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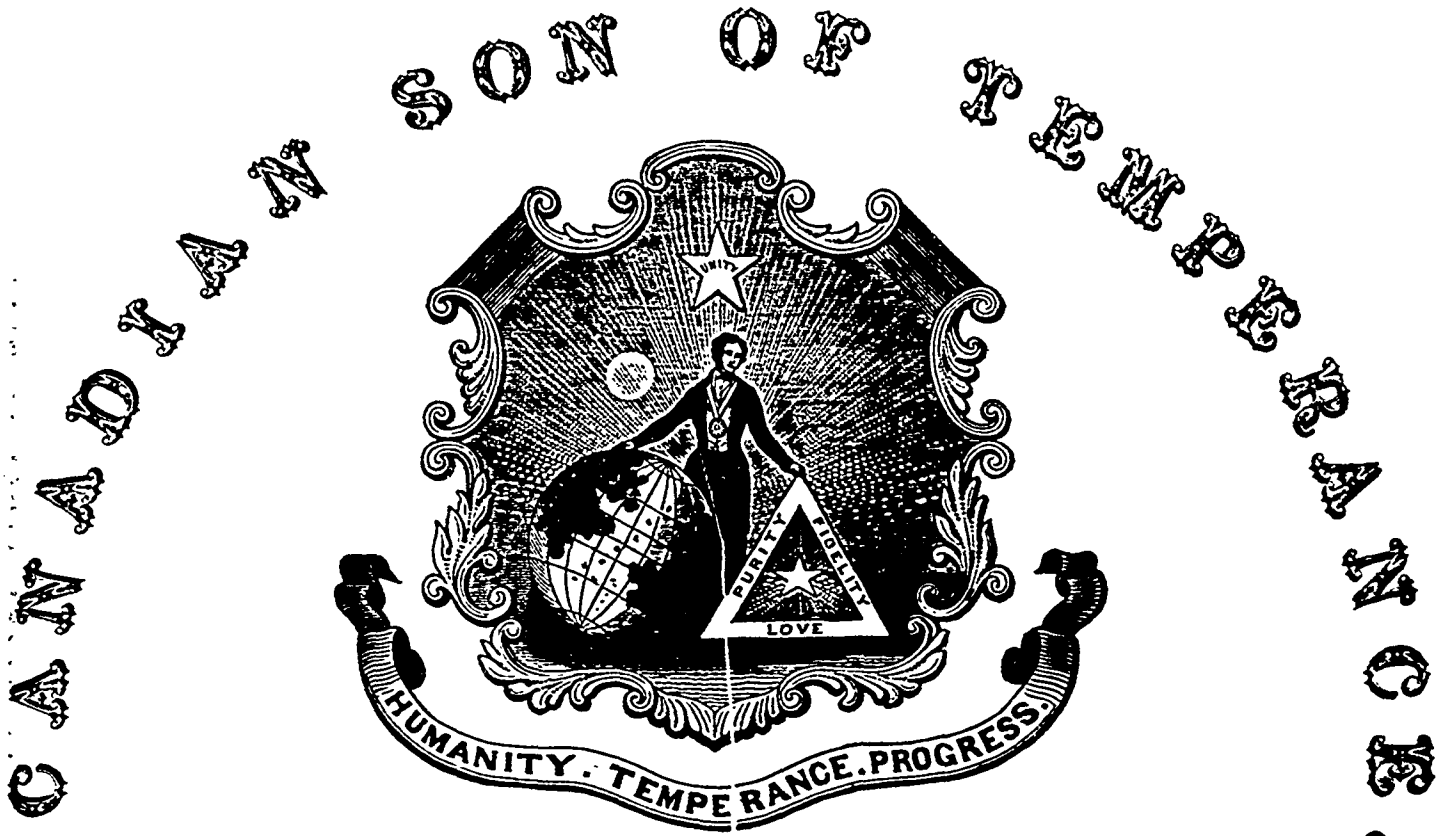
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GENTLE EVA.

BY MRS. N. S. NICHOLS.

Have you heard the touching story,
Told so sadly, of that clime
Where the rose in crimson glory,
Brightens all the summer time?
It tells us of a maiden—
Golden haired and starry eyed—
Young in years, by thought o'erri'den,
Who in angel beauty died.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the ebbing wave,
Wail or woe shall never grieve her,
Shrouded in her mossy grave.

Once she wept o'er wrong and sorrow,
Childish tears so wisely shed;
Birds of Eden, on the morrow
Warbled dirges o'er her head;
Velvet leaf and snowy blossom
Crowned her young and radiant brow,
O'er her white and heaving bosom
Little hands are folded now.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the moaning tide,
Never more shall sorrow grieve her,
Who in angel beauty died.

CURIOSITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Among the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men, are the circumstances concerned with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance:—Bossuet composed his first grand sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress, seated. Milton, before commencing

his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating the painting of St. Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope could never compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or whilst taking his 'antejentacular' and 'postprandial' walks in the garden—the same, by the way that Milton occupied. St. Bernard composed his 'Meditations' amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the dense forest, finding there he said something more profound and suggestive than anything he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations.

Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese Poet was a soldier, and a brave one though a Poet. He composed others of his most beautiful verses at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage, at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a countenance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, labouring to overcome the defects in his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his "Life of Gargantua," at Bejay, in the company of Roman caronals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau, Pascal wrote most of his "Thoughts" on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his

"Telemachus" in the Palace of Versailles, at the Court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and been written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Queenay first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour!

Luther when studying, had his dog lying at his feet, a dog he brought from Wurtenburgh, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for hours together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some fantasy, (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology music was the first of arts. 'Mus.c,' said he, 'is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight.' Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers, carried to him there and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his latter years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentence issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Cujas, another learned man used to study when

his length upon the carpet, his face towards the wall, and there he reposed amidst piles of books which accumulated around him. The learned Amveller studied without the harpsichord beside him; and he only quitted the pen to play it.—Benjamin, also was extremely fond of the piano-forte, and had one in nearly every room in his house.

Richelieu amused himself in the intervals of his labour with a squadron of cats, of whom he was very fond. He used to go to bed at eleven at night, and after sleeping three hours, rise and write, dictate, and work till from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when his daily labour was held. This worthy student displayed an extravagance equalling that of Woolsey. His annual expenditure was some four millions of francs, or about £170,000 sterling.

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton. He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. In his youth, he studied during the greatest part of the night; but in his more advanced years he went early to bed—by nine o'clock—rising to his studies at four in the summer and five in the winter. He studied till mid-day; then he took an hour's exercise, and, after dinner, he sang and played the organ, or listened to other's music. He studied again till six, and from that hour till night he engaged in conversation with friends who came to see him. Then he supped, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of wine, and went to bed. Glorious visions came to him in the night, for it was then, while lying on his couch that he composed in thought the greatest part of his sublime poem. Sometimes, when the fit of composition came strong upon him, he would call his daughter to his side, to commit to paper that which he had composed.

Milton was of opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, and he was never satisfied with the verses he had written at any other season. Alfrien on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him. Like the nightingale, he could only sing in summer. It was his favorite season.

Pierre Corneille, in his loftiest flights of imagination, was often brought to a stand still for want of words and rhyme.—Thoughts were seething in his brain, which he vainly tried to reduce to order, and he would often run to his Thomas "for a word." Thomas rarely failed him. Sometimes, in his fits of inspiration, he would bandage his eyes, throw himself upon the sofa, and dictate to his wife, who almost worshipped his genius. Thus he would pass whole days, dictating to her his great tragedies; his wife scarcely ventured to speak, almost afraid to breathe. Afterwards, when a tragedy was finished, he would call in his sister Martha, and submit it to her judgement; as Moliere used to consult his old housekeeper about the comedies he had newly written.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of "Mithridates," in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out he would exclaim—'My tragedy is done,' considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books, and lived on books. They were his bed, board and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off and, the other three and half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he

slept in a chair; and rarely went to bed before midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg which prevented his walking out even if he had wished to do so.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

[ORIGINAL]
ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE WADSWORTH, ESQUIRE.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,
Tho' rooted in the earth's deep soil: the slow
And gradual culture of kind intercourse,
Must bring it to perfection.

UNKNOWN.

Friendship! 'mid the misty haze,
Of life, a beacon given;
The glancing star that wins our gaze,
From troublous earth to Heaven!

The soother of corroding care!
The sun-burst 'mid the storm!
The wing 'neath which our nestling hopes,
Lie cosily and warm!

Sweet tincture dropped by heavenly hand,
Into the cup of life;
Like oil upon the storm-rid waves,
To calm their swelling strife!

The haven of our earthly rest,
Where travell'd hearts repose—
The garden of our fond desire,
Where life's carnation grows!

The Linden tree beneath whose shade,
Our sparkling hopes recline—
The green-sward pasture of the heart!
Where joy's sweet flowrets shine.

The eagle's rock of towering height,
Above the world's rude din;
The "trysting spot" where feelings meet!
Sweet love divorced from sin!

A bower of beauty! ever filled,
With music passing sweet;
A woodland walk by violets graced,
That woos our pilgrim feet.

A gushing fountain in the vale,
Life's many colored bow;
Its summer sun! its autumn moon!
Its golden crown art Thou!

The hallow'd altar of our hearts,
A fair, and holy shrine;
On which approving Heaven can smile,
All these! all these! are thine!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West, 1852.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WHITTIER.

Jeremiah Paul was a short, round personage, with a quick, I almost said spiteful grey eye, a bald head in front, and a short cue behind. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less than his person. At one time he was the village schoolmaster, a rare pedagogue and learned; it is said, not only familiar with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the abridgement of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not long be permitted to remain in his obscurity. His talents were not of an order to blush unseen, and accordingly in his fortieth year, he was honored with the office, and enriched with the emoluments appertaining to no less a dignitary than a Justice of the Peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story, and with the reader's permission, we will go back and introduce the wife of Mr. Paul. She, too, was an un-

common character, a good-natured, great, handsome romp, who used to attend school on purpose, to use her own phrase, 'to plague Master Jerry.' And verily she was a plague. She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased. She tugged the faces of the girls, pinched the boys, and finally to such a pitch did she arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely adjusted cue of the dominie himself.

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a musing attitude, engaged in profound mathematical calculation, respecting the probable value of the tenant of his landlord's pig-sty, when this outrage took place. He had placed the subject in half a dozen different attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just on the point of putting his lucubration on the fragments of a slate, upon which his left elbow was resting, when a vigorous jerk at the hairy appendage of his pericranium, started him bolt upright in a minute, and drew from him a cry not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear, for he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue, but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish, as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him; and the ill-suppressed laughter of his disciples added not a little to his chagrin.

"Who? who? who? I say? He could articulate no more. He was nearly choked with passion.

"That great ugly girl there who pinches me so," said a little ragged urchin with a dirty face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent, but it was plain, from his manner, that he would rather have undertaken the correction of the whole school beside, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impertinence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the dominie; but his voice trembled, his situation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want of your cue?" and a queer smile played around her mouth, for a pretty one she had, and what is worse the dominie himself thought so. Jeremiah, seeing he was about to lose his authority, hemmed twice, shook his head at the urchins who were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reaching his hand to his ferule, said, "Give me your hand Miss." His heart misgave him as he spoke. The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too, as that of a modern belle at a cotillion party. Jeremiah took it; it was a very pretty hand; and then her face, there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the dominie's anger. He looked first at her hands, then her face, expressive of a vagueish confidence, then at his ferule a heavy instrument of torture, entirely unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand held in durance before him. Never in all the history of his birchen authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted up his right hand two or three times, and as often withdrew it.

"You will not strike me?" said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered that went to the heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Antony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volsci before his own Virginia, the dominie relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future?"

"I hope I shall," said the prudent young lady, and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil, by pressing the hand he had imprisoned, and the fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension, by returning the pressure.

They were married just six months afterwards. So much for lenity in school discipline.

[ORIGINAL.]
A DREAM—T O M—

BY SYLVICOLA.

I thought I saw thee dearest,
A stranger's new made bride!
Even as thou now appearest,
Clasp'd to thy William's side.

