

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

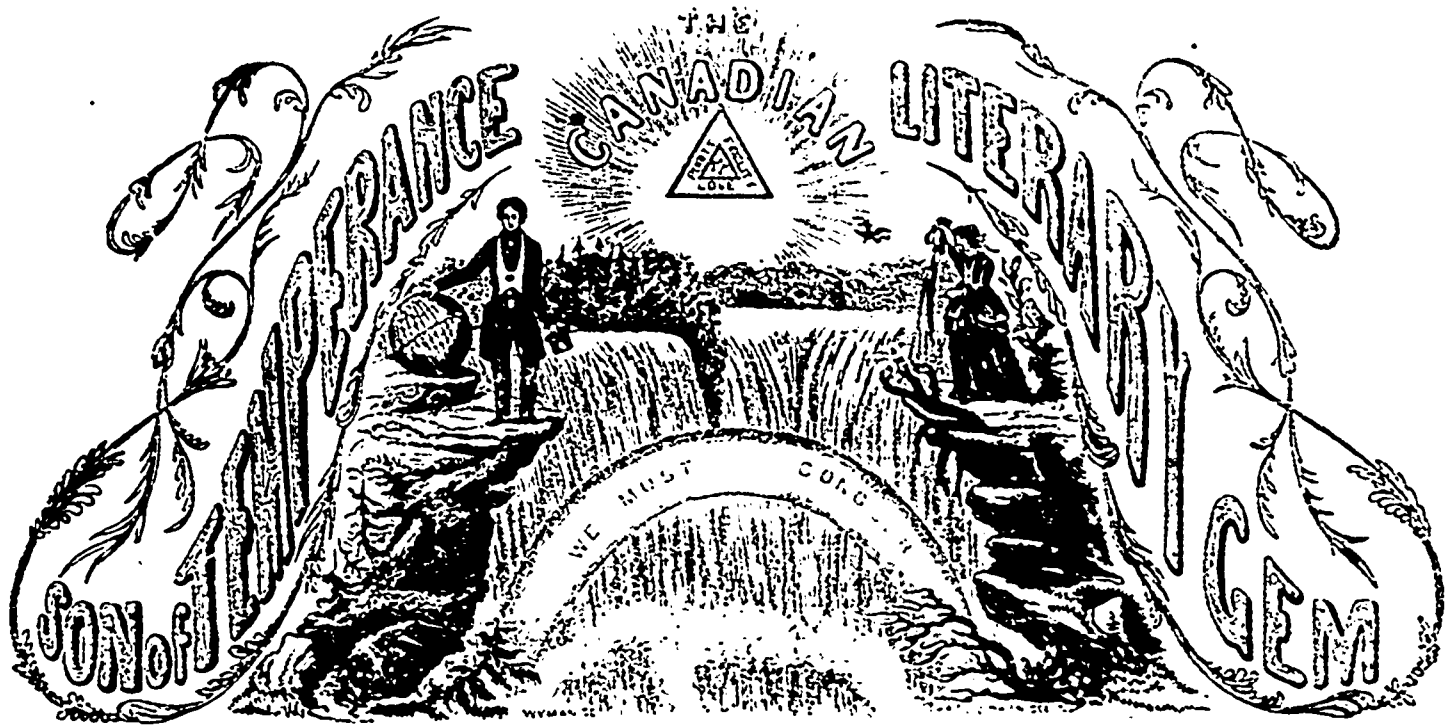
Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	25X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH TO HIS WARRIORS.

(Continued from No. 29, vol. 2.)

In several of the numbers of the past year we inserted portions of a poem on Tecumseh, written by the Editor of this paper in 1833. The following is a continuation of the great warrior's speech. There is something about the oratory of the Indian grand, solemn, and impressive. All will recollect the speech of Red Jacket, the Chief of the Senecas. Nothing for truth, pathos, patriotism, and all the essentials of eloquence can be found in any language to excel it. We will endeavor to insert it in some future number.

<p>Oh my countrymen, my brothers, Heaven this cause of ours defend, The spirit great, who dwells on high Has always heard the Indian's sigh. He placed us on this blooming earth, He guided us from early birth. He checks the wicked spirit's snare, And clothes and feeds with tender care. Redden He bids you be not slaves, Rally! battle for your father's grave, Else, of old, your wretched name Uphold, your tribe's historic fame. Let whitemen warriors never say Our sons are not as brave as they! Their blood has flown from our arrows' sting. Full of the've felt its feather wing; Our tomahawks have drunk their gore, We've many scalps that whitemen have; Fountains of the flow'ry west arise,</p>	<p>Let warwhoops wild awake the skies— Our rights, our homes, impel the strife, White hearts must feel the redman's knife. And when we strike let liberty And Indian rights the watchwords be. Thus said the brave—each met others face, And saw that war in each did blaze. A storm of passion beat'd each breast, In yells of terror was expressed; Revenge's sword sat on each loom, Each heart beat loud with anger's glow. His knife each chief drew from his side, Again the war cry echo'd far and wide, Uprising high the lifted arm, And holding fast their warman charms, With one great shout that rent the sky, Each warrior strong to fight and die! Their Chief, Tecumseh's word to bear, The ran to seek and avenge the tear.</p>
--	--

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

A TALE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The mighty West had been settled. The heaven-blessed home of liberty extended from ocean to ocean. The States of the Pacific had begun to rival the States of the Atlantic and beautiful villages and thriving cities adorned the ocean-shore at Oregon, and the banks of the great Columbia.

The darkness of night had settled over this scene of beauty and prosperity, and hushed for a few hours all but the everlasting noise of revelry. Now the upstarting beams of the full moon dimly reveal the spire of a distant city, and were in silvery love-linens reflected from the quiet surface of the mighty deep.

Casting my eye carelessly along the beach, they lighted upon a human form, with slow and solemn steps pacing from point to point. I endeavored to approach the spot unobserved, that I might ascertain who and what it might be. He had now seated himself upon the edge of the rock, his feet dangling over the side, and his eyes fixed upon the breakers that lazily washed its base. In my eagerness to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face, my feet became entangled, and I fell among the bushes. Startled by the noise, he sprang to his feet, and in a strange tongue accented to be demanding, "Who's there?"

On my rising, we stood face to face. I reached out my hand, and embraced him, as well as I could, there was no danger; and he in broken English, expressed himself satisfied.

His features were those of an Indian, for in my boyhood I fancied to see one. A bow was thrown across his shoulder after the manner of those long departed tribes.

"Man of the forest," said I, "it is midnight, the song of the birds is hushed, and the wild beast is gone abroad; it is time for you to seek his home."

"Home?" he replied, "I have no home. Why should I seek one? My people are no more. Time was when they covered these hills, and like a mighty swarm filled the vales. These were ours—the fish, the game, all were ours. There, where you see you tall steeples glittering in the moonlight, once stood an Indian wigwam, and all around the gleaming watch-fires blazed."

"I know it," was my answer, "and often have I wondered how such a mighty people could so soon have faded from the earth."

"Faded!" he exclaimed. "Aye, you may well say faded, when have I stood in the morning and looked up the mountain side, and seen the cloud that hung upon its brow wasted away by the sunbeam, and thought even so my nation were destroyed. Aye, sir, they passed away as my breath does from the bright surface of my tomahawk."

"But," said I, "how came it?"

"Kiss you not, stranger," said he, and his tread became quicker, and his voice betrayed the deepest emotion: "know you not, it was the cursed fire water! War killed some—disease some—but that swept off its millions. It made war—it made diseases. Our young men were ruined, there were no old men, and year after year the tribes became smaller, till now, although I have been far to the rising sun, I have not found one of my race. I am alone. I came here to die—to spend a few hours in prayer to the Great Spirit—and then all that remains of my fathers' people will be gone."

Here he paused, and I could not but notice with alarm the mighty upheavings of his bosom, and the increasing violence of his tread. He broke out again:

"Let the white man beware. He, too, drinks the fire water. If he will not stop, his fate will be like the Indian's. Drunkenness will bring with it disease and war; and by and by some other people will come across the big waters, and take away the white man's home, as he took away the Indian's. Go, stranger, go and tell your people to take care lest the fire water shall burn them up, as it did the Indian. Go—Go—Go!" he repeated, with increasing emphasis; and ere the last word had died upon his lips, he leaped from the rock, and was engulfed in the ocean.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

It has been remarked as a curious circumstance that Bonaparte and Wellington were born in the same year, and that Burns and Hogg, the Scotch poets, were both born on Jan. 25th; but it is more remarkable that the two greatest dramatic poets of Modern Europe (Shakspeare and Cervantes) both died on the same day in the same year, April 23, 1616. It is further remarkable that Shakspeare, like the case of the great Raphael and Sobieski died on the anniversary of his birth.—Notes and Queries.

Forty-seven.—We find the following in an English newspaper, and submit it to the curious inspection of those who are inclined to be superstitious on the subject of numbers. "It is now 47 years since Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, 47 years was the age of Nelson at the time; 47 years was the age of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo; 47 years was the age of Bonaparte whom he defeated; 47 years were completed last year, since Napoleon the First was crowned Emperor; 47 years is the age of Napoleon the Third, who this year is made Emperor." We may add to the above—we hope without frightening anybody with a "coup d'état,"—that Franklin Pierce was 47 on the day of the last Presidential election.—Boston Courier.

ORIGINS OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.—John Russell a plain gentleman residing near Ringport, County of Dorset, claimed a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighborhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard appeared the Court of the circumstances, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow he invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the Prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the Archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was then presented to the King, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the Prince, he so far ingratiated himself into his favour that he got elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Russell, of Chyngers. In the next year, 1510, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favorite the Abbey of Tavistock, with extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not 16, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.

THE SAND IS EGYPT.—The sand has played a preservative part in Egypt, and has saved for future investigators much that would have otherwise disappeared. Miss Martineau says, in her "Eastern Life": "If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such occasions. It would be for a great sunshining fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open before them! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one

hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lie almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossal, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill sides of the interior, when the clouds of sand have been wafted away?" All will be discovered in good time; we are not ready for it; it is desirable that we should be further advanced in our power of interpretation before the sand be wholly blown away. But, in truth, it will need a high wind to do it, begin when it may.

"THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER."—A correspondent of Notes and Queries gives a very old Latin version of this popular stanza from the De Compenniis Epistolis, by Hieronymus Cingularius, rector of Goldbert (Aurimontanus) Silesia, and printed Leipsic, in 1515:

"Janus, Aprilis, September, aivo November  
Triaque laces reliquis una supersit.  
Ocio et viginti Februarius accipit ortus.  
Si bissexius erit tunc unus jungitur illis."

The Great Circle of Easter, containing a short rule to know upon what day of the month Easter day will fall, &c., published in London, 16th November, 1553, contains the following verse:—

"Thirtie days hath November,  
April, June, and September,  
February hath twentie-eight alone,  
And all the rest hath thirtie and one."

REPOSE OF MANNERS.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gestures quick movement inspire involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade, but one looks for hours, lost in thought and gazing upon the still waters of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man immense advantage over those easily superior to him. To be bold, tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind presence or proper development of genius.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

On the 14th of November, 1804, Thomas Addis Emmet, the elder brother of the lamented Robert Emmet, and one of the Confederate or United Irish Society, arrived with his family at New York, from Bordeaux, in the U. S. brig Rolla, Capt. Harrison. On the very same day, in 1827, in the U. S. Circuit Court, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, while pleading a cause, and expired the following night. He married a daughter of Rev. J. Patten, Presbyterian minister, Colonel, who brought him ten children, one of a whom was born in the Scottish Highlands, while her father was a state prisoner, before being permitted to go into exile for life.

When arrested in Dublin, March 12th, 1793, he was closely confined in Newgate jail, but his wife obtained leave to visit him there, and refused to quit his prison. Government ordered her to be kept out when she next went out, but the affectionate lady, when she heard of that order, did not for twelve weary months leave the jail, except once, secretly, to visit a sick child. O, that all wives were affectionate like Mrs. Emmet! what a happy world it would be!

Mr. Emmet was a man of great learning, an eminent orator, and a profound lawyer. His fees from private practice alone, soon rose to \$15,000 a year in New York, and five and a half years after his arrival in America he was appointed Attorney General of New York State. Many leading lawyers of New York agreed to have no professional intercourse with "the Irish rebel," but in Chief Justice Spencer, Governor Clinton, and Vice President Tompkins, Mr. Emmet found true friends, which to one in his peculiar situation at the time must have been very gratifying.

The House of Representatives at Washington on the 17th inst., passed a resolution appropriating \$50,000 for the erection in that city of a bronze equestrian statue of Washington. The Senate concurred in the measure. Cass Munn, who designed and executed the statue of Jackson, is the artist who is to perform the work.

## PRAIRIE LIFE.

## A THRILLING TALE OF REVENGE.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventure, and yet many a wilder scene has been undescribed. Poor Ruxton, who died in St. Louis, left us a highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," which is enriched with many a story and scene that no doubt to the people of the East, seem like tales from the Arabian nights. There is so much originality about the manners and habits of the trapper and frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings. It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and peril, that makes these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion, or the wreck of disappointed hopes, sweep over the sensitive soul, and leave a desolation, a ruin of the former man. It is misfortunes like these which scorch and dry up the finest feelings; some mortal wrong or injustice committed by others toward them, in revenging which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West. A story is told of an extraordinary meeting an act of revenge, said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest was delicately made, with long, light hair, and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich brown complexion. He was of the medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void on his features which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was travelling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistol in his belt, who was over six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As the day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them, with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came moodily into the camp, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout muscular man, much older than the other two, with a dead, habitual scowl, long black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by the other party. It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered some Buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and casting a look on the three said, "Look ye for Indians?" then glanced at the deer-skin dress of the trio, he observing "Old leathers—some time out, ha?" This man was about fifty years old, and his grey hairs contrasted strangely with his dark bronzed features upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only half-clad by the miserable skins he wore; and as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked "where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas), he replied, throwing down a bundle of oter skins. After unsaddling and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle looked at the priming, and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; and then placing a thin dry skin over it to keep it from the damp he shot the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the pistols in his belt as if they incommoded him. The young man, and the stout man with the scowl, exchanged glances, but no word passed. So far no question had been asked as to whom the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, but not a smile wreathed the lips of any of them. The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seemed to be wrapped up in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four each man standing on guard to hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek, and he with the scowl following. It was a bright moonlight night, and over that wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard, as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down before them, and then would stop and mutter to himself. "It cannot be," he said half aloud, "but time and that scar may have disguised him." That boy, too,—it is strange I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with his scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which, moonbeams falling upon, disclosed traces of bygone refinement.

The trapper noiselessly approached the sleeping men, kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again saying, "it still be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and awoke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned him to follow. They walked off some distance, when the trapper, taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moonlight, and after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his replying by saying "enough enough." He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets, he squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance as he looked at his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no," said the old trapper, "not in cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously returned to the camp, and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was now breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out, "I did not murder Perry Ward!" "Liar!" said the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet. "Red skins about?" asked they in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Perry Ward is about," and seizing his knife he plunged it into Scar Cheek's heart. "Then take that," said he with the scowl, and raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several

fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood, and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle revenged.

## Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

## BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is,  
Keep me from such all the days of my life;  
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,  
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old Bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
Placing his taykettle over the fire,  
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick—he's mad enough,  
If he were present to-night with the squire.

Now like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,  
Awk'rd enough, see him kneading his dough;  
Truth! the bread he could eat without wallowing,  
How it would favor his palate, you know.

His dish-cloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it.  
In the pursuit he has battered his shin—  
A plate wanted washing, gumalkin is scouring it;  
Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes, and pans, such greasy commodities,  
Ashes and pratta skins liver the floor;  
His cupboard's a store-house of comical oddities,  
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table's left sitting so,  
Do-hes take care of yourselves if you can!  
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fettering so!  
Och! let him alone for a beast of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shivering—  
Never a bit is the bed made at all;  
He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin'—  
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

An indignant tailor intends opening a shop opposite to the "Spiritual Rappers," with a tremendous notice over his door to the following effect: "Do not be deceived! This is the best shop for rap-rascals!"

In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim with Hamlet, "Take any shape but that!"

When men try to get more good than comes from well doing, they always get less.

"Mother," said a little fellow, "I'm tired of this pug nose! It's growing puggier and puggier every day!"

It is said that the devil has many imps; we presume the following are among the number:—Imp-perfection, Imp-etuousity, Imp-lacability, Imp-udence, Imp-ertinence, Imp-riety.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy too much.

"I am sitting on the 'style' Mary;" as the Irishman said, after taking a seat on a bonnet of "the la'st Paris fashion."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish were sold to the poor, the knavish fishmonger was decorated with a necklace of his own unsavory commodity, and was then perched on a stand in the market.

Transported for life. The man who marries happily. Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold?—Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

## SINCERE ATTACHMENT.

"Hast thou ever yet loved, HENRIETTA?" I sighed  
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;  
Oh, did not my glances betray  
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

## COCKNEY EPIGRAM FOR A COOK.—"Peace to his hashies."

General Lane said, one day at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was "too full for utterance."

"You seem animated by this fine autumn scene my dear Annie," said a lover. "No," said she. "I never shall be Annie-mated till I become your wife."

At a camp meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:—"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down!" This address had the desired effect; there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact, if they had'n't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."

A Wise Discerner.—The uncle of a Welsh minister having been sorely offended, declared that he would never forgive the offender. The minister asked him if he knew what the Bible said. "No," said he; "what does it say?" "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Well, Thomas," said he, "go instantly and tell the man that I forgive him—all. I will not be a fool to please him or anybody else."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some stationers advertise blank declarations for sale, I wish I could get one."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because, ma, Mr. Green is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill up a blank declaration with the question, he would sign it."

A party of hunters a few days ago shot 700 rabbits in one day, upon an acre of ground at Sacramento. They had been hemmed in by the waters.

A "Carnous woman" in Rockville, says the Hartford Courant, counted the stitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five.



## Ladies' Department.

## THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

The Matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,  
Sits gazing on her lovely face—eye lovely even now  
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?  
Why steals that tear across her cheek? She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace;  
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face,  
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip;  
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd with sorrow more than years;  
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of actual tears;  
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confess,  
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife;—the lover of her youth  
May proudly claim the smile that proves the truth of his truth;  
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep;  
Her life hath been a cloudless one;—then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recall?  
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for languor or for ball,  
They brought back thoughts of early youth, ere she had learnt to  
check.

With artificial wreath, the curls that spotted o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,  
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;  
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch,  
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair, oh! deem it not a crime  
For her to weep—when she beholds the first foot-mark of time;  
She knows that, one by one, these mute mementoes will increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity, for beauty on the wane—  
Yet though the blossom may sigh to bud, and bloom again,  
It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,  
The Spring for ever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady! he'd the monitor! thy mirror tells the truth,  
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;  
Go!—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'lt still look fair;  
'Twere well that all would wisdom learn who behold their first gray hair!

## FANNY FERN ON WIDOWS.

I hate widows. They're the very —! I've heard the heathen called benighted; they're sense enough to burn widows when their husbands die—and that's a step farther in civilization than we have taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry a man it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came up she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) clasp her little hands and fly round till the man was half-distracted for fear she would get killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith, before three thunder storms had rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic? Then there's little blue-eyed Widow Wilkins. Didn't she drop her prayer-book coming out of church, for my handsome husband to pick up? And didn't I see him squeeze her hand when he handed it back to her? And when I told him a long rigmarole of a story to divert his mind from the main, didn't he answer "yes" and "no," at random, and laugh in the wrong place? And didn't he next morning put salt in his coffee, and sugar on his beefsteak! And won't she be Mrs. Samuel Jones No. 2? Answer me that. I should like to cut her up into small pieces with a dull jack knife.

But it is no use to struggle against fate. I shall have to put my pride in my pocket, and tell Samuel it is my request that he should marry her when I am gone, and that will 'pull wool' over the people's eyes, and save his credit, for he'll have her if an earthquake should be the consequence.

It's astonishing widows will be so indecate as to daff their weeds. It is nothing more nor less than a walking advertisement for another husband. Mrs. Lee was spending a short time at the sea shore, in her new regimentals, when one of the ladies at the tea table, struck with a sudden thought, said very innocently— "By the way, Mrs. Lee, where is your husband?" I should have been very sorry to have told where I thought he was, for the way he used to swear when he talked was awful to mention.

