

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou not remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah, John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"Oh, yes!" said the gentleman, apparently recollecting himself; "I do now remember the circumstances to which you allude; yes, yes, I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Putney place, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune!"

Here he handed the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at him with imperturbable gravity, and continued:

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest into thy large estate."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to exercise his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely have not sued me?"

"Yes, I have, and thou should be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee," returned the Quaker.

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you, if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the items of which it was composed. He did nothing till he came to the last charge, which was for advertising; then he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? For Advertising." That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"Oh, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that's all right; it is for publishing the advertisements that thou hast just showed me."

"Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker, with most provoking coolness.

"You told me a — lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault," replied the Quaker.

"You said I should bear something to my advantage, if I came here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker, "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of something to advantage; and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath, and in the deepest rage, "I will give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense, now," said the Quaker; "if thou really intends to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely 'non plussed' at the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy sleep be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The blacksmith comes and says—

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says,

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till

lastly an individual comes, and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

Humorous.

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

Our friend Pathrick, who is decidedly not "a Son," is responsible for the following:—

JUG OF POTTEEN.

Sure this is an age of as wondrous inventions
As one altogether distressed might dream,
The lightning by wire makes known its intentions,
And waggons all over are driven by steam,
While boats with big wheels plough the wide-spreading ocean,
And spirits give a rap altogether unseen,
To the stime of all science I give my devotion,
When it gracefully curls from a jug of pottreen.

I love a brown jug wid a tumbler beside it,
But then a brown jug all alone is a sin;
Sure what is a body widout spirit to guide it;
And what is a jug if there's no punch widin'.
There's grace in the curl av the mist rising from it,
The outlines of beauty—the sowl av a dhream;
And few better times has this ould world upon it,
Than when we're discoursing a jug of pottreen!

PROSPECTS OF A HAPPY PAIR OF EMPERORS.

A DUET.

Nicholas—Francis.

Both. Europe's little fam we'll keep,
And our little girls and boys,
Like little pigs or sheep,
Seize, dare they make a noise!

Nich. The trials I'll conduct;
Franc. The goals I'll construct.

Nich. In curbing hard and sage
My lash will prove efficient;
Franc. My halber, I'll engage.

Nich. Will quell the ill-conditioned.
Franc. Now, slave, for back the knout!

Both. And that's the way no doubt,
To keep mankind in check
K with an N, N with an O, O with a U, U with a T;
And a R and an O and P and a E;
K. N. O. U. T.;
R. O. P. and E;
Both. When we're trampled down the free,
Oh what jolly, glorious fun 't will be!

(Da Capo ad lib)

—Punch.

IRISH HUMOR.

Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last came to the awful fact, that he had stolen his neighbor Kitty Mud-plasher's pig, a crime so heinous in the sight of Father Tobin, that his reverence by no manner of means could give him his absolution for the same. Darby begged prayed and promised, but to no effect, nothing in short but restitution, that is to say, to give Kitty back her pig again; but a difficulty arose, Darby and his children had eaten the pig, upon which the priest waxed wroth and threatened the rogue with evil here, and a terrible destiny hereafter. "Now, hear me, ye vagabond cheat," said he, "when ye go to stand yer trial and find yerself among the goats, (for sheep ye are not) there will be 2 witnesses against ye, there'll be Kitty, that ye robbed and the pig that ye ate, an' what'll ye do then, ye vagabond?" "Och, please yer reverence, is it true what ye say that Kitty Mud-plasher herself will be there?" "She will." "And the pig I ate; will the pig be to the fore?" "He will." "Och, thin, please yer reverence, if the pig and Kitty Mud-plasher will be there, what'll hinder me from saying, Kitty, had luck to yer sowl, there's your pig, sure won't that be restitution."

What is the reason that ladies of Celtic origin will persist in hanging everything out of the windows? We passed a house in orange street the other day, out of the second story openings of which were displayed one straw bed, three pair of corduroy breeches, two badly patched petticoats, one sloop-pail, and twenty-seven assorted rags of all patterns. Again we ask, why this tendency to expose things? Why have a house and keep your wardrobe in the street?

Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. "I wish you joy," cried his friend, "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored." "Alas," said the poor Frenchman profoundly rejected; "and if so, where shall I spend my evening?"

IF A Gentleman speaking of Cincinnati, says its most appropriate name would be the *Hamburgh* of America, "Yes," replied another, "I think it will be the *Meatropolis* of the United States."

Some wag of an editor, after a grand spree, penned the following advice to his readers:—"Rise early, bathe daily, eat sparingly, drink pure water, exercise freely in the open air, keep a cheerful mind, and shun wine, the blues, doctors and drugs."

Some wag seeing a drunken man in the gutter, called attention to him as a common spirit level.—*Ex.*

Then, of course, the grog-shop keeper is a common spirit leveler.

NIAGARA, ITS IMPROVEMENTS.—This town is destined to improve some. Already we notice the erection of four large wooden buildings near the dock, for the purpose of holding the engines, cars, and freight of the railroad in process of building, to connect this port and town with the Great Western. The trip to Niagara from Toronto and so to the Falls, via this railroad next year, will be exceedingly pleasant. 30,000 strangers visited the Falls this year, a number far exceeding any former year.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)
WOMAN AND FRIENDSHIP.

I've sought in vain to find a friend
Upon our selfish earth;
A seeming friend fate oft will send,
An' oue we think of worth.

But when the wheel of fortune turns
Her gloomy side with ire,
A fav'rite shuns, and rudely spurns,
The soul she taught to aspire:

This sunshine friend whom fortune makes,
Like winter's chilling blast,
His former friend alas, forsakes,
Is coldly—unknown,—past.

'Tis hard to find a friend below,
Sweet woman ONLY is;
Doubly she's a friend, in deepest woe,
As well as in our bliss.

Naught can daunt her faithful heart,
No ills can turn her love;
When fortune acts a tyrant's part,
And blackly scowls above;

A friend we find in woman still,
When all the world forgets;
Bright blooms her love, affections fill
Her soul, though ills beset.

Written in 1835 at Hamilton.

C. H. D.

MISS BIFFIN—THE LIMBLESS LADY.

This most accomplished person having been born with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint miniatures and cut watch paper with her nose.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage, was taken to Covent Garden Theater, early in the evening, before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He, having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one of the upper front boxes, where, aided by a long drapery, such as children in arms wear and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as immovable, enjoying the play and faring not, perhaps, applauding in the ordinary style of clapping, or expressing her impatience at any needless delay by stamping on the floor.

The engagement, however, of the beau proved longer than the performance of the theatre. The audience retired, and lights were extinguished, and still Miss Biffin remained. The box-keeper ventured to assert that as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box-keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised.

We can't wait here for your friend, Miss. You really must go, was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janitor.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box-keeper and house-keeper, bearing the discussion, came to the spot, and insinuated the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin's departure, hinting something extremely ungalant about a constable.

Sir, said Miss Biffin, I would give the world to go, but I can not go without my friend.

You cannot have any friend here to-night, ma'am, said Mr. Brandon, for the doors are shut.

If you will give me your arm, ma'am, said Brandon, I'll set you down to the stage door, when you can send for a coach.

Arm, sir! said the lady; I wish I could, sir, but I have no arms.

Dear me, ma'am, said the box-keeper, how very odd! However, ma'am, if you get upon your legs, I will take every care of you.

I have not got any legs, sir, said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who professed himself much astonished at the intelligence; and had not Miss Biffin's faithful friend arrived just this moment via the coach door, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened.

Her intended who was perfectly alive to all the peculiarities of his beloved, ended the affair in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Cæsar did, "with decency," and carrying her off upon his shoulders as a butcher's boy would transport a fillet of veal in his tray.