Yet I thought thine eye was shining,
With a sadder lustre then;
And thy cheek too seem'd declining,
To bloom not here again.

And when I gaz'd upon thee,
The young, the fair, the fond;
I felt that he who won thee,
Did not possess thy heart.

For lonely thou wert weeping,
And thy tears were shed for me;
And my heart in sorrows keeping,
Was throbbing too for thee.

With a bridal robe they deck'd thee,
With a wreath they bound thy brow;
And alas! methought they wreck'd thee,
By that unaction'd vow.

Sadly I thought we parted,
With all our dreaming o'er;
We sever'd broken-hearted,
To meet on earth no more.

O how I bless'd the morning,
Which told me 'twas a dream,
That I was but returning,
To find thee still the same.

JENNIFER, C. S.

THE BLESSING OF BOOKS.

Books are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the mythologies that are ever beautiful and unchangeable for they betray no man and love their lovers. I confess myself an idolater to this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism that needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we ought to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I for one, am so sensible of its merits that I never think of the name of Gutenberg without feelings of veneration and homage. I no longer wonder, with this and other instances before me, why, in the old days of reverence and worship, the saints and benefactors of mankind were exalted into a kind of demi-gods, and had worship rendered to their tombs and memories; for this is the most natural, as well as the most touching, of all human generosities, and springs from the profoundest depths of man's nature. Who does not love John Gutenberg—the man that with his leaden types has made the invisible thoughts and imaginations of the soul visible and readable to all, and secured for the worthy a double immortality? The birth of this person was an era in the world's history second to none save that of the advent of Christ. The dawn of printing was the outburst of a new revelation, which, in its ultimate unfoldings and consequences, are alike inconceivable and immeasurable. I sometimes amuse myself by comparing the condition of the people before the time of Gutenberg, with their present condition, that I may fix the idea of the value and blessedness of books more vividly in my mind. It is an occupation not without profit, and makes me grateful and contented with my lot. In these reading days one can scarcely conceive how our good forefathers managed to kill their superfluous time, or how, at least, they could be satisfied to kill it as they did. A life without books, when we have said all we can about the honour and nobility of labour, would be something like heaven without

God; scarcely to be endured by an immortal nature. And yet this was the condition of things before Gutenberg made his far sounding metallic tongues which reach through all the ages that have since passed away, and make us glad with their eloquence.

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

No. V.

Wine cheers the heart and imparts a happy tone to the feelings; but it is precisely these pleasant qualities which render its use so pernicious. Its effects are so attractive that a desire is awakened for a repetition of the enjoyment. The exhilarating juice of the grape continually and urgently invites to partake of its treacherous joys. Unless the most jealous vigilance be exercised, the indulgence is repeated at intervals which insensibly lessen in duration. He who drinks two glasses a day of the vines sparkling product, will soon have to combat an appetite thirsting for double that quantity. The practice entwines its silken cords so gently around the destined victim, that he long continues unconscious of the net-work in which he is enclosed. It is not until he has been guilty of some outrageous impropriety, when he endeavors to discard the enchanted cup which has robbed him of his senses, that he finds he is strongly pinioned, and is no longer the master of his own actions. Multitudes are every day thus unsuspectingly moving onward to their doom. Spirituous liquor establishes its dominion over man by such imperceptible advances, that it lulls the mind to sleep until it obtains triumphant possession of the citadel. No resistance is offered, until the struggle has to be maintained at every disadvantage. Those who follow the practice of moderate drinking think themselves free, while they may be forging link after link of a chain of galling bondage. But the individual who is governed by the principle of Total Abstinence has a sense of security, an elevated consciousness of freedom, to which others are strangers. He can awaken in the morning without giving a conclusive start at the remembrance of the previous night's amusement. He is encased in a coat of mail of a nobler texture, than the famed chain armour of Milan, whose obstinate links refused to yield to the thrusts of any ordinary weapon. The moderate drinkers annually contribute from their ranks immense reinforcements to the wretched hosts of the excessively intemperate. Intoxicating liquor leads its votaries along the borders of a crumbling precipice, from the disastrous brink of which some are hourly falling into the chasm below. They saunter onward with a careless and gay confidence anxious to extract pleasure from each passing moment, until the unfaithful soil yields beneath their feet.

Many persons disregard the danger of indulging in the limited use of intoxicating beverages, from a mistaken reliance on the strength of their judgment or the stability of their temperament. They disdain to avail themselves of precautions which they think are merely suitable for weaker minds. The annals of intemperance do not justify their confidence. The greatest intellects and the most inexcitable of temper have fallen a prey to this insatiable appetite. While some constitutions are more exposed than others, no peculiarity of disposition affords an unfailing protection. There are drunkards of all the distinctive shades of temperament, of every scale of intellectual capacity. The phlegmatic and the sanguine, the bilious and the nervous with all their different combinations, are represented in ample numbers. Men of genius and men of imbecility are found among the slaves of intemperate habits. There are toppers whose blood kindles into liquid fire under the influence of intoxicating fluids, and who become frantic with excitement; but there are also souch toppers who

quietly quaff their potations until they are reduced to a state of insensibility. There are toppers who rapidly squander their money with ridiculous prodigality; but there are also toppers who grow more penurious and cunning with each successive libation. There are toppers who preserve a considerable portion of their senses when intoxicated; but there are also toppers who easily become stimulated to the condition of raving maniacs. There is the phlegmatic toper, who sips his grog with comparative equanimity; and the nervous toper, whose fevered brain burns with a temporary madness. The mental and physical organization of those who become drunkards are as various as their complexion, as diversified as their stature. The facts stand forward with gloomy prominence, that the use of alcohol is a practice fraught with dangerous consequences to men of every caste of mind and every mould of constitution. The man who places implicit dependance on his firmness of character in resisting the insinuating invitations of spirituous liquor, except to a definite line, goes into battle with a very pervious shield. The moderate drinker fosters an appetite that will eventually fiercely contend with his reason for the mastery in governing his conduct. That appetite frequently grows to such fearful supremacy, that it hurls aside the human mind with the same irresistible force that the hurricane tosses the billows of the ocean, or as flakes of snow are driven before the wintry blast. An antagonistic power is nurtured into existence, which makes a mere plaything of the judgment. Those who would decline a struggle which is certain to be more or less painful, and the issue of which is doubtful, should adopt the judicious policy of Total Abstinence.

It is a common mistake, in speaking of the desolation produced by intemperance, to use extreme cases only for illustration. The attention is directed to instances where the vice has reduced humanity to the lowest scale of debasement. The unhappy victim is generally pictured with dirty and rent garments, an unshaven face, and a bruis'd hat deficient of a crown. But intemperance produces evils other than those which affront the eye of the community. Its injurious results embrace every degree from the minute to the gigantic. A very slight neglect of business by the merchant, in consequence of a propensity for the convivial cup, often causes deranged finances and perhaps bankruptcy. Thousands of young men irrevocably damage their interests by what are considered trifling irregularities. To achieve success in this life, it is necessary to be watchful and ready to avail ourselves of every favorable opportunity which may be presented. We must observe the flow of that tide which Shakespeare describes as giving every person one chance to be borne on to fortune. The boat must be prepared to be launched upon the prosperous wave, or the receding water will leave it permanently embedded on the shore. He whose mind is entranced by fleeting pleasures or the joys of occasional tipping, will doubtless be unable to seize the important moment when the tide of fortune rushes past his door. The decisive juncture either passes unnoticed, or finds him unprepared to embark upon the golden sea. It is by the constant cultivation of small opportunities, that the leading one is discovered and made available. But intoxicating liquor is altogether opposed to the vigorous exercise of this vigilant spirit. The amusement of the present hour is the highest aim of its practical advocates. They commence by making it subservient to their leisure recreations; they become enamoured of its enlivening effects, and soon regard it as the chief source of their enjoyment. It is not thus, however, that success is reached in any avocation. There must be singleness of purpose, and activity of thought as well as industry of action, in order to win a prize in the conflict of business. How can this be attained by an individual, if his whole mind is diverted by the evanescent pleasures of stimulating beverages? Fondness for the excitements of inebriation greatly varies in different persons; but it may be assumed as an incontrovertible position, that the injury inflicted will be

in a corresponding ratio. A solitary indiscretion even when not of an extravagant character, is quite sufficient to damage the professional man in the opinion of his clients, the merchant in the eyes of his customers, the mechanic in the estimation of his employer, and to cause the creditor to frown darkly upon his debtor. Alcohol tends to sink a man both in his own view and that of the public, with the same certainty that a cold atmosphere contracts the mercury in a thermometer. There is only one way of effectually guarding against being betrayed into indiscreet conduct in this respect—that of a rigid conformity to the principles of Total Abstinence.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

“WEEP NOT FOR ME. BUT WEEP FOR YOURSELVES AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN.”

BIBLE.

Weep not for me, though your burden I bear,
And sink with its weight to the grave;
Weep not for me, though in death and despair,
I die that your souls I may save.

But weep for yourselves, I leave you alone,
Temptation on every side;
Remember, when faint and weary you groan,
That, Jesus for sinners hath died,

And, weep for your children—your dearest and best,
For judgments their pathway surround,
Yes! weep for the living, with sorrow oppress,
Till Jesus shall heal up their wound.

Weep not for the dead reposing in peace,
Whose bodies lie cold in the clay;
Their souls have received, from life's turmoils release,
And soared to bright regions of day.

—Colborne. W. H. F.

UNIONS OF DAUGHTERS and Daughters of Temperance would find it to their interest to patronize our volume of 1853, since it will contain a large amount of useful information for their Order. Sisters, cannot each Union in Canada take a copy of vol. 3 of this paper? The price is trifling, only \$1 in advance, for a year's reading of a weekly paper containing much interesting to females.

The Daughters of Temperance are very active just now in New York State. Below will be found some suggestions from the Grand Union of New York.—Editor Sox.

We clip the following extracts from the circular of the G. S. S. of the Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance. It is a stirring call to the Order, and

will kindle a more active zeal wherever read. We bespeak from our fair co-laborers in the great work, an attentive consideration of the suggestions made, and a unanimous response to its appeal. We love the spirit which breathes in the document. We have the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Miss Dickman. She is a woman to honor and love for the truth and energy which characterizes all her labors for the advancement of the Order and the Cause. Let every woman and every man do their whole duty in the strife for the triumph will be glorious for all.—*Cavuga Chief*

It is necessary, in order to enable the G. U. to meet the demands against it for printing, &c. that the percentage be promptly forwarded at the close of each quarter. It is also especially desired that the R. S. of your Union furnish with your next returns, or sooner if convenient, the name of the Town and County in which your Union is located, and the Post Office to which your communications are to be sent. In order that a correct register may be made for future reference.

And now, Dear Sisters, as this is my first communication to you since I have entered upon the duties of G. Scribe, permit me affectionately to urge you, to enter upon the present term with renewed zeal, and labor together in harmony, with renewed diligence to secure the triumph of Temperance.

The present is not the time for supineness in our glorious cause. The light of the millennium of Temperance is dawning upon our beloved country; to filter now is treason—united and persevering efforts on the part of the Temperance hosts will secure a final victory. Let us do our part, to extend and perpetuate this great moral reformation, and cease not our efforts in this cause, until every *drum shop* is closed—the fire of every distillery extinguished and the hydra-headed monster intemperance banished from the land.

Permit me to inquire, if it would not be practicable for your Union to do something to extend our Order in your vicinity. The Grand Union has not the means to send an agent abroad to establish new Unions. Could not your Union, by selecting some of your members for that purpose, or by some other method, be instructed in establishing a Union in the town or society contiguous to your location, and thus, by a little effort on your part extend the benefits of our Order, where, as yet no Union has been situated. May I not hope to receive an application for a charter, for a new Union, obtained through your agency? Sisters try!

Permit me also to suggest that your Union have occasionally, an open or public meeting. Invite the Ladies of your place to meet with you in your Hall, on the afternoon of your meeting, after the transaction of your necessary business, open your doors, and admit your visitors, your Officers, and Sisters remaining in their places—sing your Temperance odes—explain the design and benefit of our Order—procure your Minister, or some other Temperance friend, to deliver an address, and your meetings, will thus become more interesting, and you will realize an increase of zeal and numbers.