Now what a glorious example I'd be to the sex, if Providence should see fit to make me a widow, I wonder if Samuel will pop off? I should hate to put my curls behind my ears, and wouldn't so much, as look at a man, unless it was Tom King, Wonder if he'd marry me? Well! there now. I've spoken in meeting! It can't be helped now as Deacon Smith said, when his daughter surprised him kissing Widow Moore—"It's nature, Sally, it's nature."

(ORIGINAL.) TO MISS A—H—

Thy sweet to see thy face again, These eyes that shine so bright; It forms a link (tho' memory's chain), To moments of delight.

ETHIOPIAN ESTIMATION OF WOMEN.—Since very early times, a great estimation of the female sex appears to be a very general custom. We often find reigning queens of Ethiopia mentioned.

TO BAKE APPLES.—Sweet apples properly baked and eaten with milk are excellent. The best method of baking tart apples is, to take the fairest and largest in size, wipe them clean, it thin skinned, and pare them if the skin is thick and tough;

Mrs. President Fillmore has caused a very beautiful gold comb, weighing fifty-seven penny weights and ornamented with twenty-three diamonds to be made and presented to the little idiotic Indian dwarf, known as the "Aztec" girl.

O TURN AWAY THOSE MELTING EYES!

O turn away those melting eyes, So full of love, and joy, and light; I cannot check those tender sighs, I cannot; wouldst not, say good night.

CHANGE IN OUR DRINKING CUSTOMS.

We have occasionally alluded to the encroaching and encouraging circumstance, that a great change has for years past, and is now, gradually taking place in the drinking habits of our country.

There could be no rational expectation of an increase in the consumption of malt (observed the writer) even if the whole duty were taken off—'till less it to be looked for by taking off one half of it, and suffering all the excise restraints to remain.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.—On the 23rd and 24th February a Temperance Convention was held in Pennsylvania, and was addressed by Neal Dow and General Casey.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs c. 22 v. 6

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth, Not yet one half so dear, 'Tis better than distinguish'd birth, Or the us'd gain of a year.

THE INSTITUTION OF CADETS.

Below will be found some very sensible remarks by the present Commissioner of Crown Lands, made at the late Cadet Soiree in Quebec. In the first place we would remark that nothing reflects more credit on him and all persons holding a high position in society than to see them come forward and advocate so noble a moral movement as that of this cause of entire abstinence from alcoholic drinks.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I have nothing to say to those veterans in the cause of Temperance, who have gone through a full probation in the enjoyment of the luxury of good cold water.

We are all, I hope, the friends of temperance, and I may be as well to say that I belong to the old school. In the earlier era of our cause, our exertions were directed, as we used to say, against King Alcohol, who exercised a most despotic sway over a multitude of most devoted subjects—I ought to say slaves.

ardent spirits, I have not extended the same rule in the same unpromising degree to the occasional use of wine, though often passing years together without taking wine at all; yet I do most heartily approve of your rule of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors of all kinds.

The manner, in steering over a fluctuating sea, takes into account amidst alternating tempests and calms, those uncertain tides and currents which defy minute calculation and leave safety only to be found in large and prudent allowances.

Every man has a choice of two rules—the safe one of total abstinence, and the unsafe one of drinking what he pleases, and although under the latter rule, some men may, with impunity, meet over a bottle, yet, observation upon others, if not experience in ourselves, must have taught us that our best resolutions may be weakened and vanquished, as one insidious glass after another beguiles the reason, and steals away the prudence of the drinker.

No man becomes a drunkard all at once. He begins with a little, a little leads to more, more leads to much, to too much. And from the cheerful cup of the jocular table there is no difficult transition to habitual and irremediable excess.

Let him who thinks it difficult to abstain from a little, reflect how much more difficult it is to abstain from drinking too much when the habit has been once acquired. It is just one of those declivities down which a man easily descends. But which he reascends with great, perhaps breathless difficulty.

But remember how often this proved unavailing. When the counter association had worn away, he returned to his dram, "as the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire."

Moral remedies also are often unavailing with the habitual drunkard, and yet moral remedies are of all the most legitimate; they are implanted in our nature, we are endowed with them from above. They are agencies which no legislature can give, and which, thank God, no legislature can take away.

You may present to the drunkard the denunciations of Scripture, the ruin of health, the destruction of morals, and the beggary of old age. You may bring under his very eye the rags, the filth, and the ignorance of his neglected children, and the sorrows of the afflicted mother, unless she has been unhappily drawn within the same vortex.

But how few habitual drunkards have we known reclaimed by thus viewing the tragedy of their own creation. Have we not found them grow more desperate as their case grew more hopeless, and rather than indulge in painful reflections, do they not rush to drown them in the immoderate cup of forgetfulness. You have therefore chosen the wise rule of total abstinence. Hence it becomes the more desirable to recommend entire abstinence, because comparatively few of those who are allured into excesses are reclaimed from it.

Address them, my young friends, to this rule. When you are my table, your rule of entire abstinence will ever meet with my respectful approbation. And, when I am at your table, the abstinence of the bottle will fill me with greater cheerfulness and pleasure than could be afforded by the choicest viands from Europe or from any part of the world.

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS.

BY MRS. HENANS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me When spring's young voice awakes the flowers. For we have wandered far and free, In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

The most effectual cure for measles so common in America, is said to be a moderate dose of advertising.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS' NOTICE

The papers of city subscribers will hereafter be delivered as follows: Those having boxes will receive them through the Post Office on Thursdays, without any additional postage. Young Street papers, between Carlton Street and Agnes Street, including all papers delivered on this last street and back streets, will be delivered at Mr Webb's Bakery. All papers between Agnes and Albert Streets, including Albert Street, will be received at Robert Taylor's Grocery. All papers between Albert Street and King on Yonge Street, will be received at the Office of the Editor, upstairs, over B. M. Clark's Grocery. All papers on King Street, not sent to the Post Office, will be received at J. W. Woodhall's Book Store, Market Buildings, and Charles Baker's Tailors Shop. All papers of Queen, Bay, York and Richmond Streets, not sent to the Post Office, will be received at Mr. J. Wain's Flour Store. Yorkville subscribers will receive papers in that Post Office.

NOTICE.—Editor's Office Son of Temperance is removed to the corner of Yonge and Temperance Street next door but one to Lawson and Clark's, over B. M. Clark and Co's new grocery up stairs. All District editor. All city and country payments for the paper will be received at this office.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1853.

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.

Blessed be my home my happy home, Where peace and gladness reign, A smiling wife doth meet me there, There prattling babes proclaim me welcome; Domestic joys dispel all pain, Its sweet content let me e'er share.

If ought there is like heaven on earth 'Tis found in home's most cherish'd scenes, In infancy and manhood's prime We cling to home its priceless worth— Its holy peace the deathbed screens, As dear in death as 'tis in birth.

OUR HOMES AND TEMPERANCE.

Nothing has proved so great an enemy and disturber of the peace of families as the use of intoxicating drinks. Alcohol may be said to be peculiarly the enemy of the family circle. Home is of all others the place which man should seek for peace and quietness, where the wife should be loved and respected—where the children should witness a sober example and a happy union of feeling and sentiments between man and wife. Seated around the quiet hearth with an honest purpose to struggle for his livelihood manfully, and with a heart trusting in God, who ought to be so happy as the laboring man or the farmer? When troubles fall upon us thickly—when enemies slander and sickness takes hold of us, home is the port we enter for peace—there at least our smiling face will meet us—there trusting and feeling hearts will strive to calm the troubled bosom. Alas, how changed is this earthly heaven of rest when the head of it becomes a drunkard—when he raises his hand or foot to injure the partner of his bosom and his secrets—when he repulses the offered caresses of his babes and turns that home into a scene of cursing, quarrelling, and disquietude. Who can paint the feelings of the wife as she anxiously listens for the return of him she yet loves, hoping each time that he returns that some change for the better has come over him, that at least a good resolution has seized his soul and he has abandoned forever the dram-shop. But if on the contrary he returns besotted as usual to insult and abuse, she sinks again into despondency, yet once more to hope and love. Seeing his disrespect for their mother, the children too imbibe that feeling to their parent, and with contempt or pity for their father and want of affection for their mother, they enter upon a cold and selfish world to do as they have been taught.

THE GRAND SCRIBE AND WORTHY PATRIARCH.

It may be interesting just now to know the exact duties of those officers. The Grand Scribe apart from his official duties here pointed out can do nothing; and if he use the seal of the Grand Division for any other purpose he prostitutes it:

RULE VI.

The G. W. P. shall preside in the Grand Division; he shall have power to visit any subordinate Division under his jurisdiction, and require a compliance to the rules and usages of the Order. He may summon any one of the Grand Officers, and require from him information respecting his office. He shall appoint all officers which may be required in this Grand Division unless otherwise ordered. He shall have power to call special sessions, when requested in writing by at least five members, representing not less than two Subordinate Divisions; but no alteration affecting the general interest of the Order throughout the province shall be made, except at the annual Session. He shall, personally, or by deputy, visit each Division under his jurisdiction, at least once a quarter, and make a report at each quarterly Session; he shall also see that the annual returns are made out and forwarded to the National Division.

RULE VIII.

The Grand Scribe shall keep a correct record of the proceedings of the Grand Division; he shall keep a correct roll of the members, and notify meetings. He shall, as soon as possible, furnish the chairman (he who is first appointed) of every committee, with a copy of so much of the minutes as relates to the business of such committee. He shall receive, file, and record all appeals, petitions, and applications, and certify all documents from the Grand Division; he shall receive, and properly record

all monies of the Grand Division, and pay the same over to the G. T. without delay, taking his receipt therefor. He shall conduct the correspondence of the Grand Division under its general rules, the direction of the G. W. P., and the established usages of the Sons of Temperance; he shall attend all meetings of the Grand Division, with the necessary writings under his control, and at each two Quarterly Session present a report of the important transactions during the term, with the amount of monies received, and from what sources; he shall also prepare the annual returns, in accordance with part ten of the constitution of the National Division, and shall send to the National Division all documents referred to it."

