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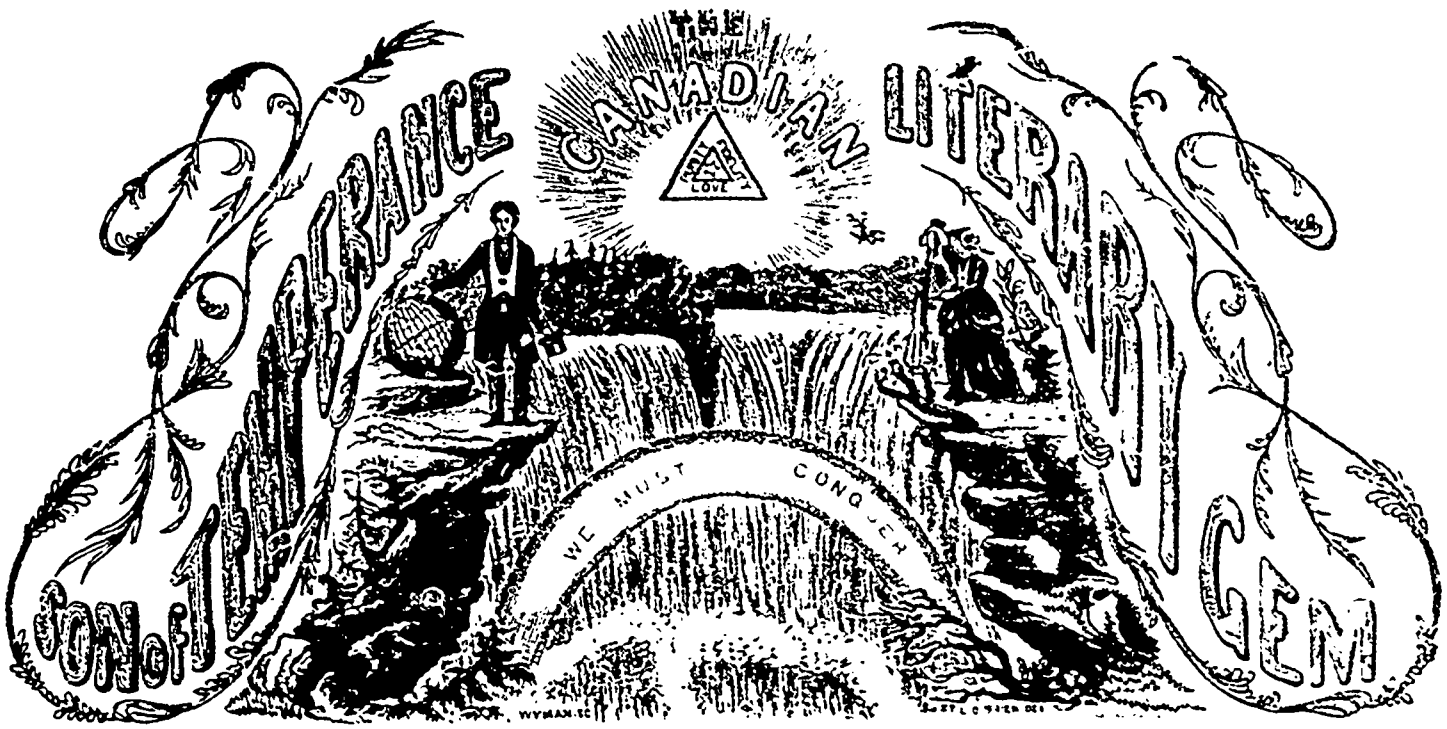
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HUMANITY. TEMPERANCE. PROGRESS.

WILLIE BELL.

Down in yonder shadowed valley
Where the death tide's waters roll,
Where huge phantoms ever dally,
With the fleeting, fainting soul,
Where the hymn of death is wailing
In the gloom with ceaseless swell—
Thither went, our heart-strings breaking,
Little loving Willie Bell.

All the springtime played he gladly,
With the sunbeams from the sky—
In the summer watched he sadly
All the spring flowers fade and die;
And he wander'd by the brook-side,
Where the gushing waters fell—
Where the angels sang at night-time
Music low to Willie Bell.

But when summer blossoms faded,
And the autumn leaves fled by—
When the gentle buds were shaded
By the snow-wreaths from on high;
Then a voice came down from Heaven,
Like the waves in winding shell,
And an angel crown was given,
To the brow of Willie Bell.

Folded then his hands of whiteness,
O'er the marble, lifeless breast;
While sweet strains from harps of brightness
Welcomed him to heavenly rest;
And the eyes of blue were closing
O'er the cheek where death-damps fell,
While in dreamless sleep reposing,
Was the form of Willie Bell.

Down within the grassy meadow,
Down within the silent vale,
Where at even comes the shadow
Of the moonbeams, still and pale,
There, upon the earth's cold bosom,
Mid the snow-flakes as they fell,
Laid we our bright summer blossom,
Lo'ed in death, sweet Willie Bell.

NOTIA, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD OPPOSED TO TRUTH AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

Never did the world witness so glaring an instance of enmity with, as that shown to Galileo's astronomical theory of the earth. Here was a grand attempt to coerce forever the power of light—to forbid its enquiries—to chain the soul to ancient traditions—to forbid man to use what God had given—to refuse to let him to examine the beauties of creation, or to look upon the world with the eye of truth. A religion that thus attempted to break the manacles of the hellish inquisition around the aspirations of scientific minds, has always attempted, and still delights to keep the human soul from true spiritual religion, by locking up the pages of the Bible, by surrounding its moral and spiritual teachings with Latin mummery and superstition, and by substituting dogmas and prayers for its plain teachings. "Joshua's sun," as the Bible commands the sun to stand still." This expression is interpreted literally, and because it is found in the annals of a man, written fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, before the human mind must stand still to all eternity—thus God's patent truths. Which are to be believed? God's own or what human beings have written, probably under a misapprehension more likely by way of a metaphor? What God has said in the heavens cannot be. The truths promulgated by the Bible have been verified for more than 2000 years. Why do the good men fear the Roman Catholic system? It is because it is always was and is now, hostile to truth in every shape—the system of human selfishness, vice, and superstition—the system of concentrating priestly aristocracy, and every honest and reformer must hate it, because it hates science—the light of God—the progress of humanity. It is the most oppressive of human oppressions, because it is the oppression of

the soul spiritually, and of all true knowledge. The Roman Catholic Hierarchy is now what it always was, the deadly enemy of all true liberty and knowledge.—EDITOR SOX.

THE CASE OF GALILEO.—When Galileo was condemned by the Inquisition for the heresy of believing the now common doctrines of astronomy, the Inquisition ordered a public confession of his heresy, and performing certain penances. The following literal translation of that document will be interesting to all our readers who are not familiar with it. It is a curious article of literary and scientific history.

GALILEO'S CONFESSION, AND RATION, AND PROMISE TO THE INQUISITION.

