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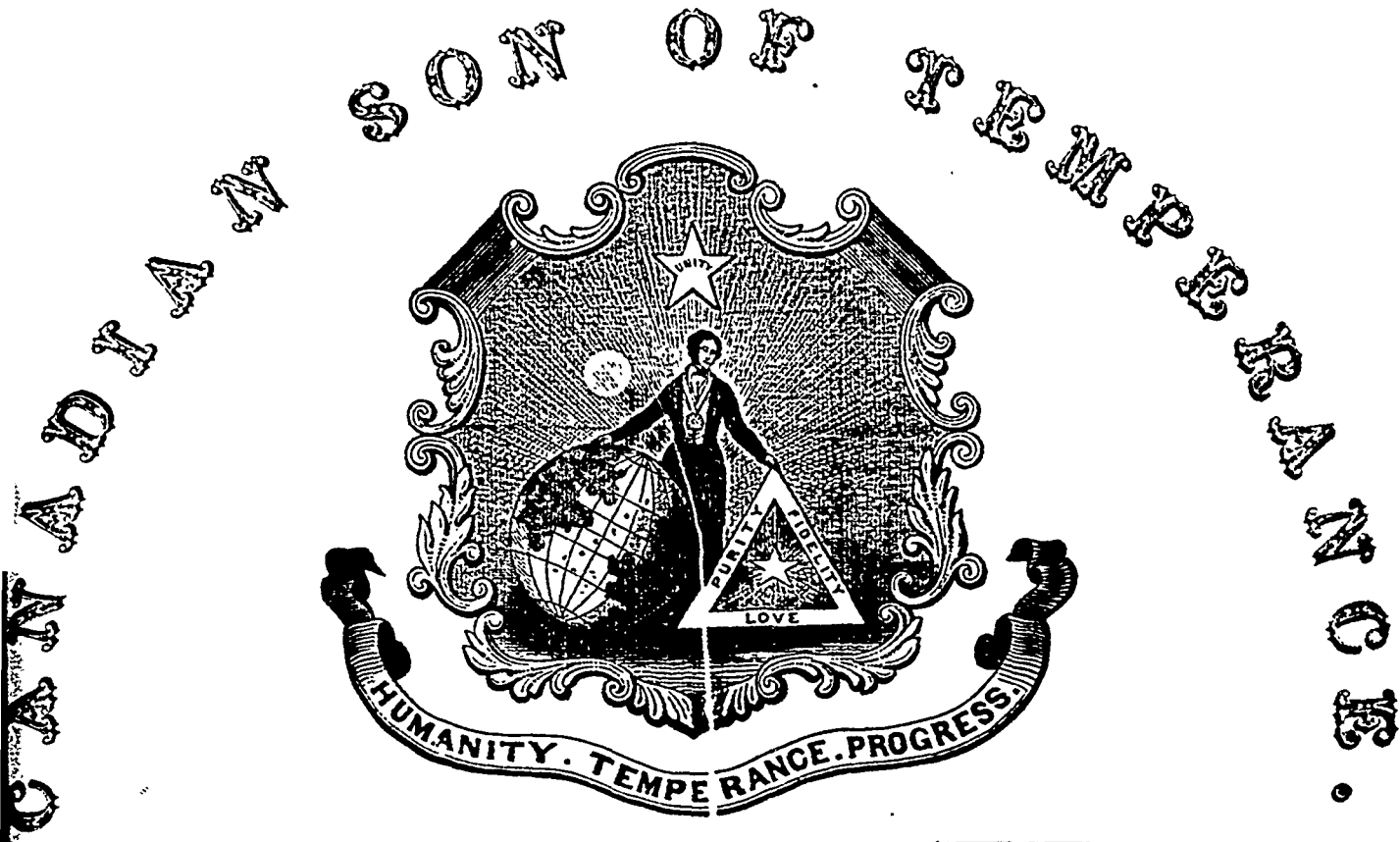
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PASSING AWAY.

BY ELSIE ILLISTER.

Brief, brief our journey,
Short, short our stay;
On all is written,
"Passing away."
Scarce is the flower
Opened in bloom,
Ere it is stricken,
Laid in the tomb.

Hopes that are brightest,
Soonest may fade;
Hearts that are lightest,
Saddest be made,
Time knows no choosing,
Death knows no stay—
On all is written,
"Passing away."

Earth groweth older,
Seasons return,
Friends beloved moulder,
Come trials stern.
Well nigh we falter,
Till Faith's meek eye,
Heavenward lifted,
Sees God is nigh.

O, if our trials
Lead us to Him,
Blessings they'll be when
Earth groweth dim,
Honors, possessions,
Never may save
Adam's frail children
From death, and the grave.

American News.

STAR LIGHT.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How radiant the evening skies,
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,—
God watching with a thousand eyes,
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He lights the wild-flower in the wood—
And rocks the sparrow in her nest,
He guides the angels on their road,
That come to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn—
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
So God shall kindle up the morn,
Praise shall expand these hearts of ours.

PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms. "You'll get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from his book, "be off."

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though se-

rious tone, "you are so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy. "I do not know how, I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and I asked for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and this hardens man's heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said:

"There is half a dollar: go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away, "Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And as he spoke he beheld the boy returning quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand and some money in the other.

"There, good!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut a piece of bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and, folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burnt to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken

down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck in the high road, and at last having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and that boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son," he began, "have you, then, really a wish to learn."

"O, yes, I have indeed!" cried the boy; "I have read the catechism already, but I should know a great deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well then," he said "if you are good, honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly. "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done. Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city: then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here as well as there, at the writing-desk as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it.

With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother, until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth it is true, but by the aid of the Richter and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about one hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that the third year of his clerkship Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer. This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of book-keeper, who died about that time and three years afterwards he

was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his wife grieving, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bed side of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships employed in navigating the Baltic and North seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner, for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection until, in her one-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But, in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalms xxx. vii. 37.

[ORIGINAL.]

CARMEN PRO PUBLICO.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Go ask the foe if England's sons
Are craven on the battle field,
If he to death or victory runs,
Who strikes upon a British shield.
Tho' fore his sword-path yawn'd the grave,
That deathless fire glows in his breast,
Which in the past hath led the brave
Against the turban'd tyrant's crest.

And when the dauntless Scot appear'd
Amid the blaze of battle strife,
His war-shout o'er the din was heard,
With victory and with valour rife.
He knows his course, tho' fire and sword
With awful front before him stood,
Tho' myriads round his pathway pour'd,
He went 'till he was tomb'd in blood.

But how shall bard atone his lyre,
To sing of Erin's deathless fame,
Can minstrels spirit reach the fire,
That burns around Hibernia's name.
Unequal'd on the gory field,
Unmatch'd, unrival'd at the bar,
The first to fall, the last to yield,
Hibernia's peerless children are.

INSTANT, C. S.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

Stories of female intrepidity are more interesting than even the doings of the Texan Rangers, and we are sure our readers—such of them particularly as have rejoiced in the manning of a battery, by Mrs. Chase,—will be pleased with the following:

It was in the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little road-side inn, situated between Hornberg and Rottwell, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the traveller's ears with the moaning of the north-wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn keeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself, house-keeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitors in the best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck and the travellers having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company.

A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but she perceived that object of fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she unloosened the horse, leaped on the saddle and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but redoubling her speed she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened except in the presence of the Burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn keeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighboring town, where they intended after the service, to acquaint the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant maid having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart, and clear voice, some pious hymn; which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed when there came a knock on the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little.—Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there was little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners, inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention; and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying. The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and, turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol-handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood close up against the wall; the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in the retreat, when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her for she knew that they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointed the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire arms, where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and her friends coming in sight accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she

related what happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber, whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers, who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men wandering about without a captain, were quickly taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

From the American Union.

A few days ago, she arrived at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom, who was a rough but apparently honest specimen of the Yankee, sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered the summons.

"Say, landlord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest duenna, "that is my young 'ooman.—Now, we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and we want to get spliced. Send for a minister, won't yer? Want it dun up strait off."

The landlord smiled, and went out, and half an hour afterwards a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliged host, with one or two wagish friends, were called in as witnesses to the scene.

"Now, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "due it up brown, and your moncy's ready," and the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join hands.

The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady-love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick. He seized her hand, and was as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A.," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yaas," said the Yankee at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live."

"Yaas, and—nothin' else," continued the Yankee, in a most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend gentleman halted, to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

"Yaas, yaas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," said the minister slowly, for it suddenly occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts did not permit of this performance without a 'publication,' etc., for a certain length of time.

"Wot'n thunder's the matter, minister? Don't stop—go on—put her thrue. Nothin's spilt, eh?—Ain't sick, mister, be yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't?—wot'n natur's the reason? I like her—she likes me, wot's to hinder?"

"You havn't been published, sir, I think."

"Hain't a goin' to be nuther; that's wot we cum 'ere for: on the sly. Go on, go on—old feller."

"I really," said the parson.

"Really! Wall, go a head! Tain't fair, you see—tain't, I swaw; you've married me, and haint touched her. Go on, go on, don't stop 'ere! Tain't jes' the thing, naow by grasshuss tain't"

"I will consult—"

"No you won't—no you don't—consult nothin' nor nobody, till this ere business is concluded, naow mind I tell," said Jonathan resolutely, and in an in-

stant he had turned the key in and took it out of the lock, amid the tittering of the witnesses, who were nearly choked with merriment.

"Naow, my minister, as we're hero"—continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, rite strate from where you left off; you can't cum nun o' this half-way business with this child; so put 'er thrue, and no dodgin'—it'll all be right—go it!"

The parson reflected a moment, and, concluding to risk it, conti ned—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and obey—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live!"

"That's the talk!" said Jonathan, and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hooray!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

Hooray! continued Jonathan. "Wot's the price?—how much?—spit it out—don't be afraid; you did it jes' like a book, old feller, 'eras a V never mind the change. Sen' for a hack, landlord; give us your bill; I've got her! Hail Columbia, happy land," roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy, and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to Providence depot with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as "one of the weddings."

QUAKER SHREWDSNESS.

An aged Quaker, who kept a grocery in this vicinity, at one time became notorious for selling small eggs. The village gos-ips were ready to testify that they saw the eggs that he bought, and found them to be very large and fine looking, and where he could find so many small-sized eggs as he daily sent out to his customers, was a mystery that even the Mrs. Grundies could not fathom.