I'LL SING NO SONG IN PRAISE OF WINE.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

I'll sing no song in praise of wine, For it is false as fair— Such thine, my harp shall ne'er be mine, Such in thou shalt not share To higher, nobler lays I'll strike Thy concentrated strings, And thou and I, sweet harp, alike, Will shun "tar beer" that stings

Woman is often pledged in wine, When runs the level high— But such shall be no act of mine, A truer friend I'll try I'll pledge her in a liquid pure, Which brings no sin or shame; And she will thank me, I am sure, And bless my humble name

Hundreds have sung their burning song, In praise of my wine— And cared not for the fearful wrongs At which so many pine Years have been wasted thus in praise, A devil falsely fair— To that which brings down

This water makes the cheek more red, And makes the eye more bright, And seats on the drinker's head, A crown of endless light O, could I find no other theme, Than water for my song, Still new the subject I would deem, And sing it all life long

Method he'd never touch his lyre, Nor sing another song, In praise of that consuming fire, The root of sin and woe, But unto sparkling water give, The courage of his mind; For then in good men's hearts he'd live, And in their souls be shield.

CUMMINSVILLE DEDICATION OF TEMPERANCE HALL, 3rd March, 1853.—We were invited by the good Brs. of this Division to attend their Dedication, and did so at great personal sacrifice of time and comfort. It afforded us, however, great pleasure to aid them and to see that their Soiree was well attended, and that, although a very small Division, they had so much enterprise as to build in a commanding situation a neat and convenient Hall, costing near two hundred pounds. We arrived there after a forty two miles ride over bad roads, just in time to listen to an impressive speech made by the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith of Hamilton. This speaker is decidedly useful and talented. He occupied about an hour in speaking. An old friend and that sterling Son of Temperance Br. Tyner was in the chair. The Hall had been dedicated before we entered and the ladies treated the guests to a very good supper and tea. The Hannasville Brass Band were in attendance, and the room was decorated with evergreens. About 220 took supper, and there were probably 300 in attendance at the meeting, composed of the Cumminsville Division and their neighbors, and portions of the Waterdown, Wellington Square, Carlisle, Zionshall, and Nasagaweya Divisions. On the platform were Dr. Vanorman, the Grand Scribe, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, and the editor of this paper. After a long drive we of course did not feel like a long speech, and were happily relieved from making a long one by the Rev. gentleman from Hamilton. We there and here again strongly recommend the people of Cumminsville to now come forward and join this noble little Division, and let there be a Division there that will fill the Hall once a week. Our friend Br. J. Mathews we were sorry to hear is about to leave that place for Bramford. Some little incidents of this journey, as well as remarks on the Soiree, will be reserved for our next number.

THE LONDON (C. W.) FREE PRESS, AND OUR POLITICS.—Some one has sent us a copy of this paper of the 3rd instant, in which some remarks are made concerning the Son of Temperance, and its comments on the passing events of the country. It seems our allusion to the conduct of Mr. Hincks in withholding information from Mr. Bower about the Great Trunk Railway, did not please some readers in London. Well, we can't help it. It has ever been our aim to do our duty in life openly and candidly, and we speak what is right and honest of all parties. If we were now, or ever had been, an office-seeker, our rule would have been different. It happens that we were struggling for the great principles of constitutional government in Canada before Mr. Hincks came to it at all, or was even heard of. Our exertions, with pen, tongue, and example, for the people's rights, are of an old date and a recent date, extending over a period of twenty-five years in Canada. It is a proud reflection to us to know that although few have been more injured than we have been for the assertion of honest convictions on all subjects, yet that the line of conduct we have marked out has not been in view of office, or governed by the principles of modern expediency. We can respect a man although he be a conservative, if he be honest, and as thoroughly detest an office-seeking reformer. Men are not to be valued for the name or party, but for what they do. It is altogether likely this London editor is the paper-seeker or wire-puller of some minister. Be that as it may, we are not going to cavil from truth for his sake. Our remarks on men and parties are impartial. When they do what is right we will praise them, and if they act inconsistently they shall feel our lash. We belong to no political party in the conduct of this paper.

THE DIVISIONS OF CANADA.—It is a gratifying thing for us to find that one out of ten of the Divisions in Canada are opposed to Sons aiding in liquor advertising. This is right—let us keep pure or abandon the work. The Divisions of Hamilton, we prophesy, will reject of their trucking to the Canadian; it would be well now for all the TAVERNS in THAT CITY to pay the TEMPERANCE EDITOR of the "SHIELD" extra for advertising their liquors.

WHISKEY AND BEER IN THE COUNTY GAOL.—It was publicly stated at the public meeting in this city on the 23rd February that intoxicating liquors were sold in our County Gaol to prisoners by the gaoler, or his underlings. Is this so? If it is we ask the authorities of the County to see to its immediate abolition.

CANADIAN TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—On the 1st of February 1853 the London Division passed a resolution for the distribution of temperance tracts, and a joint committee was formed from all the associations of that town friendly to temperance for the purpose of carrying out the object. The result of the conference of this committee was a resolution to form a "Maine Law League" for Canada. We have just received a prospectus of the Constitution of the League, signed by S. Morrill, Esq., of London, and W. G. Telfer, secretary, giving the whole plan and scope of the association. It is to be called the "Canadian Temperance League."

Its objects are 1st, The suppression of intemperance—2nd, Using all Constitutional means to obtain the enactment of the Maine Law in Canada. The Committee have in this prospectus published a plan of operations, and ask all Divisions and bodies friendly to the movement to send in their assent or delegates by the 21st day of March instant, when a meeting of delegates is to take place. This prospectus has only just reached us, and we are not prepared to enlarge on it. It is a pity, as the movement was begun over a month ago, that earlier notice was not given. At present we can view the movement as one that might do a vast deal of good if properly and faithfully carried out. We will enlarge on this subject in our next, wishing in the mean time the enterprising Sons of London, success in their movement.

YORKVILLE! Yorkville! where art thou? At the late village election this locality elected three temperance men out of five councillors, and all true Sons and haters of drunkenness, hoped that no more would be licensed, or if the public required liquor, that one inn would be quite sufficient. Alas it has turned out differently. Some one has said leave the WOLF AT THE DOOR—let things remain as they were. Now what was all the late fuss in Yorkville about? What have the Sons gained? Would liquor men have licensed more than three inns? We question it very much. Moral courage has been at a discount in all this. In life what we do let us do manfully. There is no occasion for one liquor selling inn in Yorkville—and the Division will find that their friends have done what will effectually retard their progress. There are now THREE SHOPS WHERE SONS can be UNMADE faster than the Division can make them!!

OWEN SOUND SETTLEMENT.—Is situated on a Sound of that name 16 miles long and nine wide at its mouth, forming a deep safe harbour for shipping. It is connected with Lake Huron, and is one of the best harbours on that Lake. From 3000 to 4000 barrels of whitefish, besides trout, are taken in this Sound. The village and settlement contain 1000 inhabitants. There are seven vessels belonging to it. The Sydenham river which empties into the Sound affords numerous and superior mill-privileges. The trade at present consists in fish and timber, which are sent to the United States, where the fish now bring \$5 per barrel. The land in the vicinity is good for agricultural purposes. The settlement commenced in 1846. A reduction in the price of Government lands there has lately been made. There is a Division of the Sons in the village, and another on Georgian Bay.—W. H. Carney is our agent in this village. A growing commerce is now carried on between this place and the Lake Superior mines.

THE PRISONERS in the gaol of the city of Toronto some weeks ago sent a petition to the Mayor and Council, stating that they came there through drunkenness, and asked the Council to abolish all licenses.

PORT SARINIA TEMPERANCE DINNER AND SOIREE.—The Shield of the 25th February gives a long account of a pleasant Soiree held in the vicinity of Sarnia by the temperance people. A pleasant repast was served up and speeches were made by Messrs. D. Ferguson, E. Watson, Charles Taylor, and Alex. McKenzie. The music on the occasion was also very good. The "Shield" calls it a BUSY SOIREE, and says it was well attended by lads and lassies. That is right, let the people enjoy themselves and be happy and merry and social on good tea and the bread of life, without the maddening bowl.

IN MASSACHUSETTS some of the members of the Legislature are behaving disorderly, although it is thought the anti-liquor law would remain in tact. Numerous remonstrances are coming into Boston against its repeal or modification. We would judge from appearances that the cider question had something to do with its repeal. Perhaps the farmers do not like to be deprived of the sale of cider. We would hope that any sensible farmer would sooner sacrifice the little profits made from cider than injure the good of the community by its sale. It seems some of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature secretly introduced spirituous liquors into a committee-room. In Rhode Island the new amended liquor law has passed both branches of the Legislature, and will become a law in May next.

INDIANA LEGISLATURE.—A member of this body writing to the "Cayuga Chief," says, that there is no chance for the Maine Law there. A large majority of those elected are inveterate drinkers, and voted down a resolution to take one copy each of the temperance paper called the "Indiana Chief," although there were rumpublishing papers in abundance taken.

THE VERMONT ANTI-LIQUOR LAW will go into operation this day a-week.

A silver pitcher 16 inches high of solid silver, has been presented to Neal Dow by the State Central Temperance Committee of New Jersey, on which is engraved various devices; showing the evils of intemperance and the benefits of total abstinence.

The three leading temperance papers of New York State, all excellent in their way, have on account of their large circulation, got the post-office advertising; viz., the "Cayuga Chief," the "Ontario Tectonaller," and the "New York Reformer" of Jefferson County. That is right. Let those who act the honest candid part be supported.

The past winter in California has been very severe. There are three thousand two hundred and twenty-eight persons of the name of McDonnell and McDonald in Gleanery, the whole population being 17,000.

ABRIDGED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEATH OF MR. M'TAGGART OF BEAVERTOWN—MORE DRINK.  
 MR. EDITOR,—I see that you, as well as other Editors are misinformed in reference to Archibald McTaggart, who was frozen to death in Thorah. You state he was a temperate man, I was not acquainted with him personally, but I saw him several times, and I always understood him to be one of those moderate drinkers. I happened to be in Beavertown the day of his funeral, and on enquiring into the cause of his death, was told that he was drunk; in fact I was speaking to persons that were drinking with him the evening of his decease. And they told me that he went away from the village quite drunk. So we see if the Maine Law was in force in Canada Archibald McTaggart would be a living man among us to day.

Yours in L. P. and F., GEO. MURRO.

[Had a Coroner's inquest sat upon this man their verdict would have been, "died by the visitation of God." Alas, how many visitations of death are daily occurring in Canada!! visitations of death from liquor drinking.]—ED. SON.