"I, Galileo, son of Vincent Galileo, a Florentine, of seventy years of age, being placed personally in the court, and with bended knee before your Most Eminent and Reverend Lords, Cardinals of the universal christian republic, general inquisitors against the sin of heresy, having before my eyes the Holy Evangelists, which I touch with my own hands, do swear that I have always believed and now believe, and, God helping, shall believe in future all that which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church holds, declares, and teaches. But because by this Holy office, (Court,) for the reason that after it had been enjoined on me with a command by the same Court that I should utterly desert the false opinion, which holds that the sun is the centre and is not in motion, nor would hold, defend, or teach in any manner or by writing the aforesaid false doctrine, and after it had been intimated to me that the aforesaid doctrine is repugnant to Holy Scripture: I have written and committed to type, a book in which I treat of that same doctrine already condemned and adduce reasons with a great energy in favor of it, not by offering any manner of explanation; I am judged to be vehemently suspected of heresy, because I have held and believed, that the sun is the centre of the world and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre and is in motion.

Therefore I, willing to remove from the minds of your Eminences and of every Christian Catholic this strong opinion justly conceived against me, do, with a sincere heart and a faith not feigned, abjure, condemn, and detest the aforesaid errors and heresies, and generally any other error or opinion contrary to the aforesaid Holy Church, and I do swear that I in future will never more say, or assert by word or writing anything for which the like suspicion can be held concerning me; but if I shall do any heresy or any other suspected of heresy, that I will denounce him to this Holy office (Court,) or to the Inquisition and ordinary of the place in which I shall be. I do swear moreover and promise that I will fulfil and observe wholly all the penances which have been imposed upon me or may be imposed by this Holy office. If that should happen that I should by any way do any contrary to my promises, professions, and oaths which may God avert, I subject myself to all the penalties and pains, which by the Sacred Canons or by any other constitutions general and particular, have been determined and promulgated against such delinquents. So may God have me and his Holy Evangelists, which I touch with my own hands.

I, Galileo, son of Galileo aforesaid, have also read, sworn, pronounced, and myself subscribed, and in the faith of these I have written and signed the present hand-writing of my confession, and here read it word for word. Done at Rome, in the Court of the Apostolic Signatura, the 22nd day of June, in the year 1633.

I, Galileo of Galileo, have signed as above with my own hand.

This confession was made thirty years after the death of Copernicus, a protestant, and the death of Luther, two years after the death of Kepler, and twenty years after the death of Tycho Brahe. Learning had been greatly retarded in Europe, and the sciences were much curtailed and rapidly declining.

It is reported that when Galileo rose from his knees as he ceased the above abjuration, he exclaimed, "It moves still!" This is not probable. For dread of the terrors of Inquisitorial power had led him to abjure, and such an exclamation could not but bring upon his head the full trials of that punishment; he had made this humiliating effort to avert.

At that time of abjuration, the eye of God was looking on the comate of hypocrites, who were making a poor mortal, through fear, do what he knew to be truth. Every scientific mind then knew that Galileo's book was correct.—Ed. Sox.

SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN LEADER, WHO HAS SO LONG BEATEN THE RUSSIANS.

In the staff of Abdi Pasha, is Schamyl, the Circassian, the most remarkable and desperate man with whom the Russians will have to contend. The following biographical details of this man, who has now for so many years successfully withstood the onslaught of Russian armies in the Caucasus, and who has just been placed by the Sultan in a position where his talents will be more fully developed, will, no doubt be read with interest. It is derived from a source worthy of credit:

The first time we hear of Schamyl is in 1832. In that year, a devout Mussulman, Kasi-Mollah, held a chief command in the lands of Lezhians, Tchechetztes, and the other tribes of the eastern chain and the steppes abutting on the Caspian and traversed by the Kossu. Kasi-Mollah's reputation for ancestry was greater than that which he acquired for the higher military qualities, although a dashing leader, and individually one of the bravest of the brave. He was brought to bay in 1832 by Gen. Rosen, at a place called Gumri. Encircled on all sides, a meal the last scrap of food devoured, nothing remained in the opinion of Kasi-Mollah, and about thirty of his most zealous disciples, but to hew for themselves a path through the Russian bayonets, to freedom or to Paradise—either alternative a welcome one! This resolution finally taken, they suddenly emerged from the fastness they could no longer hold, and burst upon the Russian troops with the shock of an avalanche, and the furious, discordant yell of madmen. For one or two brief moments, it seemed that they must escape, so far through the beleaguering circle of their foes did they cleave their desperate way, before the momentarily receding ranks reclosed around them, and they fell by twos and threes, wildly fighting to the last, riddled by musket balls and bayonet stabs. Kasi-Mollah "died with his hand on his beard, and a last prayer murmuring from his lips;" and his pupils probed with him, all save one, and he the bravest and fiercest of them all, who broke through the encircling bayonets, dashed at head long speed past the more distant lines of running fire unharmed—reined suddenly up as he reached the angle of a mountain, gorge into which he knew none dared to follow, shook his red scimitar, and hurled a defiant execration in the faces of his blood-foes, and the next moment, with an exulting shout of "Allah! Allah!" disappeared in the dark mountain pass.

This fortunate horseman was Schamyl, the future Imam (preacher)—the prophet-soldier of the Caucasus, whose escape, as just described, many of his followers to this day firmly believe was due to the direct interposition of the angel Gabriel! Schamyl, who is one of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, partly Tartar race of Tchechetztes, was born at Tschurachi, a place of about three thousand inhabitants; and, after his escape from Gumri, he employed several years in permeating the mountains of the Lezhian chain, preaching wherever he went, with fervid eloquence, upon the sacred duty devolved by God upon all true believers, to extirpate the intrusive infidels, and the paradoxical rewards which death in so high and holy a cause would infallibly procure. This prophet call, as it was deemed, to battle, from the copulas and murmurings of the sublime and towering Alps gradually kindled the latent fanaticism of the mountaineers in a flame, which soon communicated itself to the dwellers in the cities and steppes of Dagustan, and the adjacent valleys and plains. The story of Schamyl's miraculous escape from General Rosen, by favor of the archangel Gabriel, was repeated from month to month with endless variations and additions—his daring, skill, and success as a soldier confirmed the illusions of a credulous legation, and he gradually drew around his standard, and bent to his sway, the multitude of rugged warriors whose swords have inscribed so many victories upon the backs of the Russian armies and to this hour present an invincible front to practically discomfit their adversaries.

Many well authenticated instances of his daring are related. One or two of these may interest the reader at this juncture. In 1830, Schamyl found himself surrounded by General Orskoy, and twelve thousand veteran Russian troops, at Achulko, a kind of trap encampment perched upon the top of a rock on the banks of Kossu. The position of this place was so strong, that the attempt to storm it was abandoned after the loss of fifteen thousand men, but Schamyl had won a greater foe than General Orskoy to contend with—hunger; hunger, wringing upon himself, came before a week had passed. This was known to the Russian camp, and the place having been strictly invested in all directions

It was certain that the surrender could not be long delayed. On the first day but one of August, General Grabbe learned from an evacuated Englishman, whom his soldiers had caught whilst attempting to crawl past the blockading lines, that a particle of food was left in Achulko, that Schamyl Bey proposed to escape that night, with one or two chosen comrades, by means of a rope lowered down the face of the rock to the K-asu; and Achulko, he added, would be surrendered immediately afterwards. A strict watch was immediately ordered to be kept at the indicated spot, and directions were given to awaken the General at whatever hour of the night the capture of the redoubted Schamyl might be effected.