There were three mysterious looking holes in his counter, and about the size of an egg, and public curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to; no one ever saw him use either in any way, and he seemed desirous to keep them constantly covered with wrapping paper. This fact only excited the curiosity of his neighbours a good deal more. Some said he had some way of squeezing the eggs through these holes, to subtract, in some sleight-of-hand manner, the substance therefrom for his own use.

The only answer anybody got from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of the holes, was—

"My friend, if I tell the truth it would not benefit me nor you, and I don't wish to lie. It is a pity that lying was a sin, for it comes so easy in trade!"

At last it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his actions through the cracks of his shutters after he had closed his store for the night, and thus endeavor to find out their use.

This resolution was put into execution one night, and sure enough, they caught him passing eggs through the holes by the light of a pony dip. All those that would go through the smallest he put in a basket, and those that passed through hole No. 2, he put in another, and all that would not pass through either of the smaller holes, and would go through the largest, he placed in a tin pan and took them to his house, which was situated in the rear of his store.—On his way thither he heard the rustling of the women's dresses, and in an instant he saw he was caught, so he called them to him, and in the blandest manner said, "Sisters, thou has given thyself

much trouble to appease thy curiosity, and I will, therefore, explain all to thee. You see I sort my eggs by means of these holes. The largest I use in my own family; the next size I sell a cent cheaper on the dozen than my neighbors, for cash, the smallest I send to those who will buy no other way than on time, and I also use them to 'dicker' with the Yankee peddlars who come along, and who will have a trade out of me whether I will or not."

The ladies were satisfied with the lesson in trade, and spread the news abroad until we heard it. We think the old gentleman had 'em all around.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE PAST.

The past, with its hope, joy and sorrow,
Is silently shrouded in gloom;
And who would endeavour to borrow
Their happiness from its cold tomb.

Penance, that fond memory might bring us
Some sweet pleasures of bygone years—
The strains that our friends used to sing us—
But must it not bring us their tears.

Those loved ones with grass growing o'er them,
Now ceased from their sorrow and pain,
Have we the vain wish to restore them
To suffer those trials again?

Oh! no, let them quietly slumber,
Till time with its changes has sped,
We, too shall soon join with their number
And peacefully rest with the dead.

COLBORNE, 1852.

W. H. F.

D. OF T. HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT.

This originated with Washington Union, No. 1, D. of T., in the winter of 1846. Their object in establishing this house was not as many think to advance their own interest, or to aid the members of their Order, but to give work at fair prices to all destitute females, as far as their limited means would permit. Their undertaking met with much sympathy and encouragement from the benevolent, and much was done by the way of flattery, which the gentlemen seem to think is an essential stimulant to woman's energy, and a few came forward with material aid. The House continued under the supervision of the above Union until the fall of 1849, when they invited the other Unions of the city to co-operate with them, by electing three managers each, and sharing with them the labors and responsibilities of its management. The Unions complied, and composed a board of twelve, who hold monthly meetings for the transaction of business connected with the House; they also constituted themselves a visiting committee, to wait upon all applicants for

relief, and to advise with the superintendent as to who are worthy objects of their charity. The House has been sustained thus far, not by the profits of the work, but by donations from benevolent individuals, and the proceeds of parties given each winter by the managers. The board have always exerted themselves to carry out the objects for which the House was instituted by giving all the aid in their power to the poor, according to the means at their command. Besides giving employment to those who can work, they have solicited donations of cast-off clothing, and old articles that would be useful to the unfortunate poor, and by this means have been enabled to render many a poor child comfortable that must otherwise have suffered from the pinching cold; but after doing all that is possible for them to do, with the means they possess, they meet with many cases requiring relief that are entirely impossible for them to aid, and we would commend them to the benevolent of our city, and let none who have been favored of fortune turn a deaf ear to the wants of the unfortunate poor.

The House of Employment is on Western Row, west side, between Longworth and Sixth. It is under the immediate supervision of Sister Chamberlain, a lady well qualified for the responsible post she occupies.—*Ohio Cadet.*

[The above is an institution in Ohio, got up by the Daughters.—ED. SON.]

[ORIGINAL.]
THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.

I love the hour of midnight, with sombre mantle spread,
Or silv'ry gleams of moonlight wreathing round my head,
How sweet the pulseless silence, when all around's
asleep,
Save sob's of mournful sadness, which fitful zephyrs
weep.

'Tis then the soul's thoughts wander, in channels far
and wide,
And even sometimes venture, where streams of Heaven
glide,
Of them from mem'ry's fountain the little rivulets haste
Like syphons from THE MOUNTAIN, refreshing deserts
waste.

Then oftimes fancy heareth sweet music of the sky,
And thinks perhaps it beareth some message from on
high,
And then so sweetly blended, seem songs of earthly
love,
With those by Angels CHANTED, HEAV'N seems not all
above.

The flame of pure devotion, emits a holy light,
It quells each wild emotion, and limits fancy's flight,
Yet oft no doubt are wending, bright angels from on
high,
Like pilgrim stars descending from their broad azure sky

But ah! the dark foreboding, of sorrows dreary night,
While gazing on these moonbeams of pure ethereal light,
Foretells thy throbs of anguish—the tears that fill thine
eye,
When o'er my grave at midnight, you heave the lonely
sigh.

And yet I love the midnight, with sombre mantle spread,
Or silv'ry gleams of moonlight, wreathing round my
head,
How sweet the pulseless silence, when all around's
asleep,
Save sob's of mournful sadness, which fitful zephyrs
weep.

To W. H. F.

M. A. GRAY—1850.

CELEBRATION.—We learn that it is the intention of the ladies associated under the title of "Crystal Falls Union of the Daughters of Temperance," to hold a celebration on the anniversary of their charter. This being the first or opening public assembly of the winter festivities, will no doubt be very generally patronized, and the cause which those ladies combine to promote receive the encouraging approbation of the public.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

DIED

In this town on the 2nd inst., after a few days' illness, CHRISTINA ANN HACKETT, second daughter of Mr. JAMES HACKETT of this place, aged about 15 years, much regretted by a large number of friends and acquaintances.

The sudden decease of this amiable young lady has had the effect of producing a melancholy gloom in this vicinity—more especially among the Temperance organizations in this place. The late Miss H. was a member of May-Flower Union Daughters of Temperance, No. 54. Her death will be materially felt by them, as she was very efficiently connected with the order in this place. Her singularly amiable disposition and unassuming manner has won for her a large circle of friends, and a more universal mourning and deep heartfelt sympathies have seldom been manifested by our inhabitants than in the present case. The Sons, Daughters, and Cadets of Temperance turned out at the funeral in full Regalia, she being beloved by all who knew her. A larger funeral was never before witnessed in Amherstburg.

[Communicated.]

AMHERSTBURG, December 10th 1852.

WHY AM I NOT A TEETOTALLER?

Is it because I am in bondage to the fashions and customs of the age, and have not courage enough to discontinue the use of the glass, although I know that from these customs spring a great portion of the intemperance of the people? Is it because I have got associated with those who are fond of their glass, and I have not resolution enough to leave their company or refuse the drink, although I know and can see that many of them are doing themselves serious injury? Is it because I am afraid of losing some of my customers, or sustaining some pecuniary disadvantage by abstaining, although I believe the gain in the long run would be greater than the loss? Is it because I feel so little interested in the welfare of my fellow-creatures that if giving up my glass would save many, I am not willing to do so, although I pretend to be a Christian, and to believe in Him who sacrificed His life for the good of others? Is it because I wish to maintain caste, by drinking as respectable persons do, rather than join the teetotalter, although I have no doubt that their practice is the best? Is it because I am not willing to be supposed deficient in hospitality, although I am aware that the drinking part of it leads to innumerable evils? Is it because the doctor recommends me to take a little, although I allow that drinking at dinner and when friends call, or in the bar or parlor, is not exactly the place to take physic? Is it because I like a glass of ale, or a glass or two of wine, although I have felt worse for it afterwards, and, indeed, have often been over the line, but concealed it as much as I could from others?

Reader! are the above, or any of them, the reasons why you are not a teetotalter? If so, be ashamed of yourself. Go down on your knees, and ask pardon, and never drink again.—*Boston Life Boat.*

TEMPERANCE HALL, CHATHAM.—We were much pleased a few days ago, in paying a visit to the above Hall, to see that it is almost finished. The upper story of the building is in one large apartment and fitted up as a Lodgeroom for the Order. It is 50 feet long by 34 wide, and is a handsome and commodious room. We know no place in town so well adapted for public meetings, exhibitions, or lectures, as this is, and we understand it is the intention of the Sons to let it for such purposes. The Lodge holds its usual weekly meetings in it. The under story is intended for shops, and the near vicinity of the building to the business part of the town will always command a good rental for them. This house when finished will be a credit to the Order and an ornament to the town.—*Planet.*



Mouths' Department.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane
And place it gently in his hand,
That he may walk again,
His bundle, too, replace with care
Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
Will be your triumph then,
A braver deed than annals tell
Of some distinguished men.
Yes; leave that thoughtless sneering crowd.
Dare to be good, and kind,
Then let them laugh, as laugh they may,
Pass on; but never mind.

Pass on; but think once more of him
The wreck that you have seen,
How once a happy boy like you
He sported on the green;
A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright, and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
To breathe affection's prayer.

But ah, the change! He wanders now
Forsaken, lone, and sad—
Thrice blessed, is the task of those
Who strive to make him glad,
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his burdened heart,
And make him smile again.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

Once there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him true Duncan because he would never tell a lie.

One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along.

Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head, and killed her.

What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master's, and used to sit on a cushion, by his side, while he was hearing his lessons.

Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature.—His face grew red and the tears stood in his eyes.

All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others, and said:—

"Now fellows, we shall see whether Duncan can make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

"Not he," said Thomas Peofey, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he, I'll warrant you, Duncan will be as true as gold."

John Jones stepped up and taking the cat by the tail, said:—

"Here boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr Cole that the butcher's dog killed her: you know that he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would be very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled and his cheeks grew redder than before.

"No!" said he, "no!—Do you suppose I would lie for such a creature as that! It would be a lie, a lie." And each time he said the word his voice grew louder.

Then he picked up the poor dead thing in his arms and carried it to the school room: and the boys followed to see what would happen.

"The master looked up and said, "what is this! My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury!"

All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice he said:—

"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here's the truth. I can't lie, sir—I killed Tabby. But I am very sorry for it. I ought to have been careful, for I saw her rubbing her side against the log. I am very sorry indeed sir."

Every one expected to see Mr. Cole take down his long ratan. But he put on a pleasant smile and said:—

"Duncan, you are a brave boy! I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I had rather lose a hundred cats than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school.