"GRACE GREENWOOD" was married, last Monday evening, at the residence of her father, in New Brighton, Pa., to Mr. Lander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. The happy pair will reside in Philadelphia, where Mrs. Lippincott (what a fall from Grace!) will edit the *Little Pilgrim*, a sheet for juveniles. We wish her success in the issue of little pilgrims. It is said that young Lippincott, who married Grace Greenwood, was under her training for a proper husband for three years. She passed him a clerkship in Washington, and kept him under her special supervision.—*American Ex.*

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

A correspondent of the Newburyport Herald, tells the following tale:

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Sept. 11, 1853.

We have now in Santa Barbara a great curiosity. It is an Indian woman who has lived alone for 18 years upon the Island of San Nicholas, a small island about 45 miles from this place, during which time she has not seen the face of a human being. This island was once peopled by a tribe of Indians, to whom the North-West tribes were hostile. To preserve the remnant of this tribe from destruction, as well as with a view to christianize them, the Padres induced them to come to the main land 18 years ago. After they were all on board the vessel sent for them, this woman swam ashore to look for her child which had been left; and a storm springing up in the night, the vessel was obliged to put to sea; on returning, she could not be found. She was known to be alive by those who at the time visited the island for the hunting otters, from the marks of fires and from foot-prints in the sand.

On being approached to other day she manifested much joy which she betrayed by signs of the most significant character, and at once commenced packing up her few articles of furniture. Whether the sounds she uttered are words or not has not yet been ascertained. The man who found her is familiar with five or six Indian languages, but he was unable to understand a single expression; it is more than probable that she had forgotten her native tongue entirely. Her clothing consists of skins of birds, sewed together with the fibres of some tree or plant. Her food has been shell-fish, seals, and a small bulbous root, similar in appearance to an onion, but wholly tasteless.

The needles with which she stitched her garments are made of the sharp bones of a fish. She had two hooks made of a bent nail and sharpened by friction upon a stone. Her lines were beautifully twisted from the sinews of some animal, probably a species of fox which abounds on the island.

Her age, as near as can be estimated, is about 55 or 60. Her features are quite masculine, and her hair of the color of dark brown, and very fine. This is very remarkable for an Indian;—their hair, you know, is always jet black and coarse. In some future letter I will give you a more extended account of this marvel of the 19th century. She is truly an object for the reflection of the philosopher and the inspection of the curious.

Yours, &c.,

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

When Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbeck, between whom and the Queen existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by the most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbeck, at the same moment lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and it too great a distance from the dying Queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an upper apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Horse Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber, opened, and the Countess Steenbeck appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed in two lines and presented arms, as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributed her silence to the intensity of her grief, and conducted her to the side of the corpse and then retired leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the Countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in the rank opened the door, but instantly fell back in the utmost consternation. The officers present then hastened into the room, and they all beheld the Queen standing upright in her coffin, tenderly embracing the Countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the partition seemed to waver and resolve itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the Queen was seen resting in its former position on the bed of state, but the Countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once despatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and then it was learned that the Countess Steenbeck had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased Queen by the guard! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.

ROMANCE OF A MAIL ROBBERY.

The Wheeling Gazette, of Tuesday morning, has an account of the arrest of the Postmaster at Henrysburgh, Belmont County, Ohio, named Eaton, and his daughter, a young lady of education and accomplishment. For several months suspicion had been aroused, and the secret mail agent, Shallock, started out with his decoys to fix the guilt. He went to the village, after learning that (of some \$8 0, in notes,) one marked ball had been used by Eaton's daughter. He found the suspected parties fled. He went further. Seven or eight miles' travel brought him a beautiful little cottage, before the door of which a gay and laughing group was assembled, cracking their jokes and chaffing away their time quite merrily. His keen eye soon detected the fugitives as part of the company, and walking in their midst started them with the announcement—"You are my prisoners." The ladies shrieked, and their male friends coaxed, but justice is inexorable. This was on Saturday, and that night the father escaped, leaving his daughter in the hands of the officers, who took her to Steubenville, before Judge Leavitt. She represented as young, handsome, and intelligent, and was arranging her bridal dress, and designed marriage next week to one of the wealthiest men in that section of the country.

It is a fixed fact—numbers of offices in the States having opened to female apprentices, and, ere many years, we may expect Printers' apprentices without number. Don't know how we should feel to have a right pretty girl for our Compositor, but believe we should not object, at all. We have always thought women would make capital type-setters—if they could learn to hold their tongues, would let the boys alone, and would not get married as soon as their trade was learned—three pretty hard alternatives, but just what is required.

The following rules have been adopted by the office that is to be:

1. Must be in the office from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
2. No reading of motto papers and love stories nor eating confectionaries during working hours.
3. No hand shall be allowed to have her beau in the office to see her set type at any time.
4. No matter how gifted any hand may be at making pes at home, if she makes pi in the office she shall be compelled to assort it.
5. Any lady about to emigrate to the State of Matrimony, shall give at least one month's notice, that her place may be supplied by another.
6. No married woman shall be allowed to work in this office, provided it is known.
7. No lady shall be allowed to laugh at the motion of another while at the case.
8. Ladies are not allowed to meddle with the shooting-sticks, nor to have many embraces about their form.
9. They shall not be requested to lay on sheets.

Youths' Department.

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

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE LATE GEORGE HAMILTON, ESQUIRE,

WHO DIED SATURDAY 20TH FEB., 1836, AT HAMILTON.

WRITTEN BY C. M. D., 24TH FEB., 1836.

I heard a voice—'twas sad and weeping,
Declare, another victim's gone;
Hamilton has lost a friend,
Poor George among the dead is sleeping! :

As a man he was honest—just,
And as a friend was true;
He had a failing like all of dust,
His failings were but few.

Long has he been a patron, friend,
Of Hamilton, his fav'rite town;
She well may drop a tear and spend
A day, in mourning, for him gone.

Poor George has gone the way of all,
No more his lulls will greet him home;
The green sod's now his mortal pall,
His all the dark and silent tomb.

O death, thou real friend of man,
We thee ought welcome and not shun;
For when on earth we've run our span,
Life's reel by thee is quick undone;

Its cares—its strife—its wants, are gone,
And vanished like the passing winds;
Forgotten we,—while men rush on,
In time like all, the grave to find.

A YOUNG TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

Happy Valley is a very pleasant and desirable portion of the city, and the many families, who have located there, have shown their good taste in doing so, while some of them have shown their want of good sense by furnishing their sideboards and dining tables with brandy, wines, &c.

One of these families, who rank among the "upper ten," have two beautiful, bright-eyed children, a girl of five or six, and boy a year or two younger, who have been in the habit of taking their champagne, &c., with the family, unto Bab, in particular, had become fond of it; and watching his opportunity, one day last week, heaped himself, and got "as tight as a brick." This waked up his "old Adam"—his eyes blazed like fire coals, and he raved about the house like a young tiger, making war, "tooth and nail," upon every thing that came in his way. This exhibition of frenzy in the child, opened the eyes of the father to the "breakers ahead," and he passed a decree that the children must have no more wine; but he continued to use it himself in their presence. The little girl could not understand the consistency of her father's course, and she asked.—"Father why must in the children drink wine?" He told her that it would injure them and make them sick. "Well if it will hurt children, won't it hurt big people, and what do you drink it for?" This was a poser, and after hesitating and stammering a while, he attempted to put her off by telling her he took it for medicine. This did not satisfy her, and she looked up in his face and with an arch, sarcastic smile, replied, "I don't know, father, I don't know, you don't look sick, father. Are you sick?" He was "swamped," and he gave her an evasive answer, that he did not feel very well, or that he was not very sick, or something of that kind. But she was ready for him, and in the most solemn manner replied, "I don't know, father; if you are sick enough to take medicine, why don't you put on your night-gown and go to bed and send for the Doctor?"