Just before dawn, one—two—three men were seen to cautiously descend by a rope, let gently down on the river side, as predicted, who were of course instantly secured, and hurried off to the General's tent. One of the captives admitted, in the flurry of the surprise, was supposed that he was Schamyl; and this was confirmed by the Englishman, through whose information the important prize had been secured. General Grabbe was delighted, and an estafette was forthwith despatched with the tidings, that the notorious rebel, Schamyl Bey, had been caught, and ordered to be shot out of hand. Whilst all this was going on, the rope which had been quietly drawn up again, was once more lowered, and this time only one man descended by it, who reached the river unobserved, leaping upon a raft that just at that critical moment swept by, and the too hastily exulting Russian General was aroused to a knowledge of the trick that had been played him by shouts of "Schamyl! Schamyl!" from the mud walls of Achulko, in the exulting reply to the waving of a small green flag, by the true Schamyl, as he swept down the swift Koziza, in the dawning sunlight, presently to find himself amidst hills and amongst friends, that would render successful pursuit, if attempted, impossible. Achulko surrendered at discretion, the huts were burned, and Gen. Grabbe retraced his steps in a very angry mood, which a daring attack on his rear-guard, by the ubiquitous and indefatigable Schamyl, at the head of a large body of horse, exasperated to fury. The linam was beaten off with some difficulty, and the victorious General's march was gallantly resumed, and concluded without further molestation.

THE MYSTERIES OF CRIME IN NEW YORK.

There was the simple announcement in the Tribune yesterday, of a girl lost. "A good-looking, rather tall girl, seventeen years of age, dark complexion and dark hair, was lost." "She was well dressed and started to go from her father's house in Spring st. near Broadway, to her brother's, in the same street. And she was lost." Some stranger who reads that simple announcement one who has spent a night at one of the three great hotels in the corners of Spring st. and Broadway, may wonder that a girl should be lost in such a respectable neighborhood. He does not know that the guests of the biggest of the three hotels look down upon one side upon one of the worst gambling hells, and one of the police-permitted gambling lottery offices in the city, and on the other side upon still worse premises; houses which the vocabulary of infamous language has no words black enough to describe, houses which are ever open for innocent young girls to enter, from which innocent young girls never return. They are "lost."—This is not the first girl lost in New York. These are not the first parents who have been deeply afflicted; who have appealed in vain through the press, for any information of "a girl lost."

We have a little incident to relate of a girl lost. A few years ago No. 600 Church St. was accounted the "luckiest" house in the street. There are a great many unluckily ones in that street now, and that particular one is estimated the most unluckily of all them. It should be so. It was in that house, about three years ago that a girl was lost. For the sake of her parents brothers and sisters, and large family of relatives we will not give her true name. We will call her Julia Montgomery. She was just such a girl as the one described in the "Item" of yesterday. She was tall and handsome, just seventeen, with dark hair and eyes, and well dressed. She lived in one of the river towns, and came down upon one of the barges that float down such a multitude of things produced by farmers, in company with her father and mother, who brought some of their own produce to market. On the same boat were two young men who had been up the river, they said on a sporting excursion. This was true. But they might have added, "What is sport to us is death to you." They were gamblers. On the passage they made the acquaintance of Julia, and by their bland manners completely won the confidence of the old folks. When they arrived, they were very anxious that Julia should go home with them and see their sisters. They were not so anxious that her mother should go, but they insisted very hard that she should go, because they knew she would not. She had butter and eggs and chickens to sell, and lots of shopping to do, so Julia went alone.

She came back to the boat towards night to tell her mother what nice girls the Miss Campbells were, and that they wanted she should go with them to the theatre, and then, as it would be late, stay all night. The mother consented, as Mr. Campbown was such a fine young man. After the play they had an oyster supper and wine, and Julia became very much elated. Then they went home to Mr. Campbown's house, which was no other than that notorious Church-st. den, and the "sisters" the most notorious sinners in it. Of course more wine was drunk, and Julia became oblivious of what transpired. She waked to consciousness next morning to find herself—a girl lost. Almost delirious, she flew from the wicked second del at her side to the street door, to find it barred against her. In vain she begged and prayed, and cried to be let out. The soul incarnated in the infernal regions might as well pray for egress. She finds in both cases only scoffing at the victim's agony. Then she grew wildly furious, and they tied her hands and feet and carried her down into the coal cellar "to let her get over her fit," and keep her out of sight till the old woman "was out of the way." For three days, Campbown watched her father and mother, and then they gave up and went home with heavy hearts, for "a girl was lost." Yes, she was "lost." Then Campbown went back to enjoy his "country beauty." She was lost to him also. In some of the pallings down and diggings up in that street all that remains to earth will make another "Item" to a daily paper. It will be headed "human bones found."

The inmates of that house soon left. It was no longer a lucky house. The ghost of the murdered girl walked through every room. One in particular never allowed any one to occupy. It

is said that the ghost still haunts that house. It is still an unlucky house. The old harridan who kept it—went off to New Orleans, lost all her property, and then was lost herself. Campbown still lives. We saw him a few days ago in the very street where the girl was lost, noticed in the "Item" of yesterday. Has he any connection with her loss? Reader, there is a girl lost. Ask where and why? Rum and gambling can answer. —N. Y. Tribune.

Humorous.

A little suspense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

MIND WHOM YOU KISS IN THE DARK.

There was a little milliner, Whose name was Charlotte Dunne, Thought there was aught of ill in her, She loved a bit of fun. And on an Easter holiday, With mind all free from care, (Though 'twas a melancholy day,) She went from Euston-square By train, in which beside her sat A man who seem'd polite, Talk'd, smiled, & look'd quite wisely at Another opposite. Onward, onward sped the train, O'er hill and dale, and now, The wind sped after it in vain, And could not get before. The whistle sounded long and shrill, A tunnel now they neared, Which near a lofty snow-clad hill Its dismal entrance made. Young Charlotte saw her first glimpse Blue slyly from his place, And by her side, right closely, he Sat with a smiling face. Thought she "these men look for a treat, Unless I judge amiss, And think 'twill be an easy feat To snatch a stolen kiss." So when they in the tunnel got, She changed her place as soon.

A LOVE SCENE.—"Sally, don't I like you?" "La' Jim, I reckon you do." "But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tomcat that dared to look at you for a second?" "I s'pect you would." "Well, the fact of it is Sally, I—" "Don't say anymore now Jim, I will —" "But it must be done immediately, I want you to —" "Oh hush, don't say any more." "I want you to-night to get —" "What? so soon! Oh! no! impossible! Father and mother would be so angry at me." "Howl be mad for doing me such a favour as to m—" "Yes, dear me! Oh! what a feeling." "But there is some mistake, for all I want to have you to do is to—mend my trousers!" Sally could bear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically, fainted away as dead as a log.

INDEPENDENT VOTING.—"Make way for a independent voter," said a man at a recent election at New Orleans. "Why my good man said the clerk, "it is not an hour since you deposited your vote at this very poll." "I knows it, I knows it," says the independent voter, "but that are was the Democratic ticket, this 'ere is the Whig." "But if you strive to vote twice I shall have you arrested." "You will, will you?" shouted the son of the overgrown people; "then I says if I'm denied the right o' voting for the Whigs, after going the whole ticket for the Democratic, there ain't no universal suffrage that's all. It's darned one-sided business, take it all round."