SONG.

Round Love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies,
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold midwinters blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies,
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown

Then, Youth, thou fond believer'
The wily Siren shrill;
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone,
When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

—Montgomery.

A FEW OF THE BENEFITS OF SONSHIP!!

THE WORLD IS IN PAIN OUR SECRETS TO GAIN, LET THEM pass the outside sentinel, those secrets will be

communicated by the proper officer; there is no other way.

It appears to me Mr. Editor some societies have mistaken the plan of reclaiming the inebriate. However well intended and benevolent the various plans put in practice have been, they have fallen short. Man is a social animal, he is fond of action, he loves to associate with his fellows. How many useful members of society and ingenious mechanics have been allured to tarry long at the grog because the company was so inviting. It was not the love of liquor that caused them to attend so regularly at the club? no, it was the love of company. It was left by an all-wise Providence to the Sons of Temperance to fill up the blank in the temperance cause. They held out the hand of fraternity to the poor despised inebriate—loved him to the position he was designed to fill by his creator among the Sons of Men; and when we have placed him in this proud position with our united effort—try to keep him there administering to his wants in health and sickness. Should death stop us in our labours of love, we follow our brother to the place “appointed for all living.” But duty is not finished there, we turn our benevolent eyes flowing with compassion to his weeping widow and bereaved orphans. The Order takes charge of them and places them in the ranks of the Cadets of Temperance—leads them to the temple of fame through the portals of knowledge, and through life they have the tender sympathies of every member of the order. Go on then thou drunkard! Unfortunate man I pity you, I sympathise with you. If from prejudice or ignorance you will still resist the voluntary acts of mercy extended to you by the order of the Sons of Temperance and despise us, I shall leave you to the upbraidings of your own conscience for your unaccountable situation!!

We court enquiry, we invite the *Divine*, the *Statesman*, the *Philosopher*, the friends of Science, and I would add the curious to investigate our principles and test them by the touch-stone of truth. The more they are scrutinised the firmer is the conviction established that they are philanthropic in all their ends and purposes. Look at our motto *The Triangle*, having for its basis *Love* for our brethren supported by *Purity* and *Fidelity*; *Purity* of intention, animated by no mercenary views; *Fidelity*, honesty of purpose, and to the trust confided in us. I know when our principles are more widely disseminated, the attribute of reason is strong, and prejudice will soon hide its head. The time is fast approaching when the magic words *HE IS A SOX* will be a sufficient passport to its happy possessor into any of the select circles of society. A few weeks ago I had a practical illustration of what I have said. I attended the session of the Grand Division at Oshawa, where there were two hundred members of our Order. There were about ten that I had seen before; the rest were perfect strangers to me. I received the very essence of respect from every one with whom I had intercourse; and why was it? Because I bore the appellation, *HE IS A SOX*, which brought me at once into the select circle, composed of men of the most eminent talent, of profound reasoning powers and master spirits of this country. Such is the talent employed in our cause—such is the influence of Sonship. I am proud to say in that session I took an humble part. Mark the reverse. Had I continued in the ranks of King Alcohol I should have borne on my face, the not to be mistaken MARK OF THE DRUNKARD, which would have been a sufficient passport for me to receive all the abuse of indolent landlords and saucy puffed up bar-keepers. The talented men I should have found myself discoursing with, would perhaps have been at the Bar—not the Bar where I had spent my LAST SHILLING, but at the Bar of Justice, where a great deal of conversation takes place about penitentiaries with lawyers, judges &c.

THOMAS LUFFE,

Smithville Division, Lincoln.

November 1852.

(To be continued.)



Youths' Department.

[ORIGINAL]

GIVE ME BACK THOSE EARLY DAYS.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Oh give me back those early days,
Of innocence and truth,
When sportive in my childhood plays,
I press'd the vale of youth
When nesting in the homestead's halls,
Beside a parent's knee;
Dear hours that mem'ry now recalls,
Oh give them back to me.

Oh give me back that mother's form,
Those gentle arms that pressed;
That bosom love so pure and warm,
Where infancy was bless'd
And th' loved father kind and mild,
Who watch'd my childish glee;
With fond caress my cares beguiled,
Oh give him back to me.

And give me back each merry mate,
With me that throng'd the green;
Whose little heart with joy elate,
Mide many a happy scene
One bright and sunny leif give earth,
From youth's untrivert tree,
Dear hours of pure and joyous mirth,
Oh give them back to me.

Oh give them back! In vain I crave,
Fate would not let them stay;
My young hopes to an early grave,
Time rudely bore away
But ah! I cheat the spurter's choice,
Tho' watchful he may be,
Kind mem'ry with a faithful voice,
Recalls them all to me.

INVISIBIL. C. S.

THE GUARDS OF HONOR—YOUTHFUL TEMPERANCE.—We have received a long Communication in relation to the youthful organization started in Toronto called the "Guards of Honor." It is too long for this number, and indeed for our paper, but we will give the substance of it in our next. It seems the Order is doing well in Toronto and several Companies in connection with Ontario Company No. 1. are being started in other places in Canada. They admit none, except elderly persons as honorary members, over 25 years of age or under 16. So the organization is composed purely of young men, just starting on the career of life, at ages when they are most likely to become vicious and intemperate. If this Order, or any others established, can save young men and induce them to spend their evenings at home or in useful studies, we wish them unbounded success. The young people are destined to do the work of temperance, and the more inducements held out to them to abstain from taverns the better. To become a Guard of Honor is easy and cheap. It is only necessary that the young man should pay a trifle 1s. 3d. cy. and be a person of good character, taking upon himself a pledge of entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The Guards consider themselves as a stopping stone to the Sons of Temperance. They are Cadets—then Guards—then Sons—lastly fathers in Temperance, going it is to be hoped to the grave full of years, with hoary heads, wise and hale from a life of sobriety.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

Though rough and thorny be life's path,
Our pilgrimage below;
Beset with evil snares and vice,
Which with profusion flow
Though man may mind shun the sneers,
Or feel the scoffer's scorn;
Yet all the world alike should know,
Man was not made to mourn.

Although our hearts may oft become,
The prey of sorrow here;
Or spend the hours in grief and wo,
While in this world's career.
Yet, in the blissful realms on high,
No troubled thoughts are borne;
But never ending joys which prove,
Man was not made to mourn

Though we may feel the tyrant's rod
Be smitten by its force,
Or conscience may with heart felt pains,
Bring anguish and remorse.
Yet when we have a home secured,
Which spirits do adorn,
With bliss eternal, then we'll find,
Man was not made to mourn,

H. A. GRAHAM,

TRAFALGAR, NOV 1852

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE MAINE LAW IN AMERICAN STATES.—The Temperance Journals come to us laden with glorious news respecting the good cause in other States. Michigan, according to all accounts, has elected a Legislature with a large majority in favor of the law. Ohio is driving at it with an energy and a will, which presages speedy and certain success. In Kentucky they are discussing the subject of the law and preparing the public mind for its adoption. Missouri is making rapid strides towards this glorious consummation; she will wheel into line in due time. Some others of the southern States are agitating the question, indeed everywhere that anything is being done it is all for the Maine Law. Our friends see that the only remedy for intemperance is this Anti-Liquor Law. Vermont will soon join Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Connecticut will come next, the great Convention recently held in that State indicates the moving of the people. The great Empire State is on the way and will not be tardy in joining us. And New Hampshire, what shall we say of our border State? Her people are true and no mistake. They did not vote the other day, and some Temperance men have felt surprised, and the rummies have tried to make some capital out of it. They had nothing to vote upon; simply the order of the Senate not concurred in by the House. The people don't bite at such a hook to relieve a rum Senate from the just reproach, and odium and defeat which is sure to come upon it. When the time comes for the people of that State to vote on that question, they will do so, and it will be a settler.—*Maine Watchman.*

In addition to the above we may add that Alabama is doing much for Temperance, and so are the British Provinces.—(Ed. Son.)

Three of the leading political newspapers in Texas, advocate the Maine Law.

The English Government has put the Maine Law in operation among the miners in Australia. Grogshops are burned down as soon as they are discovered.

A writer says that the widow of the great Mormon leader Joe Smith, is married to a tavern keeper, who keeps his rum-mill in Smith's old residence.

There are annually, throughout Germany, 40,000 deaths from delirium tremens; in the Zollverein alone 390,000,000 quarts of brandy are sold and consumed, and in Hesse one-half the grain produced is used for distillation.

The Grand Section, Cadets of Temperance in Indiana, offer a premium of \$25,00 for a New Ritual for their Order.

Persons wanting the whole volume of 1852 unbound at 3s 9d—bound plain at \$1, can obtain the same on application to the proprietor, by post or otherwise. Single copies supplied or sent by post at 3d per copy. Subscribers would do well to bind their copies of 1853 as they contain much useful information.

THE GREAT ANTI-CORN LAW MOVEMENT OF ENGLAND—COBDEN.—Little is heard just now of Cobden. His great practical oratory and the capital and mind that helped him on in England to obtain the Corn law's repeal—ought now to be turned to the agitation of the repeal of the License system. If the people of England would put the foot of condemnation on the Government License system, they would effect a greater reform and moral good, than even the Emancipation act or the Corn law repeal act. England requires a Cobden, a Howard, or a Father Mathew spirit, to rouse her on this subject. A sleep of moral death hangs over the people, and thousands of the best of her people, and myriads of her workmen, are yearly going down to the grave, victims of the drinking customs of society, and no hand—no saviour, is seen to appear to save, to warn, or to stir the nation.

An old man, named Durham, residing on Fisher's Lane, Moore, was found dead in a ditch near his residence, last Saturday morning, from drowning or suffocation. He had been drinking freely the previous evening, and had fallen into the ditch on his way home, and being unable to rise or turn, perished miserably in a few inches of water! He leaves a wife but no family. When shall we have an end put to such deplorable scenes?—*Lambton Shield.*

DIVISION No. 198, SMITHVILLE, LINCOLN.—We are still in existence although some what reduced in number. We are again increasing by new propositions. By care and expedition we expect to be in our NEW TEMPERANCE HALL on the first day of January, 1853, and can fill it with Sons, Daughters and Cadets. It is at present on rent as we are not as yet able to pay for it. The property belongs to Brother Abishai Morse—*Com.*

WEST FLAMBORO DIVISION.—Brother Thomas Durant will please act as our Agent in this Division for 1853, and obtain names and money as soon as possible. We are informed that the Division is working well. Brother the Rev. Mr. Clutton, our former Agent is, we hear, travelling Westward.

Brother William Hargraft, (late of Cobourg,) will please act as our agent in Keene, Otanabee, for 1853, and obtain names and money.

JUDGE MARSHALL has been Lecturing lately in several localities. He Lectures at Stewarttown on the 13th; Hornby on the 14th; Streetsville on the 15th; Milton, on the Humber, on the 16th inst. His style is very argumentative and instructive. Divisions should attend his useful lectures.

Madame Sontag is giving concerts to crowded houses in New York city. Francis Mcaghar the celebrated Irish patriot is also lecturing there on Australia, to large audiences. It is reported that Mr. King the Vice President elect is dead.

Spirit Rappings are quite the rage in England now. It seems a Mrs. Hayden an American lady, medium is playing the fool on this subject with the English nobility. It is also revived in New York city.

The last *Lambton Shield* gives an account of a murder that has taken place in that vicinity,—the result of fighting among drunken men. One has died since, the murderer is in jail.

The *Renfrew Division* (only 9 months old) contains 110 members and has a Mechanic's Institute, Library, good Band, and a fine Section of Cadets.

A Mr. Christie was killed lately in Esqueping in a shocking manner by a fall from his horse.

Br. Philip S. White is lecturing in North Carolina.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL]

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

BY C. M. D.

Continued from No. 26.