"Your best reward is what you now feel in your conscience, but I beg you to receive this handsome pen-knife, as a token of my approbation."

Duncan took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

The boys could no longer restrain themselves; and when Thomas Peofey cried, "three cheers for true Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurrah.

The teacher then said; "My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve of it; though I am afraid some of you could not have done it.

"Learn from this that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and come to me with a lie, it would have been instantly detected, for I was a witness to what passed.

"I trust he has been governed in this by a sense of right, and I exhort you to follow his example."

KOSSUTH IN LONDON.—The first *conversazione* of the season of the Society of the Friends of Italy, took place in London on Wednesday evening. In consequence of the promised appearance of M. Kossuth and Mazzini, the hall was densely crowded on the occasion by an audience composed in about equal proportions of English, Italians, Germans and Hungarians. M. Kossuth was vehemently cheered as he took his place on the platform; and this being the first time he has presented himself at a public meeting since his return to England from America, the enthusiasm must be regarded as possessing the character of a welcome. In all respects he would appear to have improved by his American journey. He looks in splendid health, and his English has greatly advanced in correct accentuation. Rumour does not admit that he is in good spirits; but depression was certainly not visible in his demeanour during Wednesday evening. He is also considerably Anglicised in his dress. The black velvet coat remains, but its cut is of our orthodox fashion; and were it not for the heavy encircling beard, the great Hungarian leader would now look like a quiet English gentleman. In the course of the evening, Kossuth rose to speak, and after having taken the hand of Mazzini, as an acknowledgment of the brotherly fraternisation and alliance between the natives of Italy and Hungary, he said, "I have risen, but only for the purpose to apologise for not making a speech. There is a time and a season for every thing in the world. There is a time and a season to speak, and there is a time and a season to be silent. You English are happy. You may hope to carry all that you may require by the peaceful means of the free word. For us, we can nothing carry with words. And therefore I have taken—in consequence of my duty I have taken—the rule, that for the future I have only a single speech, which is reserved for the due time, and depend upon it to be spoken in due time; and if at only speech that I have in future is, "Up, boys, and at them—follow me." This unexpected communication was received with perceptible astonishment; but the concluding phrase of the sentence produced overwhelming applause. "Until (added M. Kossuth,) I have occasion to deliver that speech, I will have none else. So I am done with oratory." The meeting immediately after broke up.

EXPENSES OF THE GRAND DIVISION.

For the information of our correspondent in Blenheim, (whose letter appeared in our last,) to do away with any prejudice we will give a few items of the

receipts and expenditure of Grand Division funds At the London session of the Grand Division in May last, the Grand Scribe's accounts stood thus—showing the receipts and expenditure of the Grand Division for half a year.

During six months from October 24th 1851 to 24th May 1852, the receipts were.....£437 9 1

From these sources—

Charter fees, Books, &c.	£112 5 0
T. & W. Cards.....	33 6 0
Officers Cards.....	6 11 3
Blank Returns.....	3 15 7½
Gdes.....	4 1 3
Books of Constitutions, &c	2 3 9
Postage.....	1 16 3
Blue Books.....	2 5 0
Percentage and Dispensations.....	271 4 11½
	£437 9 1

EXPENDITURE.

Brockville expenses, October session, 1851.....	7 5 3
Of G. S., travelling, board and conveyance of luggage, monies paid for Grand Division postage accounts.....	8 0 11
A map, a cash book and express charges.....	1 11 3
Printing at Hamilton....	44 12 2
Cash sent to National Division, commission, &c.	34 7 8
Other express charges...	2 15 0
	£ 96 12 3
The balance.....	340 16 10
	£437 9 1

was paid by the Grand Scribe to the Grand Treasurer.

The Grand Treasurer's accounts at the same session, showed on hand... £566 16 5 And that there had been paid out during the past six months..... 163 1 1

£729 17 6 £62 10 being for G. S. salary, and the other items made up of sundry small charges, the largest of which was £50 16 0 to Mr. Wylie of Brockville for printing prior to said six months. It would seem that the Grand Division printing costs a very large sum. Another item paid was £12 10 0 to John M^o Ross, but what for is not stated.

Now it will be seen that the average receipts for each six month's term for the last year has been about £440, equal to £880 per annum.

The expenditure during that period has consisted chiefly in paying—

The salary of Grand Scribe, say.....	£150
National Division per centage, say.....	60
Paid Lectures.....	300
Printing, say.....	98
Incidental expenses, say.....	100
Postage, say.....	16
	£724

probable yearly expenditure within twelve months since the 24th October 1851.

The above has been made up without having at hand the printed accounts of last session at Oshawa. We will revert to this subject again, and point out what we consider may be amended. The system of representation to the Grand Division is a very fair one, every division having the right to speak and vote there upon the just principle of the majority of voices determining each measure. If anything wrong takes place in the expenditure of funds the divisions are to blame for not speaking out. Heretofore we are satisfied that there has been too little attention paid by divisions to a proper representation, and that there has been too small an attendance, especially towards the close of the session. The proceedings of the late Oshawa session are not yet printed at Hamilton, and we therefore could not state the position of the funds during the last six months.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY LUTE.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Nor cease my lute tho' many deem
Thy chords in vain to song are given,
Hast thou but throbb'd alone for fame;
Alone for glory striven!

I love thee tho' no tear may fall,
But Ira's on thy plaintive chords,
Tho' Ira's lip alone of all,
The world its smile affords.

I've touch'd thee when in summer's eve,
Thy notes broke softly thro' the glen,
When she who thrill'd my soul with love,
Reclin'd beside me then.

I've swept thee when with quivering soul,
The tempest in its wrath I view'd,
And thy wild anthems lov'd to roll,
Tim'd with the storm they woo'd.

And when beside the woodland stream,
Flush'd with the light of sybil joy,
I've lull'd thee with each passing dream,
Each fancy of the boy.

To love—whose rapture was my heaven,
To beauty—at whose shrine I bent,
To mirth and joy thy chords were given,
Midst these life's morn was spent.

To me one heart's approval gave
The glory and the joy I sought,
And this at least the world must leave,
For this it yieldeth not.

And thou my lute art still as dead,
Unnoted in the realm of song,
As tho' a thousand smiles could cheer,
Our hapless course along.

And when we both from life have pass'd,
Some kindly hand a wreath may weave,
And flag it tho' unpriz'd, at last
Upon the woodman's grave.

Insert, C. S.

CHRISTMAS.

In a few days, and before our literary messenger will again visit you, kind friends and patrons of Canada, the joyful season of Christmas will have passed over you. Receive our thanks for your past patronage, and if you and your little children have received any instruction and amusement from this journal, believe us when we say it has been a pleasure to the Editor to impart it. Having breathed the first breath of life in the free and happy land in which God has cast our lots, it has been our pride to advance the political, literary, and moral welfare of Canada, without swerving from the path of consistency. Over twenty years have been devoted to such a course, and if there be one wish more than another that thrills our soul, it is to see our common country wise, free, happy, and prosperous. She can never be so until she is truly temperate. During the coming festivities of the holidays, whilst we joyfully and rationally enjoy the creatures of God—let us do so in temperance and sobriety.

May health, prosperity, and rational pleasure be seen in all the homes of our young country.

A ROBIN IN DIFFICULTIES.—While Mr. Charles Newall, the granite hewer in Dalbeattie, was plying his vocation on Thursday last at Cragnair Quarry, his attention was suddenly arrested by cries strongly indicative of distress, proceeding from one or other of the feathered denizens of the wood. On throwing from him his tools, and hurrying to the spot whence the sound proceeded, he discovered a robin apparently in great agitation, whose movements immediately certified him of the true cause of alarm. An adder twenty inches long had raised his head to her nest for the purpose of obtaining the poor mother robin's untledged offspring, her maternal instinct prompting the only defence of which she was capable. She was engaged, when he first saw her, in alternately coming down, the one moment upon the spoiler, darting her beak into his forehead, anon rising on the other a yard or so above the scene of danger. It was the act of a moment for Mr. Newall to dislodge the aggressor. But in doing so, two of the little birds were thrown out of their nest, where, however, they were speedily and carefully replaced. While Mr. Newall was killing the adder, the joy of the parent bird was so excessive that she actually perched on the left arm of her benefactor, and watched with an unmistakable and intense delight every blow inflicted by his right arm on her merciless and disappointed enemy: and when that enemy lay dead, she alighted upon and pecked the lifeless trunk with all her vigor, and, revenge thus taken, entered her nest, and having ascertained that all was safe, swiftly repaired to a neighboring branch, and piped, as she best could, what was meant for a hymn of gratitude, and a song of triumph. When at work since, Mr. Newall has been evidently recognized by the tiny piped; and we do hope that nothing may occur to interrupt a friendship originating in circumstances so especially interesting.—*Dumfries (Scotland) Courier.*

THE GLACIER GEOLOGICAL VIEW OF CANADA.

For sometime past we have desired to revert to the very interesting subject of the geology of Canada, but space has not admitted it. It is now only alluded to for the purpose of opposing in a few words the erroneous view, in our mind, taken by some geologists—among them Logan and Agassiz, as to the origin of the boulder stones of Canada. These learned men seem to think that the innumerable boulders (stones of all sizes,) scattered over North America, were brought thither by ice, shelving from the north and north-west towards the Atlantic ocean. This ice must have been many miles in height—overtopping the rocky mountains. In the course of myriads of years—the position of the earth changing towards the sun, its poles being different—the ice gradually melted. They see a similar operation now going on among the mountains of Switzerland, and think that in the northern seas similar phenomena may be taking place. An examination of Canadian geology, and that of the Western American States for twenty years, has impressed our mind very differently. We can come to no other conclusion, looking at all the appearances of the outward and internal soils of America, than that the ocean flowed for myriads of years over it. During that time, and subsequently, volcanic movements have caused some changes. A volcanic movement, or a collision with some comet, caused the recession of the ocean from North America—overflowing other continents in its place. None who are willing to be guided by facts appearing everywhere in the soil, can hesitate to believe that Canada was once the bed of the ocean. If the boulder stones were deposited

where they are by the agency of ice, they would all lie on the top of the soil, or very near it. Also, immense beds of small sea pebbles and sand hundreds of miles in length, filled with these boulders, would not appear. These pebbles are all round, evidently washed for thousands of years with water. Ice could not do this. The highest lands of Canada—of Illinois, Iowa and other Western States, contain such hills of stones and pebbles. They were not deposited where they are by any fresh water lake, or by a local agency. They are a universal phenomenon of North America, as are also the millions of boulders that lie amongst the pebbles and on the ground. Again, the boulders are often sunk in the sand and gravel to the depth of fifty or a hundred feet. No ice could do this. Water by its constant wavy, rolling action, would do it. The townships of Scarboro, Markham, Whitby, Toronto, and the country about Woodstock, Ingersol and London are full of pebble beds—all containing smaller or larger boulders some feet below the soil. The superincumbent soil and sand were put there, or caused by thousands of years of exposure to the sun and winds first, and then by the decaying plants, leaves and trees of the forests. These agencies have covered up the arid wastes, once constituting the stony bottom of an immense ocean. The great boulders everywhere seen were conveyed to all parts by the combined operation of rolling waters and icebergs, that floated from the north and north-west, southwardly and eastwardly, towards the present basin of the Atlantic. The icebergs received the stones from mountainous regions towards the Pacific and the Russian American territory. Icebergs then floated in the place of our clouds, like islands over a great ocean in the winter and spring seasons—thawing in the summer. The convulsion that turned that ocean on to some submerged continent, or opened a gap in the bowels of the earth to receive it, may have displaced mountains to the north from which these boulders were detached by winter icebergs. This is the true theory of boulder stones.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE POINTS TO AFRICA.