A NEW STRIKE.—Strikes are the order of the day, and who can blame the printers' devils for imitating the prevailing custom? "I ain't going to be called a printers' devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed the precocious nip of the Portsmouth Guardian the other day in a terrible pucker. "Well, what shall we call you?" "Call me a typographical spirit of evil if you like—that's all."

PADDY'S ILLUSTRATION.—Sure can't you understand it (says Paddy to a dull-headed countryman the other day, when trying to convince him that Drummond Castle and Stone Palace were very old houses, though the greater part of those buildings are of the modern date). My grandfather had a knife which he left to my father, the handle was gold, and my father replaced it with a new one. The knife was left to me, and I have got a new blade in it, but shure isn't it still my grandfather's knife.

A day or two ago a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the expression with an oath. "Simp, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

A Mohawk Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "the meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Henry said: "Dey must had werth hot wedder dere in New York. I read an account of a meeting were all de prophes had melted right away."

The last dog story is from Fayetteville, Arkansas, where a farmer's dog has been detected in going to the hog pen at night, and biting one of the hogs till he gets up, when "Atchy" lies down in the warm place and goes to sleep.

A man lately undertook to wrestle with a half pint of Brandy. First he took the Brandy down, with ease; but the way was won by Brandy, who took his antagonist down, and held him for the space of three hours.

Two maidens of all work, meeting in the street the other morning, had the following brief but pointed colloquy.—Sally—"Well, Bet, how are you?" Bet—"O, capital, my master has got the gout and cannot wear his boots, so I haven't got to clean them of a morning." Sally—"O! what luck?"

Fanny Fern says it is provoking for a woman who has worked all day at mending an old coat of her husband's to find a letter from another woman in his pocket.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside."

"If you bite me, I'll bite you," as the pepper-pod said to the boy.

Ladies' Department.

THE MOTHER'S BURIAL.

The stately steamer slack'd its speed, While from its side in single rank, A little band in haste proceed' Toward the flower bespangled bank. Their jolly boat bears o'er the wave, A mother's cold but loved remains They go to dig her gloomy grave, Far from her own her Shamrock plains!

Three children with a Father stood, In tears beside her pale form, While strangers sought amid the wood, Some spot on which might break no stone. They found a flow'ry festoon'd bank, And furnish'd for the stranger there The narrow house to which each rank, Of every grade is born heir!

And see her pale form they raise, With careless hands, as thoughtless hearts, No pity meets the husband's gaze, They know not how his bosom smarte! They care not that they carry now What's more than life—his all most dear, While grief is wrestling on his brow, To wring forth manhood's mad'ning tear!

Now in the grave form'd with rude skill, The youthful mother's corpse they place, See how her babes creep closer still, To catch the last look of her face; While stranger hands make haste to spread, The cold clay o'er its colder kin; Where it must rest in that low bed, 'Till roused by elemental din!

The careless crew's dark duty o'er, The weeping father's left alone; The jolly boat is mann'd once more, And in a harsh impatient tone, They haste the wretched mourner on, Who fain would linger near the grave, Of her, who in his manhood's dawn, Her happy heart and hand had gave!

He and his babes have turn'd and left, The mother in that lowly tomb; The steamer through the blue waves cleft, Urged by her engines ceaseless boom, And far behind the surging surge, Is left the youthful mother's grave; O'er which the pines may hymn her dirge, Assisted by the Rideau wave!

There often as the sun has sunk, Beyond that blue stream's woody shore I've sat beside that mossy bark, And thought of her that was no more. I've wept to think that one so fair, Should leave a land with pleasure strew'd, To fill a grave so dark and drear, Deep in the pine trees waving wood!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

HOW TO GET HUSBANDS.

Nelly Gray gives the following sensible advice to girls. These who ever expect to get husbands worthy of the name, would do well to read it twice over and profit by it.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies to have such a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake act like fools about it. Don't get into a fit of the nips every time you see a hat or a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men, they will run after you. Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puckers, she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be seen at meetings, concerts, and invariably takes the front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as Sabbath comes on Sunday.

Aren't you will flirt with you, and flatter you, simply because they love to do it; but they have no more idea of making you a wife, than they have to commit suicide. If I was a young man, I would have no more to do with such a fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience. If you practice it, you will gain a reputation for being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is all well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect letting grandma, or your dear mother, teach you how to make bread, and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king. No part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected. If you do not marry a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage for you to know how to oversee a servant girl, and instruct her to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most detestable of accomplishments, and you will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation—it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through.

Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming, and lovely an appearance, as a neat and plain dress. All the finery and tinsel work of the dressmaker and milliner are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty or particle; if you are homely, they will make you look worse—

Gentlemen don't court your faces and your jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger-rings and fobberols may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and do not be so distressingly polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling tongs to make people believe you have negro blood in your veins. If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to dab on paint, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, do not apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and ask their advice in everything. Think less of fashion than you do of the realities of life; and instead of trying to catch a beau, strive to make yourselves worthy of being caught by them.

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE

How vast and unbounded is the influence of woman! It is she who shapes the character of all men as the potter does his vessels. The mother receives her child when its mind is a blank sheet, upon which she must write characters for eternity. It is hers to bring up a child for honour or dishonour—to make it a blessing or a curse to the world! Oh, then, how arduous the duties, and how solemn the obligations of a mother! But, alas, too often are these responsibilities forgotten, and the mother, for the sake of gratifying her child, pursues a course that must result in its lasting injury. Such is the practice of giving to children sweetened drams, &c. I know the mother does this thoughtlessly,—she reflects not that she is cultivating an appetite which will perhaps prove the ruin of her son. Mother, you should consider that your children were not given to you that you might make drunkards of them, but sober and honourable men—not nuisances in society, but shining lights.

But the influence of woman is not confined only to the child, in the cradle. The tears and entreaties of a mother, a wife, or a sister, will often melt the hardest hearts of the most stubborn men. Cariclausus, with a stern and inflexible spirit, resisted supplications of three embassies, sent by the Senate of Rome. But no sooner was he informed that his mother and wife had come to entreat him to save the city, than, coming down from his tribunal, he flew to embrace them. Lifting up his mother, who had fallen at his feet, he said, "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!" Such was the influence that a Roman mother and wife were able to exert over a sturdy soldier; and have the women of America less influence than those of Rome? Woman, wherever you are, you have an influence, and that influence must be exercised for woe or for woe. And in no other cause may your power be exerted with more heavy effect, than in that of temperance. There are hundreds of men in our midst, who must fill drunkards' graves, unless speedily rescued. In vain have been the efforts of temperance men in their behalf. If they be not reclaimed by women, no hope remains for them. Mother, have you a drunken son? Go with ears in your eyes and plead with him. Wife, does your husband drink? Go, take your children with you, and ask him in the most loving manner for protection. Sister, does the brother whom you love frequent the drinking saloon? Throw your arms around his neck, and bedew his cheeks with your tears.—Sunbeam.

A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY.—An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor, but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey—that is to say, she dared not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still he remained inexorable. Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let not concealment "like a worm in the bud" prey on the damask cheek however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had he been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and as he saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than mope down to death, thee had better marry as thee chooses, and when thee pleases."