DEDICATION OF THE WELLINGTON SQUARE TEMPERANCE HALL.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—I take the liberty of transmitting to you a few lines for publication in your valuable paper. I am persuaded that you are glad to hear from any locality where the Sons of Temperance have been established, endeavoring to effect a moral reformation, and renovating the usages of society. As a Division we are in a prosperous condition, our influence, interests, and members are increasing, and our principles are being better understood by the community at large. On the 24th February we dedicated our new Temperance Hall to the three virtues "Love, Purity, and Fidelity." The attendance was large and the officers to whom parts were assigned acquitted themselves with great credit, D. G. W. P., O. Riley, presided on the occasion. The site on which the Hall is built was a donation from Messrs. Torrance & Co. of Montreal. The building is brick 54 by 32, the best public building or Temperance Hall between Toronto and Hamilton. The building is worth \$1400 and with a debt of only \$250 on it. It is to be free for all religious meetings connected with the village, and under the control of three Trustees appointed annually by the Sons of Temperance. The festival commenced at 6 o'clock; there was a very large attendance, upwards of 400 persons. The Daughters of Harmony Union assisted by other ladies furnished all the refreshments for the occasion, for which we as a Division are under great obligations. After the repast the D. G. W. P., O. Riley, again took the chair, and called on two Cadets to address the audience, who did so with much ability. Judge Marshall and the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith addressed the audience. Their addresses comprised that happy mixture of the serious with the humorous, which is so eminently calculated to command the attention of a mixed audience. In the intervals between the speeches the Hannasville Brass Band enlivened the proceedings. A juvenile choir, under the direction of Dr. Van Norman, interested the audience with some beautiful pieces of music, and we have reason to believe that the evening will not be soon forgotten. A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

TRAFALGAR CENTRAL DIVISION MEETING.

MR. ED. AND BR.—The Sons of Temperance of "Trafalgar Central Division, No. 377," held a public meeting on Saturday evening the 19th inst., our neighboring D. G. W. P., Br. H. E. Winnot of Milton being present, was called to the chair. After the meeting being opened by Br. E. McCann, Chaplain, it was moved by Br. W. Henderson, P. W. P., seconded by H. A. Graham, D. G. W. P., that it is the opinion of this meeting that the present state of society, with respect to the drinking usages, calls for the immediate action of the well disposed, individually as well as collectively, to strain every nerve in order to suppress a traffic so detrimental to the best interests of society, sending thousands of its votaries into the presence of their Creator in a state of insensibility, while tens of thousands more fortunate, but not less miserable, fill our common jails, entailing a heavy tax upon the sober and industrious. With these awful facts daily staring us in the face, we see no just reason why our Legislators as accountable beings should not act in accordance with the wishes of the majority of their constituents, and at once give us a law similar to that of Maine. Being favored with the presence of the celebrated Judge Marshall, he responded to the resolution in a very eloquent and impressive manner, showing that the Legislature of Canada have a perfect right to enact such a law, and finally the necessity and practicability of enacting the same. Br. Samuel Clarke, Esq., R. S. of Milton Division also spoke in a very able manner. After which the resolution was put and carried without a dissenting vote. A vote of thanks was then voted to Judge Marshall and Br. Samuel Clarke for the able manner in which they have responded to the resolution, and carried.

Moved and seconded, That the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to the "Son of Temperance" for publication, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to John White, Esq., M. P. P. for this county. (Carried.)

Yours in L. P. and F., H. A. GRAHAM, R. S.  
 Trafalgar Feb. 2nd, 1853.

KINGSTON SONS.

I am happy to state that the order here is in a very prosperous condition. The Frontenac Division is every night adding to its numbers. It is in a most prosperous condition both as regards funds and numbers, and there is a very kindly feeling among the members. I have also reason to believe the other Divisions are in a similar condition. There are to be 13 new members initiated in Kingston Division on Tuesday evening next.

WM. RUTTOXE, D. G. W. P.

[The above are very gratifying news for this city. Kingston probably is the most frog ridden locality of Canada, not excepting Toronto, which is decidedly less cursed than its old rival. Let the Divisions go on in this way, and then do their duty at the civic elections.]—ED. SON.

BR. WILLIAMS OF HAMPTON DARLINGTON informs us that Darlington Township Council have decided that there shall be no licenses granted this year. Well done—let all go and do likewise. When we are right why should we hesitate to act. Turn all taverns in Canada into good Temperance houses.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WINTER SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE DUNN OF SCARBORO.

Welcome sunshine, welcome gl'ring thing,  
 More than the light that diamonds bring,  
 I hail thee on this frosty morn,  
 Whist snow and ice the earth adorn;  
 Charming nature, and gladd'ning all  
 Where'er thy gen'rous smile doth fall.  
 Thou givest warmth to the rudest cot,  
 And peepst in each dismal spot;  
 Smiling on the humble poor as free,  
 As on the rich of high degree;  
 Constant sunshine pure bright and free,  
 The rich and poor are alike to thee.

Not so the wealth of sordid gold,  
 Its niggard gifts the rich do hold;  
 Nor so the diamonds of the mine,  
 Their beauties beam for ladies fine;  
 But thou fair sunshine brighter art  
 Than golden ore or diamond's star.

To thee I'll give my warmest praise,  
 Blest be thy light, thy gen'rous rays;  
 Welcome ever, welcome in my room  
 To drive from thence the winter's gloom,  
 Cheer then ever my home retreat,  
 A grateful heart thy smile will greet—  
 Shine pure sunshine, shine bright on all,  
 From lordly seat to cottage wall.

The little boys they welcome thee  
 Whist piling snow with youthful glee,  
 Those little birds all twittering sweet,  
 Thy radiant presence gladly greet;  
 The poultry near the granary door  
 With cheerful noise thy warmth adore.  
 Unsheltered cattle from the night  
 Are thanking thee for generous light;  
 Yon beggar with his thin clad breast  
 Thy rays upon his heart do rest;  
 From mourner deep to laughing boy,  
 From high to low thou givest joy;  
 Once more then sunshine take my praise  
 For welcome light and warming rays.

SCARBORO' February 1853.

THE BEAUTIES OF POETRY—THE POETS' LICENSE.

Pope was born in 1688—died in 1744. He was considered the most classic and learned poet of his day; courted by the aristocracy, he was vain, and like Byron, to some extent misanthropic and vicious in his habits. It is said Byron resembled Pope very much. Originally he did not seem destined for a great poet, nor did Byron; chance or the sneers of the world turned their minds to rely upon their own internal greatness. Pope's poetry and success were the result of labour. Judges of poetry pronounce his poetry to be faultless in its kind and remarkable for its smoothness and harmony. Pope was in England for over twenty years what Byron was for the same period, the courted and admired!! In bodily appearance there was also a similarity between him and Byron. Byron lived in a more advanced age and was consequently a superior scholar and poet. Pope in his "Messiah," has these verses in both of which the rules of measure are not observed,—

"Rept into future times, the bard begun,  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son.  
 From Jesse's tomb behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies—  
 The Ethereal Spirit o'er us leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove."

In the second of the above lines we see twelve poetical feet, in others ten, and others eleven. In his "Windsor Forest" we find these verses:—

"Thy forests Windsor! and thy green retreats,  
 At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,  
 Invite my lays."

In one of these verses there are nine and in the other ten poetical feet. Again—

"Ye vigorous swains while youth ferments your blood,  
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
 Now range the hills, the gamut woods beset,  
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net."

Pope's "Ode on Solitude," a beautiful thing, inserted in the agricultural page of this number, was written at the age of 12. Pope's "Advice to Poets" is this, and it is wise and just:

"First to low nature and your judgment frame  
 By her just standard, which is of the same,  
 Learning nature, still divinely bright,  
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
 Like force and heat, must to a napart,  
 At once the source, and end, and test of art."

In canto second "Rape of the Lock" we find this verse,

"Not with more gloom in the ethereal plain,  
 The sea was vex'd o'er the purpled main."

In "Eloisa to Abelard," we find these verses

"In these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
 Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells."

Pope almost uniformly wrote in ten feet measure. Throughout his poetry it will be found, he varies from ten feet to eleven, and sometimes twelve feet. Pope's greatest effort was his "Essay on Man," and it is an effort of a most splendid kind, that can be read and re-read with pleasure. In his Epistle 3rd, we find this verse—

"Here then we rest, the universal cause  
 Acts to one end, but acts by various laws"

In his Moral Essays, Epistle 1, we find this verse—

"Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
 Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate."

In Epistle 2—

"Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it,  
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute"

Cowper was born in 1731, died in 1800. He was a finished poet and scholar, a deep admirer and observer of nature, and withal a man of a pure mind and piety. In the latter part of his life he became quite melancholy. Thompson and Cowper are very much alike, and it is difficult to say which is the superior. In Cowper's "Passing time anticipated," we find the verse—

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau  
 If birds confabulate or no."

Cowper's verses on "Alexander Selkirk" are very beautiful. In his poetry he frequently varies one foot in measure. Cowper's "Catharine" is a chaste and sweet Poem, almost unequalled in the English language. Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" is something of the same kind. Cowper's poetry "On the receipt of his mother's picture," surpasses all his previous efforts, and shows that he had a heart big with affection. Let every youth read this most affectionate, lovely and sublime production, and it will teach him to love and adore his mother, his best friend.

"Could time his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I plucked them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou was happier than myself the while,  
 Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile.)  
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here!  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might."

Robert Burns was born 1759, died in 1796, aged 37. He was the child of nature, the poet of the fields—the poet of Scotland's honest farmers, her rustic clans, and her lads and lassies. He was honest and independent, loving and true to the instincts of his country. "To a Mountain Daisy," "A Vision," his "Cotter's Saturday Night," "To Mary in Heaven," point him out nature's and affection's true poet—and his other poetry shows that he was a sterling friend of Liberty and of man. What then is poetry, and wherein consists the true success of poets. It is simply to be true to nature—true to the instinct of the heart. All men are not and cannot be poets, for to be such, requires a vivid imagination, and great observation of natural truth.—[To be resumed.]