It has been said that with God a thousand years is as one day. His operations are such as to overrule the evils of man for some great good. Slavery is an evil of mighty magnitude. It is a crime of the greatest enormity to man to enslave him—and it is a crime before God to trample upon his image and the soul that he has put into every human creature. Many years ago cargo after cargo of human beings were stolen from Africa, and brought like wild animals over a trackless Southern ocean to administer to the vile cupidity of man—to increase his wealth. Unutterable pangs were felt in those ships, and the ear of God heard the groans of his creatures on the silent ocean under a burning tropical sun—as these black messengers of death coursed their way to America, Cuba, the West Indies, Brazil, and the Southern States of the neighboring republic. By an inscrutable Providence, whilst He will not directly interfere with the free agency of man, He may yet overrule his evil works for some great and good end. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and it would seem from the movements of civilized man

wards benighted Africa, that she is to be enlightened—her people Christianized, and her races elevated in intelligence. The children of her oppressed people, after many generations, will return to her and bring the knowledge of Christian truths and imperial aspirations to her ignorant sons. Whitemen who once aided in her degradation and slavery, shall aid in her civilization, and some centuries hence her mountains and her plains—her noble rivers and fertile vallies will teem with the evidences of civilized man—will resound to the snort of the iron horse—the whistle of the steampipe, and the song of the good and pious in praise of Him who ruleth in secret his wide universe of worlds.—ED. SON.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

Lieut. Lynch, of the United States Navy, who acted as Superintendent of the late Dead Sea Expedition, has recently embarked at New York for London, whence he will proceed in the new British line of steamers for Africa. The object of the mission upon which he has entered, under the orders of the Government, is to make certain enquiries and arrangements preliminary to an intended exploration of the West Coast of Africa. It is certainly a matter worthy to excite general interest and approbation that the United States have at last determined to investigate the physical character and resources of a country which is rapidly growing into commercial importance, and that so competent an officer has been chosen by the Executive to take the initiative steps in the movement.

Since the period when the first efforts were made to civilize a region which nature has endowed with rare fertility and productiveness, much encouraging change has been effected in the moral and political condition of a number of the African tribes, and through the happy agency of the knowledge of mechanical arts and acquired habits of industry, they have made themselves and the respective districts of territory which they inhabit objects of a lively and increasing solicitude to the mercantile as well as the philanthropic enterprise of the age. Great Britain, actuated by that far-sighted and prudent policy which has contributed so largely to extend her empire and wealth, began very long ago to form a connection with Western Africa, having founded her present settlement at Sierra Leone as early as 1787.

Her exertions in the cause of civilization in that quarter, stimulated, as they doubtless were, by motives of ultimate advantage to her commerce, have been already richly rewarded in the fruits of a most valuable and expanding trade with the natives; and we may gather a potent incentive to emulation in the work of cultivating intimate relations of intercourse and traffic with the same people from a statement of the progress and profitableness of the commercial dealings between them and British merchants. In 1827, England received from Africa but little more than \$4,000 worth of palm oil. At present she imports a quantity of the annual value of \$300,000. In 1835, forty-seven bushels of ground nuts were exported from the Gambia; now between eight and nine millions of bushels are yearly exported. In addition to the above named articles, vast supplies of ginger, ivory, gum arabic, gold dust, and other products of the country, are exported in English ships.

The resources of Senegambia, Liberia, and Upper Guinea, in all the products of the tropics, are unlimited; and with the advancement of these States in industrial skill and social improvement, those various and exhaustless stores of material wealth in which they abound, will be more and more successfully developed, and the trade of which they constitute the staples will proportionately enlarge. It is asserted by intelligent men who are informed, from personal observation of the capabilities of the soil on the West Coast, that indigo and cotton may be produced to an almost indefinite extent. The latter

plant is beginning to be raised in considerable quantities, and the opinion prevails that when enterprise and attention are properly devoted to its culture, and the necessary facilities of transit are provided for conveying it to a market, the production of cotton will become an important and extensive element of African commerce.

The sugar-cane, also, finds, under the same ardent sun, a flourishing growth, and local industry is already turned with most auspicious results to its cultivation. Individual planters have raised in one year as much as three thousand pounds of sugar.—Moreover, labor is invested most profitably in growing rice, gathering grapes and oranges, which are found everywhere in wild luxuriance, and in preparing for commerce the native lumber, among which are the rose, palm, and other equally valuable woods.

In brief, no intelligent man who has given any attention to the subject can fail to see that the West Coast of Africa is rapidly assuming a condition and attitude in relation to commerce and civilization which promises highly important consequences, and should engage the serious regard of our Government. The step just taken in the mission of Lieut. Lynch is a very commendable one, and we hope to see it followed up with the vigor and liberality which the object so eminently deserves as a national question.—North American Review.

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, December 20, 1852.

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

VOLUME III. CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE.—\$1 in advance for a weekly paper for 1853. Subscribers are coming in for our new volume quite fast. We would inform our friends that in order to issue all required, it is desirable that as many new names as possible be sent in by the 1st of January. Our first issue will be governed by the subscription list of 1st January—see our circular on first page.

Old subscribers in arrears would greatly oblige by immediate remittances of their dues. Persons may safely remit money by post, (letter marked money.) Address—Editor Son of Temperance, Toronto.

VOTERS OF CANADA..

Voting men of Canada,
Who love the Temperance cause,
Who hope to see a brighter day,
And seek for juster laws.

Are ye ready for the struggle
Which coming hours to you will bring,
If ye are—then on to battle,
Whilst your hills and valleys ring.

Let every township do its duty,
Each town and city well prepare,
And alcohol will yield its booty,
And shouts of triumph rend the air.

With the shouts that freemen utter,
When they grapple with a foe,
Whose career is marked with slaughter,
Broken hearts and tides of woe.

Christian men who love the Saviour,
Drop a while your love of clan;
Let men see by your behaviour,
That ye love your fellow man.

Though recreant Sons and voters barter
Principles for appetite;
Leave them to their moral slaughter,
Stand ye for God and right.

From each fireside-home and valley,
Let there rise one general shout;
As around the polls you rally,
Putting rum's doomed hosts to rout.

[This piece of poetry, with a few alterations to suit Canada, is copied from the Boston Life Boat.]

DUTIES OF SONS AT THIS TIME.

In the last number of this paper a few of the prominent faults of Sons of Temperance, by commission and omission, were alluded to. The subject is again resumed. All will admit upon reflection that what we stated in our last is correct. The experience of all Divisions in Canada can testify to the truth of those remarks. Some Divisions have been injured by one thing and some by another. If the cause of Temperance and humanity be loved by us as we pretend, let us go to work in earnest—and do away with known defects. Absenting themselves from Divisions WEEK after WEEK and MONTH after MONTH, without any good cause—wrangling about business matters—getting up useless and unbrotherly discussions—spending a majority of the meetings in the mere routine of business instead of useful discussions on Temperance or some literary subject—the unwarrantable and repeated neglect to pay dues, which should be paid uniformly every three or four months, as breaches of duty on the part of many Sons, have been already alluded to. Do not christian and moral duty and pledged promises on the honor of men, call for amendment in these things? All hearts truly right with man and God answer, yes. If Divisions languish and a few trummen—ten out of fifty—twenty out of a hundred, more or less meet night after night to keep the holy fires of Sonship alive, and to repeat the sacred words of our ritual, and yet the remainder of the division will stay away minding their own pleasures and conveniences—why wonder that the Cause is generally chilled! A Son who cannot perform his sacred promise or who will allow every little obstacle to stand in the way of it,—who is so selfish and regardless of human interests as to spend all his nights in business—business, may easily be imagined to fail in other duties in life. When a man assumes a duty, if it be consistent with morality and useful to mankind, he should religiously perform it. It has been often said by us that no good Son should fail to visit (health permitting) his Division room twice a month. Let this advice be generally observed throughout the Divisions of Canada, and such a revival will take place as few can imagine. What is peculiarly censurable in this absence is the fact that those who practice it, are often spending the Division night in some idle frivolous way at home or abroad. Our Order requires no onerous duties of man but it requires a reasonable attention to duty. Nothing has such an injurious tendency on a Division as this habit. It is a habit too that grows on a man. He who stays away two nights is apt to stay away a month, and in time loses all interest in his Division and the routine of its business. ALL GOOD SONS AND WIFE AND CHRISTIAN MEN desire to see the licence system and public traffic in alcohol put down in Canada.

Papers may write and orators may talk about the unconstitutionality of the Maine Law until doom's day—and yet this will fail to convince the sober reflecting minds of Canadians that the system can or ought to be tolerated longer; or that moral suasion alone will drive drunkenness from this land. Three fourths of the people of this Province believe the license system an unmitigated evil. It cannot be otherwise, when the appalling evils resulting from it to our social comforts and physical welfare, are seen and felt everywhere. Now the Maine Law has been agitated by our Order manfully for the last nine months, and it has been pressed on to its present popularity by the Divisions and their agents. If the Maine Law be enacted in Canada by the present *Legislature* it must be upheld and carried out by the moral influence of Sons and total abstainers. There is, then, as much need now as ever, that these *beacon lights*, (our Divisions,) should be kept active and in a healthy condition. Let them go down and Temperance will be put back amongst us for many years. What better organization can succeed them—none. As a beneficiary institution to aid the sick—the wid' w. and care for the dead, there is none that can excel that of the Sons.