And what did Mary? Wait until the birds of the air had told her away of the change, or wait until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She placed her neat plain bonnet on her head and walked as direct to the house of her lover as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress at the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. Louis looked up inquiringly. She walked up to him, and put her hand in his: "Louis," said she, "father says I may have thee." And Louis got directly up from the dinner-table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

I, DIER, LOOK AT THIS—PERFUMERY.—Some idea may be formed of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce when it is stated that one of the large perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 80,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 60,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 51,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 35,000 pounds of violet flowers, 20,000 pounds of tubo roses, 16,000 pounds of lilac flowers, besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odoriferous plants in like proportions.

A STARTLING QUERY.—A young lady who went out on a shopping excursion, entered a store, and addressing an interesting young gentleman behind the counter, inquired if he had any silk hose. "Certainly, Miss," replied he and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles. After selecting a pair, she looked very innocently, and inquired,— "How high do they come, sir?" The clerk blushed, turned to the face all sorts of colors, spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and repeated her question. Again the youth stammered, and said— "Really, Miss, I—that is to say I think—I could not be positive, but my impression is that they come just above the knees." The young lady fainted on the spot.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not cease to obey.

This is a Thanksgiving Song written by the late Dr. Ware, and sung recently in the United States

Come, uncles and cousins; come nieces and aunts
Come, nephews and brothers—no iron's—no can't's,
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away,
The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth;
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth,
From the anvil, the counter, the farm come away,
Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed,—
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best;
No calph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving day.

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts,
Come forward and seize them without ifs or buts;
Bring none of your lim. li le appetites here—
Thanksgiving day comes on y over in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
Now brothers and sisters, long parted, embrace,—
The family ring is uned once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the power that has guarded his hearth,
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And rub out what the future may bring;
Let doubt and repining be washed away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving day.

SIMILITUDES.—THE VOICE FROM THE CLOSED BLIND.

A tiny voice it was, joyous in its baby-prattling as the tinkling of a fountain in the first ray of sun rise. Alone and moody, I used to wonder where it came from, until one day I saw two dimpled fingers pushing rose leaves through a green window-blind down into the dusty street. I could only guess about the cunning little mouth, always budding into smiles, whence those gay, broken syllables fell like shaken drops of dew; and about the cherub light of the eyes, and the small plump shape to which the voice belonged.

How much happiness had that little one shut in with itself behind the blind! Home blessedness and hope, in a warm shower upon the father's earth-parched being; a river of love in the mother's heart, opening back through swaying shadows, into gleams of an immortal source; that baby voice might show the overflowing of these. O, perhaps it was an orphan, innocently lavish of its present gladness, ignorant of the heart-poverty that commerce with the world would bring.

It was a pleasant little mystery, that voice from the blind, but it suggested a mystery much deeper.

Every soul speaks from behind the screen of sense. The outer world shades the glory of its original home. Hither it comes, singing and prattling like a child in its glad unconsciousness, but all impatient to shake off the white robes of simplicity, and wrap it-self in the coarse garments that are worn in the highways and byways of life. Then, when it knows the world, a stronger and closer blind is put up, behind which it immures itself, when love that makes the home charm, has been buried away from its walls.

All our inward intimations of immortality—do they not come to us between the long silences, and weary, noisy rumblings of life's street, like that infant's voice from behind the closed blind?

AN APPEAL TO FATHERS.

Has it occurred to the mind of the temperance drinker, that your bright-eyed boy now prancing in his innocency about your parlour may one day, by your example, become a Sor like that poor wretch you saw in your walks this morning? You may feel perfectly strong in your own resolution—you may be able to fix a limit to your own libations; but can you do so for all the future of that darling son, now frolicking before your eyes, a sinless witness of his father's uppling habits? Do you not love that son—do you not wish to see him become an ornament to Society—do you desire your death-bed to be sweetened by the reflection, that your name will be handed down by that much loved son untarnished—undisgraced? Then banish the wine cup from your table. Banish it from your dwelling—banish it from your walk—banish it widely and entire. Be assured that your example to that child—that bright eyed one—will be worth

more than ten thousand sermons on temperance—or ten thousand temperance laws. Will you not give up the use then of all that intoxicates, if not for your own sake, at least for that of your son? Think not that your child is too young to notice—think not that his memory will prove treacherous. Turn your thoughts back into the past, can you not recall scenes of a very early date indelibly fixed in your memory? When these scenes transpired you were even younger than that bright-eyed one, now looking up so innocently in your face. Perhaps the impression on his waxen mind, is yet too faint to be fading. The picture of his father over his wine or brandy bottle, may be effaced by daily presenting to him in future that father with the pure element of water only. Taught at home by precept and example, that darling son will enter life fortified against the wiles of the enemy, and when your aged steps shall fail, he will be your glory and support, not as in the other case, he may be your shame and reproach.

Give us the Maine Law, or something akin to it. Let us have it at once! There is no time for delay. Every hour that rolls over us without some action in the matter is an hour of guilt. The spirit Demon of Alcohol, and Murder are sworn brothers. They have leagued together to bring ruin and disgrace upon this fair State of ours—the Empire State! The Empire of the bandy hand! Shame, shame on our supineness—our deafness to this weighty matter. What man is afraid of his popularity to vote for such a law? Let him dread the consequences if he does not vote for it. When the cry of murder rings through his streets, when the midnight assassin tells one of his own kindred to the earth, who will be guilty of that murder? O people of the Empire State—rise in your majesty and demand the passage of this law, or look to it for the consequences on your own heads. Awake, awake, awake! ye sleepers, and save the tottering State!—American Ex.

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

Three little words we often see
Are Articles, a, an, and the
A Noun's the name of anything,
As school, garden hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun;
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand:
Her head, his face, my arm, your hand.
Verbs tell of something being done;
To read, write, count, sing, jump or run.
How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind and weather.
The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as in or through a door.
The Interjections show surprise,
Oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise!
The whole are called nine parts of Speech
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

LITERARY AFFECTATION.—The Lord Advocate of Scotland, in the concluding address to the Philosophical Institution on the 1st of April, spoke of literary affectation or mannerism in the following words, pregnant with truth and common sense:—"The vice of mannerism is that epidemic which, whether in prose or verse, is the most discreditible type of our modern writers of fiction. Men seem to scorn to say what they have to say in simple words, and to think that their thoughts will not get justice unless dressed out in a peculiar, and generally fantastic, livery of their own. I shall make no insidious allusions; but I own I long to see some man of healthy and vigorous genius arise, who will despise trickery, and expel the demon of affectation from its literary throne—who will have courage to trust to the simplicity of nature, and not be too pedantic to make common language the vehicle of his thoughts. In Byron's lives and Scott's novels we have a standing rebuke of our degenerate taste. In reading a work of fiction, which has from various causes met with a rare renown; I mean that picture of slave life contributed by a fair American authoress—I was struck with nothing more than the exquisite simplicity and purity of the style. The truth is, the authoress was too much in earnest about her subject to be preoccupied about the words she used, and the result is, that as a mere work of art, and viewing it as a mere critical performance, she has produced a work of fiction, to my mind, of a class which no one since Scott has reached."—Atlas Advertiser.

Two young men waited upon the late Peter S. Duponcean, to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced:—

"Mr. Duponcean, our father died and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," said Mr. Duponcean.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," replied Mr. Duponcean.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then Mr. Duponcean observed:—

"Oh! I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes! that must be it! that must be it!"

A minister, travelling where the road was difficult to find, questioned a man by the way-side to direct him, naming the place where he wished to go.