THE CANADIAN PARTRIDGE

Is a beautiful bird, about half the size of the common barn fowl and of the wild grouse species; its flesh is very white and very excellent food. The flesh of the wild turkey is dark, as is also that of the Western prairie hen. The flesh of the quail and the Partridge are white, and they are the choicest game of Canada, very similar in all their habits. The quail however, is not a denizen of the deep silent woods like the Partridge—but on the contrary can only be found in the settlements of our Province, in the fields, or the thickets about fields, and in the winter very often about the farm yard. The Partridge seeks the most secluded recesses of the forest—silent thickets—sunny hollows—wind falls—hemlock thickets and cedar swamps. It may often be found in the vicinity of beach ridges late in fall and early in spring. Valleys in which the thorn grows, on the berries of which it feeds, elder patches, and sometimes the more retired grain fields of the farmer are its favorite haunts. This bird lays a dozen eggs more or less of a white color, half the size of the hen's, and builds its nest on the ground, of leaves and sticks. It is remarkably careful of its young, and its instinct and manoeuvres to elude search for them and to preserve them are wonderful. The young are covered with down and are of a brownish colour. The partridge lives on berries, seeds, and nuts. In winter it probably lives principally on the beech nuts and on buds of trees. It stops in Canada during the winter. Its legs are clothed with feathers down to the feet, especially in the winter. In the most northern parts of America and in Russian American, where this bird is also found, it is said it turns nearly white. The ordinary colour is a beautiful chestnut barred with alternate bands of black and white, especially the tail feathers, which are very beautiful and fan-like. The Indian women often make fans of the tail feathers. The male has a sort of ring or collar of long black feathers protruding out beyond the rest, and is more grey in his plumage. The head and neck are long in comparison to the body, the legs strong and thick, of a flesh colour and scaly. The beak is strong, something resembling that of a hen, black and slightly curved at the point in the upper mandible. This bird has its young in June, and lays early in May. We have often come upon a brood in the woods, and it is almost impossible to see them owing to their colour being like that of the brown leaves. The hen when you come upon them, alights on the ground and tumbles over, flutters and acts like a crazy or wounded bird. If you follow or send your dog after her she will flutter on in this way as long as she can and then arise. We have seen her flutter for a hundred yards in the opposite direction from where the young were concealed in the bushes. She exhibits great affection and con-

# CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE,

ing in leading the enemy off the scent. When the young are larger, they fly with her to the trees, where they sit like the old one perfectly erect. The partridge never flies far, and when he alights he sits perfectly erect with his long neck raised, and it is very difficult to distinguish him from a brown branch. The partridge is said to drum, that is in pairing time or whilst the young are being hatched, he will make a noise resembling the sound upon a small hollow drum, but more subdued. How this noise is made we have never been able to ascertain, if any of our readers can inform they would oblige. It has been our opinion however that it is done by the throat, instead of with the wings, as many suppose. On the great prairies of the west the male prairie grouse, makes a noise something similar, and we know it is done by pulling up the wind of the throat, and so discharging it, by which a hollow guttural sound is made, which may be heard in the prairies for half a mile, and has a peculiarly mournful solitary sound.

in their contemplation. The little lambs will soon begin to greet the farmers eyes—the fish to seek the bursting rivulets, and the water-fowl at night will seek the north.

## WONDERFUL TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world the following, of which we have here compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious:—

**THE GREAT CHESTNUT TREE.**—On the one side of Mount Atna there is a famous Chestnut tree, which is said to be 196 feet in circumference, just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.

**THE DWARF TREE.**—Captain King and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground.

**THE SACK TREE.**—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the Sack tree, because from it may be stripped very singular natural sacks, which resemble "felt" in appearance.

**THE IVORY NUT TREE.**—The Ivory nut tree is popularly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belongs to the order designated as the Screw pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons and various other articles. In an early state the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid which afterwards assumes a solidity nearly equal to that of ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as Ivory nut, or Vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.

**THE BRAZIL NUT TREE.**—The Brazil nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the Province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural position resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and about the size of a child's head. Each of these shells contain from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, neatly packed together. And to obtain the nuts, as they appear in the market these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

**THE CANNON BALL TREE.**—Among the plants of Guinea one of the most curious is the Cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, as is the fruit for its fragrance and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles large cannon balls. Hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the balls make in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids besides sugar and gum, and furnish the materials for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

**THE SORROWFUL TREE.**—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the Sorrowful tree—so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell; but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

**THE COW TREE.**—This tree is a native of Venezuela, South America. It grows in rocky situations, high up the mountains. Baron Von Humboldt gives the following description of it:—"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet as soon as the trunk is pierced there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might fancy as the father returned home with this milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the productions of his kine. The milk obtained by the incisions made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acridity and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect."

**THE BEZEL FRUIT TREE.**—This tree is found on the Islands of the Pacific Ocean. The trunk rises to the height of thirty or forty feet, and attains the size of a man's body. The fruit grows about the size of a child's head. When used for food, it is gathered before it is fully ripe, and baked among ashes, when it becomes a wholesome bread, and in taste somewhat resembles fresh wheat bread. This is a very useful tree to the natives; for besides its fruit which supplies them with food, its trunk furnishes timber for their houses and canoes; the gum which exudes from it, serves as pitch for the vessels, and from the fibres of the inner bark a cloth is made to cover their persons.

**THE UPAS TREE.**—For some ages it was believed that a tree existed in the East Indies which shed a poisonous, blighting and deadly influence upon all animals that reposed beneath its branches; and that so fatal were its effects that birds attempting to fly near it fell to the ground and perished. For several years past, there being no reliable authority that such trees really existed, it has generally been supposed, among the intelligent, to be fabulous, and hence termed the "Fabled Upas Tree." But a few years since a tree was discovered in a peculiar locality in the East Indies, which it is believed gave rise to the wonderful accounts of the Upas tree. In the location where this modern Upas tree was discovered, there is a constant and dense collection of carbonic acid gas; and consequently all animals that come near it die by breathing this poisonous gas. The cause of such an abundance of gas being collected in the locality of these trees is unknown. A few months since a tree was discovered on the Isth-

mus of Darien, which appears to have a similar influence on animal life. The *Panama Star* says:—"A man named James Linn, being tired, lay down under a tree to sleep, and, on awaking, found his limbs and body swollen and death soon followed. Cattle avoid eating or ruminating under this tree."

**THE TALLOW TREE.**—This tree is found in China. It is called Tallow tree because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and is used for the same purpose. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

**LACE BARK TREE.**—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace or net work. The bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

**SPRY OLD GENTLEMAN.**—An old gentleman living in the county of Monroe, Alabama, whose years number 93, attended a party near Claiborne, a short time since, and danced four or five cotillions with some of the young ladies, with all the ease and gracefulness of youth, and really enjoyed the pleasure of "tripping the light fantastic toe."—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

**EFFECTS OF FOOD UPON CHARACTER.**—The varieties of food are said to influence the characters of nations; nor is this in the least degree improbable. To the plain black bread and broth of Sparta's public tables, may, I think, be partly traced the stern simplicity of that iron-stomached race. In the simple fare of Lycia continuing for ages unaltered—a cluster of dates and a little water, flesh being seldom tasted except at a feast, or the arrival of a stranger, &c.—we view the patriarchal tent-life of these ancient and interesting desert-folk, whose characteristics have remained unchanged while the whole world else has undergone a revolutionary avatar. From the habit of devouring raw food, et cetera, common among uncivilized races, may arise that ferocity and irreverence for life which distinguishes barbarians; and I have heard it contended that our own simple "roast and boiled" has had vast influence in nurturing that sturdy honesty of heart which is the special heritage of an Englishman. If certain kinds of food affects individuals, why may they not affect the mass? Fusch and Mrs. Radcliff, the authoress of *Mysteries of Utopia*, it is affirmed, were in the habit of courting wildness of fancy by making use of undressed meat. Sir Isaac Newton, during the composition of his renowned work on optics, is known to have lived entirely on vegetables, finding that this regimen enabled him to reflect more deeply than any other.—*Family Tutor.*

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

A large meeting was held in January in London, on the subject of the persecution of the Protestants in Italy. The Lord Mayor presided, and numerous resolutions were moved and seconded by eminent men, declaring the right of all men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. The modern world will not be enthralled in religious opinions much longer. The throne of error and monkish superstitions must be thrown down.

Viscount Melbourne, long the prime minister of England, died on the 28th January, in his 71st year.—Considerable excitement exists in England and Ireland on account of the discovery of numerous Ribbon Societies.—It is supposed there is a general league secretly formed in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for some political and religious purpose, in connection perhaps with movements in Italy and France. Several of the parties have been arrested and documents found on them establishing the fact of the league.—The ice on the River Hudson about Albany, has nearly all disappeared, and the river was rising very fast.—The correspondence between Bishop Charbonnel and the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, has been republished in many American papers.—Mrs. Stowe is about to publish the facts on which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was founded.—It is said the Emperor of Japan is making great naval and military preparations to repel any attack on the part of the Americans. He has one million of soldiers ready to fight, and many war junks about his coasts.—Ex-President Van Buren has gone to Europe.

THE INDIANS of Michigan and the Chippewas about Mackinaw have sent numerous petitions to the Legislature of that State to abolish the license and sale of intoxicating drinks.

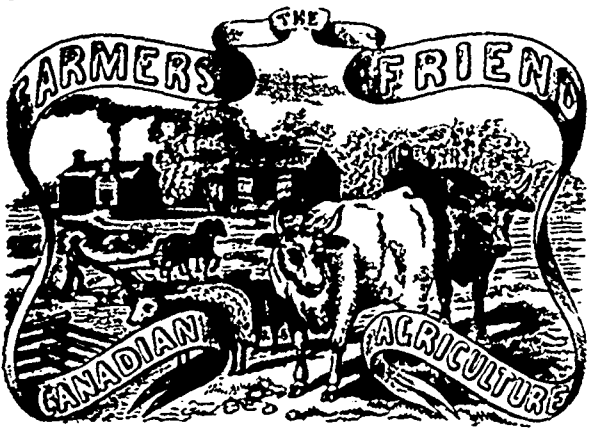
THE NEW LIQUOR LAW of ILLINOIS turns out to be a poor thing after all, although to some extent an improvement over that repealed. No license can issue for any sum under \$100. The innkeeper to give bonds in \$500 to keep an ornately house!! Persons without license can sell 18 gallons or above. This law is a sheer humbug, and will be evaded everywhere.

A physician, Dr. Gilman of Massachusetts, has offered to give \$1000 to any medical man or chemist who can prove that alcohol is in any case necessary as a medicine for man. His offer is not taken up.

New Jersey introduced into her Legislature a law similar to that of Maine. We are sorry to hear it has been voted down.

IN ALBANY of 498 persons committed to the penitentiary, 451 were of intemperate habits. In this city there are 426 licensed and 336 unlicensed grog-shops. The proportion throughout the State is about the same. Behold its fruits in penitentiaries!

