emancipation of the Cubans. This however should only take place at the desire of its people. Madame Sontag (Countess Rossi) the great Songstress, has just arrived in New York city, and has caused quite an excitement there. A great excitement exists in New York concerning the foundation of a new city on the Jersey shore. The great speculator Mr. Law is at the bottom of it. A new city is to be laid out, wharves built &c. Considerable cholera has existed secretly in New York city. It still exists to a considerable extent in Chicago and Buffalo. Over 320 persons have died in Buffalo. The cholera prevails in California too. The disease is however, dying off, and will settle down into a mere local one. Its virulence is now not half what it was in 1832-4. In California the weather has been very warm and dry. There are over 40,000 Chinese there, and immense numbers constantly arriving. It is said the emigration to California this year will exceed 100,000. The Chinese authorities are getting alarmed at the emigration from China. St. Francisco which four years ago was a wilderness, contains 30,000 people. Mexico is torn to pieces by intestine rebellions and commotions, and it seems as if the country must fall into the hands of some more powerful and vigorous nation. The Congress of the United States has passed an act granting nearly a million acres of land to the State of Michigan to build the Sault Sainte Marie Canal, connecting Huron with Superior. The American Congress has passed a law regulating steamboats on rivers—also a new postage law. The latest California news state, that it is healthy about the Isthmus—that a duel took place between two officers, and one of them, a member of Congress named Gilbert, had been killed by Gen. Buree. The mines are very productive in some places. Over sixty five millions of dollars in gold have been this year dug up in this country.

In Australia the mines continue to prove very productive. Thousands are rushing there from all parts of the world. In the United States great excitement prevails as to the presidential election. Parties are striving to elect their favorite candidates Scott or Pierce. In August great rains occurred in England, damaging the wheat and potato crops, so much as to cause an immediate rise in bread stuffs. In Ireland the potato crop has failed, and the people are leaving the country in thousands. A very unfriendly feeling exists towards Louis Napoleon on the part of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The continent as a general thing lies in a state of lethargy—powerless under a corrupt and superstitious priesthood, and sullen armies. Freedom once more lies prostrate, and with it all progress and true manhood and energy. It may be so for many years. Kossuth has appeared in England, and although the highest antielect and the truest patriot of the present day, excites no interest there.

France by late news is yielding gradually to the ambitious designs of Napoleon. He raises her now as absolutely despotic as does Napoleon. Russia. The cholera is raging in Prussia. An eruption of Mount Etna had taken place of very brilliant nature. Several villages were in danger. The Queen had just returned from a visit to Scotland. Crime is decreasing in Ireland. 4000 persons per week are leaving for America for Australia, and 250,000 annually leave England. The Western papers seem to say that in the discussion of the Atlantic, the proprietress Ogdenburgh was to blame because she was off her course. The Atlantic has been found sunk at about 150 feet water, 3 miles from land off Long Point. Persons are now trying to raise her. The remainder another steamboat on the Hudson has been nearly destroyed by the explosion of her boiler killing some 30 persons.

NEWS, DOMESTIC.

A man named Constantine, the same that performed the leap from the suspension bridge, leaped in the presence of a large number of spectators, from the height of sixty feet into the Bay at Toronto, during the first

week in September. It turns out that Thompson supposed to have been murdered at Dundas, has not been found alive. Mr. Street of the Falls has bought the Erie and Ontario railway, for \$10,000 and is going to build a new one all the way to Niagara. Messrs Dick and Heron will soon have their new splendid iron Steamer ready to ply between Toronto and Niagara. It will run 18 miles the hour. The Grand River country is suffering a good deal for want of the completion of the works of the Navigation Company. About 30 miles of the railroad is ready for the rails from Dunnville below and upwards. A great indignation meeting has been held in Halifax concerning the fisheries, protesting against the English Government negotiating the question with the American Government. It is reported the English have yielded to the American construction of the treaty. A woman was lately killed by a vicious bull in Windham. The grasshoppers have proved very destructive to crops and grass in Charlottville, Norfolk. They appeared in swarms of millions. Wheat crops in the west are especially good. The price of this article about Port Dover is only 3s 1d cy. Why is it not worth as much there as in Toronto? Our wheat goes to the American side. Mr. Hincks has elected to take his seat for Oxford, and consequently an election will take place immediately in Niagara. Several candidates are in the field, among them Messrs. Cayley, Morrison, J. H. Boulton, and Capreol.

PARLIAMENTARY NEWS.

Mr. Robinson of Simcoe has introduced a resolution asking England to open the River St Lawrence to the vessels of all nations, which will no doubt carry. We say open our rivers to all nations. Mr. Speaker McDonald gave his first Grand Seasonal Dinner on the 1st September, at which there was a large attendance of members and distinguished strangers, among them ex-Governor SEWARD of New York. Among the bills introduced are the following—one by Mr. Mackenzie to establish a court of conciliation, a sort of Private Star Chamber Court, in which the parties may appear themselves and leave their case to the county court Judge. We can tell Mr. Mackenzie, and he means well by this bill, that he is greatly mistaken in giving so much power to one Judge. County court Judges have too much power now. This bill would place every man in the community, within the power of petty Judges, who are not always the best men. One by Mr. Robinson to increase the jurisdiction of the Division Court and make some good alterations in the said courts. A similar one by Mr. Boulton of Toronto. A bill to abolish the Usury-laws by Mr. Brown and a similar one by Mr. Hartman. Mr. Mack introduced a bill to prevent members of Parliament from accepting offices, which we believe was lost. We must caution some of our Reform agitators to mind how they vote on such matters, for the eyes of thousands of voters are on them. The North American held up to public view, a huge platform for upwards of a year, urging law reform, retrenchment, a time to fix the meeting of Parliament, vote by ballot, no property qualification, household suffrage, elective local officers, &c. &c. A bill to abolish the Rectories and to dispose of the Reserves. These things were to spur on the electors, and men in power, and cautious Editors out of power, must not forget their LOUD TALK A YEAR AGO. They may depend on it, the people don't forget these things. A bill to enact the MARRIAGE LAW has been brought in by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron and discussed by him, Mackenzie, Merritt, Prince, Robinson and Hincks. The latter stated that he would give his views on it in due season, and that the LOSS TO THE REVENUE would not be a matter of any consideration to the Government in enacting the law. It is not a government measure.