THE FOREST—THE SPEECH OF TECUMSEH.
There is something pure and elevating in the summer forest—its quiet scenery—its solemnity—its odours—the contentment of its denizens—its gentle echoes—the rustling of the leaves—the myriads of insects—the little Sun-Lid turning its eyes to the golden god of day in the far off blue sky—all are calming to the soul—they are beautiful. There was something grand and admirable in the mien of the original indian chief—he was pious according to his ideas—brave—enduring incessant pain and fatigue—quick to revenge a wrong—never forgetting a wanton injury—sensitive to his rights—quick to detect deceit—romantic in all his ideas—cruel and treacherous at times, yet equally noble and generous in some of his friendships. The romance of the love of the beautiful Pocahontas of Virginia, who laid her head on the block to save that of her lover Captain Smith, will endear her memory forever. The genius of America is full of thoughtfulness—energy—and liberty. Tecumseh had a bosom as brave as it was nice in its appreciation of indian rights and whitemen's oppressions.

Then rose Tecumseh mighty chief,
 Whose burdened mind thus found relief:
 "My fathers—brothers, warriors hear,
 My tongue shall speak and know no fear;
 The whitemen hunt our scattered race,
 Go where we will they seek the place.
 A destiny impels them on,
 From the rising to the setting sun;
 No rule of justice guides their course,
 Their highest law with us is force.
 A spirit lives in yonder sky,
 The indian's friend in times gone by;
 He placed within each beating heart
 A moral compass for life's chart.
 This heart's dear friend, like compass true,
 Proclaims what's just—its converse too—
 The red man on the far off plain
 Who knows as yet no whiteman's stain,
 Feels it within his burning soul,
 This conscience arrow's sweet control.
 This monitor from high we prize,
 —By its promptings as men will rise
 To claim what nature freely gave;
 A country free, and peaceful grave—
 Whitemen seek our homes, our wigwams burn,
 Insult our wives and fathers spurn;
 Ere many moons have come and gone
 This wide spread west they'll strive to own.
 No conscience check will stay their course,
 For with our race their law is force!
 Let history attest our rights,
 And if we fall in many fights,
 The spirit in yon starry sky,
 Will stoop his ear to the Indian's sigh!
 Our hunting grounds to us so dear
 Must they my warriors disappear?
 Those homes of peace our wives have kept,
 Those graves in which our fathers slept;
 The woods in which our children played,
 In which we youth we too have strayed;
 Must they my braves from us depart,

Such mighty wrongs e'er stung the heart!
 Our warriors then no more will trace,
 The moose and elk on the snow's white face;
 Our village fires will cease to light,
 Our footsteps home from the distant fight.
 The maiden's voice in summer's eve,
 Her warrior's cares will ne'er relieve;
 And no sweet smile from her dark eye
 Will welcome home from victory
 My fathers!—warriors of the west,
 Once we were happy—unoppress'd,
 Free to range the boundless forests o'er,
 With peace and plenty at each door.
 The independence of our race
 As heaven's gift we surely trace,
 No indian's bosom ever deigned,
 To own that his superior reigned.
 His empire was the wilderness,
 The woody wilds his lot could bless;
 His home was 'neath the leafy tree,
 His covering heaven's canopy
 For dress and food the deer was good,
 To quench his thirst the limpid flood,
 He knew not then what now he knows,
 Nor pined he then with whitemen's woes.
 European lore, the whiteman's taste,
 His science all on luxury based;
 Are sound and pomp, an empty show,
 Rottenness all with golden glow!
 Crimes and misery from them flow,
 Which indian men can never know
 My friends—my sons—lo yonder flies,
 An eagle bold athwart the skies;
 He is an emblem of this land,
 And let him be of our native band.
 Bright is his eye, strong is his wing,
 So be our arms death's quivers to fling;
 Courage is his to gaze on the sun,
 Courage be ours, till the battle is won;
 Wild is his scream in the echoing sky,
 Wild be our screams when the battle is nigh;
 Freedom he loves, no bondage will bear,
 We must be free or soon disappear.
 Our corn-fields must bloom as of yore,
 Buffalo herds that once wander'd o'er
 Our outspreading plains, must return,
 "The fires of our wigwams in quietness burn."
 (To be continued)

THE MOON IN LORD ROSS'S TELESCOPE.—With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of the height of one hundred feet was now distinctly seen; and he had no doubt that under very favorable circumstances it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On the surface were craters of distinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt, whatever, that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be distinctly visible by these instruments. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remains to show that the moon is or was ever inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea nor a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate.—*Dr. Scoresby on Astronomy.*

From the above account of the moon one would be led to infer that it was destitute of all animal and vegetable life. The rays of the sun, are the cause of life animate and inanimate on our earth. As we go northward life dwindles down to nothing and is scarcely seen. One vast ocean of ice and snow is seen to reign around. It is true there are some animals that live there, but comparatively life is absent. On the other hand when we visit the tropics, and as we approach them from the extreme north, life, beauty, and glory increase, until we are dazzled with the splendor of the appearance of birds, flowers and vegetable scenery. The same sun lightens up the moon, and the gentle beams of the Queen of night are his reflected rays. His rays have the same life giving powers everywhere, and although the moon may have been as our earth was, a vast

theatre of volcanic craters and fiery lakes, yet doubtless she is beautified with life in its varied forms. Life has existed on the earth for countless generations, as its internal and mountain rocks surely attest. Water is generated by heat and air, one part of which is heat or oxygen. Why then should not this element exist on the moon? Is there any reason to doubt that the laws of matter are nearly universal? Why should a globe like the moon 240,000 miles off be governed by different natural laws from our own? If then fire, air and water exist there, what reason have we to doubt the existence of life? God may, and does in the opinion of many philosophers, cause the existence of life by the juxtaposition of certain elements in nature. The examination of every thing in our earth shows that nothing is made in vain, and the wonders and variety of animal life hidden from the human eye, as seen by the powers of the microscope, are as great and astonishing as are the visible. Every thing teems with life. All things are filled with beauty, act for an end and are useful. Why should a planet over 2000 miles in diameter, one third the size of the earth, and only 240,000 miles from us, be forever a void desolation, reflecting forever in silence the silvery light of night? No, such is not the order of nature. Its resources are infinite, and as glorious in matter as we believe God's powers are in spiritual progression. We believe the moon and the countless millions of stars, are the abodes of sentient and intelligent beings; and the more reasonable opinion is that the sun is surrounded by an outside atmosphere, which by some law of nature, sheds light on the planetary system, whilst its internal surface is a glorious world of inhabitants. The day is coming when the telescope will reveal to man, wonders as yet not imagined.

The Rev. Dr. Craig's New Telescope, Wensworth Common, England, is the largest in the world; the tube is 85 feet in length. It magnifies the moon 40,000 times, and the lenses are so perfectly achromatic that the planet Saturn appears of a milky whiteness.

THE CANADIAN MEADOW LARK.—This bird is of a round make, about half the size of the quail, tail and wings short and square. It flies somewhat like the quail or game birds, but with more jerks in flight. It is in the autumn and winter very fat and good eating, and is shot by many hunters as game. In the spring its notes are among the first that greet the youthful ear, and may be heard with those of the robin in March, when the snow is still on the ground. It departs in the month of September and October, and returns in March and April in small flocks. Its flight is heavy and awkward and it cannot go far. Indeed we have often seen it in our fields and about barn yards all the winter. The food upon which it chiefly lives, which is grain, can be obtained in the open winters of Canada as well as in summer. During the summer months it lives chiefly on worms and insects, in the autumn on grain, frequenting wheat fields. There is little difference in appearance between the male and female. The haunts of this bird are the timothy and clover meadows of Canada, amidst the tall grass of which, it builds its nest in the month of June—laying four eggs of a white colour, spotted with brown. The nest is built of dry grass, very saugly hidden below some thick clump of

grass, or under a bush. Like most birds its manoeuvres are very ingenious and incessant to attract eyes and dogs from the location of its young or eggs. Every nest have we found and many an hour have spent in watching the bird, as it sat on some rail fence, uttering its peculiar cries, standing with head erect and wings half in the act of flight. Thus it would fly from pannel to pannel to draw the intruder from its nest. Meanwhile the glorious sun of June was shining in the clear blue sky—the odour of the grassy meadow is wafted by on the western breezes, and ever and anon the *Bobolink* rises from the wavy bosom of the green field, or the *King Bird* with outspread tail, darts from some thorn bush to attack the hawk in the air.

When very young we used to set in the fields in May and June and listen to the notes of the Meadow Lark. The notes are mellow and pleasing and are uttered whilst on the wing with outspread tail. Its general plumage is of a brownish ash colour varied with white. Its breast and abdomen are yellowish—bluish near the tail. The throat is black, and in its flight with the tail extended, shows considerable white. The legs are long and of a flesh colour—the tail rather long, pointed and black.

THE RAVEN.—A friend in Smithville, Lincoln, in reference to our remarks on the raven in a late number of this paper, writes thus:

"I see with all your knowledge of the feather tribes you do not tell us the true cause of the disappearance of the raven from amongst us. It is simply this: The crow robs the nest of the raven of its eggs and its young. The crow is a scamp the best way you can fix it. The raven at once leaves its nest at the sound of the crow, without doubt to avoid detection and his search, making no noise until it is some distance away from the nest. Then the raven commences croaking to draw the attention of the crow away. The crow cannot coax her back unless the young are hatched, when the raven shows the utmost resentment at the approach of the crow."

A RED DEER was caught in the latter part of November in East Gwillimbury, in the following manner, and brought into this city for sale. It was a doe, weighed nearly 200 lbs., and was very fat—kood nearly four feet high. Two hounds commenced chasing it in the woods and pursued it during the day, until about 4 o'clock, when being very much fatigued, it came to a concession near a school-house, where in attempting to get over a fence, one of its legs got fastened between two rails. A number of school-boys being near attacked it, some held it, and others killed it.

SINGULAR CAPTURE.—On Monday the 8th Nov., Mr Thomas Birnie, of the township of Sunnidale, being in the bush, a little distance from home, observed a small flock of wild geese in a swamp creek, and having no gun with him attempted to scare the flock away by shouting, throwing stones &c., but beyond flying up a little distance and immediately alighting again the birds would not leave the place; nor did they leave until Mr. Birnie had killed two out of the number with a stick he broke for the purpose. A few days ago a neighbor of Mr. Birnie's shot a wild goose; but as the wound was slight, the man took home his game, and having clipped its wings, turned it loose among the tame geese in his barn yard. It has become quite reconciled to the change, and manifests no inclination to resume its former "wild course of life."—*Northern Advance.*

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, December 11, 1852.

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

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.

FLY FROM THE TEMPTER.

Fly from the tempter,
Ther's death in the path,
Though the syren that woos thee
Seems fairest on earth;
Though the rose floated hours
B-winged with delight,
And the voice of the syren
Whispers, come back to night.

Fly from the wine cup,
Though pleasure may swim
In the bright rosy bubbles
That float round the brim;
Far down 'neath the depths
Of the red wine that flows,
Lurks the syren that lures
To the vortex of woes.

Fly from the tempter,—
From the brow of the brave
She has torn the bay wreath;
And made him a slave;
E'en the pride of the statesman,
The fame of the just,
The syren has humbled
And trod in the dust.

Fly from the tempter,
Who has led thee astray
From the high aspirations
Of life's early day;
Ere the hopes of the mother
Have faded in gloom,
And her grey hairs dishonored
Are laid in the tomb

THE PRESENT CRISIS OF SONSHIP IN CANADA.