PARLIAMENTARY NEWS.—The franchise law has been advanced persons in towns and cities are to vote on a rental of £7 10s. In the townships all persons assessed at the sum of £50 will be entitled to vote; this is a very useful improvement. The new University Bill, from what we can learn is a good measure for the country, it is to be read a second time in a few days. A call of the House had been made to discuss the new Representation Bill, the first week in March. A petition has been presented by forty Roman Catholic voters from Three Rivers, protesting against the Bishops Cathedral Bill; it was presented by Mr. Brown. It seems there are Catholics who are opposed to such an unjust taxation. We see that a discussion has taken place in Quebec on the subject of the incorporation of some Roman Catholic charitable institution. Mr. Brown moved an amendment which was voted down. Christie, Hartman, Wright and Brown voted for it. Col. Prince is acting the courier to the French faction. Unless a stop be put to this incorporation of religious societies in Lower Canada by Upper Canada voters, a terrible reaction against the present ministry will take place. One would think the Lower Canada members a parcel of old grannies, sent there to legislate for old women in nunneries. The Lower Canada members with a few exceptions, are haters of everything like civil or religious progress.



## Agricultural.

### ODE ON SOLITUDE—THE FARMERS' PEACE!

WRITTEN BY FIVE WHEN TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Happy the man, whose wish and care A few paternal acres bound, Content to breathe his native air In his own ground	Hours, days, and years slide soft away In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day, Sound sleep by night; study and ease, Togeth'r pursued, sweet fern alone And tranquillity, which most does please, With meditation.
Whose beads with milk, whose fields With bread, Whose flocks supply him with attire, Whose trees in summer yield him shade, In winter fire	Thus let me live, unseen, unknown; Thus unlamented let me die, Steal from the world, and not a stone Tell where I lie.
Best who can in contentedly find	

### THE FOREST TREES OF CANADA.

We give below a lengthy article on the remarkable trees of other lands. Its perusal will be interesting. There is nothing we love to gaze on more than a beautiful tree. So refreshing is its green foliage to the eye, so calm and peaceful its silent beauty. Spring will soon be upon us, and nature will cause the sleeping sap by some magic power to mount from the frozen earth to the topmost boughs, whose beautiful flowers and leaves will again scent the air, glitter in the rays of the sun and afford shelter to the singing-birds, the little flies, and the beautiful butterflies.—Gentle zephyrs will waft the foliage to and fro, and the sweet silvery rays of the moon will rest in beauty upon the green forests. Already the axeman is preparing to tap the sugar-maple, from which will spring the mounting sap—already the woodpecker sounds on the hollow tree for his Spring-time partner, and the jay calls aloud on the beach ridges—already the swelling brooks and rivers with the smoking woods, give evidence that Spring is at hand. Sugar-making and sugaring-off, with the rejoicings of farmers' girls and boys in the sugar bush, must form a separate article. In Canada we have many beautiful trees, which we intend to describe one by one in coming numbers.—Among them most conspicuously known, are the pyramidal spruce—the sombre hemlock hanging its boughs to the earth—the ragged cedar with its scented wood and green foliage—the towering pine that plays with the northern winds—the reddening soft maple, whose blossoms and boughs already begin to redden, and whose beautiful variegated colors delight the eye in autumn. Then we have the white buttonwood with its large glossy leaves, the walnut, butternut, and hickory nut trees, with their rich flavored nuts. The chestnut with strings of white wreathy flowers—the prickly burs and the luscious brown nuts of autumn. The dogwood with its snowy blossoms and red berries. The thorn with a flowery head of snow, the wild plum in all its variety—and the beautiful blossoms and fruits of the high bushed cranberries. The quivering poplar with tremulous leaves—the balm of Gilead that hits the air, just fresh from the summer shower, with its pleasant perfume. The willows with their pendant heads, and the white-birch, from which for thousands of years the red man has built his swift canoes or covered his summer hat. The sturdy oak and beech with their crops of nuts and heavy wood are valuable. The wild cherry with its fruit—the currants of the marsh—the strawberry and the hazle, and the shadowy elm, are all to be prized. Lovely trees, and flowers, and birds—sweet scented groves and green fields—fishes in the warbling waters—gushing springs and clear skies,—we delight

FOREIGN NEWS.

Pegu, a territory belonging to Burmah, has been annexed by England to the East India possessions. Lord J. Russell says the estimates for 1853 for the public service would be greatly increased. A bill to do away with the Jewish disabilities is to be brought forward, also, bills to abolish the Australian penal settlements, and to allow the Canadian Parliament to legislate on the Reserve, are to be introduced. A revolt has taken place in Milan on the part of the patriots. Proclamations of Mazzini were posted on city walls, and Kossuth has issued a proclamation to the Hungarian soldiers in Lombardy to fight for freedom. Little clouds of troubles begin to arise in Europe. It is the intention of the English Government to call out the whole Militia of England for one day to exercise in April or May next, when an Adjutant General is to be appointed. A newspaper in New York city is to be printed by caloric power. Recent accounts speak of unjust treatment on the part of Emigrant ships to Australian emigrants. The Earl of Shaftesbury has answered, through the Times (England) the rejoinder of the American ladies to the appeal of the ladies of England. An influential Scotch paper thinks the Earl has failed in this answer. All this quints very much towards woman's rights and power. A young Englishman named Stonehouse has been unjustly imprisoned in Austria by the authorities. The rising of the people of Milan appears by late news to have been put down, or to have been but a partial one. Milan contains 150,000 people, and is under Austria. The Montenegro revolt in Turkey is exciting some uneasiness in Southern and Eastern Europe. The Montenegrins are a small nation of Christian people of the Slavonic race, on the Adriatic sea in Turkey; they belong to the Greek Church, and are allies of Russia, although under the Sultan of Turkey. It is thought that Russia and Austria are ready to pick a quarrel with the Sultan on the ground of his war with this race, secretly to be revenged of the Kossuth affair, and to endeavor to dismember the Sultan's dominions. England would hardly consent to this. It is now 400 years since the Mahomedans conquered the Byzantine Empire, and some say in this year, Islamism will fall in Europe. Some great events are about to take place in Europe in 1853 or 1854. The Legislature of Van Dieman's Land have asked England to recall Governor Dennison for misconduct. A woman's temperance demonstration on a very large scale came off at the Metropolitan Hall, New York, on the 7th ult. Mrs Bloomer and a number of other ladies addressed the meeting, and the attendance was immense.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

A runaway or elopement affair has just come off at Simcoe, No-folk. A Dr. A. B. Gordon, with large whiskers and a goatee, has eloped with a Mrs. Hawke, a handsome married woman, leaving her disconsolate husband minus of some hundreds of dollars. The Dr. is a speculating adventurer. Professor McCoy from the United States is lecturing on Americans and America in Montreal. A serious riot has taken place near Montreal on one of the railways; Sheriff Bowen and two of his deputies went to arrest some men, and were attacked by about one hundred of the laborers and very severely beaten. A militia force has been called out to arrest the rioters. Mr. Wilson has been elected Mayor of Montreal. Dr. Rolph has introduced a Bill into the House to increase the facilities of the marriage contract, enabling the pastor, or head of any religious sect, or a magistrate, or mayor, &c., to effect a legal marriage contract, the same to be recorded in the office of the County Treasurer, and also in the office of the Provincial Register.

PARLIAMENTARY.—The Representative Bill has been discussed at length and read a second time at Quebec. Mr. Crawford of Brockville has introduced a Bill to build a railroad from Brockville to Pembroke. Mr. Brown has withdrawn his resolution as to penny postage. The Globe says that Mr. Hinks has intimated in answer to enquiries that he intends to carry through his retaliatory commercial policy against the Americans. The Government have informed Mr. Bidout that it is their intention to remove the seat of Government to Toronto at the expiration of four years. On the 2nd March a debate occurred at Quebec on the introduction of a Bill, by a French member, Mr. Polette, to legalize the proceedings of the Bishop of Three Rivers in taxing the Catholic people. Messrs. Brown, Christie, and McKenzie opposed it. We are happy to see Mr. Christie now acting right on this question. The Maine Law Bill before Parliament is as yet slumbering, nothing has been done in it, nor has any report been made by the committee.

Agents for this Paper for 1853.

Our Agents would greatly oblige by canvassing their neighborhoods. There are many who only require to be asked to subscribe. To pay over a moderate compensation in 1853 we require at least 500 new subscribers. This number could be obtained for this paper in one month were our agents active. J. Q. Bond, Bradford—John Steer, Paris—John Tyler, Cambridge—Robert Palmer, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Rankin—Dundas—Thomas Ingham, West Flamingo—Reed Baker, Waterbury—John Clinton, Perseverance Division, Brantford—W. Ferguson, Grandford—H. A. Graham, Central Trafalgar Division—James Douglas, Brantford—Thomas Luff, Southville—J. H. Crane, Bellville—J. H. Beecher, Chippewa—G. D. Frost, Queretaro—Robert Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, St. Ana's—Lincoln—H. Smith, Cadboro—Walter Bradshaw, Acadia—George Davidson, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Grant, Cornwall—C. Lewis, Brockville—James Fraser, Bytown—William Harcourt, Ottawa—R. M. Stephens, Brantford—Wm. McCrellan, Middleton—W. Adam McCreery, Fergus—Wm. H. Carey, Owen Sound—Abner Street, Walkerton—S. J. Lancaster, Lobo—John Murdoch, Aylmer, E. H. St. Neovince, Vienna—Alphons Foley, and Alfred Owen, Simcoe—J. Russell North—George L. D. Marks, Brantford—Charles Taylor, Per Simons—C. Johnson, Merriville—J. W. Condon, Guelph—Belmont Hill, George Graham and Henry Sutcliffe, Newmarket—Ed. Erwin and John C. Moulton—Bradford, William Lawrie—Leicester, D. H. Hay—Newmarket, Wm. Hambley—Alyce Ditchie, J. Bonning, Kitchener, E. B. Butler, Per Court, James Shaw—Horsley, J. H. Watkins—Georgetown, John Vanalst—West Hill—Wm. Thomas—Windsor—Southville—Max—Dundas—Dr. Zet Cook—Campbell—Oak-

awa John Lloyd—Newton, Elizur Hunt—Prince Albert, John Nutt—Bowmansville, Rev. Mr. Clarke—Newcastle, C. S. Powers—Orono, F. H. Rolph—Port Hope, R. Sherin—Peterborough, Robinson—Rutherford—Warsaw, G. C. Chalmers—Kemptville, Wm. H. Fennell—Prescott, J. O. Armstrong—Kinston, Wm. Rudolph—Meriville Bath, Dr. Thomas Ashton—Scarborough, Francis Finn and Joshua Post—Thornhill, Josiah Pankas—Osborne, Leonard Tuttle and Wm. H. Finney—Montreal, John Hallard—Quebec, J. H. Healey and Mr. Booth—Weston, David McGuire—Sharon, John Terry—Sutton, W. Cooper and Moses Hill—Newell, Mr. Everingham—Tyronne, A. Young—Cathlamet, George Smith—Campbellville, W. West of Torrey and Mr. Mann—Port Robinson, J. Dorrington—Crowland, G. W. Cook—Summersville, J. Telfer—Hatchcock, J. Shaver—Thamesford, H. McDonald—James Wallace, Stewart—Brooklin, Wm. H. C. Thomas and Wm. McGee—J. R. Smith, Martintown—David Trimmer, Jerry, Walkoe—George Ross, Emulo Division—Robert McGeorge, Amherstburg. (To be continued in our next)