He was essentially "dried up," and could not find another word to say; and we reckon that he will hardly venture to practice another inconsistency so glaring, under the eyes of that shrewd young philosopher—*California Organ*.

THE GRIEVANCES OF CHILDREN.

Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half so nice as black Jim's woollen stockings. Wish I had a pair of warm rubbers, wish I had a long secured apron for my bare neck and arms, wish I could put my curls out of my

eyes, or have them cut off. Wish that my dress would stay upon my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play nine-pins. Wish my mamma would go to wash with me sometimes, instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers, if I would not tumble up her curls, or her collar. Wish she would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer all my questions, and not always say, "Don't bore me, Freddy." Wish, when we go out in the country, she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me;" wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn and see how Dobin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those frisky little pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk, in the world. Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smiling at aunt Emma's children, (who come here in their papa's carriage,) and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go to in the day-time. Wish I could go over on that hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I didn't keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says, "Don't be a fool Master Freddy." I wonder if I am a fool? I wonder if Betty knows much herself? I wonder why mamma don't love her little boy? I wonder, when I'm grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing?

How to PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, and decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.

Attend your business; never trust to another. "A pet that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal, "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove." Rise early, "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

[ORIGINAL.]

KOSSUTH SONG.

Priest-bound millions! cringe and bend!
Hail ye for your sovereign god;
Things that soil the name of friend,
Aru'd with vile oppressors' rod

'Rouse ye, 'rouse ye, burn or break it,
Write no longer 'neath the lash,
Freedom's fire is in ye wake
From their thrones yon despots dash.

Keep the hate of ages o'er them,
Plant the Cypress where they stood,
Let the fools that fear adore them,
Nurture it with Helot blood!

Let no more the simple Fiat,
Of vain creatures weak as ye,
With disdainful words decree it,
"Hearts and sinews break for me!"

BENNY KENTVILLE.

MORAL COURAGE—A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command—high-sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of the bugle's note, as with more than organic sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front—planted there to stand amid victory or defeat, oh! how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobody, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle field compared with the moral courage of every day life? Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of a hundred battle fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—to do—when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet who looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold—how fares it with them? Crushed as earth's honored sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for no sake—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thought and love. And yet, what did they? Like men they spoke the truth that was in them. This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died like other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before everything else! It is the only bravery on which humanity can count for any real blessing—Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it riots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.—C. M. City.

OUR TERMS FOR 1856 AS FOLLOWS.

Our terms for 1856 as follows. The paper is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published for the proprietor by the printer, at the office of the printer, No. 10, King Street West, Toronto. The price of the paper is five cents per copy, and the subscription price is \$1.00 per annum in advance. The paper is sent to subscribers by mail, free of postage. The paper is published for the proprietor by the printer, at the office of the printer, No. 10, King Street West, Toronto. The price of the paper is five cents per copy, and the subscription price is \$1.00 per annum in advance. The paper is sent to subscribers by mail, free of postage.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not upon me as a man of colour in the eye, when I move like a serpent, and slither like a snake.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1853.

THE RUM SHOP.

'Tis rum at the bottom, and flame at the top, Erected by Satan, with hell for his prop, Encircled by sin, and its centre is death, Each vapour the stench of a charnel-house breath. The sink of perdition, see reared from its door, The staggering wretch, as aroused from the floor, Is wallowing home—where the maimed wold Will freeze up the blood of his partner and child; That famishing child, as convulsive it hangs, To the bosom maternal, now void of its springs, Those springs that to childhood can living impart, Are dried like the fount of the mother's sad heart. Allured from the path where in honour he moved, And treading each care to the beings he loved, He fell! what a change! ev'ry virtue is spurned, The husband and father a demon hath turned. Oh! but for the pen of a "Junius" to scorch, Or pickle in rum, till each eye like a torch, The writhes off the vampire, the lord of the den Might starve the souls of inebriate men. Stand forth, thou destroyer, who proffers the bowl, Compound of poison for body and soul. Look boldly abroad without flatter or quail, And fearless proclaim that your bosom is calm. You lie, if you say so, for guilt will unman, And well do you know how the public will scan, With plummet unerring that blanches your face, And the righteous decision—contempt and disgrace, Yes, to ket your dollars and count them at night, They're bought with a price that might Judas affright, Bestowed by the devil, he stints not the sum, To you, his best agent, the seller of Rum.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IS EMINENTLY A POLITICAL ONE.

The object of a truly wise, free, and patriotic Government, should be to elevate the lower classes—to educate the people, and to make them moral and sober. No people can long remain free and moral where the liquor license system is in full force. If the working classes knew their own interests truly, they would never use intoxicating beverages, but expend money wasted in drinking beer, &c., in schooling their children, or in buying comforts for their families. The drinking customs of the working classes of Great Britain have enslaved them for a hundred years past—made them the willing and ignorant tools of designing men—turned their elections into scenes of fighting and swearing, and all kinds of disorder. Perhaps there is no living Englishman who understands the wants of the working classes better than Richard Cobden. The temperance men of England have lately taken the wise course of addressing circulars to various members of the British Parliament, asking their opinions and aid in obtaining an act to suppress the license system in England by law. Among the letters sent in reply was one from Mr. Cobden, from which the following extract is made, and the sentiments of Mr. Cobden are truly wise as respects the fate of the working classes in Britain:—

MR. COBDEN ON TEMPERANCE.

The following extracts from a letter just written by Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. acknowledging the receipt of a number of Petitions on the Sunday Traffic Question, from Mr. J. Boyes, of Padsey near Leeds will no doubt be read with much interest:— "Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in the opinion, that the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform. It is vain to seek by extension of the Franchise, or Free Trade, or by any other means, to elevate the Labouring masses, unless we can impart to them habits of sobriety and economy.—In fact, their destiny is in their own hands, and they will as a class, be elevated or depressed in the social scale in proportion to the extent of their virtues or vices. If they are, therefore, the truest friends of the Working Millions, who are labouring in the cause of Temperance; and it is a gratifying fact, that the ablest and most persevering of its advocates have been found among their ranks."

The TEMPERANCE CAUSE, says Mr. Cobden, lies at the foundation of all social and political reform. We have long believed this and still firmly believe it. This belief had much to do with our undertaking to edit a temperance paper in 1850. All who have known our course since 1832, such men for instance as

Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Rolph, and others, who were to audent politicians, know that we have ever striven to elevate our fellow-men politically. A youthful dream, in which we long indulged, that democratic government would yet prevail over the world, has not been respected at home much we deem. They are therefore the best friends of the WORKING MILLIONS, who are laboring in the cause of temperance. The United States are composed of a nation, principally of workers, their greatest men such as Webster and Clay, were once working men. We firmly believe that temperance is the only reform, under the Providence of God, that can save that great and glorious Republic from a gradual downfall into vice and anarchy. Temperance and religion will prevent it. God had an object in raising up the United States, and that object must be accomplished, partly through the temperance reform, which has an eminent tendency to unify the masses. In all ages of the world the designing in priestcraft and politics, in religion and diplomacy, have made the great mass of men, *heters of word and dancers of veils*, for the few, chiefly through ignorance—"keep the people poor, vicious, and ignorant," has been their cry. They can thus be used as we please through superstition and passion. The genius of the Roman Catholic religion is a hardy of high, of general enlightenment for the masses. It HATES COLERATION because this begets enquiry, and enquiry begets truth. Tyranny, those who get not from patriotic motives, but for the sake of the emoluments of office, strive to keep the people vicious—divided among themselves, and in temperate. The opposition that is got up in the United States in large cities to the Maine Law, arises in part from a fear that it will spoil the trade of dishonest politicians; men who would poll the liberties of their country down, for a temporary possession of the spoils. We are pleased to see the best men of the Union taking a stand against intemperance and the caucus system. In the hands of priests and corrupt demagogues, the foreign population of the United States, which is still in a great extent ignorant and intemperate, is a great lever to help on their designs at religious and secular plunder. We come back again to the great truth that a people to be free or religious must be an entirely sober people. Cobden sees where the canker lies in England, temperance is its only cure; there, as it is the only salvation of the liberty of the Americans. Although history is not pointed in noting the fact, yet it is undoubtably the case, that intemperance destroyed a half the great nations of Asia, including Rome and Carthage. Other vices aided, but this was at the bottom of all. So in anything overpowers christianity, and destroys the vigor of Great Britain and the United States, it will be the intemperance of the two nations. It may be asked why? We reply, vice will destroy any nation, and that intemperance is the father of all vices. Another objector says, it will be granted that vice will destroy a nation, but *moderation in the use of spirituous liquors is not a vice*. Moderation, we reply, in the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage is the beginning of vice, and will ultimately lead to drunkenness. Vice advances by insidious steps. Rome, in the days of Cato, was comparatively virtuous, but in the time of Cæsar was vicious and given up to intemperance, hence she gradually fell. Mahomet knew the tendencies of such habits—he knew wine had destroyed every great Asiatic kingdom prior to his time, and he consequently forbade its use among his followers.

THE REV. WM. RYERSON AND TEMPERANCE ELOQUENCE.

This old citizen is now doing much to enlighten the community on the subject of a prohibitory law. There is a reach in his mind which takes in the whole bearing of the reform—there is a depth in his reasoning which annihilates the quibbles of the opposers of the Maine Law—there is a thrilling eloquence and an earnestness in his words, which all see come from his heart, and which move the souls of all. We have known him for thirty years, and believe he has always been a friend to temperance. He made the following remarks lately in Toronto, and they are worthy of a careful perusal.—[EDITOR.]

"I shall not enter into the history of the temperance enterprise. What I propose to do on the present occasion is to view the subject fairly and calmly as it now presents itself before us, glancing at the actual extent of the evil we propose by some means to remove, and alluding to the means by which we hope to attain that end. And, in the first place, as regards the extent of the evil. We live in an enterprising age, an age of great and vast improvements. Perhaps the peculiar feature of the age at the present time is, I was almost going to say, inattention in our efforts to prosecute every kind of improvement, to almost any extent. And the result is, that there never was a time when capital to any extent might be so profitably invested for the welfare, the honour, and the prosperity of individuals, and of the community generally. It has been stated by one of the most celebrated politicians of the United States, that we live in an age of dollars, ledgers, and account-books, and that these are our real legislators. How important and decidedly true is this interesting fact! What is it that is regulating the movements of the mighty armies now arrayed in Europe, one over against the other, at the present time? What is it that is keeping the matter in abeyance, and leaving us in uncertainty as to what is to be done by the conflicting nations? Is it the fear of the power or prowess of each other? Is it a fear with regard to the possible issues of so great and fearful a conflict? No, sir, it is the ledgers and account books in London and Paris which govern the whole concern. The days when we used to talk of honour and a bed of

glory, are gone by, and we must now go to the counting-house and to the cashier's shop, and see what is to be done. Let our emment and manufacturers, before we are allowed to step the doors of war. In this age, then, of science and of progress, it is a fair question to ask what is the actual extent of the evil under consideration in a financial point of view. Now we go to our highest authority, that of the careful and accurate Mr. Buckingham, that the actual direct expenditure of Great Britain in intoxicating liquors is a half rising of a hundred millions of pounds sterling annually. That sum in 11 or 13 years would pay off every farthing of the national debt, and the expenditure of a single year would make a railroad round the whole world, and perhaps, in this age of improvement, a tunnel under the Atlantic, from Europe to America, through which you might ride in a rail car. In America again, from calculations made there, it appears that the direct expenditure of the United States in intoxicating drinks is a half rising of three hundred millions of dollars annually. And what do we receive in return for all this expenditure? Why, pauperism, crime, destruction of health, and wretchedness of every form. Having mentioned some facts in proof of this position, Mr. Ryerson proceeded to enquire—Is there any rational remedy for this evil? Is there any one single course which we can all rationally promote and pursue that will bring us into a position in which we shall be completely free from the effects of this evil? We believe there is, and the course is a plain and simple one. If alcohol is removed from among us, so that no man will have access to it, then no man will be injured or ruined by it.—[Cheers.] If men are so much under the influence of their passions or appetites that by no moral suasion or other influence can they be induced to regard their own welfare or that of those dependent on them, they may be saved by the adoption of some system by which the evil itself shall be placed completely beyond their reach. [Cheers.] To endeavor then to obtain a law which shall prevent in future the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for any other purpose than as medicine and as used in the mechanical arts—it is the object which we aim, and which we believe to be attainable. Mr. Ryerson then went on to handle the objection that such a law was an infringement on the rights and privileges of men as members of society. He showed the futility of this as regard, first, the vendors of intoxicating liquors. At present only one man in 500 in this city was allowed to sell spirits. The other 499 were even now prohibited from doing so, and the effect of Prohibitory Law would just be to put the five-hundredth man on the same footing as the rest. No inherent right on the part of the seller was interfered with. He had certainly no right before he received his license, and even after he received it, he had no absolute right to its continuance. The same power that granted it to him was certainly entitled to take it away. Neither as regards those who used liquor, would the law infringe upon their rights. He would examine none of their cupboards, and smell at none of their duty whiskey kegs. All he asked was that they should not be put in his way, and that temptations should not be thrust before them before those who were earnestly desiring to save themselves from the demon Intemperance. The Rev. speaker next urged the propriety of all the friends of temperance whatever might be their political views or religious opinions, uniting in the one object of carrying the Prohibitory Liquor Law. Is this there was no derogation of principle. As an instance in point, he would ask how railways could ever have been constructed, if the shareholders had been called upon to subscribe the 39 articles, or the Westminster Confession. Good hoies and spades and harrows would do more for the construction of a railroad than all the Articles and Confessions in the world. Why should not the same principle be applied to the temperance movement? After some further remarks, Mr. Ryerson resumed his seat amidst loud cheering."

IT IS OPPRESSIVE AND TYRANNICAL.

We copy the following judicious remarks from the Boston Life Boat, which is the ablest temperance paper in the United States.—[Ed. Sox.]

"It is oppressive and tyrannical." Well, whom does it oppress, and over whom is this tyranny exercised? Does it oppress the drunkard's wife and children? Does it oppress the producing classes, the tax-payers, the men of useful callings and pursuits? Do the temperate, the moral, the religious members of society believe that this law is oppressive and tyrannical, or is it so to them? In short, who of all the community suffer from this law? the rum-seller—ay, here is the rub—the rum-seller—yes, he suffers, does he? Well, what right has he to sell rum?—let us that, ye who talk of tyranny and oppression. A law to prohibit rum-selling is tyrannical and oppressive, is it? Well, then, if it is, so are the laws against murder, arson, burglary, and every other species of crime equally oppressive and tyrannical. Why not? If murder is a crime, so is rum-selling, and when viewed in the light of the law of God, it will so appear, and we challenge any man to prove that rum-selling is any less a crime than murder.

Again says the objector, "it destroys property." The answer to this is short—this property destroys our fellow men, and whatever is subversive of man's welfare, is not to be protected; but on the contrary, is to be destroyed; and this is no new principle in legislation, as every body knows.