When we were induced—seeing no other in the field, to start an organ of the order of the Sons in Canada West in the fall of 1850, it seemed to our mind that an immense amount of good might result to Canada, socially, politically, and in a temperance point of view, from their principles. The great advantage and beauties of these principles have always appeared to us to consist in the complete organization, channel of communication, and social intercourse they afford to temperance men. The levers of war are *money, men, and arms*, and the levers of temperance warriors are *money, arguments, good speakers, and discussion*. The order carried out

faithfully cannot help but be productive of all of the latter. With its admirable organization it has the means at hand to carry out its purposes. One vast movement of this order in Canada for nine months past, has aroused all on the subject of temperance and sent 65,000 names of petitioners to Quebec for a Maine law. The work of the members has saved thousands of drunkards—and done an infinite amount of good in Canada. If then, the fraternity were to expire to-morrow and depart with its blessings from amongst us, yet the incense of its good works, like the memories of a just man gone to his rest, would rise to heaven and be approved of. The only fear in Canada is, that the people, and what is worse, our members, do not sufficiently value the great social advantages arising from the order of the Sons. The view taken of the matter in 1850 has been more than realized by results, and the further examination of the principles of the order of the sons. We have the satisfactory reflection personally, that by our writings and example, so far as any humble abilities possessed can do so, we have tried to further those principles. Now if this fraternity and its doctrines are capable of doing, and have done so much good, all good men—especially sons, should strive to preserve it. There can be no question but that at present the order does not stand in as favorable a position as it should. Our experience attributes the cause to these faults:

WANT OF CARE in examining into the characters of those proposed in divisions to become members. Would not our order have stood better in Canada if one-third less members had entered it, only to leave again when asked for their dues, than it does now, seeing that the unprincipled defection of many unworthy sons has chilled even the good? In future let investigating committees pay more attention to those whom they recommend.

WANT OF ATTENTION to the punctual payment of dues. No Son should suffer his dues to go over one quarter, and the Financial Scribes should see that all pay within that time. Leaving dues unpaid, and leaving divisions because Sons are asked to pay a few dollars of dues, are things at the bottom of most of our expulsions.

WANT OF ATTENDANCE AT DIVISIONS. Let every division in Canada awake to this subject. To cause a revival of attendance let all determine to talk less about mere matters of business and discuss *moral, temperance* and scientific subjects in place of the *fruitless wrangling* that so often takes place. Those who can't speak should read short essays on what comes under their observation out of doors. Try to strengthen each other in the conviction of the benefits of total abstinence. Let every night hear the sound of pleasant discussion.

WANT OF LECTURES. Every division in Canada should have at least a good monthly lecture from some one. If the members themselves do not possess the necessary qualities to give lectures, let some one be engaged to give one at a small remuneration. The mind must be kept alive to this subject or it will flag in its fires.

THE NECESSITY OF FRIENDLY FEELINGS AMONG MEMBERS. Acrimony of feelings of members towards each other is ruinous to a division, and all good Sons should stay its appearance. Cause for such things will arise in divisions—unjust conduct and

petty and mean co-spiracies will creep in at times, but a generous forbearance should forgive or overlook. Let time 'nd up such things. These differences occur more from rivalry for offices and differences as to the construction of by-laws than any other causes. Now any man should be thanked rather than envied who would faithfully fill an office for three months. It is no sinecure, and in the course of time a chance will come round for all. These difficulties occur more frequently in large divisions. A case happened lately at Hamilton, which we believe is all happily ended. A division is something like the married state. Two will come together who have been acquainted perhaps but a few months, and after marriage they find out that they cannot agree on many points. What does wisdom call for—f forbearance to each other's faults—a desire to yield each half way. Thus it should be in divisions. Members should curb the tongue and the passions, as well as the appetite for alcohol.

QUARRELING ABOUT THE FUNDS AND MONEY MATTERS. Too much discussion arises about money matters. Stop it, and whilst discretion is used as to the funds, let not the time of the division be taken up in discussing the merits of every 2s. 6d. paid out.

LOANING FUNDS. We think the practice of loaning funds to private individuals on notes will be found a bad one. Funds of divisions should be deposited in places where, though less interest be got, it can be called for without the necessity of suits in courts, which will cause strife in divisions. Banks, Saving Banks, or some institution that will pay on asking for it at once, should be preferred.

This subject will be continued in our next number.

THE MAINE LAW IN CANADA—THE NUMBER OF SIGNATURES 65,000.—Br. Rowland Barr a magistrate of this county and a sterling Son and Temperance man has just returned from Quebec, where he has been exerting his influence in favor of the passage of the Bill before the Parliament. He informs us that shortly before leaving Quebec he counted the number of signatures there to the various petitions sent to Parliament, in favor of the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, and there are 65,000 signatures praying for its passage. Never in the annals of either Province was there seen such an array of petitions for any law!! An eminent Temperance man from Maine, a Mr. Dyer, has been examined before the committee on the liquor Bill, and other interesting evidence taken. Notwithstanding all this—notwithstanding the extraordinary exertions used by the Sons in getting up meetings and sending down petitions, there is a coldness and indifference on the part of members to this subject. Men who go to our Parliament seem to go there with personal objects not to serve the people. They forget their pledges and hustling promises, because a term or respite of four years is before their eyes. We sincerely hope that this may not be the case with the Maine Law Bill before the House, which is so loudly called for by the country. Sons however, should not relax their efforts one jot, though members should prove faithless. Be active and organize the more, and when another turn at the *Hustings* comes on, remember the *SINNERS*. This question had to be settled at the polls by the ballot box in Maine and Massachusetts, and we greatly fear will

have to come to that in Canada. The State of New York is preparing for this issue. The man to introduce the Maine Law into Parliament and to push it on—to carry it, must have 'he soul not only of a true Son of Temperance, but he must be a patriot and an unselfish man—he must be a Neal Dow—a General Carey—a Jewett. By a deep consciousness of the rectitude of his purpose and the goodness of his cause, he must set on fire the wavering spirits around him. We earnestly advise our countrymen to watch well the men who flinch on this subject—and indeed all subjects. We advise them to mark the *EXPEDIENT MEN*—those who clamor out of power, and who act from sinister motives. There is now and never was but one road to truth and that is *straight*.

MASSACHUSETTS AND HER TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

This State has been agitated with its State Elections for over a month past, and the election scenes have just closed. Considering the capital and talent, as well as the old inveterate prejudices, opposed to the moral movement of Temperance, the result of the late elections may be regarded as a signal triumph for the Maine law. A majority of the Senate and House of Representatives are in favor of leaving the law as it is, and of giving it a fair trial for years to come. This is just and right. If the Maine law will not put down a large amount of crime and injury now caused by the traffic and license system, then after it has proved a failure, the propriety of repealing it may be considered. So far, in Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, it has proved the most powerful lever ever put in operation to stay the evils of intemperance. Massachusetts has large cities, wealthy genteel classes, and an immense antagonistic capital opposed to the Maine law. Her population is about as large as that of Western Canada, but the people are more intelligent and better educated. This State deserves the thanks of all good men for the glorious stand taken on temperance.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

We cannot speak with entire certainty as to the strength which the friends of the law will have in the Legislature. That there will be a majority in both branches, we cannot doubt. If "worst comes to worst," the Senate will have two majority for the law; i. e., if all the rum constitutional candidates for the Senate are elected, we shall have two majority. The House, will, in our opinion, have a decided majority for the law. Sure we are that no party will dare to take the responsibility to repeal it. If the Whig, Democratic, or Free Soil party should have a rum majority in both branches, they would not repeal the law, for the reason that it would be death to either.

If temperance men had done their duty, many more Maine Law men would have been elected. A very large number of towns have failed of electing any, and consequently will not be represented. Our friends need not have any fears that the law will be repealed. In the list of Representatives elected, it will be noticed that we have not yet ascertained the sentiments of many of them. Will our subscribers who may have any knowledge on this matter send immediately to us, that we may, as speedily as possible, give a complete list of Maine and Anti-Maine law men.

Up to the time we go to press, the political complexion of the House is as follows: number of Whigs elected, 149, opposition, 138.—*Boston Life Boat*.

THE BROKEN DOWN LOAFER

There came to the bar a broken down loafer,
The beard on his black chin had long been unshorn,
For whiskey he siped, but his sighs were uncar'd for,
His pockets were empty, his 'un' was all gone,
But the bottles attracted his eyes' adoration,
As filled with the sparkling old whiskey they stood,
But no friend ngered near to relieve him from trouble
They were gone like his tin and could do him no good

"Hard, hard is my fate" said the broken down loafer,
No whiskey to-day, and no money to buy!
Deserted by friends who once clustered around me,
I wish in my heart I could lie down and die;
I once was as gay as the gayest among them,
But now when they meet me they know me no more
And yet they oft called me a "good honest fellow,"
When money was plenty, and I paid the score.

The past casts its dark sombre shadows around me,
No light for the future illumines the dark way,
My children are beggars, my wife broken-hearted,
And I—what am I, but a beggar to-day?
But ah! there's the pledge—yes, yes, I will sign it,
And sober I'll live for the rest of my life;
For pleasure in future whenever I seek it,
I'll find it at home with my children and wife.

ARE THE CHERCHES DOING THEIR DUTY.

It is extraordinary that the Christian churches of England are generally opposing the total abstinence movement. Their opposition, is at present, the greatest obstacle the people have to contend against. In Scotland, on the other hand, the Free church Ministers are favorable to the movement. In the American States—the churches as a general thing, are doing all they can to obtain enactment of the Maine law. They wisely see that it is for the moral good of the masses. It is not lamentable to witness the moral blindness of Anglican churches on this matter!! The opposition to total abstinence in Great Britain is immense. The cause there is in its infancy, yet, weak as it is, it is evidently progressing. So extraordinary are the evils of the license system in London and the large cities of Britain, that even the *Times Newspaper* is speaking out on the subject. Indeed if it be not checked, the lower class of London will be made generally, a mass of degraded and immoral beings. It seems the men are the habit of maltreating the poor females, and the sands of cases come before the police Courts and hospitals where wives and mothers have been maimed by drunken husbands, fathers and sons. This is probably not a church in Canada opposed to the abstinence principles or in which a majority of ministers would not petition for the abolition of the license system. This is also the case in the United States.

ALCOHOLIC ANGLICAN MISSIONARIES—A shameful outrage has been committed on a poor creature Birmingham at a meeting of the Church Mission Society, where the audience chiefly consisted of lay and of clerical gentlemen. Mr Gale, lately curate of All Saints' Church, Birmingham, a very enthusiastic teetotaler, attended the meeting for the purpose of proposing the following resolution: "That: be an intimation to the committee, as far as possible, to encourage the employment, as missionaries, of those gentlemen who abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, except under the advice of a medical attendant." A strong party appears to exist opposed to Mr Gale's views on temperance, and no sooner had he risen to speak than he was assailed from the platform with shouts of disprobation, and the uproar at length reached a climax in which Mr. Gale was knocked down by a severe blow on the head, and expelled from the meeting. Mr. Gale has since been driven from his curacy. The affair occasioned great excitement throughout the kingdom. *English Paper*.

SYNOD OF OHIO ON THE MAINE LAW—We extract the following from the "Narrative" of the state of religion" adopted by this Synod, at its recent sessions:

another, as published in the *Central Christian Herald*—has passed *unanimously* and expresses the sentiments of that large and influential body, embracing two ministers and representing seventy-seven churches, touching the Maine Law.

Temperance is another reform in which our Churches have manifested a deep interest. At one time progress has been reported, and such progress as to give the hope that a complete triumph was just at hand, and then again, the very next year, the reported progress has been backward rather than forward and the result darkness, doubt, and almost despair. But a star of hope has lately risen in the east. The cause of temperance have hailed it with joy, and our members—though it may have been in some cases doubtfully at first—have already come to regard it as the rare harbinger of a higher temperance day than has ever dawned before. In plain language, our churches, so far as your committee have ascertained, are singularly unanimous in the opinion that what is commonly called the Maine Law, for the destruction of liquor traffic, is the great measure for the legal enforcement of which they must now vigorously strive, for the execution of which, when once obtained, they must pledge their influence, and stand ready with their best personal endeavors. From this unanimity of determination, your committee hope much for the moral and spiritual welfare of our fellowmen, and for all the vital interests of religion within our bounds. The great Methodist and Presbyterian churches encourage similar sentiments.

FOUND DEAD—A man, named Wade, was found dead in an old barn on the Plank road, about five miles west of Woodstock, on Friday morning last. Wade had long been addicted to habits of intemperance, and is well known in the neighbourhood as a confirmed drunkard. When his body was found, a jug which he had got filled with whiskey, two days previously at a tavern, was found empty beside him, so that no doubt remained as to the cause of his death. Thus another name has been added to the long list of those who have descended to a drunkard's dishonored grave.—*Western Progress*.