"Well," said the hedger and ditcher, "keep on just as you are going about a mile and a half, there at the cross-roads you will see a minister, who will direct you to the left a couple of miles, and there at the forks of the road is another minister who will direct you to the right about three miles, and so on, at every fork and cross of the road, is a minister to tell you which road to take."

"Ah," said the parson, "what do you call a minister?"

"Why," said the other, "those things that stand up at the cross and forks of the roads, with something like a hand on them."

"Finger boards, you mean," says the preacher, "why do you call them ministers?"

"Because they are always pointing the way to other people, and never go themselves."

THE MINISTER TREE.—One hundred and twenty-one children, and their teacher, found room to stand on a section of the big tree exhibiting in Sacramento, all at once.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour to the cup, when it moveth itself aright. Arise last of all like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. — Prov. xxiii. 31.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1853.

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

BY JOHN BARNES.

O ye who start a noble scheme, For general good designed— Ye workers in a cause that tends To benefit your kind— Mark out the path you fain would tread, The game you mean to play, And if it be an honest one, Keep steadfast on your way.

Although you may not gain at once The points you most desire, Be patient—time can wonders work— Plod on, and do not tire; Obstructions, too, may crowd your path, In threatening stern array; Yet slinch not 'lest not' they may prove Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do, Stand not despairing by— Let 'Forward' be the move you make, Let 'Onward' be your cry; And when success has crowned your plans, 'Twill all your pains repay, To see the good your labor's done, Then droop not on your way!

SEND IN YOUR LISTS EARLY—AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

It is desirable that our agents, new and old, should send their lists within the first week in January. Of course further exertions can be made afterwards. Try and obtain subscribers from the farmers and mechanics, and professional classes, who heretofore have not read papers in the interest of the Sons. Our true object just now is to influence all classes, to make the Order of the Sons universally known, and to convince the public of the necessity of an immediate change in the liquor laws. Unless some untoward accident should occur, our first Number for 1854 will be received by our subscribers on Saturday, the 7th day of January next.

PREMIUMS OFFERED IN JANUARY, 1854.—To any agent or friend obtaining 10 new subscribers at 6s. 3d. each, and enclosing the money within January, we will send a bound volume of this paper for 1852, and charge him but half price for the paper for 1854. To any agent or friend sending 15 new subscribers as above, we will send bound volumes of this paper for 1852 and 1853 free, and charge him but half price for his paper for 1854. To any agent or friend sending 20 new subscribers, we will send bound volumes of 1852 and 1853, his paper free, and a beautiful volume of poems worth \$1. To any agent or friend sending us 25 new subscribers, we will send bound volumes of this paper for 1852 and 1853, his paper free, and "God in History," a book worth 6s. 3d.

WHY SHOULD TEMPERANCE PAPERS BE LOWER THAN POLITICAL ONES?—It is a strange thing that people should expect to receive temperance papers at a less price than political ones. Such is however the case everywhere. One would suppose that, seeing a temperance paper is engaged in a great and good movement, is limited almost entirely to one class favouring temperance, contains less advertisements than the political press, and is quite as well conducted, that a higher price should be paid for it. Many papers are published in Canada for which 12s. 6d. or 10s. in advance are charged that contain less reading than this paper. Friends of temperance this is wrong. Our paper for 1854 will be a sheet containing eight pages. It will be nearly as large as McKenzie's Message, for which we charge only 6s. 3d. in advance. It will also have a new and beautiful heading.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We frequently receive letters enclosing money for this paper not marked money. All letters containing money should be marked "MONEY," and delivered into the post-office personally to the Post-master, so that he may at once register them.

REMEMBER OUR TERMS for 1854 are \$1½ payable in December, or January. This sum can be enclosed in a letter marked "money," addressed to C. DURAN, Editor Son of Temperance. A \$1 and 1s. 3d. in change, only cost 3d. postage. Post-office stamps could be sent.

THE COLDSTREAM DIVISION IN THIS CITY.—We are glad to hear that this Division is progressing finely. For some two months past they have initiated, on an average, four every night of meeting. On one night twenty seven persons were proposed as members. On another night about a dozen persons were initiated. A large number of the soldiers have joined the Division. This is an excellent movement on the part of the soldiers

and the Division. These men are often unfortunate in acquiring habits of drinking. The many low taverns about cities entice them from duty, and eat up the little money that is given them. Heretofore drunkenness has been the great vice of British soldiers and sailors. Their open heartedness renders them easy victims at the low inns, that everywhere abound in large cities. It is a matter of rejoicing then to see such men join temperance associations like the Sons. There are some very good men in this Coldstream Division. It numbers now over one hundred members—has a large Hall, built by its enterprise within a year. A well conducted Division like this, having a Hall, can do a great amount of good in a city, as well as afford much agreeable company to each other. It is a pity that every Ward of Toronto had not just such a Division as this with its hall for weekly meetings of sober and industrious men.

DRUNKENNESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND—ITS CAUSE.

STATE OF THE POOR.—The prospects of a large number of our population for the coming winter have of late been largely discussed by most of our contemporaries; and though differing in some respects, we find them in agreement on one point—that the aid of the government will be required to a considerable extent. Employment on the roads, as far as it goes, is confessedly the most desirable mode of ministering to the wants of the destitute; and on this subject we are glad to learn that the government have withdrawn certain restrictions placed a short time ago on the Road Boards, which would have limited their operations to an amount of expenditure far below the present exigencies of the people. We trust therefore that the Commissioners will apply themselves vigorously to the service, so that the monies may be expended while season is yet fit for road work—thus securing real value to the country while relieving the necessities of the industrious poor.

There are several causes contributing to the lamentable position of many of our people at this time—the short fishery—the potato failure—and the suspension of the Telegraph works by which many of our best men have lost their season's wages. The concurrence of such untoward events would at any time produce serious want and suffering, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that there is another potent influence at work in the state of things before us. Who can pass through our streets without seeing that Intemperance has acquired a fearful ascendancy, and that its effects upon the population—apart altogether from its moral bearing—is an appalling material waste. The revenue from Rum is on the increase, while we have to record a falling off in the resources of those who pay for it. And when we consider the amount of the earnings of labour spent to purchase the Rum now consumed here, with the consequent loss of health and physical power, it seems vain to expect prosperity amongst those thus suicidally enslaved; and though the fishery were fair, the potato sound, and Telegraph claims met, we should still have to confront wretchedness and misery to a vast extent.

The Rum-traffic is demoralizing and pauperising our people, and we can hope but for little real improvement while it continues to hold its palmy position among us.—Newfoundlander.

PRINCIPLES OF THE CARSON LEAGUE.

Frequent inquiry being made in regard to the plan of the Carson League, we give the following, furnished by Mr. Carson himself to a contemporary. It is believed by many that this plan will be found important in securing the enforcement of the Maine law.

The object of the Carson League is the abolition of dram-shops, and utter extermination of the rum trade. It proposes to do this by combining the moral power, the political power, and the legal power of the State.