"It injures business." Whose business? Nobody's but the rum-seller's. Is it necessary to the prosperity, growth, and business interests of a State to have grog-shops protected in it? Not at all. The farmer, the mechanic, and all kind of trades, are better off, and their business is more flourishing without them, than with them. Rum-selling is an incubus upon all legitimate trade, and cripples its energies throughout. But the knock-down argument of all these croakers, is, "it is a sumptuary law." While two-thirds of those who use the word don't know what a sumptuary law is it? Then is the law prohibiting the sale of tainted meats, and the animal that dies of disease, a sumptuary law. Surely people ought to be allowed to eat tainted meats if they please. Well, who says they shall not? Nobody; only you shall not sell them; and who says you shall not sell rum, etc., etc.? Nobody; but you shall not sell it. Let the objectors show, if they can, that we may not prohibit the sale of injurious articles. To forbid the sale of injurious meats and drinks, is one thing, and to forbid their use by the individual, under all circumstances, is quite another thing; and the two are never to be confounded. Legislation prohibits; and what has

right to prohibit, viz: the sale, not the use of, injurious things. If government may prohibit the sale of injurious things, it may prohibit the sale of rum for the same reason.

HAS THE MAINE LAW FAILED WHERE IN FORCE?

Reader, we ask your attention for ten minutes. It will be remembered that two months ago the *Leader* paper of this city, under the pen-name of Mr. Hincks' FRENCH-PRIEST-RAILROAD-GOV-ERNMENT, paraded with a great flourish of trumpets before the public a letter of a Mr. Neal of Maine, pretending to show that the Maine Law, in the State in which it originated, had proved a great failure. The insertion of Neal's letter had been preceded by attacks on Neal Dow and the principles of the Maine Law. Our paper was the only one in Canada which to any extent exposed the secret policy, and the fallacy of the *Leader's* movements and arguments. It writes what is supposed to please the man whose money and manoeuvres started it. Mr. Hincks is in favor of wine dinners—luxurious living—speculations at the public expense—a railroad policy, so long as he controls the funds, and of a government carried on by intrigue and official corruption. *The Maine Law has a tendency to check all these things; it is eminently a moral, pure and republican law, causing men to think and act calmly. Sobriety, religion, and calm thought, are hostile to corrupt governments; hence the hostility of bad men to the Maine Law. Some weak minded temperance men even blame us for exposing the conduct of the *Leader*. It has suddenly ceased its opposition, it is to be hoped, from a sense of common decency. We earnestly recommend it to insert the following testimony of a learned, pious, and thoughtful man, who can have no other object than to speak the truth.*—[EDITOR.

LETTER FROM BISHOP BURGESS, BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF MAINE.

We lay the following letter before our readers with great pleasure. The authority is of the very best kind, and we think no one will call in question the statements in the letter. We copy from the *Family Visitor* for October.

GARDNER, Me., August 22, 1853.

Returned and Dear Sir,—To your queries I reply briefly, in the order:—

Q. 1. "Did this prohibitory law originate in the schemes of politicians for other purposes, or did it stand in the Legislature upon its own merits?"

A. I have very little knowledge of the operations of politicians amongst us; and, undoubtedly, individual leaders or others, members of parties, may have been influenced by their political interests in sustaining or opposing the measure. But I suppose that, beyond all question, the law originated with persons who were solely concerned for the suppression of intemperance; and that it was passed only because it was believed to be demanded by a great majority of the people, for its own merits.

Q. 2. "Has it justified the expectations entertained of it by its friends at the time of its passage?"

A. What were their actual expectations, I cannot venture to say; but every reasonable expectation must have been more than satisfied. Whatever it is in the power of a prohibitory law to accomplish without extreme severity or inquisitorial scrutiny, this law has generally, in my opinion, accomplished. Those who are bent upon obtaining liquor can and do succeed; but it has ceased to be an article of traffic; it has ceased to present any open temptation; the young are comparatively safe; and all the evils of public drinking shops and bars are removed, together with the interest of a large body of men in upholding them for their own pecuniary advantage.

Q. 3. "Have there been any reactions in public opinion, so as to induce the belief that at a future day it might be repealed?"

A. In my opinion, quite the contrary. Should the law be repealed, which seems in the highest degree improbable, it will be the result merely of political arrangements; but I do not believe that any political party would venture on a measure so hazardous to its own prospects. Undoubtedly many discreet and conscientious persons saw strong objections to some features of the law, and still feel their force. But multitudes who doubted the expediency of adopting it, would, I believe, regret and resist its repeal.

Q. 4. "Has the law been generally executed, and the amount of intoxication been speedily diminished in the State in consequence?"

A. The law has been I believe, generally executed; though not every where with equal energy; and the amount of intoxication has been, in consequence, most evidently, striking; and even, I think I may say, wonderfully diminished.

Q. 5. "Has the health, wealth, morality, and general prosperity of the State been apparently promoted by it?"

A. Unquestionably.

Q. 6. "Has the law been found in its operation to be oppressive to any citizens not guilty of its violation?"

A. So far as I know, not in the least. In thus answering your inquiries, I would avoid everything like the intrusion of an opinion respecting the practicability or wisdom of such a measure elsewhere. I never appeared here as its public advocate; and I am not blind to such arguments as may be urged against legislation which, though it is peculiarly humane in its operation upon persons, is so sweeping with reference to things. Nevertheless I am most decidedly grateful for the practical working of the law; and believe that to every family in Maine it is of more value than can easily be computed.

I am, very faithfully,
Your friend and brother,
GEORGE BURGESS.

Rev. C. W. Andrews, D. D.

IF The Petition to the Mayor and Aldermen of New Bedford, with the names of 1006 legal voters, also, the petitions of the clergymen of this city, both praying that the anti-liquor law may be enforced, were printed in the *Standard and Mercury*, two daily papers of that city. This was done by vote of the Board.—*Boston Life Boat*.

THE OLD RUINED MILL.

A CANADIAN BALLAD, BY MISS C. BURN.

As I walked by the mill, where the hemlock grew,
The mill was built, and the mill was new,
The mill was built, and the mill was new,
The mill was built, and the mill was new.

So roundly by mills where the hemlock and pine,
Laze many evergreen grow,
A look was long taking with a sigh,
O'er the strong st of headings I row,
Now I have to view with an old mill,
And the sound of its large wheel forever is still.

Its timbers are mossy, grown back with decay,
Wild grain in its crevices wave,
And lovely wild flowers here hold up their head,
As I wait long the mill and its grave,
And the Pewee has hung her nest to a beam,
To cherish this wreck of old-time it would seem.

Oh where is its pond, bright-sparking of vore,
And its mill-race so attractively still,
O'er these green mossy logs it boundeth no more,
No more do we hear its white-tushing swell,
Gone, save the path where the bright water flowed,
Who grows and flowers in its place a bestow'd

A bridge partly taken affords a rude way,
O'er the deep woody chasm that yawns from below,
And when the old mill, in its prime worked away,
The timber was used o'er the old bridge to go;
It, too, has departed, and the old mill,
Is standing in silence, 'neath the hemlock clad hill.

There's a story about this old ruined mill,
That it witnessed a murderous deed;
Here lover's rude hand did the precious blood spill,
Could it warm be at the heart of his Catharine to bleed;
And now it is whispered at night you there go,
Your ears will be startled with groanings and woe.

A NEW FEATURE IN JOURNALISM.—It is said that a proposition has been made to Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, to establish simultaneously, on a joint stock basis, three newspapers—one in Boston, another in Philadelphia, and the third in Baltimore—to be under Mr. Bennett's sole control and management, and to be as nearly like the *Herald* as they can possibly be made. A capital of \$200,000 is to be raised to carry out the scheme; the project is under consideration, and will be decided in a short time.