FOUND DEAD! FOUND DEAD! A JUG BY HIS SIDE!!—This is the short history of the poor drunkard and our fair young land, which needs the strong arms of all to clear her forests and till her lands, is thus deprived of her people by **INFAMOUS TRASH!!**

FOUND DEAD! FOUND DROWNED!! FOUND HANGING!!! DIED OF INTemperance!!! How many the stones in Canada might bear these epitaphs! The late *Guelph Herald* brings an account of two more victims in that vicinity. Coroner's inquests will become a rich business if the traffic continues. **FOUND DEAD** cost the Province not only the life of a human being, above all price, but costs also, each one at least £5, the price of a tavern license!! It is time for all links to awake to the evil. Let us first abolish this traffic and then think of building better ways!!

To the Editor of the *Canadian Son of Temperance*

OUR GRAND DIVISION ACCOUNTS AND THE POSITION OF OUR ORDER.

DEAR BROTHER—I have purposed writing you a letter for a month or two, being strongly impressed that the Order of the "Sons" is not in so flourishing a condition as it was, at least judging from our own little Division. I feel it a duty to speak my mind to the public. I know that there are some men that have laboured arduously to preserve the reputation of the *Sons of Temperance*, and held out the inducements that in them lay to call away from his habits the poor wretched inhabitant of the city, degrading bar-room; but what is that more than they should do? Is it not the performance of an action that contains the just claims of God? Is it not the performance of a duty that we owe to our fellow man in order to make him more comfortable and longer life? Does it stop here? No. I have personally known individuals that were past hope in this world on account of their brutish appetite for intoxicating liquors become active members in the

church of God, through the influence of the Order of the Sons. Now, Brethren, what is more consoling to the benevolent heart than this? I cannot describe the amount of good there was in this very circumstance. But you have it more clearly in the words, "What would a man give in exchange for his soul?" My friends, when He, who knew all things could not give a definite answer to this question, how shall we undertake to value the soul of any man!! Now seeing that so much good does often times result from this Order, why let it LANGUISH AND DIE! But you hear Sons often saying that so much of their money goes to the support of the Grand Division, they think it is nothing but a mere speculation on the part of some individuals? Brothers, I acknowledge I have been puzzled to explain away in my arguments the justice of the enquiries; but still I think that there are voices enough from SUBORDINATE DIVISIONS, to repeal or to remove some of this burden from Subordinates. Our Division has as few contributing members as any Division in this vicinity, yet it costs us about one pound five shillings per annum; reckoning at this rate for 380 Divisions, giving the percentage of our Division as an average amount, it would amount to £475 per annum, which appears to me to be a sum not requisite to carry out the expenses of the Grand Division—£150 pounds is the sum I believe set apart for the Grand Scribe, and I think not too large for his services; but how is the remainder expended? I am at a great loss to tell my opponents what becomes of all this money. Sometimes for a joke I have to turn them away by telling them that it is expended in purchasing "COFFINS" for Division rooms!! But notwithstanding this, I am determined to carry out the principles of our Order so far as in me lies, and I am glad that I have a goodly number to assist me in this noble work. I am glad that there is such a light held up in our Order, as your *Gem*. It very often revives me when almost ready to fail. It contains some noble selections. I have taken it for the past year, and am going to take it another, if it is published on the same principle. And as you are so influential in your publication, I hope your next number will contain some particulars respecting the complaints above mentioned. I feel that if there be not something done we will not prosper as we should. Is so small a thing as this going to tear asunder our Divisions? It inevitably will, unless something is done to lessen the expenses of the Grand Division. I am perfectly willing that an adequate sum be allowed to carry out the expenses of the sessions of the Grand Division; but an overplus is uncalled for! Brothers, only think, \$1200 given for Lecturers from the Grand Division!! and not one lecture in poor BLENHEIM, where the people need it as much as any other place. Now, Brother, you may think that I am too fast in my assertions, but they come from a heart that feels for the Order of the Sons. We incur the sneers of many under different heads, but when a person that is asked for his proposition money to the Order as a Son, says that he is unwilling to pay his money to an Order that consumes the most of their funds to carry out non-essential points, it strikes the reasonable inviter with a discouragement that he cannot easily withstand knowing that the charge contains more truth than he is willing to admit. If our Order has for one of its characteristics the principle of benevolence; why not carry out that principle in the Grand Division as well as in the Subordinates? Or do our representatives forget that noble principle when engaged in labouring for the benefit of those by whom they are sent. I hope that this matter will be attended to at the next session of the Grand Division.

OUR DIVISION AND SECTION OF CADETS.

We have an excellent little Division here, and also a SECTION OF CADETS started very lately, and it would grieve my heart to see a downfall of these noble institutions in our settlement, but if such do take place, all that we can say is that it is to be deplored. May that Great God who

protector of all noble movements smile upon that of Temperance, and upon the Order of the Sons.

Yours in L. P. & F.

JOHN CLINTON, W. A.

Perseverance Division.

Oxford, Blenheim, Nov. 12, 1852.

[We have written and will insert in our next some remarks on Grand Division accounts.]—Ed. Son.

MUNICIPAL AND CIVIC ELECTIONS.

In a few weeks the people will be called upon under our present laws (which we are sorry to say are left in the same defective state as of old) to elect inspectors; and to say by their votes whether they will allow any inns to be licensed in their respective townships, towns, and cities. The law is now such as to allow them to refuse to license by choosing a majority of inspectors opposed to licensing any inn. It becomes a question then in the first place, whether any inn should be licensed, and in the second place if licensed, whether a high license should be demanded. As to the first we emphatically say that the true doctrine is for Sons to oppose all licenses—it defeated in this, then to enact stringent by-laws license as few as possible, and demand a high sum as the license money.

As to the necessity of action on this subject, there can be no question, Sons should hold themselves aloof from aiding the licensing of liquor taverns in any shape, for the selling of intoxicating liquors we hold to be an evil patent to all. Sons should everywhere exert their combined influence to nominate and elect inspectors who will do their duty. No half-way men are wanted. Agitation to Temperance men is necessary as it is in the body politic. If we sleep at our posts, our enemies steal the march of us, we lose our first love, and the fires of Sonship expire. Up everywhere then, and let us do what we can. Every liquor tavern stopped may save some man from perdition. The less temptation, the less chance of evil. These views are consonant with truth and duty. It is greatly to be hoped that the year 1st January 1854 will see the law different in Canada. Several townships in Canada last year set a noble example to others in refusing to license an inn within their borders. We name with proud satisfaction NORWICH, PELHAM, ST. VINCENT, CAMBORO, and there may be others.

The great curse of Canada, and the cause of the defection of Sons are inns that tempt them away; let us then have as few of them as possible. Half of the breaches of the pledge in Sons in Canada can be traced to low inns in the neighborhood of Divisions. We have no hope for Temperance so long as liquor-selling inns exist. Temperance men cannot exist along side of them, simply because their enormous profits enable them to keep better houses.

WHO WILL MOVE FIRST?—Every county in Canada requires a Central Temperance Board to employ lecturers, and pay and recommend them. This is a great want which we have been the first to urge on the public in Canada and which we see that the Grand Division of Western New-York has adopted. It was our intention to have brought the thing before the late session at O-hawa. Brother Ellerbeck the Grand Worthy Patriarch at Brockville, would do well to draw up a short circular on the subject, and send to all Subordinate Divisions. Our idea of the thing will be found in the number of this paper of the 16th October last.

WHAT DO TIPPLERS DRINK ?

Below we give two accounts from different papers in different localities, and from sources that cannot be accused of peculiar bias towards temperance men, to show what poisons drinking men pullute themselves with. Men when they are sipping wine, brandy and champagne, suppose they are really drinking the genuine article, whereas they are drinking the vilest drugged materials. Few have any idea of the injury they inflict on their constitutions by this custom. Alcohol in its pure state is poisonous and excessively stimulating to the stomach, but in addition to its virus the victim swallows CREOSOTE, LOGWOOD, CORNERAS, &c. Making adulterated liquors of all kinds is a regular trade in Canada, the United States and most European countries. There are several places of this kind in Toronto and dozens in New-York, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. The profits are enormous to those engaged in it, but the fruits are BLOOD, SORROWS and TEARS. No man would be engaged in the business but a depraved and wicked one. A man who would ruin the health and lives of his fellow men for paltry gain made in this way, is a LAND PIRATE—an enemy of God and nature!! One would suppose a human being would as soon own himself guilty of HIGHWAY ROBBERY or MURDER, as of the foul crime of liquor imposition of this kind. This adulteration of liquors is also a crime by law!! No wonder that men who drink alcohol drugged with poison, murder, beat their wives and commit suicide—for it poisons the fountains of life and turns the brain into insanity. Hesitate! oh hesitate! men of Canada—before you drink, and henceforth pledge yourselves to total abstinence. For one year try the blessedness of the cool and refreshing drinks of nature that leave the mind calm and the body healthy!

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS—The traffic in ardent spirits is said to be almost universally attended with such fraud as would disgrace and destroy the followers of any other calling. Gin is improved by the use of sweet oil and vitriol, which gives it a 'brad' Irish and Scotch whiskey are made of American by the introduction of a little creosote, to give it the smoky twang. Pale and dark brandies are made of whiskey by the introduction of a little more or a little less of the coloring matter, &c. &c. We read lately in the papers that one of the delegates of the Cold Water Alliance, recently assembled in Utica, New-York, in the course of a narrative of his experience, informed the delegates that he was once engaged in the distilling business, and had frequently made and placed on sale, good brandy, rum, gin and wine from whiskey, in the short space of four hours, and could at any time make sparkling brandy from whiskey, which would deceive the palate of the upper ten.—*Phil Telegraph.*

CHAMPAGNE—The average quantity of genuine champagne annually produced is said to exceed fifty millions of bottles; a quantity, however, quite insufficient to meet the public demand, as the great numbers of establishments for the manufacture of spurious champagne attest. I have heard it stated, on good authority, that in one establishment alone, upwards of 50,000 bottles of so-called champagne, made principally from the stalks of the rhubarb, are annually sold. Some idea may be formed of the relative consumption of real champagne by different countries, from the following return of the sales, in 1843, of the Department of the Marine. The total quantity amounted to 2,689,400 bottles, which were thus distributed: England and British India, 467,000; Russia and Poland, 502,000; Germany, including Prussia and the Austrian dominions, 439,000; United States of America and the West Indies, 300,000; Italy, 60,000; Belgium, 56,000; Holland, 30,000; Sweden and Denmark, 30,000; Switzerland, 30,000; South America, 30,000; Spain and Portugal, 20,000; Turkey, 5,900; and France, 620,000 bottles.—*Corr. Literary Gazette.*

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

VISITING BARROOMS—TREATING.