THE FAITHFUL DISCHARGE OF DUTIES BY OFFICERS AND ACKNOWLEDGED RULES.—No little harm has been done in Canada in many Divisions by the incompetency of officers filling the Chair and acting as Recording Scribes. These two officers should always be persons of age and calmness, as well as possessed of a proper knowledge of the Constitution and By-laws. Great harm is done at times by incompetent W. P's. None should be excluded on account of class or occupation; but let none fill the stations until they feel that they are qualified to do so with utility to the Division and honor to themselves.

MAKING OUT THE RETURNS FOR THE GRAND DIVISION.—We have understood that up to the first week in December, returns from divisions, due the first week in October, were still coming into the Grand Scribe. The evil resulting from this is that at the last session of the Grand Division the state of the Order could not be laid before that body, nor could the true state of the funds be known. This omission must result either from having very ignorant scribes or because the welfare of the Order is disregarded. All divisions have, or should have, printed forms for returns, which a boy of twelve years old could fill up in ten minutes. To make a return then merely requires the filling up this form, and the vote of a few dollars for per centage. All this should be done during the first week of each quarter.

BOARDING AT INNS AND DRINKING IN THE SAME.—The custom of Boarding at Inns, on the part of Sons, is a very bad one. It cannot help but do harm on three grounds. It leads Sons to break their pledge, because in such situations they will be constantly asked to drink, and if they have been intemperate the smell of the liquor will tend to make them drink. Again, the sight of constant tippling hardens the heart to its enormity—he that sees evil before his eye constantly, grows hardened to it. Again, it aids the vendor to keep up his house. In every village town and city, boarding houses where no liquor is sold can be found. Why not encourage them in

preference? All may depend on it that *practice* contradicting *precept* will ruin any *cause*. Let this be well considered.

PRONENESS TO EXCITEMENT—CRAVING FOR CHANGE.—Many have united with the Sons from a love of novelty, and when this is satiated they flag in their ardor and drop off. Many go to lectures for mere excitement, and unless the lecturer keeps them in roars of laughter all the time, or is full of monkey antics, they dislike him. Is this the part of men of judgment and common sense? If men join an association like the Sons or attend lectures with hearts and minds, vacillating in the belief of their necessity, they had better not have joined or attended. No good but much harm will result by their joining the ranks of the Sons. Let all join from a deep conviction of the necessity of the Order and the blessing of the habit of total abstinence.

ATTENDING FUNERALS AND ON THE SICK.—It is too often the case that brothers, when called on to perform the necessary duty of visiting the sick or attending the funeral of a deceased brother, neglect to do so. What better evidence is there of the total indifference of brothers than their omission to attend the funeral of a deceased brother? We saw this exemplified in this city the other day. Some who were asked to attend, replied they could not—times were too busy. They must make money. Would they like such treatment over their lifeless remains? How beautiful would it have looked to have seen hundreds honor the memory of a faithful Son, and how beneficial to the living would the example have been! !

DISCHARGE OF DUTIES ON COMMITTEES.—Much injury has been done to divisions by a neglect to act on committees. This duty should be faithfully discharged. The punctual attention to it will habituate Sons to the routine of business out of doors. No division can work well if standing committees and special committees will not act promptly and regularly.

DIFFUSION OF TEMPERANCE KNOWLEDGE BY TRACTS AND PAPERS.—Few have reflected on the culpability that rests on divisions, Sons and temperance men, in regard to neglect in the diffusion of information among their neighbors. An immense amount of good has been done in England and Scotland, and especially in the United States, by the silent appeals of TRACTS to the common sense of the drunkard and moderate drinking men. Thousands have been saved by tracts. They are small things, yet the eye rests on them in the silent hours of the domestic hearth. When all is still and the mind is calm, these little monitors whisper powerfully to the heart. The corn law agitation succeeded chiefly through them. They are as powerful, if not more so, than lecturers. Every division should then distribute more or less of these little messengers among his neighbors. We could tell, if room permitted, of the most thrilling instances of their success and holy results. Divisions have been negligent on this subject. Little money has been spent for tracts amongst them, and the cost is very trifling. Carpenter's prize essay is an excellent pamphlet to distribute. Newspapers, too, by giving a synopsis of all the proceedings and arguments of temperance advocates, are an excellent medium to spread the influence of truth. When a newspaper combines with temperance in-

formation, news of the day, and useful family matter, it should always be preferred to other papers. If any paper is to be stopped, let it be that of less use. Temperance papers being published at low rates need a large circulation to sustain them. The cause cannot succeed without them, and all truly good Sons should set apart one dollar, at least, for a yearly paper. Many good papers can be obtained at this sum in advance. Brothers in Canada—the year is closing, and will soon, like ourselves and our works, be no more. Let us so act that at least our memory may be respected—let a trail of good deeds mark out the line of our life, and when we lie down in the cold earth the blessings of posterity will follow us. Example is a mighty and a blessed thing. None, in the solemn hours of death, will repent of having been teetotallers all their lives, and of having kept that holy thing called *mind, reason*, ever unclouded and sane. Our example may and will save some one, and to each of us personally, it will be an inestimable good.

PRINCE ALBERT SECTION SOIREE AT THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.—Came off on the 15th instant, Mr. Bowes, the Mayor, filled the Chair. It is much to his credit to see him set such a good example, and we hope our citizens, especially Temperance men, will remember him for it. He runs the risk of losing popularity with a certain class in this city, who have too much power, and in the hour of need let this be remembered. God and the voice of humanity will applaud him. The *Soiree* passed off very well. About 300 persons young and old attended. We were there only a part of the evening. A band was in attendance, and some good remarks were made by Mr. Ward, a colored minister. The Cadets rehearsed and acted the farce of *Pat Sweeney*—a poor drunkard. Afterwards the Innkeeper who sold him the liquor, by which he lost his money and his knowledge, as he said, was tried by a sham court of Justice, convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. It was all done very well; but we cannot help but remark (to our taste at least) that part of it, wherein the *drunken antics, bottle of whiskey and drowsy drunken mumbblings* of "Pat Sweeney," were exhibited, had better have been omitted. As much as we admire the Cadets, and good dialogues rehearsed by them. such things, in our judgment, do not advance Temperance one jot, or administer to rational amusement.

COBOURG DIVISION, No 9.—Br. Powell informs us that this Division a few evenings since had a very enthusiastic meeting. The energies of the Sons there seem again revived. The Cobourg Division is a noble Division—once numbering over 300 of the first men of Cobourg. Like many of our Divisions it retrograded a little at one time. It is to be hoped it will redeem its character as one of the most useful divisions in Canada

NOTICE ALL.—This No. (30) finishes vol. 2 of this paper for 1852. A copy of the first number of the new volume will be sent to all of our subscribers, except those known to be desirous of discontinuing and persons who are in default two years. We desire those not wishing to subscribe for 1853 to return the first number of 1853, since we cannot lose any copies. If the first copy be retained the subscriber (if his year has expired) will be considered as renewing his subscription accordingly. The paper for 1853 will be published weekly at the same price as the present, payable in advance or during January. We respectfully ask a continuance of patronage, promising to give the public the cheapest weekly ever offered to a Canadian public, and well got up in typography and matter.

IT IS MOURNFUL to reflect that he who was so lately amongst us with bright and beaming mind is now laid in the cold grave forever. The hand that penned these beautiful and thrilling sentences is now pulseless. The soul that saw their truth has flown to the bosom of its Maker. He was a young Printer of this city, once very intemperate, but latterly a good Son. All his mind could leave behind him, (trembling to be out of a consumptive frame,) was a good dying testimony. This letter, with another that will appear in one of our January numbers will complete the series. They do honor to the head and heart of the departed. We followed with many other Sons the body of this Brother, to his last home on the 10th of December.—[EDITOR SON]

For the Canadian Son of Temperance
OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.
BY D. CLINDINNING (DECEASED), LATE OF TORONTO
DIVISION.

NO. VI.

The current of the river that sublimely leaps from the verge of Table Rock, will furnish a picture illustrative of the deceitful progress of habits which result in the ascendancy of ardent spirits. Imagine an individual embarking in a frail skiff a few miles below the point where the mighty volumes of the waters of Lake Erie is compressed within the narrow boundaries of Niagara's banks, and surrendering himself to the enjoyment of a sail on the bosom of the gliding stream. He is captivated by the pleasing motion of the boat, the murmuring ripples that soothingly steal on his ear, and the fine scenery that rises successively before his gratified eye. The current gains strength, and he is delighted with the accelerated speed with which the boat dances onward through the crystal waters. There is a charm in observing the graceful movements of running water, or in watching the gems with which the sun embellishes every ripple. Niagara spreads out before him its choicest panorama, enriched by many local historical recollections. Could anything so beautiful and congenial to the mind, conduct to evil consequences? The experienced answer the question in the affirmative. A warning signal is raised by the spectators who stand in safety on the shore; but he ridicules their fears, justifying himself by the proud reflection that his own judgment is capable of deciding as to the actual danger, and that, when he becomes wearied with the amusement, his sinewy arms can conquer the current, and propel his bark swiftly to land. The precious moment when safety might be secured, is permitted to pass unimproved. He is carried on by the stream with morbidly increasing rapidity, but he is charmed with the velocity of his progress, until the current, has augmented into a furious and chafing rapid. The truth bursts now upon his startled senses, while he vigorously plies the impotent oars. People gaze with emotions of horror on the awful spectacle, and telegraph signals of encouragement and advice to the perilled occupant of the boat. How puny his efforts amid the mighty surges of the rushing river! How diminutive the appearance of the skiff as it is dashed onward by the hoary waters, a mere feather in their angry arms! The deep toned thunders of the cataract reverberate with majestic accents, but the grandeur of their music is now changed into tones of terror. On—on—swift as an arrow—the boat is borne to its doom! The sympathy of breathless and horror-stricken spectators, his own frantic exertions, are alike unavailing in stemming that resistless tide. Vain would be the attempt to depict the agonizing thoughts that thrill with the speed of electricity through his soul, as the skiff leaps and bounds onward amidst the flashing waves. Rapid as an eagle on the wing, the fated man drifts to destruction. Yet still he puts forth the most violent and useless efforts. The scene is appalling, but the catastrophe is not protracted. Hurled onward by the maddened and inexorable Rapids, the skiff finally capsizes, but

he clasps hold of it with the tenacious fingers of despair. The turbulent waters that lead to the brink are soon traversed, and, making a final plunge, the boat shoots over the precipice, and its shattered fragments disappear in the boiling vortex below.