THE ROTCHILDS.—Singular, that the Jew—the most persecuted race on the European continent—should yet be the most powerful. Rotchild was called into council the other day with the sovereigns of Austria and Russia; and perhaps, it is not too much to say, that he has more to say in this war business than any other living man—albeit the lords of England refuse to let him sit among Christians in the House of Commons.

The rice crop in the United States this year, will be unusually small. Most of the plantations have been overflooded by the sudden rise of the rivers, and by constant and heavy rains.

MASSACHUSETTS AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

The people of this noble State, after having obtained a prohibitory law with great mental and bodily sacrifices, have the mortification to see Boston refuse to obey it. A very influential committee has just issued a humane, argumentative, and unanswerable address to the citizens of Boston in favour of the immediate execution of the law. The following is an extract:

"We cannot conceal the fact, that at this moment fifteen hundred dealers in ardent spirits—a small minority, almost a fraction of our population—maintain their supremacy, in opposition to the most earnest appeals of humanity, the claims of justice, and what we have been accustomed to term 'the strong arm of the law.' They help to sustain a power which produces throughout the pauperism and crime that afflict society; that is more destructive to human life than war, famine, pestilence, and fire combined; that sends its victims to the grave in far greater numbers than the legions of Cæsar ever fell upon the battle field, or the armies of Napoleon were ever sacrificed to his cruel ambition. And this power they hold in the very heart of New England, in this city of schools, churches, intelligence, humanity, and world-wide benevolence. Men of Boston! are we so weak, or so cowardly, or so slavish to this usurpation, that we cannot throw off the yoke, and gain our freedom? Descendants of the Puritans!—ye, whose ancestors gained and established our political liberties,—the inhabitants of a state that has ever occupied the front rank in every philanthropic and benevolent movement,—will you, at such a crisis as this, be recreant to your duty?"—*Boston Life Boat*.

Boston, one of the most intellectual and wealthy cities of the Union, is greatly cursed with the vice of drunkenness, and owing to the general classes wishing to indulge in tipping and private drinking, the law heretofore has failed to be enforced. Just now new and great efforts are making to enforce it. An election is also coming on, at which another attempt will be made to elect a Legislature to repeal the law. We deeply sympathize with the noble men who are striving for the right in this State, and wish them success. The laws of the State of Ohio has thrown a gloom on the temperance ranks—but if there ever was a good cause agitated in the world, beneficial to men in every way, it is that of total abstinence. Let all continue, as well for themselves as for others, to practice total abstinence principles. In connection with these remarks read the testimony of a great man, Professor Silliman:—

PROF. SILLIMAN'S TESTIMONY TO TEMPERANCE.
Never, perhaps, has there been so striking a testimony to the benefit resulting from temperance, as that offered by Professor

remarkable man, after fifty-three years labor as Professor in this ancient University, besides having edited sixty-three volumes of the *Journal of Science*, and travelled extensively, in all the countries of Europe, resigned his office. In announcing his retirement, he used the following remarkable language: He said that he "had just laid down his commission as a teacher in that college, after the labors of fifty-three years. He thought it was time to do it. Not that he was conscious of decrepitude either in body or mind—'for here I stand,' said he, 'erect and strong, in perfect health, with my eye undimmed, and my natural force unabated—but there is a proper time for ceasing my connection with this beloved institution, and that time I think has come. Gentlemen,' said he, 'if I owe my vigor of body and mind to any one cause under Providence, it is to cold water, inside and out, to total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco;' and he took occasion to exhort his hearers to a like abstinence from these destructive stimulants if they wished to enjoy a green old age."

Now if any additional weight of opinion in favor of our great cause was needed, surely it is here supplied, and by one whose motives are far removed above all suspicion. From no one could such a statement come with more weight of authority. Silliman is recognized every where as a bright star in the hemisphere of science, for he ranks with the Faradays, the Herschells, and the Brewsters of the age. Can testimony, we again ask, be more valuable? Away, then, at once and forever, with the cant of those who advocate moderation, and mis-quote scripture to support their declarations. One fact like this from the lips of Silliman is worth as much, if not more, to the temperance cause, than the most elaborate say, or the most popular lecture.—*Boston Life Boat*

HAMILTON AND ITS MECHANICS.—Whilst in Hamilton a few weeks ago we visited the Saw and Planing Mills of Ferguson and Cook. Such an enterprise was very much wanted in Hamilton. Its absence was a striking defect when we lived there in 1836-7. Mr. Cook, one of this firm, is the most extensive lumber dealer in British America. He has an immense lumber depot near Kingston, and takes great quantities from the west, down lake Erie, and on to Quebec, via the Welland Canal and St. Lawrence. Few have any idea of the extent of his lumber business. At his Hamilton Saw Mills they can saw from 6000 to 8000 feet of lumber in 12 hours. There are two engines in use, each of 15 horse power, and one very large boiler. From 12 to 30 men are constantly employed. Attached to the establishment there is machinery for planing and prep ring latas on an extensive scale. Circular saws are also used in the works. Mr. Cook, and Mr. Ferris his partner, are prominent friends of temperance. There are two other Steam Saw Mills in Hamilton.

SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORY.—Perhaps few are aware that a company, of which J. W. H. Snyder, an enterprising gentleman, a native of New Brunswick, is an active partner, exists in Hamilton for manufacturing Sewing Machines. We examined some of the machines in his possession, made in Hamilton, in a superior style, quite equal to any brought in from the United States. All lovers of beautiful machinery should call on his house on John street (corner of Gore) and examine his machines. He sells them at £25 to £30 we believe, and says he can make them fast enough to supply the market; it was supposed for a long time that Canadians could not make them. Canada by the extension of its industry, is now to compete with any part of the United States. Last week we alluded to the superior rifles of Mr. Henson of Toronto. An article superior to his splendid rifles cannot be obtained in the United States. He sells the best kind at \$40 apiece—and tells us that he cannot supply the calls on him. These Sewing Machines are destined to come into common use in Canada. An amateur lately bought one of Mr. Snyder in use in his home. Mr. Snyder showed us an over coat which he had mostly made himself, and it was worked in a superior style. The best kind of soft leather work can also be done by the machine. Tailors and Shoemakers can use them. The work is more substantial than that done by hand. The large Foundry of Messrs. Quetton & Co. is a very extensive establishment, doing all kinds of work—railroad &c.

There is a new reading room and public lecture room, near Davidson's Hotel, lately established in Hamilton. It is a fine addition to the conveniences of the city.

We fell in with our old friend Mr. Horre Case. He is an extensively landed owner in Hamilton, one of her most enterprising sons. Mr. Case told us that he would willingly give £1000 out of his property, if he was sure it would effect the enactment of the Maine Law. Such offers in your opinion of property is highly commendable. He says he looks upon the Maine Law as the most important Canadian movement.