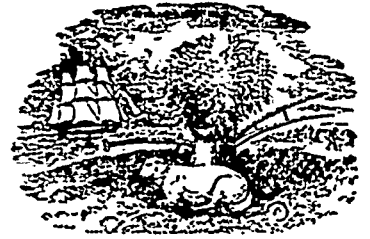
DEAR SIR.—I wish, through your columns, to call attention to a point in the Temperance reform, which appears to escape the notice of many popular

writers and lecturers, but one which is not overlooked by the enemy. The avowed object of all Associations organized on the Total Abstinence principle, is to do away with those customs of society which tend to the practice of using intoxicating beverages. Acting upon such principles sons should, not only abstain from all that intoxicates, but refrain from practices, which, it is well known, have hitherto caused much drunkenness. Among all the ridiculous and silly customs which originated at the court of "Alcohol," none is more irrational and none has caused more drunkenness in Canada than the practice of "Treating." This practice, during Alcohol's reign, has pervaded all classes, conditions, stations and positions in Community, and produced a pernicious effect on morality, not to speak of piety. All who have resided in Canada for a few years, know that the most attractive, and innocent aspects of this practice are as follows. A convivial party is convened and the generous host thinks that the sparkling wine cup and smoking bowl of Toddy are necessary to elevate and exhilarate the spirits of his guests, therefore he "treats" them. Two friends, after a long separation, meet and to show their ardor and attachment they think it necessary to "treat." Men meet at taverns to transact business and they must "treat" to "leave something with the house." Young people frequent places of amusement and they must "treat" one another because it is fashionable and their seniors do so. Now it is known the friends are never treated because they are thirsty, or in need and unable to purchase for themselves, nor are the "drinks" ever offered as medicines by way of "treating," this would be to offer insult. It may in truth safely be said that this practice has produced more drunkenness in Canada than any other. Without entering into a detail of the practice or its consequences, let us attend to the "point." Is it right for Temperance men to indulge in a practice which has been an instrument of so much evil? Must Temperance men drink when they are not thirsty, and give their friends drink when it is not required in order to convince them of their ardent and sincerity? Is there any necessity for any sort of "Temperance drinks" except pure water? How a Temperance man appears, in a tavern beside a toper sipping "Ginger Beer" while the latter sips his Brandy and water! Nor does he appear to much better advantage "treating" his friends, even with Temperance drinks. For such a practice the toper, has some excuse, his drinks produce excitement, not so with Temperance men. How supremely ridiculous then, is such conduct! The "enemy" is aware of this and takes advantage of the absurdity to pour contempt on the "cause." This practice is also frequently made a trap for those who have left the ranks of the enemy. The whole practice of "treating" and drinking except to quench thirst, is too silly for rational creatures and as it is one of the "drinking customs" which has produced much misery and degradation, temperance men ought to pursue an opposite course and avoid the practice altogether. If our friends are thirsty let us "give them water to drink." I have been induced to offer these remarks by witnessing the evils which result from the course pursued by Temperance men in some parts in sustaining usages associated with drunkenness, and from hearing the remarks of Landlords and dealers on the absurdity of their conduct.

In hopes that some abler pen or more eloquent tongue may bring this and many other points in Temperance reform, before the public, I subscribe myself respectfully,

Yours,
W. H. F.
Colborne, Nov. 26, 1852.

ET Persons removing from locality to locality in Canada or to any foreign country can safely subscribe to this paper and send their money. We will change the direction as they may desire. Papers are sent by us to Europe, the United States, California and Australia.



Agriculture.

WORKING MEN.

List ye stern, hard-handed toilers—
Ye who suffer—ye who strive—
Time has been when your despots,
Gave ye lash, and task, and gyve;
Time has been when each low murmur
Brought the scourge upon your flesh—
When each struggle fixed ye firmer
In your tyrant's cunning mesh!

Ye were then the bond and vassal,
And your master's will obeyed—
Though ye built his lordly castle,
And his arms and armour made;
Even the chains with which he galled you,
Your own fingers did create—
And the very power that thrilled you,
From yourselves was delegate!

But one firm and bold endeavor
Broke your chains like threads of wax—
And a shield was raised forever
'Gainst the Wrongers' fell attacks!
Now ye feel that glorious labors
Stain not a man's immortal soul:
Iron ploughs must rule the sables,
Sieges must the crowns control!

Still ye raise the shaft to heaven—
Still ye force each mighty toil!
Still by you the waves are risen—
Still by you is rent the soil;
But ye feel that ye no longer
Are the slaves that once ye were—
Feel that ye are purer—stronger—
Feel that ye can wait—and bear!

REMARKS ON THE SEASON.—The weather in latter part of November was very changed. On the 25th and 26th we had light snow to the depth of an inch. It passed off with a warm rain from south-east. The rain lasted two days and rendered the roads very muddy. The 27th was clear & fair. Sunday the 28th was a beautiful sunny day. The night clear, and a beautiful moon nearly floated in the air. Monday and Tuesday the 29th and 30th days of the month were sunny and clear—the setting with beauty in a cloudless west, to make for a beautiful moon-lit night. Frosts occurred these nights of moderate severity with a thaw next day. December the 1st came on with a beautiful sunny sky—a lovely day and clear star-lit night. The 2nd of December was equally lovely. A wind during the last days of November and 1st December was lulled, and the lake Ontario smooth. The steamers Queen of the West and City of Hamilton are running in opposition at low fares, and which were very censurable, were running races on the lake between this city and Hamilton. Navigation is since open. Wheat and pork are coming in freely. The potato rot is affecting the potato very much in various parts of Canada.

THE THREE FIRST DAYS OF DECEMBER.—An old proverb among housewives and old Canada

the three first days of December rule the winter. This month these three days were unusually cold and beautiful especially the third day. On the fourth or rather the evening of the third an east-south-west wind set in with high winds. According to this proverb we are to have a mild winter; but for December—the second January, and the first for February. We will see how true it is. In the year the first three days were unusually cold and the cold winter.

On the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, & 9th days of December were mild—water unfrozen—cattle grazing in the field—wind south-east and south with some rain.

THE STING OF A BEE.—In most cases the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing the point stung with the tube of a key. This will attract the sting and relieve the pain, and the application of *agua ammonia* (common spirits of ammonia) will immediately remove it. The poison is of an acid nature, is at once neutralized by the application of this penetrating and volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the end of a needle, or fine nibbed pen, and applied as far as possible, will scarcely ever fail.

A spoonful of horse-radish put into a pan of milk will preserve the milk sweet for several days, either in the open air or in the cellar, while other milk will become quite sour.

A machine is on exhibition at Steubenville, Ohio, for the manufacture of matches, which will manufacture matches at the rate of 20,000 per minute, or 1,200,000 per hour.

It is common to regard milk as little else than cream. But real good milk is really an article of food, being coagulated soon after reaching the stomach. New milk contains 13 per cent. of digestible solids and skimmed milk ten per cent; that is, the former fully one-half, and the latter above a third, the nutriment contained in the lean part of mutton or beef.

An undertaking of great interest to scientific persons is now being carried out within a few miles of London. A wealthy country clergyman, named Messrs. is constructing a new monster telescope on an achromatic principle, which will surpass the celebrated instrument constructed by Lord Ross in Ireland. Its total length will be eighty-five feet, and its greatest circumference thirteen feet. The weight of the tube is three tons, and the contrivances adopted to prevent vibration, and to allow of its being raised or turned to any required point, are described as being singularly perfect and ingenious. It is understood that the observatory will be endowed by Mr. Messrs., so that it may be maintained in perpetuity for the advantage of astronomical science. From the date of its completion, which may shortly be expected, it will doubtless draw many persons from all parts of the world. [It is now finished.—Ed.]

PREVENTING.—We hope we may not be branded pretensions if, in the matter of sneezing, we pretend to be connoisseurs. As a proof of our taste, we hate the sound of your snivelling, dry-hal-frightened-to-death sneezes—but for one of your full, clear sonorous sneezes, reverberating explosions—one of these remarks that set the wine-glasses on the side-board rattling, and wake pussy—we say, for one of these earthquake sneezes, we have a love inferior only to that which we bear for a woman and—our favorite. A sneeze to be in good taste, should crack like a rifle on a clear morning. A receipt for a sneeze of this genus is as follows:—When you feel tickling at the end of your proboscis, just jump up, you are seated, run to the window, throw your head back till the bump of philoprogenitiveness pres-

ses on your coat collar, open your mouth, snarl like a half starved hyena at a piece of fresh meat, make a deep breath and then—blaze away! The effects will be prodigious—an echo will salute you from the housetop over the way; the good-hou-e-wives will order the clothes to be taken in—your game cock will turn up the red of his eye at the sun, and you will have the best assurance that you have not sneezed in vain.

STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.—A large walnut tree, standing on the premises of Mr. Amos M. Johnson, of Southbury, during the past season, has had the appearance of dying—so much so that no life could be seen, except in one of the smallest limbs, growing near the base. During the early part of the season this limb put forth its blossoms, and now hangs loaded with nuts. And what is the strangest part of the story, the remaining portion of the tree has lately commenced showing signs of returning to life, and as if just awakened from its winter's sleep is now budding and blooming as if in May.—*New Haven Courier.*

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCT OF A PEA.—Mr. David Hamilton, of Clay, has left at our office the product of a common field pea, grown the present season in his garden, which eclipses anything we ever heard of in its line. The vine is five feet in length, and about three inches from the root divides into six branches, each of which grew more luxuriantly than do ordinary vines. There were upon this vine 153 pods, which contained 740 peas—very nearly a pint in bulk. We have never heard of a more remarkable yield, and if any of our agricultural friends have been rewarded by anything surpassing it, in their experience, we should be glad to hear from them. We think our friend Hamilton will hold the palm of "tall" pea growing.—*Syracuse Journal.*

The *Hartford Times* says that the bones of a veritable Mastodon, one of the "Ancients of the earth," have been discovered in New Britain, Conn. They were found in the land of Mr. Churchill, a jeweller, and not far from the main street of that flourishing village. The entire skeleton of the mammoth has not yet been found, but a sufficient number of the bones have been dug up to determine the character of the animal to which they belonged. The discovery is attracting much attention in New Britain, and it has been decided to deposit the remains at the Normal School in that place.

FIRE ALARM TUBE.—A tube has been placed in the City Hall, extending from the bell ringer on the top of the hall to the office of the Chief of Police. The moment an alarm of fire is given the bell ringer informs the man on watch in the Chief's office of its location, and he communicates the fact to the nearest policeman on post, who again calls it out to the firemen.—*New York Express.*

MYSTERIOUS.—A writer from Parishburg, Giles county, Va. says:—At a distance of some three miles from this place, where some workmen were blasting rock, having made an excavation of some ten or twelve feet, the earth gave way and all were plunged into a large room, apparently dug out. At the farther extremity of the room, a human skeleton was found in a leaning posture, reclining as it seemed against the side of the cavern, and seated upon something resembling a chest. No clue, as yet, is known to get at the history of the human relic.

Some two hundred sewing machines are in operation in New York city. There are about five hundred in the whole country, and orders for them cannot be supplied fast enough. Shirts, coats, books, and shoes can be sewed by them.

Irish butter is being now largely imported for the New-York Market. It is highly commended for its richness of flavor.

MOTION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The celebrated pendulum experiment of Foucault was repeated in this country, among others, by Professor Horstord of Harvard University. He caused a pendulum to be suspended on Bunker Hill Monument, a structure 221 feet in height and 30 feet square at the base, with an internal cavity seven feet in diameter at the bottom and five at the top. It was found that this pendulum when at rest, did not swing uniformly over the same spot, but that on days when the sun shone it departed from the centre, in the forenoon towards the west, towards the north at noon and eastward in the afternoon, developing the remarkable fact that the expansive power of the sun's heat on a massive structure of granite is sufficient to throw it out of perpendicular. That this is the correct explanation of the singular phenomena, is confirmed by the fact that it did not occur on cloudy days, and that once a counter effect was produced by a sudden shower, which restored the perpendicular by cooling the south side of the monument and equalizing its temperature.—*Buffalo Journal.*

INSTINCT VERSUS REASON.—We copy the following interesting story about a parrot from the Boston (Mass.) *Transcript*:—"An incident, touchingly illustrative of the power of attachment in the lower animals is related in *Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal* of a recent date. In a small family in the south part of the city, there was a parrot which had found a home there for years, and had become a pet of the family a child was taken sick last spring, and was not seen by the parrot for some days. The bird had been used to repeat her name, and in the child's absence kept repeating her name so incessantly as to annoy the family. The child died; the repetition of the name was kept up until one of the family took the parrot to the room where the corpse lay. The parrot turned first one side of its head, then the other towards the corpse, apparently eyeing it, and was then taken back. He never repeated the name again, was at once silent, and the next day died.

For the benefit of any of our readers who may require it, we copy the following prescription for the cure of sore throat. It was first published by the author in the *Memphis and Arkansas Christian Advocate*:

CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT.—I beg permission, through the *Christian Advocate*, to advertise the clerical readers of that paper who are afflicted with sore throat, commonly called Bronchitis—but more properly Pharyngitis, that I have found an efficient remedy in Iodine. Take of the Iodide of Potash, one drachm; Iodine, half a drachm; water, 1 ounce; Gum Arabic, two drachms; White Sugar, two drachms. Mix and keep in a phial with a glass stopper. This wash is to be applied to the back part of the throat, the tonsils, and the root of the tongue, with a camel's hair brush, the tongue being depressed with a spoon handle, or other suitable instrument. The many applications which I am receiving from different parts of the country, for particular information concerning this remedy, must be my apology for making this publication.