The Government have introduced resolutions of a very strong and patriotic nature, in regard to the Clergy Reserves, asking the Home Government to interfere and pass an Imperial act, removing our Legislature with power to regulate on the subject. One fails to see the utility of this movement when the resolutions of last year were abortive. The reasoning used to show that the question is in a different position now from what it was in 1850, and that resolutions are allowable now, which were not then at all applicable, and that a bill, when required, is not now proper, cannot be at all appreciated by either the reform or conservative party. The French party of Lower Canada are hostile to the views of Upper Canada reformers on this subject, and the people know it. Then the Chancery Suit goes on to set the claims of the rectories, seems to many people

strange, when the highest tribunal of the land, the COURT OF PARLIAMENT, has so much more power to inquire into the matter, call for papers, &c. &c. The question being a great public one, needs a great public tribunal of a Provincial character to investigate it. Mr. Brown has introduced a Bill into the House to modify the Usury Law. We regret to see that Mr. Mackenzie is opposed to this Bill. He has some antiquated ideas of things. Going away with the Usury laws would at once lower the value of money, by introducing large quantities of it into Canada, and thus every man would be benefited. The Government party and opposition, seem inclined to put on a retaliatory duty on all American produce entering Canada, in order to force reciprocity. Mr. Gambie of the Riding of York, has introduced some good Resolutions to allow townships to tax themselves for local improvements, to support their poor and to elect local officers such as Sheriffs, Clerks of the Peace, Registrars, &c. &c. It is thought they will all carry. He deserves the thanks of his country. Mr. Mackenzie has introduced a bill of a similar kind. Important Letters and Despatches had been laid before our Parliament, relating to the Clergy Reserves—passing between the Colonial office and our Government. Mr. Hincks has behaved very well in this matter. Our ex-Postmaster General, has submitted his report to Parliament, by which we see that there is only a deficit of £15,000 to be made up and he says that in 1854, the postage on letters may be reduced to 1d. It would be a glorious thing to see this and to have a newspapers free.

FROM QUEBEC.—The latest news inform us that the resolutions of Mr. Brown in relation to the Clergy Reserves are under discussion. These resolutions are the right kind, and will test the sincerity of the Ministry. The political atmosphere at Quebec grows warmer every day. Let honesty be observed and all will end well. Mr. Gambie's resolutions to make county officers elective have been voted down, by men who professed a contrary doctrine.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We now desire our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions. Our terms were known to be 5s. in advance, or 6s. 3d. at the end of 2 months. Any who have not paid within 2 months owe 6s. 3d. Agents having money (be it ever so small) are desired at once to remit. No subscribers irregularly stop his paper in the middle of a year, or out first paying up his subscription. Our subscribers are looked upon as an yearly subscribers, unless a special agreement be made to the contrary.

THIS PAPER, during October will be issued 4 times.—on Monday, the 4th, Saturday, the 15th, Saturday, the 30th days of October. We can take back numbers to old and new subscribers, and new subscribers for vol. 2 taking back numbers receive the same for 3s. 9d. only in advance.

TORONTO MARKETS, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1854. The weather up to the 10th September, remained very warm and dry. On the 11th and 12th heavy rain from the north west with cold winds, occurred in Western Canada, and since that time, the weather has been very cool with frosts in some localities. Wheat and flour markets have varied. Wheat is 3s. 11d per bushel. Flour, best £1 per barrel—considerable quantities of wheat are coming to market, at 100lbs 84; Pork 4 1/2; Mutton per lb 3 1/2; Fat live chickens per pair 2s; Ducks, 2s 6d; Turkey 3s 9d; Potatoes per bushel 2s; Apples 2s; Onions 3s 9d; (rats 1s 3d to 1s 5d; Barley 2s to 2 1/2; Butter per lb fresh in rolls 10 1/2; Hams 6 1/2; Eggs per doz. 1s 1/2 per ton \$11; Wood per cord \$1 Wool per lb 1s 3d; Hides per 100lbs \$4

RECEIPTS OF MONEY. H. A. Graham, \$1 1/2 on account. Subscribers, V. Wood, \$9 from Loughboro, on account of subscribers. These subscribers have not complied with our terms. By the credit system in this vicinity we have lost several subscribers. The credit system causes us to lose 12 per cent of our subscribers. Jarvis, from G. A. A. D. Pine Grove, Raleigh, \$1 new subscribers per semi. T. A. F., a mistake was made in the issue of our last, it should have been from Princeton.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS. Poetry from Uxbridge from K, will be inserted in next issue, also a piece from the Forest Bard. Letter Mrs. T. Brookline, came too late for the present issue, but will be inserted in our next with some remarks. One or two words in it we shall have to alter.