Receipts since our last Issue. G. L. B. Hick's Corners, \$2 \$11 apples on 1852 and \$4 on 1853, he had all the volume of 1852, we cannot take \$1 for subscribers of 1852, W. D. Churchville, \$2 1853, J. Mell, King, Is. Id. cy on 1853, W. W. Hampton, \$1 1853, J. Mell, London, \$1 1853, Wm. R. Kingston, \$5 1852-3, J. R. of North Gower, \$2 1852-3, J. R. S. Martintown \$1 1853, The \$1 sent by the Ancaster Division for subscription of 1852 was received. The Brockville Division sub. was duly received. Mr. H. Toronto, \$1, J. G. of Orono, a subscriber has taken 9 papers of 1853 and we cannot stop without payment of his subscription. F. T. Sarnia, \$1

Communications. Poetry "on death of my mother" is not accompanied by the name of the author. Editor's rules require this in all persons who write. We will however insert it when room permits. Letter on taverns from King abridged will appear in our next. Letter from Ancaster. Poetry from Forest Hill. Sayings of Irishmen from S. of Toronto. Caledonia resolutions and some other matters on hand will appear in our next. "The Broken Hearted" a temperance tale by F. R. is received. We will insert it in due course. Poetry and letter from Spencerville is received. The com. from Brimpton is received. Letters from Stratford are duly received.

MARKETS. TORONTO, MONDAY, 7th March, 1853. March came in mild and spring like. Winter is now fairly broken, but yet the weather is cold. We have had some warm sunny days, and generally west and north west. The markets of New York and England remain firm in the price of flour and provisions. The tendency is rather upward. Wheat has gone up in Toronto some in consequence. The following are the prices of leading articles this day in this market. Wheat per bushel 4s 4d; Flour per barrel 2s 6d; Oats per bushel 1s 8d to 1s 10d; Barley 2s 3d to 2s 6d; Pork per 100 lbs. \$5 to \$6; Beef per do \$4 to \$5; Calves per do 3s to 4s; and are sold at good prices. Butter per lb. 14d fresh, tub 7d to 9d; Lard per do 5d to 6d; Hay per ton 5s 3d to 5s 10d; Wood as usual \$3; Hard coal best; Poultry of all kinds very scarce and high; Wood 1s to 1s 4d; Hides \$4 to \$5; Straw \$5 to \$6; Apples 2s to 2s 3d; Potatoes 2s to 2s 3d, wholesale; Eggs 6d to 8d, per doz. The roads are getting very bad in this vicinity, and we must now look out for dull markets until the latter end of April.

NOTICE.—BAD NOTE.

This is to forbid all persons against purchasing a note of hand in favor of Thomas Haysted, Weston, for £12 10s. cy, payable in furniture, for which I received no value, and will not pay the said note. Dated, Weston, February 3, 1853. CHARLES ETSCHMANN.

WANTED A PAINTER, A GOOD CARRIAGE PAINTER That thoroughly understands his business. Application personally or by Post to C F HALL, Markham Village, C. W.

CHARLES DURAND, Esqr., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR in CHANCERY, respectfully informs all desirous of employing him professionally, that he has removed his office from Yonge Street near his private residence, to his new office, over the store of B. M. Clark & Co., Grocers, near the corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, near Lawson & Clarkson's store. He is now prepared to attend business in all of the courts of this Province, or to conveyancing and Agency. Toronto, February 2nd 1853.

J. MURPHY, PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GRAINER, PAPER HANGER, SIGN WRITER, &c. &c., No. 13, Adelaide Street, West of Yonge St.

JUST PUBLISHED: The Temperance Soiree Companion, comprising a collection of DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS, HYMNS and MELODIES, compiled for the use of the Temperance community. PRICE 1s. 2d. Or 9 copies for 10s., and 19 copies for 20s. For sale by A. H. Armour & Co., Toronto, and by the subscribers, to whom all letters (post paid) can be sent. Orders should contain remittances. Address: T. G. MASON & Co., Box 123, Toronto P. O. The Companion can be mailed to any part of British North America—postage 2d. February, 1853.

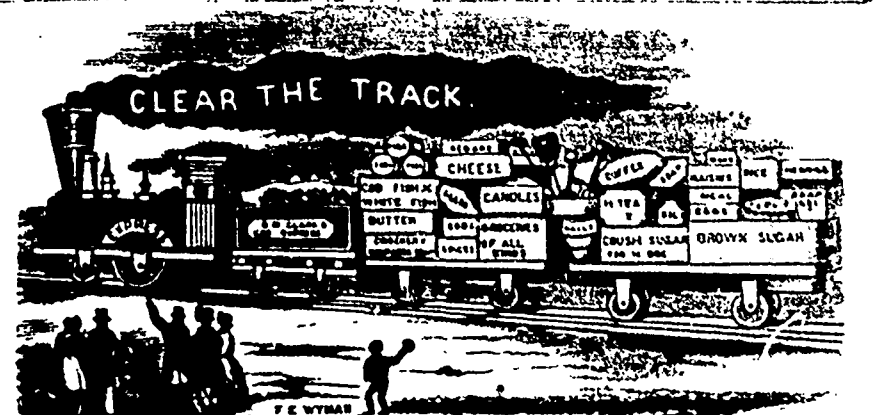
THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS.

VETERINARY FORCE AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES. DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yong Street, Toronto.

F. E. WYMAN, Designer & Engraver on Wood. Office—No. 3 SHUTTER STREET, second door from Yonge Street.

Drawings, Views of Buildings, taken, and Original Designs made to order. All orders from neighbouring towns promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, CARPENTER and BUILDER, SIGN, BLIND and DOOR MANUFACTURER, Agate Street, Toronto. Job Work attended to. W. H. S. begs to inform his Country Customers that Lumber, Shingles, and Cordwood will be taken in part payment. Toronto, January 1853.



B. M. CLARK & CO., GROCERS, RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that they have just opened a splendid assortment of GROCERIES,

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles. Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries.

REMEMBER the stand B. M. CLARK & Co., Young Street, near Temperance Street, in the House formerly occupied by Mr. GORDON, SEEDMAN. Farmers' Produce taken in exchange, and FARMERS' WIVES supplied with the best TEAS and STAPLES in Canada. B. M. CLARK & Co. continue to manufacture the celebrated NON-PAREIL LAIBOR SAVING, and ELIASIVE SOAP, at their Stand, 67 Young Street.—N. B. GRAVE SKEW of all kinds bought and sold. B. M. CLARK & CO.

January 1853

GOLD—GOLD—From Australia and California wanted, by

ROBERT TAYLOR, Corner of Yonge and Albert Streets Toronto, nearly opposite the Green Bush, and a few doors north of Montgomery's Inn.

HIS GROCERIES ARE THE CHEAPEST IN TORONTO. FRESH GREEN TEAS. BLACK TEAS—COFFEE, SUGARS—SPICES, FRUITS—RICE, CONFECTIONARIES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. LOW PRICES—QUICK RETURNS.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddle Warehouse, 95 Yonge St., Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN GENUINE DRUGS & MEDICINES. PAINTS OILS AND DYE STUFFS.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BODYS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BODYS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL New York.

The Proprietor takes this opportunity to inform the Temperance community and the public in general, that as still continues, as he has done for the last six years, to keep the above named house, on strictly temperance principles. Thankful for past favors, he would again invite all who want a quiet, comfortable and cheap home, while stopping in the city, to give him a call. This house is well located for business men, being No. 28 Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, and the landing of most of the Steamboats and Railroads in the city. ELDAD TAYLOR. New York, 1853.

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street,

Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dryer, &c. ALSO, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS, School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Partfolios, and GENERAL STATIONERY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT. STEAMER "MAZEPPA."

IS now running regular between TORONTO and WEL-LINGTON SQUARE. Leaves the QUEEN'S WHARF, Every Morning at 12 high noon, Sundays excepted.

REVISITS Lower Wellington Square at one o'clock, touching at the Intermediate Ports each way, wind and weather permitting.

For Freight or Passage, apply to the Captain on board, or to R. MAILLARD, City Wharf. WM DONALDSON, Master. Toronto, January 21, 1853.

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c., has resumed his Professional Business at his Old Office, over Henderson and Co's Store, corner of King and St. Peter Streets.

BOSTON LAMP STORE. A. HIBBARD & Co. Dealers in all kinds of LAMP GLASS, &c. &c.

FANCY GOODS, Baskets, Toys, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Workboxes, P. Pencils, &c. &c. No. 10, St. Peter Street, Toronto.

BRITANNIA METAL WARE, Light Hardware, Japanese ware, Teas, &c. &c. PAPER HANGINGS.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Toronto. Toronto, Jan 13, 1853.

T. PRATT'S, Tenth Street, near the Wharf, COLUMBIAN and Stocking attached. February, January 1853.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Toronto. Toronto, Jan 13, 1853.

T. PRATT'S, Tenth Street, near the Wharf, COLUMBIAN and Stocking attached. February, January 1853.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Toronto. Toronto, Jan 13, 1853.

T. PRATT'S, Tenth Street, near the Wharf, COLUMBIAN and Stocking attached. February, January 1853.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Toronto. Toronto, Jan 13, 1853.

T. PRATT'S, Tenth Street, near the Wharf, COLUMBIAN and Stocking attached. February, January 1853.