The following is its plan:

- 1. Each member of the League gives the amount of his property on the assessment roll, or as much as he will, to be assessed pro rata for the prosecution of all violations of excise laws. Taxed for rum's doing they must be. Let them be taxed to fine and imprison the murderers of their families, rather than to support those murderers and to defray the expense of the imprisonment and ruin of their own children.
2. Through the ballot-box the League is pledged to get possession of all the officers in towns, counties, and State, that by them the prohibition of the traffic may be in their efforts.—Without the Legislature, we cannot have the Maine law. Without judges and juries, sheriffs and constables, district attorneys and poor-masters, nothing can be done to execute such laws, or any other for the prohibition of this trade. Any man who has not this end at heart, is not fit to hold office.
3. Legal power. This is virtually included in the above. With the judiciary, all temperance laws are unavailing. It is to be had through the ballot-box, and to be set in motion by means of the moral power of the counties and States.
The League forms a Joint Stock Company, any person being allowed to become a member by taking one or more shares of the capital stock. The following is the form of the note given by the members of the stock:
For value received, I promise to pay to the Treasurer of Carson League, of the County of —, for the suppression of rum-selling, — dollars, payable pro-rata assessments on the whole stock of said company, not to exceed in one year, fifty cents on a thousand dollars, according to the provisions of their constitution.

THESE RESOLUTIONS OF THE NATIONAL DIVISION ARE IMPORTANT.—At the late Session of the National Division, held at Chicago, Ill., the following, among other business, was transacted:—

The committee on Constitutions, to whom was referred the memorial of the Grand Division of Canada East, praying the N. D. to enact a Law that should entitle benefit members leaving one Division to the same privilege immediately on depositing their cards in another Division, would report:

That while they feel the importance of the subject submitted for our consideration by the memorialists, they are of opinion that it is a matter entirely within the jurisdiction of the several

Subordinate Divisions and with which this National Division should not interfere

Your committee, therefore, ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.—Agreed to.

Resolved, That the installation ceremonies in Grand and Subordinate Divisions, may be performed in public at the option of Divisions.—Adopted.

The committee on Appeals, are of opinion, that Subordinate Divisions are vested with discretionary power as to suspension, they may suspend under certain circumstances, but it is not obligatory upon the Divisions to suspend, according to the decision of this body at Richmond.

The Password may be withheld from a member three months in arrears.—Agreed to.

GRAND SOIREE AT PORT DALHOUSIE.—The Sons of Temperance of Port Dalhousie, and vicinity, gave a grand Soiree on Thursday evening last, in their Hall, which was crowded with a most respectable assembly, Mr. Elijah Cole, was called to preside, when the proceedings of the evening were opened by prayer.

The speakers on the interesting occasion, were, the Rev. J. E. Ryerson, Captain Hamilton, Colonel Clark, J. G. Currie, Esq., and Mr. Sheppard, all of whom acquitted themselves well. Mr. Ryerson spoke most eloquently and at considerable length. Col. Clark's speech is represented as having been a most feeling and persuasive one, and of the well known abilities of the other speakers of the evening 'tis unnecessary to dwell, suffice it to say, owing to the excellent arrangements of the lady manager, everything passed off most agreeably. The ladies of the Soc. deserve much credit for the taste displayed in decorating the Hall, as well as for the trouble taken in providing such an abundant supply of refreshments.

The vocal music was good, and Signore Elliott's String Band added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The Signor may be justly proud of his attainments.—Post St. Catharines.

DRUNKENNESS EVERYWHERE.—Intelligence from Newfoundland to the 16th inst. states, that the Chief Justice there in his charge to the Grand Jury at the opening of the Court of Assize, deplored the great increase of drunkenness on the Island.

CARPET FOR THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.—It is stated that a gorgeous carpet has just been finished at Glasgow, Scotland, for the White House Washington. It measures 80 feet long by 40 feet broad; the portion woven in the loom without a seam being 7½ by 31 feet; and the remainder consists of a handsome border sewn on. The fringe in of the carpet is a ruby and crimson damask, with three tasteful medallions in the centre, and a neat corner-piece to correspond. The medallions are filled up with bouquets of flowers, designed and executed with magnificent taste. The entire piece weighs upwards of a ton, and is valued at \$2,500.

LATE NEWS.

The trip on the Great Western, from Hamilton to London, was made in going and returning, in about three hours and twenty minutes. Three hundred persons sat down to dinner in London and banquet was given in New York lately to Mr. Mitchell, at which 1200 persons sat down to feast. Speeches were made by Mitchell, Meagher, Greeley, and others. The Pope has excommunicated Giovanni, and also all the readers of the Crusader published by him in New York city. Catherine Hayes' state debt was about gone to Australia. Snow in Montreal on the 19th inst. was from one to three feet deep. The United States have sent troops to Erie to put down the riots there in respect of the railroad. The anti-slavery is committing great ravages in the Sandwich Islands. A great excitement is about to be got up in South America on account of a discovery of gold mines of great extent on the Amazon. The mines of California are proving unusually productive just now. From England we learn that Kossuth has been invited to a public dinner at Glasgow, given to discuss the Eastern question. He declined attending, but wrote a long letter explaining his views on the question. He takes a very wise and far seeing view of the matter, and strongly deprecates the hesitancy of England—indirectly accuses her of moral cowardice, as indeed the whole world does. He says that Austria has 90,000 men on the Servian Frontiers watching Turkey, and the latter is obliged to use 50,000 men as a reserve guard. Rumour says that Louis Napoleon is determined to send troops to Turkey immediately, and that the English Cabinet (Mr. Russell, is trying to persuade him not to do so. Such conduct is extraordinary in England. On the other hand we learn that the French, English, and Turkish Fleets are active in hunting down the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea. The operatives in the Hays Buildings of New York had a very narrow escape, especially the girls, from fire. A correspondent of the New York Organ gives a frightful account of intemperance in California—he says the males are nearly as bad there as the mer—that they generally drink on the bars. There are twenty Divisions of the Sons here, of two thousand members. The Second Annual Session of the Grand Division was held in Sacramento, California, in the beginning of November. The notorious Bedini, the Pope's nuncio, is at Passburgh. It is said large numbers of laborers are on their way to Canada from the United States—wages being lowered in the latter country. The riots at Erie on the 1st inst. still continue. Alfred Tamlinson, Joseph Tamlinson, Cicero Tamlinson, and Horatio S. Levens, have been committed to goal by a verdict of a coroner's jury, on the charge of murdering Wm. Rollson, found in the Toronto Bay. The evidence as yet is small against them. Text men have heretofore borne good characters, and the three former are old and supposed to be respectable inhabitants of Markham. The £10,000 job is now being thoroughly investigated in chancery. Mr. Brown and Mr. McKenzie were at Guilph on the 21st, and considerable opposition was given to Mr. Brown, he says, by Romanians.

THE CADETS OF TEMPERANCE at Brockville gave a Soiree on the 16th inst. at Brockville. Cats in Australia bring \$15 each. We are sorry to see the strife existing between Mr. Brown and Mr. McKenzie. Upon most things the two gentlemen are supposed to be in accord (if their words can be believed) to agree. There is some difference in their views on the Catholic question. The meeting at Guilph on the 21st was a noisy affair, resulting in breaking up Mr. Brown's meeting. Each gentleman addressed different audiences.

We see in Detroit the small courts have declared the provisions of the Michigan Maine law unconstitutional, and that the small grog-shops in that city are re-opened. Such trucking and mobocracy is contemptible. The case (was that of one PATRICK COLLINS,) tried before a Justice of the Peace. It would seem dangerous to be found in every community willing to throw down the interests and put down the will of the sober people. Chicago in the beginning of the month a large Temperance Convocation was held.