"A. P. MERRILL, M. D."

Wool.—This is destined to be the leading staple of produce in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Its advantages over Wheat and the common products which have been relied upon, are beginning to be appreciated by the farming community. The prices of this week ranges from 25 to 37 cts. From seven to ten thousand dollars will be paid out this week in the market for wool alone.—*Kenosha Telegraph.*

An immense eagle earned off at Lexington, near Troy, a child five years of age; after the lapse of several weeks, its skeleton was discovered high up in the hill.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Odd Fellows in the United States and also in Canada are increasing very much. The institution is very similar to that of the Sons, only more expensive, and not insisting on total abstinence principles in its members. The Arkansas Banner says the weather (14th Nov.) is cold there—that it froze a little. Here, (away off north,) the three first days of December were sunny and warm, the water being scarcely frozen. The 4th December was a mild rainy day. 6932 emigrants arrived in New York city in October last. Madame Sontag is attracting large houses and is everywhere received with enthusiasm as a cantatrice in the American cities. A sad railroad accident happened lately near Troy—Several lives lost by the bursting of a locomotive boiler. The Spanish press is in a state of perfect thralldom, the kingdom is in a very disorderly state, full of vice and crime. Among the deaths lately occurring in California are those of Alden, Plumb and a Mr. Roak of Canada. Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin is to bring out a new Novel soon, called "Mark Sutherland, or Power and Principle." A subscription has been raised in New York city of over \$4,000 to pay Mrs. Lemon, the owner of the eight liberated slaves for her loss. Horace Greely on the other hand, has raised \$700 for the benefit of the poor slaves. CLERGY RESERVES - The new Parliament has met in England, and one of the first topics of conversation brought out by Lord John Russell's enquiries, was the Clergy Reserve agitation of Canada. Lord John Russell expressed his opinion very fully, giving his opinion that Canada ought to legislate on the subject. The Derby government said the matter was under the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The Queen's speech gives assurances of peace in Europe—alludes to the American fishery difficulty—expects it to be amicably settled by mutual concessions. The Queen opened Parliament in person. In the speech allusion is made to the abolition of the practice of sending criminals to Van Dieman's land—to the death of Wellington—to law reform—to legislation for the benefit of Ireland—to militia defence of the kingdom, and to legislation in respect of the East Indies. Lord Derby has given in his adhesion to free trade principles. Lord Palmerston brought up the question of the slave trade to Cuba and Brazil. It seems slaves are still brought, by the connivance of Spain to Cuba. A change of Government is to take place over this island. The Crescent City affair looks washlike still. Some smoke may arise out of it. The present American Cabinet will do all they can to check American interference. A penny subscription has been opened in Edinburgh to compensate Mrs. Stowe for the use of her copy right of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and it is expected £10,000 will be raised for her. This is noble conduct in the Scotch. The late gale on Lake Erie destroyed a great many vessels. The United States mails have been taken from the Crescent City steamer. Excitement prevails in the Southern States on the subject. £100,000 will be voted by Parliament to defray the expenses of the funeral of Wellington. The funeral is said to have been an exciting affair. Many persons were killed and others seriously injured in endeavoring to see the body lying in state in Chelsea Hospital. Man even in England seems a silly creature in some things. Wellington was a great warrior and patriot, but his death certainly need not have caused such excitement, and certainly in his life he did not desire it. So great was the desire to witness the procession that immense sums were offered for windows and stands to see it. Churches were covered over &c.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Hon. W. B. Robinson has been appointed commissioner over the Canada Company's land in Canada in place of Thomas Mercer Jones of Godenich removed. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron has been west and has returned to Quebec. A complimentary dinner was given to George Brown Esq., M. P. P. at Chatham on the 9th December. We have not yet seen the particulars. Counterfeit gold ten dollar American coins are said to be in circulation west of Hamilton. The opening of the Normal School was not as enthusiastic as was expected. 500 persons were present, and some good addresses were delivered. This institution is destined to be of great use to Canada. We wish it and its managers every success. Schools are the beauty of a country. Let us have them on all sides. The Hon.

Robert Baldwin has been made Chancellor of the University of Upper Canada. This is a deserved compliment to one of the native sons of Canada. The Toronto and Guelph railroad has been commenced, 500 men having been set to work on the same. The Belleville Intelligencer contains a presentation by a Grand Jury there on the subject of temperance, and a good one it is. We see that Dr. Relyea an excellent friend of the cause was foreman. We will insert it in our next. The London C. W. Odd Fellow, a well managed semi-monthly in its last issue speaks manfully on the subject of temperance. Mr. Green the celebrated reformed gambler is delivering lectures in Montreal. Mr. Huggins, formerly of Oshawa, Clothier, was drowned lately at Chicago. A project is started to construct a railroad from Port Dalhousie to Fort Erie, thus connecting Buffalo with Toronto—a line of steamers to run from this to St. Catharines—the route from Toronto to Buffalo could be traversed in three hours—cost of railroad and steamers £125,000. When will wonders cease. Mr. Terrell has been elected for Stanstead, as an independent member, opposed on some grounds to the present ministry. A meeting has been held in London C. W. to advocate the plan of a connection at London with the Toronto, Guelph and Port Sarua railroad. The road to effect this would make a bend of ten miles from St. Mary's village. A schooner loaded with wheat, 1600 bushels, was destroyed lately at Port Credit by fire. She belonged to Smith Thompson of Oakville. Several petty robberies have taken place in Toronto. One of the thieves named Foster has been caught. The University of Toronto have proposed to petition Parliament against any interference with the institution as at present established, except to ask the privilege of being represented in Parliament by a member. A great many railroad companies are seeking to connect themselves with Peterboro. This is a growing place, and we would like to see Toronto connected with the town. The Gaelic people are agitating the question of granting licenses to taverns there. We say by all means have as few as possible. Brock's monument is to be immediately rebuilt. The Honorable John Ross of Belleville has gone to England (as is said, in reference to the Grand Trunk railroad,) but probably on other matters too. The village of Merriville is to be the county seat of Welland.

A carrier boy in our employ during October and part of November instead of delivering some of our city papers, fraudulently made use of them. Those wanting these numbers can be supplied.

A law nearly similar to the Maine Law has just passed the Vermont Legislature to be voted on by the people during the coming year.

A terrible murder has just been committed in the State of Georgia by a woman on her husband,—both parties were in the habit of getting beastly drunk.

Every mail brings some tragedy of human life—death, murder, accident, from drunkenness.

A public dinner was given to George Brown at Port Sarua on the 9th Dec., Mr. Ferguson, M. P. P. of Guelph, was present.

Wm. Lyon McKenzie Esq. M. P. P. is about to issue a weekly political paper in the beginning of January. Mr. McKenzie is the ablest political writer in Canada.

The huge game of Hypocrisy has been consummated in France by the assumption of imperial powers by the corrupt Louis Napoleon. Thus step by step has the ephemeral freedom of France been destroyed, until it is swallowed up in the ambition of a corrupt tyrant who is an ascocrat over the rights, prosperity, and liberty of thirty-six millions of people. It seems the people see the whole affair with perfect indifference.

It is reported that Mr. Hincks has resigned and taken an office in connection with the grand Railroad Banking scheme of Mr. Jackson, the Hudson of Canada. Time will show. Mr. Jackson is to have a bank in connection with his railroad to pay his men in silver dollars. A dinner at Port Sarua has been tendered to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, but business induced him to decline it.

The American President's annual message is in print. It refers to the questions of the fisheries and reciprocity. These questions stand in a favorable way. It is very gratifying in its tone. There is a good prospect just now that reciprocity will be gained.

We have sent circulars to many Divisions in Canada respecting our volume of 1853. The proprietors would oblige by reading them to the Divisions.

The Spirit of the Age—a weekly Temperance miscellaneous quarto family newspaper, published in Hamilton by Mr. McQueen Editor of the Canadian has been received. It is issued from the Canadian office at \$1 per year in advance. The two numbers that we have seen are filled with various useful information. It will be a useful assistant in the cause.

An active intelligent canvasser for this paper bringing good references and giving security in a sum for faithful collection would be immediately employed.

PRESENT AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

J. B. Crowe, Pelham, Thomas Luff, Smithville, Raplece, Chippewa, J. D. Prest, Queenston, Charles Cockburn, Thorold, Mr. J. Steel, Paris, James Bruce, Glenora, Alfred Owen, Simcoe, Norfolk, B. S. Whitney, Norwich, L. D. Marks, Barrie, Robinson Rutherford, Peterboro, Wm. Hargrave, Kent, Utanabee; H. A. Newcombe, London, John Bennett, Dundas; A. S. Stephens, Corunna, Moore; J. Stewart, Ayr, Dumfries; John Matthews, Cambridge, Nelson, Robert Balmor, Oakville, Wheeler, Trevelyan, Campbellville, Nasagaweya, Thomas Darr, West Famboro, J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square, David Williamson, Stony Creek; S. J. Lancaster, Delaware; Alunzo Sweet, Walpole; John O'Neil, York Post, John Welland, Ancaster, George Smith, Chatham; William Nixon, Grimsby, Joseph Brown, Danville; Calvin S. Powers, Newcastle; F. B. Robinson, Orono; A. Younie, Tyrone, Benjamin Pashley, Belleville; Leonard Tuttle, Colborne; James Clint, Colwall; H. W. Fannin, Kempville, T. G. Mills, Gravelton; H. A. Graham, Central Trafalgar; Alexander Russell, Barrie, E. B. Buttler, Kleinbergh; J. Van der Georgetown, Esquering, J. W. Ferguson, Glasgow, Geo. Davidson, St. Vincent, J. H. Watkins, Hopedale, Farris Lawrence, Orangeville, R. McDonald, Thorntford; W. H. White, Dawn Mills, Kent, J. Peck, Thornhill; D. D. Hay, Innisfil, Henry Elliot, Hamilton; James Douglas, Beamsville; Gilbert Finlay, Falmouth; George M. Gilmore, St. Ann's Lincoln; O. Phelps; Cayuga; George Graham, Richmond Hill, Wm. Lawrie, Bradford; James Teller, Summerland, Walter Davidson, Churchville; Peter McPhail, Barrie; John Blair, Springfield; Dr. Powell, Cobourg; S. Newcombe, Vienna; D. Trimmer, Jarvis; A. Buck, Caledonia; John Boyd, Oshawa, Calvin Stewart, Brougham; W. McGee, Brooklin, John Campbell, Duffins Creek; John Nott, Prince Albert; H. Whitton, Milton; Robert Connor, Niagara, Esq. Hurd, Columbus. More in our next.

Mr. WILLIAM G. EDMONDSON, formerly of W. church, county of York, and once the Editor of British American Cultivator, died on the 19th of October, 1852 at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois. Brain fever after an illness of nine days. He removed to that place from Ohio recently. Mr. Edmondson was a young Canadian of a very enterprising disposition and in 1847-8, and prior to that time, made to advance the agricultural interests and civilization of Western Canada. We deeply regret to hear of his death.

We regret to hear of the death of Br. D. Clinch who writes for this paper, who died of consumption Wednesday morning last at 1 o'clock, in the prime of life. He was a young Canadian and a printer—possessed as his writings show, of much good sense and considerable talents and information. He has gone to rest of blessed immortality. His funeral takes place Friday (to-day) at 1 o'clock, and will be attended by many of the city Sons.

TORONTO MARKETS. FRIDAY, December 10, 1853. —Beef per 100 lbs \$3 to \$4; Pork \$4 1/2 to \$5; Fat 1/2; Penalty—Chickens per pair, 1s to 1s 6d; Geese 1s to 2s 6d each; Turkeys 2s to 3s 9d each; Flour—farmer's 19s to 20s; miller's 20s to 22s; Wheat per bushel 4s to 4s 6d; Oats 1s 6d to 1s 8d; Barley 2s to 2s 4d; Peas 2s to 2s 6d; Hay per ton, to \$15; Straw per ton \$8 to 9; Hutter per 100 lbs; Eggs 10d to 1s; Potatoes per bu. 2s to 3s; Wood per cord 17s 6d.