There is a striking parallel between this fearful incident and the career of the person who surrenders himself to the pleasures of moderate drinking. He at first floats gently down the fashionable stream, dismissing all thoughts of danger while yielding to the alluring influence of a social glass with a friend. These convivial meetings become gradually more frequent—he sweeps on with the descending stream. The original line of moderation insensibly assumes a more extensive limit, for he is borne along on the surface of a stronger tide. What harm in a few hours' enjoyment, to counterbalance the anxieties of life? At last the violence of his progress calls him to a consciousness of his peril, and a struggle with the powerful current of his habits is instantly commenced. But wherever he turns for a way of escape, habit interposes serious obstacles, which, like the surges of Niagara's torrent, raise their flashing crests in defiance. Anxious friends implore him to save himself from destruction; but he has no more power to resist the demands of the appetite that dominates over his actions, than mortal arms have to contend with the waters which rush to the brink of a cataract. It is not for want of an appreciation of his forlorn condition, that he continues to be hurried rapidly down the fearful descent of drunkenness and death. He is at the mercy of a remorseless habit, which presses him on with the same resistless power that a foaming river carries a fragment on its bosom. He tries to pause, but habit, like the wave of a tempestuous sea, dashes him from his temporary resting place. He endeavors to work his way out of the stream, by the most vigorous and straining exertions; but a strong eddy suddenly baffles all his skillful toil, and drifts him back into the impetuous channel. On—on—swift as the flight of a winged fiend—the wretched inebriate is hurled to his doom! The Inquest of the Coroner too often chronicles the melancholy sequel.

Those who defend the use of the alcoholic drinks may marshal their arguments, and ascertain if they are as weighty as the ponderous facts which can be urged in opposition. It is advanced that the reasonable use of the beverage is justifiable as a means of social and convivial enjoyment? It may be answered, that the very nature of a pleasing stimulant leads to its excessive indulgence. With a great proportion of mankind, the moderate use of intoxicating liquors is a positive impossibility. Those who use it with the greatest temperance, find it necessary to handle it with caution, and partake of it with fear. Whoever uses it without this salutary alarm, soon sinks below the level of respectability, and disappears among the grossly intemperate. As a source of animation at the social board, it has an immediate tendency to occasion the worst effects. A child, a brother, a friend, or an acquaintance, falls into the temptation, and is lost forever! Liquor will diffuse mirthful smiles around a table, but they may be purchased at the price of subsequent agony and desolation. Drunkenness follows closely in the footsteps of habits that are defended as moderate and reputable. There can be no indulgence in beverages that intoxicate, without incurring a risk both imminent and terrible. Is it the part of wisdom to justify the hazardous practice?

But it is sometimes adduced as an argument, that alcohol is beneficial to the human system. This may be true in a very circumscribed sense, although the fact that the most eminent physicians recommend it the least as a medicine, does not favor the position. If we admit that a small quantity may be taken without injury, we concede all that is warranted by science and experience. But moderation is the guise in which intemperance ensnares every victim. Therefore, we advocate Total Abstinence. A temporary stimulation of the nerves should not be mistaken for positive improvement, because the exhilaration will necessarily be succeeded by a correspond-

ing reaction. Depression follows excitement.—There are, however, so many substitutes that may be employed, with at least equal benefit, that society will sacrifice nothing by decreeing the absolute expatriation of intoxicating liquors. The paltry advantages resulting from their use by any individual, are not worthy of being compared with the danger of being kidnapped into the agonizing slavery of intemperance. Such phrases as "harmless" and "beneficial," when employed in connection with the use of ardent spirits, will sound startling to any one who has reflected on the amount of sorrow, demoralization and death, of which it is the convicted perpetrator.

THE PRAIRIE SONS.

Our Eastern friends about North Williamsburgh will be happy to hear that our old friend and agent Bro. Carlyle is well, and settled in the far off west. His heart is in the cause far away, as it was in the land which he left. That is right brother Carlyle, let us show our light everywhere.

JOLIET, Will County, Illinois,
December 3rd, 1852.

CHAS. DURAND ESQ.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I left North Williamsburgh, County Dundas, Canada, about the 1st September last, and have since that time travelled through a good part of this State, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Michigan, and have made up my mind to remain here for the winter. I would mention when I left the division No. 238, of which I am still a member, it was in a good and harmonious state, but regret to have heard since that they don't get along very well, having allowed jealousies to get in the division on account of the officers. I have not heard anything from them lately. The order is doing well in this place—having a division of upwards of one hundred members in good standing, with a large amount of cash in the hands of their treasurer. The order throughout this State is in a good, sound and healthy condition, although not so many divisions as I would wish to see in it. There is a great field for a few good temperance lecturers in this and a few adjoining Western States.

I am most anxious to hear how the Maine Liquor Law gets along in the Canadian Parliament. While in Canada I did my duty and my part towards it. If every Son of Temperance does his duty I have no fear of the result.

Believe me to remain,

Yours, in the Bonds of the Order,
ADAM CARLYLE.

MYSTERIOUS MORTALITY AT NEW ORLEANS.—Some time since the ship Alexander Grant, Captain Guthrie, arrived at this port from Liverpool. In a few days afterwards two fine young men attached for the trip to and from this place, disappeared quite unaccountably. The next that was known of their whereabouts gave melancholy information that they had passed from the land of the living to the land of the dead. They were favorite of the captain; and rigid inquiries have resulted in the discovery of a terrible probability. It appears that they went to a certain sailor's boarding house, at which they were induced to drink largely of what is supposed to have been drugged liquor. They were then induced by the temptation of twenty dollars in advance premium to bind themselves to go upon another ship. Their drugged inebriation made them easy and unconscious victims. It is supposed that in this condition they were bundled on board the ship. And now comes the saddest portion of the narrative. The ship on which they were put landed five dead men at Slaughter House Point, and of these they were two. This singular and unusual mortality—five men dying on a departing ship within an hour or two of one another—gives the color of probability to the fearful supposition that the liquor these unfortunate men drank was over-drugged, and that they are the murdered victims of reckless cupidity and conscienceless fraud.—N. O. Crescent.

It has been said by the friends of the Maine law that its blessed effect is to decrease crime in an astonishing manner. Facts in the States where it exists prove this. Read below.—



STATEMENT OF THE MAYOR OF PROVIDENCE.

The following statement of the Mayor of Providence tells its own story. We take it from the Rhode Island Temperance Advocate:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Providence, Nov. 4. 1852. }

To oblige a large number of citizens, who have made inquiry touching these matters, I present the following statistics:—

Committals to the watchhouse for drunkenness, and small assaults growing out of drunkenness, from July 19, to October 19, 1852, (the first three months under the new liquor law),	177
Do. do. do. for corresponding months of last year.....	282
Do. do. do. for one month immediately preceding the operation of the new law.....	153
Committals to the county jail from July 19 to October 19, 1852, (the first three months under the new liquor law) for state offences....	77
For city offences.....	29
Do. do. do. for the corresponding months of last year, for state offences.....	110
For city offences.....	61
Do. do. do. for one month preceding the operation of the new law, for state offences....	40
For city offences.....	32
	72

From these statistics it will be seen that the committals to the watchhouse and county jail, for the first three months under the new liquor law, are one-third less than during the corresponding months of last year; and the average monthly committals for these three months, are about 60 per cent. less than for the months immediately preceding.

On the first day of this month, there were but 114 paupers in the Dexter Asylum, being the smallest number of inmates at this season of the year, since 1815. The number of inmates on the first of Nov. last year, was 146, and that is precisely the average number, at that date, for the past six years.

The number of insane paupers, supported at the Butler Hospital, has also been considerably reduced. I have not at this moment the papers at hand, from which to give the exact statistics, but I can safely say, that the number is about one-fifth less (the present number being 44), and the cost of their support the last quarter was three hundred dollars less than the average, for each of the preceding quarters. It is true that several were transferred from the Hospital to the Asylum, in the month of June last, but had not that transfer been made, the present number at the Asylum would have been so many less, and the contrast between this and former years so much the greater.

A. C. BAZSTOW,
Mayor.

M. Lamartine has addressed the following note to the *Sirels*:—

You cite, upon the authority of the *Independence Belge*, my name among those of the political men about to be called to the Senate under the new government. In the interest of truth allow me to contradict a report which has not and could not have any foundation.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

Saint Point, Nov. 4, '52.

It is often more prudent to suppress our sentiments than either to flatter or to rail.

Franklin Pierce is the youngest man who has ever been elected President of the United States. He is 48 years of age. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Van Buren were each 48; Jackson, 62; Harrison, 68; Taylor, 66; Polk, 50.

Among the members of Congress elected in New-York, are three oddities—Mike Walsh, a radical of the city—Gerrit Smith, the well known abolitionist and philanthropist—and Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale, a poet and philosopher.

The first volume of a work of great importance is announced for 15th November by Blackwood—"The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852, by Sir Archibald Alison."

A rather novel joke has been practiced recently simultaneously in London and New York. It is firing air guns at windows, &c. They make no report, and the source of the shot cannot be ascertained. A day or two since, in New York, an oil can which a colored man was carrying through the streets, was perforated and one-half of the oil spilled before he discovered the loss.

The Channel Islands are to be put in a state of defence, and the troops there are to be increased.—Large quantities of warlike stores have very recently been landed at Guernsey. At Alderney immense works are hurriedly in progress for the formation of a fortified harbor of refuge, by which that island may be made the centre of most extensive and warlike operations. Alderney is only nine miles from Cape La Hague, in France, and twenty miles from Cherbourg. Nothing can pass Cape La Hague or leave Cherbourg without observation at Alderney.

PROGRESS OF RAILROADS.—One may now take a railroad car in the Highlands of Scotland, and with the single interruption of a two hours' water transit from Dover to Calais, ride by rail through London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, to Trieste, on the Adriatic; and soon, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Prague, Geneva, Milan, Rome, Turin, Marseilles, Madrid, Lisbon, &c., at the rate of five hundred miles per day.

FATAL ROPE DANCING.—A dreadful accident occurred on Sunday afternoon, at the Arenas Nationales. A rope on which two rope dancers were performing, at a height of thirty yards, suddenly broke, and they were both precipitated to the ground; one was killed on the spot, and the other was so dreadfully injured that he died an hour after. The performances were stopped, and the public, who seemed greatly moved, left the place.

SOME men think that to pronounce the Maine Law unconstitutional is tantamount to overthrowing it.—We tell all those croakers, that the voice of the people is the constitution in this country. The people are above and superior to all parchment scrolls, and constitutions are made and expounded by them, and from their decision there is no appeal.—*Port. Temp. Watchman.*

Mr. Gough is lecturing in Boston to large houses. He delivered his 200th lecture there, in the Melodeon, in the first week in December. 137 Maine law men to 92 anti were elected in Massachusetts at the late State election. This is a glorious result—evidencing the good sense of the people. The Boston city civic election is causing a great excitement there.