THE "NORFOLK MESSENGER"—"NORTH AMERICAN" AND OUR SERVICES.—The Messenger lately alluded to the article some time ago written in this paper, concerning the conduct of Hincks to the *North American*, and in which we alluded to the fact that Dr. Ralph had become a mere tool, a thing to use for Hincks and the priests of Lower Canada. The Messenger thinks we are landing the *North American* in that article. We can assure the editor of that paper he is much mistaken. Had he inserted the article entire instead of alluding to it, it would have been seen what we said about the *North American*. We said, "I will say, that the *North American* deserves credit for now exposing the corruption of Hincks, 'better late than never.'" Our dislike founded upon a belief of the politically treacherous character of the *North American* editor, would not prevent us saying that he was correct in exposing the £1,000 job and other things. The cause or motive of the act is another thing. The *North American* and Ralph and Cameron knew well in 1846 that

ministry. They knew he was not to be depended on on any question. They knew, especially the *North American*, his high handed and selfish course in the County of York road job, wherein the public moneys worth £70,000, and which remain yet to be paid for, were sold by his influence on credit to his friend Beattie; the money being used now no doubt in building up the *Leader* paper. Yet the latter and Rolph and Cameron picked him, Hincks, out of the late ministry as their favorite! The same Hincks is now turning tail on his tools. McDougall in due time, he has kicked overboard, as he deserved to be, promoting in his place his quondam friend Batts and the *Leader*, the front of the road job; and Rolph and Cameron are sulkily abiding their time in the ministry, as second stars, whilst Hincks and his French allies and railroad speculators are enjoying the real power. Is there a sensible man in Canada who does not see this? The Clergy Reserve measure is to be sacrificed, buried, to please Lower Canadians, and thus is exploded the interests of the grand political combination of 1850; founded in corruption, so it is ended, or will end assuredly. The *Norfolk Messenger* will find that the article that speaks of the *North American*, also says we have no confidence in him. It will find also ultimately, that the last two years have completely ruined the reputation of Dr. Rolph as a political man in Canada.

Agricultural.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer—the darkies are gay;
 The corn tops' ripe, the meadows are in bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
 All merry—so gay and so bright,
 Bye and bye hard times come knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home good night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more my lady, weep no more to day,
 We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
 For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the Possum or the Coon,
 By the meadow—the hill, or the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench at the old cabin door;
 The day goes by like a shadow on the heart,
 All sorrow—where once was delight,
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home good night
 Weep no more my lady, &c.

The head must bow, and the back must bend,
 Wherever the darkies may go,
 A few more days and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar canes grow.
 A few more days to tote the heavy load—
 No matter 'twill never be light;
 A few more days to tote on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky home good night,
 Weep no more my lady, &c.

THE WEATHER.—On Tuesday morning last the ground was again covered with near two inches of snow, which had fallen during the night. About daylight the snow was partially melted off by a warm rain, which continued during the day. Wednesday cloudy but dry—wind blowing strong from the north-west—snow all gone and the ground quite wet—a good deal of rain fell yesterday. The weather in Quebec has been very cold and boisterous lately. Weather on Thursday cool but fair, wind west. Friday and Saturday were warm and fair—wind easterly on Friday, southwest on Saturday. Weather continues very dry. Some snow on the ground north of the Ridges. The farmers are now ploughing for spring crops in many places, also taking in their turnip, carrot, and corn crops. The weather is very favorable for fall ploughing. A very large portion of the wheat has been shipped this fall. A large quantity of wheat in ground—it looks well. For several nights past the moon has shone cautiously. On Saturday evening the air was very mild, the flies were about as usual. On Friday evening as the sun set we saw immense numbers of flies flitting in the sun. On Sunday morning the weather changed and it rained for several hours—wind west and high during the day. Cattle so far feed in the fields. Monday cool but pleasant—no wind.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.—A person named Trambley, while fishing in the Rideau this week, saw a Kingfisher dart down into the water in pursuit of its prey. Instead, however of rising again with a fish, it was observed to have been fastened to something that appeared to impede its flight. Upon further examination it was found that the bird had thrust its bill into the shell of a living clam, which closed suddenly, held him fast as in a trap, until he was himself captured. This frequently happens on the sea shore, where large bivalve shells will close upon birds who thrust their bills into them rather too inquisitively. If any one doubts the power of the fresh water clam of our rivers to perform the above feat, let him just thrust his little finger into one while open. The result, although perhaps not very agreeable, will be perfectly convincing in itself.—*Bytown Citizen*.

SALT YOUR CABBAGE.—We printed sometime ago this recommendation and do so again that it may not be forgotten, that in boiling cabbage whole, if some common salt be put in the water, when washing cabbage or greens, preparatory to cooking them, the snails, bugs, worms, etc., will come out and sink to the bottom, so that they need not be boiled with the vegetables. It is a common error to suppose that the salt will kill the worms.

REMARKS ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CANADIAN SERPENTS.

BLENHEIM, October 28th, 1853.

In the *Gem* of the 25th October, I see a question propounded to your readers, "do snakes lay eggs or not?" And as you would be happy to get information on the matter, I undertake to answer. I have no hesitation in saying, that the account given by the *Globe*, England, is unquestionably true; as I have seen something similar. I was once upon a sand knoll, and saw a number of eggs turned from the warm sand. Having the curiosity to know what they were, I broke a few of them; in one I found a young serpent, in another a young tortoise, and some, which laid deeper in the sand, had not yet given any appearance of an organization inside the egg. The difference between the tortoise and serpents eggs, is only distinguishable when the animal is begun in the egg. At another time I saw a serpent receiving her young from the sand, where they had been hatched; which was a very curious incident. The old serpent by an instinct seemed to be led to the place at her appointed time; and the young were led by an instinct still more surprising, to enter the mouth of the parent, where they were protected from danger, and no doubt received adopted nourishment. At another time I was standing by the side of an old log barn, and I saw a garter snake, of monstrous size, crawl under the old ruins, and began to prepare itself in as comfortable a place possible in order to receive the warmth of the sun; and soon the young began to crawl from her mouth. I think the number that I counted was 13. I observed them using a sort of diversion while they were out of the old one, but as soon as they saw me, the old snake gave a sort of sign, which circumstance was soon followed by as many as possible making their way back into the old serpent. But I did not give them sufficient time for all to make their escape. These are a few of the facts with which I am acquainted, all of which are facts about the garter species so common in Canada.

Yours,
 JOHN CLINTON.

We thank our correspondent for his information, which we doubt not is perfectly correct. The wonderful instinct he alludes to has often been remarked. The tortoise, it is well known, deposits its eggs in the warm sand, near the beach of the sea, lakes, or rivers. At the appointed time the animal will return with unerring truth, as to time and place, to lead away and protect its young. The salmon of the sea leaves its briny depths and enters distant creeks, thousands of miles away, to deposit the eggs in some warm nook, where the summer sun warms them into life. This instinct is as extraordinary as that which leads the swallow back in the spring, over continents and oceans, to his nest of the previous summer, or which starts from the cold and inanimate clod the beautiful plant or flower into life and beauty. These are mysteries of creation, which would almost incline one to believe that the hand of God secretly moves all things. Creation rises from the lower to the higher by links. The serpent is next to the fish—the reptile, of the lizard and crocodile tribe, comes next, including the tortoise species. Beneath the fish we see the clam or shell-fish animals. We believe that all these grades are propagated by the action of heat on eggs laid, in which is incipient life. There may be exceptions, the whale being one, and other large sea animals. There may be some species of the larger kind of tropical snakes that do not lay eggs.—[Editor.]