THE FUGITIVE DIVISION, than which there is not a more enterprising one in Canada, intend holding a Grand Festival, on the occasion of the opening of their New Stone Hall, on the 5th of January next. Many eminent speakers are expected to attend. The best proof of the energy and durability of a division is the fact of its being able to build such an ornament to its town.

RETURNS OF DIVISIONS.—The Grand Scribe informs us that a great many divisions do not send in their returns properly. This is too bad. Deputy Grand Wardens should not insist divisions until their returns are made out and per centage voted. The rules say so. Divisions, for the credit of the order, should in future be more punctual.



Agriculture.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

BY CHAMPTON DISSEL,

Within the mill-wheel's dripping cave
How flies the white and gleaming spray;
In music falling on the weve
That dances to the open day!
How cool the eddies of the stream
In lazy beats returning slow
About the black and toughened beam,
Whose mossy feet are far below!

The mill above is racked with noise,
And grey with clouds that ever fly;
And now I hear the miller's voice,
As here and there the workmen ply;
I hear the waggons round the door,
The din of bargain in the hall;
The wheel beneath the raised floor
Groans on the willing slaves of all:

Unhredful of the summer wind,
That o'er the level water skins,
Unhredful of the frosts that bind
With icy blades its dripping rims!
Nor ever slack its measured sound,
To think of all it has to do,
But pause: it turns its endless round,
As if its will were endless, too.

By night the water-gate is drawn;
Within the wave the wheel is still,
And waiting for the lingering dawn,
It rests beneath the lonely mill.
Sleep, heavy wheel: a respite ask
When all thy daily work is done;
And would thy fixed and endless task
Were less the image of my own!

REMARKS ON THE SEASON.—The weather on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th days of this month continued beautiful—generally sunny—the wind sometimes in the east, at other times in the west. The 15th day was unusually fine—resembling the Indian summer days of November. As yet there have been no frosts of any severity. All the lake harbors are open. No ice has skimmed our bay yet. On the 16th a snow-storm from the east set in with wind—which turned finally to a rain. The 17th was again clear, wind in the west—with snow and high winds at night. The 18th was cold and boisterous. The roads in the country are very bad. The climate of Canada, for the last six weeks, has very much resembled that of the southern part of England. We saw a quantity of wild pigeons in the market that had been shot in the woods within a week past. Wild ducks are quite common in our waters up to this date. We saw a very fine specimen of the sheldrake, or sawbill duck, in the market—also, bluebirds and other varieties. Poultry is at present high in our markets. Pork continues to come in plentifully. Two hogs, weighing each over 630 lbs., were noticed as fine specimens of the porcine tribe. It brings readily from \$5 to \$6 per 100 lbs. Wool and hay are high.

ATTENDING PROPERTIES OF PEAS AND BEANS.

These articles have been found, by chemical analysis, rich in nitrogen. The inference has been that they would be specially useful in supporting the growth of the muscles of animals, and it has been suggested that they would be particularly useful in the production of wool. They are evidently valuable for these purposes, but no less valuable for the reduction of fat. Those persons who have used peas for fattening hogs consider them worth as much as Indian corn. In districts where that grain is not readily grown, very fine pork is produced from peas. Jacksonson, in his work "On the Breeding of Live Stock," states that a premium was entered into between five East Lothian Farmers, to be claimed by the one who should be pronounced the best feeder of cattle. Forty cattle of the same breed and in equal condition, were divided between them, as fairly as possible. They were put up together the second week in September, and killed at Christmas following. The winner of the prize fed his animals wholly on dried beans with hay.

FLOWERS.

Flowers, of all created things, most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse in the coffin! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers, that of perishing things are most perishing, yet of earthly things are the most heavenly. Flowers—that unceasingly extend to heaven their grateful and to man their cheerful looks, partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow, fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes—welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first straken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness, so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.

PIN MAKING.—The women and children who fix the heads are paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. for every twenty thousand. A skillful operator can with great exertion do twenty thousand per day; but from ten to fifteen thousand is the usual quantity; varying of course with the degree of their skill. The man who picks and tins the pins usually gets one penny per pound for the work, and employs himself during the tinning of one batch of pins with drying those previously tinned. He earns about 9s. per day; but out of this he pays about 3s. for his assistant. The arranging of pins side by side in paper is generally performed by women. The pins come from the last process in wooden bowls, with the points projecting in all directions. A woman takes up some, and places them on the teeth of a comb, whilst, by a few shakes, some of the pins fall back into the bowl, and the rest being caught by their heads are, detained between the teeth of the comb. Having thus arranged them in a parallel direction, she fires the requisite number between two pieces of iron, having previously doubled the paper, she presses it against the points of the pins until they have passed through the paper folds which are to retain them. The pins are then relieved from the grasp of the tool, and the process repeated with others. A woman gains about 1s. 6. by papering; but children are sometimes employed, who can earn 6d. per day and upwards.—*Robb's Economy of Machinery and Manufac-*

PARODY.

ON A PAN-CAKE.

'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light brown companions
Are buttered and gone.
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
To steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To meet a cold fate;
Since thy mates are all eaten,
Come lie on my plate!
Thus kindly I'll butter
Thy streaming sides o'er,
And think of thy sweetness
When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times every day,
When breakfast is ready,
They vanish away.
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
No cake can inhabit
The table alone.

COSMETICS.—There are schemers in London who profess to have got hold of a discovery by which "tan or freckles," hitherto "considered incurable," may be "removed without injury to the skin; and to prove this," say they in the newspapers "a person can be seen with one side of the face freckled, and the other side free, the freckles having been removed." This is a good idea, and might be extended. One side of the head might be macassarred into luxuriance, while the other remained bald; one cheek cosmeticked into bloom, the other left pale and wan; one side of the mouth ivoryed, the other stumped; one side of the body padded, the other rectangular; one-half of the whole mind and person Pecksniffed, the other abandoned to nature.

DIRECTIONS FOR BOILING RICE.—Take one pint of clean sound rice, wash it well in several waters, rub it well between the hands, and pour off the water at each washing as soon as possible, to take off all the small particles that would be likely to color the rice. This done, take one quart of water to one pint of rice, put in one-half teaspoonful of fine salt, put it over the fire, let it boil fifteen minutes without stirring, and then take it off. If the rice has not taken up all the water, pour it off, if it is good rice it take it all up. When this is done, give the rice one good stirring, and the only one; place the kettle on some hot embers where it will simmer for fifteen minutes longer. When this is done, your rice will come on the table, each grain separate, as white as snow, and well cooked.

TO CLEAN PEWTER AND TIN.—Pewter and tin utensils should always be kept dry and free from steam and dampness when not in use. When the polish is gone, rub them with a little sweet oil, laid on a piece of soft, fine linen cloth and clean off with whiteing. There is a grape polish in use which gives great brilliancy to tin and pewter articles, but as it removes the coating from tin, is perhaps a less desirable article for ordinary use.

ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—A most curious and able dissertation upon the origin of wheat completely justifies the views we have held; for although it does not show that oats change into rye, as many believe, and offers no support to some other speculations of the same kind, nevertheless demonstrates, beyond all further question, that wheat is itself a transmutation of a kind of wild grass. M. Esprit Fabre, of Agde, well known to botanists as an acute observer and patient experimentalist, has made the discovery, which has been introduced to public notice by Professor Dana, of Montpellier.—*Gardner's Chronicle.*

THE WEATHER.—During the past ten days we have had very unusual weather for this season of the year. In the early part of last week the bright sun-shine and balmy air called to mind the beautiful spring, nor could we well credit the reality, when reflecting that for the previous fortnight our friends and neighbours have revelled in the enjoyments of sleighing. Such, however, was the case, and an incident which came under our notice fairly tended to confirm the belief that time had dealt leniently with us for the past seven months;—we allude to the swarming of a hive in the grounds of H. Bacon Gowan, Esq., of this town. Such an occurrence in the month of December almost borders on the fabulous, yet having witnessed it we are in a position to speak of the equal warmth of the season. Since Sunday last we have had frequent showers, yet still the air has all the mildness of spring.—*Huron H. Aid 8th Decmber.*

OPUM EATING IN NEW YORK.—Dr. Schofield, in a letter to the "Daily Times," asserts that 1,000 lbs. of opium are sold by retail, weekly in New York. This amounts to 52,000 lbs. per annum and does not embrace the quantities that may be purchased wholesale by some of those who daily use it. He states that "its use is fearfully on the increase in this city, and it is constantly receiving recruits from the alcoholic ranks as a cheap means of producing intoxication. Opium inebriation is productive of the greatest of evils: it is a fearful species of drunkenness. It drowns care for a while, and is therefore very seductive in its influence, but it brings forth tears, disease, and death. It is to be regretted that its use should be on the increase among us; something should at once be done to meet and arrest this evil.

LARGE CALF.—We have often heard it remarked that the cattle of Lower Canada are miserably small, especially when compared with those raised by our friends in Upper Canada. However this rule may apply in general, like all other rules it is not without exception. On Friday last, an inhabitant from the Parish of St. Laurent, Island of Orleans, named Godbout, brought to St. Paul's Market a calf, only four months and a half old, which weighed no less than four hundred and seven pounds! It was purchased by Mr. Charre of the Upper Town market, and by him slaughtered and exposed for sale on Saturday morning. The veal looked remarkably well.—*Quebec Gazette*

GRINDING BOXES FOR MANURE.—Mr. P. R. Lamb, of this city has erected machinery for grinding bones, for manure. It is the first enterprise of the kind ever attempted in this country. The annual value of the ground bones used in England, principally for turnips, is said to be £200,000 sterling. Professors Croft and Buckland, of Toronto University, have published in an agricultural periodical, a joint letter in which they call public attention to the importance of bones as a manure. The fact of machinery being now in existence for grinding bones, will doubtless cause farmers to collect and preserve them for the purpose of applying them, in a prepared state, as manure to the soil.—*Toronto Leader.*

KEEPING HIS PROMISE.—Farmer's boy.—Mr. Blacksmith, did I tell you how we broke the chain, and John slipped one broken link through the oxer, and put his finger in for a toggle, and the oxen started a bird and got his finger off, and John felt badder at making a fool of himself than he did about the loss of his finger.

Blacksmith.—No, you didn't tell of that.

Farmer's boy.—No, nor I ain't a going to, neither, for I promised John I wouldn't.