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

In the 19th century the religion of Mahomet is found to be more liberal and enlightened than that of Christ as practiced by a Pope of Rome. A large Protestant Book-Store has been opened in the centre of Constantinople. On its shelves are found copies of the Scriptures in twelve different languages, and thence have gone forth more than 10,000 copies of the Bible. Here is toleration at the fountain head of Islamism. In Christian Rome a young Scotch lady is imprisoned by Roman despots for giving away as a present a Bible to an Italian farmer! Which of these religions is the better? The House of Lords in England decided that a minority in a Parish cannot levy a parish rate. It will have the effect of preventing many rates from being levied. From all accounts, Mr. Ross, of Belleville, is feathering a family nest with offices very finely. He seems to be a counterpart of Hincks on a small scale. On the 7th inst., the people of Sarnia voted on the propriety of a bye-law prohibiting the granting of liquor licences; the result we have not heard. The Quebec Gazette of the 2d inst. has a long leader on the character of Lord Elgin, caused by a laudatory notice of that Nobleman's administration in Canada. The conduct of Lord Elgin for two months towards the Quebec and Montreal people was very unjust and un-British. He fled from Canada to avoid trouble. Yet, upon the whole, no better British Governor ever governed a British colony than Lord Elgin. Some excitement exists in Dublin, Ireland, on account of a Roman Catholic Priest refusing to swear on a protestant Bible. Marshal Paskiewitch, the famous Russian General is to command the Russian troops against Turkey. He has 80,000 troops under him, and it is said the war will commence in the vicinity of the Black Sea on the confines of Georgia. This old General is the same who slaughtered the poor Poles in 1831. He is 75 years old. Lord Aberdeen, the British Premier, seems opposed to Turkey, but the people of England are for her. The Patriarch of the Greek Church at Constantinople is dead; the appointment of a new one rests with the Sultan. When the Emperor of Russia heard of the declaration of war by Turkey, he was exceedingly enraged and threatened to extirpate the Turks. It seems the Earl of Enniskillen, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland, has not declared in favor of Ogle R. Gowan, but the quarrel between Gowan and Benjamin is to be referred to the Grand Lodge which meets in November present. It is supposed so long as the English and French fleets remain on the Black Sea, to assist Turkey, it is impossible for Russia to reach Constantinople, even if she should conquer the Turkish armies, which is very doubtful. Late European news state that England and France have just come to the conclusion to send forthwith 40,000 soldiers to protect Constantinople and take Russia in the rear. The Editor of the *Providence Review* is a Quebecer, writing interesting

the Government Department at Quebec. He tells some very hard things of Dr. Rolph's Department. A former editor of the *London Free Press* was taken to Quebec on a salary, and acted as a private Secretary to Dr. Rolph. Then he was translated to Berlin, where he edits the *Berlin Telegraph*. Now we ask Upper Canadians, is this conduct according to Dr. Rolph's professions of 1849—of 1836? Is it consistent with retrenchment? Dr. Rolph's character was good in 1850, and the country expected much of him, but has been disappointed so far. It is said the cases of sickness on the ship which visited Quebec lately, (said to have had cholera on board,) were not cholera, but resulted from filth and want of food.

Mr. Mitchell, the Irish Patriot, is now in California, having come thither from the Sandwich Islands. Mr. O'Donohue, another of the Exiles, is in Placerville—he spoke there a few days ago. Sonora city, in California, is burnt down—property worth a million and a half of dollars is destroyed. Mr. S. Ward, (late of this city) coloured missionary to England, is lecturing on slavery and temperance very successfully in Leeds, England. In Manchester, England, the temperance people have commenced a Maine Law agitation. Mr. George Brown held very successful meetings in Goderich and Stratford, in both of which resolutions were passed condemning the Ministry, especially that Goderich, where a good deal of opposition was anticipated, and some of it shown in the person of Mr. IRA LEWIS, a toady of the Government. Mr. Robert Gibbons, Mayor of Goderich, and a sterling man, presided, and expressed himself opposed to the conduct of the Ministry. We pretend to be one of the oldest reformers of Canada (which our conduct and history will show) are no particular friend of Mr. Brown, nor are we factiously opposed to the Government, yet we have seen for a year past that they are unworthy of the confidence of all true reformers. We have opposed them from principle not from pique. Many old friends took umbrage at this at first, but they now begin to see as we have done. We say to our old friends (and we have hundreds in Canada) it is better for all to support principle than old leaders, if they prove recreant. There are other men in Canada who will take the place of those who act wrong, and men in Canada must be taught to do their duty. We only support Mr. Brown in doing what is right. He has acted nobly on the protestant question.

Sir Allan McNab has just returned from England. The residence of J. Fennimore Cooper, recently turned into a Hotel, has been burnt down by an incendiary. Mrs. Stowe, authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, has been presented with a beautiful gold ring, made of pure African gold, by Dr. McGill, of Iabena. A testimonial of £2,000 is to be presented to Mrs. Stowe by friends of humanity in England. That is right—reward the good. A survey of the Isthmus of Darien by a commission of American and British officers is to be immediately made, preparatory to the building of a canal. The petition of the carters for an increase in their tariff has been agreed to by the Toronto Council; this equits towards an election in January. Eight hundred dollars have been subscribed by the New York printers in aid of their fellow typos, who have suffered by the epidemic in New Orleans. The Jews have just held a great meeting in New York called the feast of Tabernacles. It is estimated that there are about 30,000 Jews in New York. They own thirteen synagogues—one in Crosby street, one in Greene street, two in Henry street, one in Wooster, one in Norfolk, and one in Clinton street, two in Attorney street, two in Chrystie street, one in White street, one in the upper part of Broadway, besides two or more places of private meeting. The Crosby street congregation formerly worshipped at the corner of Mill and Beaver streets. Corn and Tobacco crops in Kentucky have suffered severely from early frost. The people of St. Louis have subscribed \$12,600 for a monument to Henry Clay. Hon. Abbot Lawrence has donated \$500 to aid in the construction of a monument to the Pilgrims, on Plymouth Rock. Elizabeth Clay, who shot her seducer at Cincinnati a few days ago, has been discharged, the Grand Jury having found no bill against her. Lola Montez has sued for a separation from her present husband, P. P. Hull. The lakes and the Mississippi are now united by the Chicago and Rock Island, Illinois, and Central, and the Chicago and Mississippi Railroads, enabling the traveller to pass from Chicago to St. Louis in twenty hours! It is proposed to raise the sum of \$50,000 to defray the expense of a monument to the Pilgrims. It will be placed near the spot of their landing.

THE NIAGARA FALLS SHIP-CANAL.—We learn from the *New York Mirror* that active measures are being taken for carrying out this splendid scheme. Gen. C. B. Stuart, late engineer-in-chief of the U. S. Navy, is now engaged in the preliminary surveys, in connection with his associate, Mr. E. W. Serrel. The canal is designed to be of sufficient size to pass ships of a thousand tons burthen around the Falls; and when the object is accomplished, another great outlet will be opened for the commerce of the West.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Williamsburgh
- John Q. Bond, Branford—John Tycer, Cumminsville—Robert Balmor, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bunton, Dundas—A. Diauod, Belleville—John Clinton, Perseverance Division, Blenheim—M. Shaver, Grafton—H. A. Graham, Central Trafalgar—J. B. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapsigge, Chippewa—Robert Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Beamsville—George Davison, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Clint, Cornwall—C. Leggo, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—Wm. Hargraff, Conabec—R. M. Stephens, Port Dorer—William McClellan, Middleton—William McCrory, Fergus—Wm. H. Carney, Owen Sound—Alonzo Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lobo—John Murdock, Avlmer, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell, North Gower—L. D. Marks, Burford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarala—C. J. Johnson, Otterville—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham, Richmond Hill—Faria Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, Innisfil—Wm. Hamby, Nobleton—J. Downman, Alaska Division—E. B. Butler, Kienberg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanallan, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Mozam Jones, Stouffville—D. G. Wilson, Dechies Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Elihu Hurd, Newtown—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Clinch, Bowmanville—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peterboro—G. C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Fanning, Kemptville—Wm. Redner, Kingston—Dr. Thomas Aighton, Bath—Francis Fian, Scarborough—Josiah Parkins, Thorahill—Leonard Tuttle and W. H. Finney, Coburne—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Booth, Quebec—David McQuire, Weston—John Terry, Sharon—James Cooper, Sutton—Mr. Carter, Newland—A. Younie, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Crowland