France has an army of 404,000 men, 828 ships of war, including 102 steamers, and 27,000 cannon. Austria has 314,000 men; Prussia 225,000, and Russia 750,000.

THE PORT HOPE WATCHMAN.—In a late number of this paper we notice a letter from a person signing his name "ANTI-FANATIC," in which the principles of the Maine Law and all its advocates are condemned. The anonymous writer "Anti-Fanatic" wonders that the *pulpit* should be deserted by men advocating from it "unconstitutional tyranny," meaning of course a prohibitory law. Then follows the opinion of the Judges of New Hampshire on a law called the Maine Law—submitted to the legislature. This opinion is adverse to the constitutionality of the law in reference to the constitution of that State. The *Port Hope Watchman* gives no opinion on this matter—merely inserts the letter as a communication. The contributor of the *Port Hope* paper would do well before he condemns all the *isms* of the day, to ask himself this question: Is he in favor of no *isms*? Is he in favor of Protestantism? Was not that fanaticism in the time of Luther? Was he in favor of West Indian Abolitionism? Was England right in abolishing slavery in those Islands? Were the free States of the neighboring Republic right in doing so? Were the English nation right in abolishing feudalism? What does he think of European despotism? Is there such a thing as LIQUORISM? Two hundred years ago a set of fanatics, similar to the Opium eaters of China, Turkey, and many parts of Asia, took it in their heads to introduce into European society two very bad *isms*—TOBACCOISM and ALCOHOLISM. They believed them necessary then, as we temperance fanatics after two hundred years trial, believe them ruinous to soul and body. Wherein do these *isms* differ except in date and truth. Alcoholism and Tobaccoism have been proved to be ruinous to health,—the first, the cause of innumerable crimes, murders, suicides and cases of insanity—whereas the *ism* of teetotallers never caused any harm. It is the dictate of reason—the producer of good results everywhere. If every man in the Empire of Great Britain were a teetotaller all his life, would society be better? If every man on the other hand were a drinker of alcohol, would it be worse? Can drinks be made from total abstinence? No. Can they be made from the universal use of Alcohol? Yes, by hundreds of thousands. An *ism* may be bad and it may be good. "Anti Fanatic" will admit protestantism to be good—Mormonism bad—Christianity for it was once an *ism*, to be good—Paganism or Mohometanism, for they were once *isms*, to be bad. If the Judges of New Hampshire think the Maine Law conflicts with the Constitution of that State, the Judges of Maine have decided that it does not with that of Maine. The New Hampshire Judges do not decide that a State cannot prohibit the traffic. It is merely the form of some of the provisions they object to. Will the *Port Hope Watchman* please copy.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—A Provincial Convention on Temperance Reform was held at St. Johns, N. B., 24th ult. nearly 200 delegates attended. The Convention expressed its gratitude to God for the great success which has attended their efforts; rejoiced in the gain of so much as the law of the last Legislature secures; but inasmuch as that law does not prohibit fermented drinks, such as ale, porter, beer, cider, &c., the Convention will aim for a law which shall be more complete and efficacious in other words, for the Maine Law.—*New York Organ.*

CANDIDATES FOR CIVIC HONORS IN THIS CITY.

There is quite an excitement in this city just now on the subject of the election of new city officers. As usual the beer and rum interest is courted, and small groceries are the centres of mighty power. How long shall this prevail in this young city! How long shall the industrious mechanics—merchants and property class of our citizens, be at the mercy of the miserable dens of beer guzzling—night fighting—sunday drinking and quarrel breeding—inns and groceries, that pollute every ward of this city. Let all who really consult our civic welfare turn out for once, and support no man who is at all suspected of being favorable to this drunken system in Toronto. Put it down—for the sake of temperance—Christianity, and common humanity. The candidates that we have heard of who ought to be supported are for St. John's Ward, (a new one formed out the East half of St. Patrick's ward,) Messrs. Sheard Price and Hamilton for Aldermen. Of course there can be but two aldermen, but all of these men are worthy of support. Let us have no renegade without property in the ward amongst us. For Councilmen there are Messrs. Bagg and Rowell, two excellent men.

For Inspector of this ward no better man could be had than John Gibson.

In St. Patrick's Ward for Inspector, all should support that worthy citizen Mr. Henry Leadley. The Aldermen and Councilmen there we have heard nothing of.

In St. Andrew's Ward, Mr. George Mowat should be supported by all worthy citizens as inspector of licenses. We want no double dealing or shuffling person there, selling beer with one hand, and pretending to carry out the law with the other!! Mr. Samuel Rogers should be supported as Councilman by all who wish well to the city in this ward.

In St. George's Ward, Mr. Edward Perry, an old respected citizen, is a candidate for inspector, and all should support him.

In St. James Ward Mr. Whiteman runs for the office of inspector, and should be supported. The candidates who ought to be supported there for the other offices are Messrs. Bowers, (our present excellent Mayor,) Green, Romaine and Nasmith. Mr. Nasmith we have long known as one of our best citizens. No pains should be spared to secure his election. Mr. Bowers should be supported also in preference to any other. It is a pity that Mr. Whitemore or some other person having the confidence of Temperance men does not run with Mr. Bowers.

For St. David's Ward—John Bell Esq. is a candidate for the Aldermanship, and should be supported by all. He is right on all the questions that affect our city's property, and a friend of order. Let all wishing well to the temperance cause give him their votes. Mr. Griffith runs for Inspector in this Ward, and is generally considered a fair man.

In St. Lawrence Ward—Messrs. Clarkson and Liddell have been spoken of as Aldermen. There is no Inspector running there that we can recommend. The two gentlemen named as Aldermen are good men. Mr. M. P. Hayes is also mentioned as a candidate, and is a quiet, worthy citizen.

If by any means one half or more of the low taverns of Toronto could be suppressed, it would be a great blessing in 1853.

Let other towns and cities such as Kingston, Hamilton, Brantford, London and St. Catharines, &c. &c. do their duty in the premises.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

A public dinner is to be given to Mr. Ferguson, M. P. P., of Waterloo in a few weeks—a meeting having been held for that purpose at Elora. Mr. White, M. P. P., Mr. Critch and the wardens of Westworth and Halton have been invited to attend. A terrible affray has taken place at Brockville, resulting from an attempt to smuggle goods. A party of three or four persons were caught in the act of smuggling a quantity of tea—the tea was in a waggon—and a custom house officer, accompanied by three assistants, intercepted the tea and the smuggling party. Both parties were well armed. The smugglers when called upon to surrender the goods refused to do so, and a quarrel ensued, with a resort to fire-arms. One of the smugglers, (a young man, and the only son of a widow,) was shot dead, and several of

the parties on each side severely wounded. The tea was secured by the custom house officers, and the parties engaged in smuggling have been arrested. The parties on both sides have been held to bail to take their trial. It seems to us that there has been some imprudence in this matter on the part of the custom house officer. It is altogether a dreadful affair. When will the time come that all such obstructive customs shall be abolished? We hope it may come, and free trade in all things be established along the extensive frontier that divides our Province from the United States. GROSSER BROWN, Esq., M. P. P.—The dinner to this gentleman came off at Sarnia on the 9th instant, and about one hundred and sixty gentlemen sat down to the feast. A dinner was given to him at Warwick also. He has been invited to another festival at Ayr Dumfries. These are signs of the times and show that his present course in Parliament is approved of by certain parts of the country at least. A dinner was given to Mr. Cameron on the day that the festival of Mr. Brown came off. The Honorable gentleman himself was not present. The reform party and no party in Upper Canada, can safely swerve from duty to please the French party of Lower Canada. All sections of this Province should have their just rights, but holy principles must not be sacrificed to please. Mr. Brown's seeming popularity arises from a belief that he is honest in his advocacy of Protestantism, and in his opposition to official espionage and scheming. It is a pity he had not shown this patriotism in 1848-9. The curse of Canada is the bold and impudent inconsistency in public men—seemingly caused by the question of a little government patronage—or the spoils. Why should any man sacrifice his heartfelt principles for a little lucre! Men who so yet cannot have the fear of God before their eyes. To see Editors hoisting sweeping and extremely radical platforms—pretending to advocate as necessary for the country, certain principles and measures at one time, and suppressing the same, or keeping a marked silence as to their agitation when the government printing fills their papers, is disgusting to all honest men—and the honest hearts of Canada—our old and young men should turn aside from such examples with utter disgust. Principles are holy and should not be cast off like old clothes.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY, AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Ayr, J. C., \$12, pays in full for 1852; J. B. P., \$1, Kingston, 1852; Alex. McL., Caledon, by McN. \$14, 1852; Wm H. St. Thomas \$2, 1851-2; Warsaw Division, \$14; Wm. H. H., of Innisfil, \$1—will apply on 1853; A. R. Hornby \$1 10/4, which pays for 1852 in part leaving a part of the year still due. J. A. Trafalgar, \$14, 1852—this leaves in our hands \$24 to his credit. We will send him if he chooses a copy extra—after deducting the price of the paper of 1853; J. C., Cornwall pays for an advertisement and for two copies for Division, 1852; W. H. F., Kemptville, \$34; Stratford Division, \$1, 1853; Brockville Div., 1853, 2 cop., \$1 only enclosed; J. C., Waterloo, \$14, 1852; E. P., of King, \$3 to apply on 1852-3.

Br. Sweet's letter of Walpole is received. The \$2 were acknowledged in No. 27 of this paper. The Br. would oblige by sending his list of subscribers for 1853 as soon as possible. Other poetry of Sylvicola will appear. The Guards of Honor letter is omitted. The balance of Br. Luff's letter will appear in the first or second January paper. Poetry, W. H. F. Letter, J. B., Glenmorris.

TORONTO MARKETS, MONDAY, December 20, 1852; —Beef per 100lbs. \$3 to \$5; Pork \$5 to \$6; Poultry—Chickens per pair, 1s to 1s 3d; Geese, 1s 6d to 2s each; Turkeys 1s 6d to 3s 9d each; Flour per bushel—farmer's, 18 9d to 20s; miller's, 20s to 21s 3d; Wheat per bushel 3s 9d to 4s 4d; Oats 1s 5d to 1s 7d; Barley 2s 3d; Peas 2s 3d to 2s 6d; Hay per ton, \$12 to \$14; Straw per ton \$8 to 9; Butter per lb 10d to 1s; Eggs 10d to 1s; Potatoes per bu. 1s 10d to 2s 6d; Wood per cord 17s 6d; Onions \$1; Apples 2s 6d; Hides \$5 per 100 lbs; Better tub 10d per lb.

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