The Literary Gem.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR 1853.

Go year, fifty-three, like a friend to thy rest,
To the shades where thy brothers have gone,
Full freighted with joys, by some you are bless'd,
By others in sorrow and sighs you are known

zen, he is an apostle of temperance; as a politician, he can put his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whiskey,
marching a crew of brawling patriots, pugnaciously drunk, to
exercise the free man's noble franchise—the vote.

THE SOURCE OF OUR TAXES.

The following intelligence is extracted from the Quebec Gazette—a reliable source. The revenue from customs alone, it
will be seen, yield over four millions of dollars. In the expenditure
of this money, which is of course wrung from the pockets
of the Canadian farmers and consumers, by indirect taxation,

Table with columns for Exports up to 10th October, 1853, and Imports to above date, 1853, with monetary values in pounds and shillings.

The above figures—indicating, as they do, a flourishing state
of trade and the prosperous condition of the country—will be regarded
with high satisfaction. The details of general increase
cannot be given to the public until after the expiration of the
fiscal year; but we may with perfect safety anticipate a very
great increase of Customs' Receipts at the several principal
ports, with a corresponding enlargement at minor places, and an
almost unprecedented addition to the entire Revenue of the Province, viz.:

Table with columns for QUEBEC, MONTREAL, and TORONTO, showing Total (estimated) amount of collections for 1853 and actual amounts for 1852, along with differences.

It may be fairly calculated that the Trade Returns for the
present year will exhibit a total Customs Revenue bordering on
£1,034,969, being an increase over last year's receipts (£739,
263) of £295,706. Besides, the revenue arising from the Public
Works will be augmented by an average of nearly 41 per cent.
In view of this enormous increase, the first use to be made
of our prosperity, is to reduce taxation. The mercantile community
must be looked to for the earliest move in the direction of
lowering the tariff rates, at present unnecessarily high.

With such a plethora of funds in the exchequer, the public
should keep a sharp look out for what is done with them. So
much money is tempting; and unless its keepers be not carefully
watched, it will most assuredly be squandered or perverted to
fulfil purposes of subordination and extravagance.

One of the lessons of political economy is, that it is always far
safer for the people when ministers are forced to demand supplies,
than when a well-filled treasury tempts them to help themselves,
and enables the government to maintain positions antagonistic
to the popular will.

IN EAST AND NORTH

Two sisters stand by Stamboul's sunny ways
Two sisters sit where At the sea winds blow
Hands clasped, the first watch a fleet breeze a gust
Hands clasped, the second weep beside a grave

THE DESERTED BOWER.

All who have visited the shores of Lake Ontario, must
have been struck with their beauty. No lover of nature
can stand unmoved while he looks forth upon its soul-stirring
and romantic scenes. It was one of those beautiful evenings in
the rosy month of June, when heaven and earth seemed to blend
their glories together, I took the arm of one of my friends who
had suggested the pleasant thought of spending a few leisure
moments in strolling along the shores of this beautiful lake.

All was calm,—not a sound fell upon the ear save the mild
murmur of the wave as it rolled over the "golden sand" and mingled
its music with the notes of the feathered vocalist in the deep
woodland grove. Our path lay through a deep forest formed
chiefly of the maple, whose pendant branches dip in the golden
radiance of the setting sun, formed a beautiful arch-way above
our heads. Onward we bent our way, till at length our path
opened to our view a beautiful country residence. As the night
broke upon us with all its heaven-like beauty, I was led to ex-
claim, Oh! how lovely! But my friend uttered not a word—he
stood as unmoved as a statue amidst all the angel forms of beau-
ty which were around us. I inquired the cause of his silence.
"Ah!" said he, "memory throws its dark shade on all the bright
scenes with which we are surrounded. The past like a vision
floats before me; you may admire while angel hands touch the
trembling strings of the harp of the universe, and roll through
the temple of your heart a full tide of music,—yet memory stirs
the depth of my soul." Anxious to know what so much troubled
my friend, I requested him to relate to me the things which
so much troubled his mind. He complied, and thus began:—
"See yonder, on that hill-side, where that fountain spatters its
starry pearls on the violet cheek, and then leaps into the bosom of
Ontario, that Deserted Bower; it is the place where one of the
fairest and most lovely beings which adorned this dark earth,
used to sit and watch the sun as he hid his head in Ontario's
snowy wave. When I first became acquainted with her I had
just entered the army as a soldier, to engage in the last bloody
struggle between Canada and the United States. As we were
stationed not far from this place, I used frequently to return home
to spend a few days with my friends. When I first made my
tryst to that Deserted Bower, I fondly believed that the heart and
hand of the fair one was free, but the delusion soon fled—the
phantom faded. I soon found that she was to be married to a
young gentleman of my acquaintance, by the name of McGregor.
This young man was an intimate friend of mine, I had an in-
fluence over him. In fact, I truly loved him, and thought it
would be my greatest joy to have him for my comrade in the
camp. I pointed him to the glories of war—the military
achievements which I had achieved. In a word, I fired his young
heart with the thoughts of honor and a victor's wreath. He very
reluctantly tore himself from the idol of his heart, the object
around which his youthful affections clustered, joined our regi-
ment for three months.

His first engagement was at Queenston Heights, where fell the
gallant Brock. We marched side by side in the bloody conflict.
I had become somewhat accustomed to like-scenes, but he was
not. I can never forget the ashy paleness of his face, nor
saw the proud banner of the enemy floating in the air and their
steel flashing in the sunlight. What an awe of silence! How
the thoughts of home and his loved one rushed through his bosom.
But soon the thunder of the cannon broke the silence, and the
angel of death spread his dark wing over the scene. I gazed
from my side my friend McGregor, I turned to find him, and I
saw him bleeding at my feet; a bullet had entered his neck. I
soon took him by the collar of the coat and drew him where we
were secure from harm. His first word was, "You will find a
piece of paper in my cap and a pen in my pocket, take it, dip it
in the blood which flows warm from my heart, and write to her
whom I so dearly love. Tell her that I remembered her in death,
that the hours which we have spent together, shed a fragrance on
my heart, as I was dying on the field of battle." I knew by his
side, dipped in his war blood, and wrote his dying words.
When I had finished he raised his eyes and said, "Take this letter,
my waifu, and to the money which I have, and with your own
hands deliver them to her whom I so dearly love. I stand by
him till death had done us work, and then hastened to join my
companions.

A few weeks flew by and I was again at home. But oh! how
could I present the letter? I had met undaunted, the fire on the
battle-field—faced the cannon's mouth—waded through scenes
of blood—but still I could scarcely muster courage to fulfil the
dying request of my friend. I waited all night the time that I
was to return. It was a golden summer evening, old Ontario
lay like a giant asleep. The gentle breezes rocked the branches

THE PARTY MAN.

The following extract from a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher,
in a measure illustrates his style, and is valuable for the impor-
tant truth it contains:

"I describe next a more respectable and more dangerous poli-
tician—the Party Man. He has associated his ambition, his in-
terests, and his affections with a party. He prefers, doubtless,
that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under
the companionship of good men, but rather than lose the victory
he will consent to any means, and follow any man. Thus, with
a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party pushes
constantly to dishonorable deeds. He opposes fraud by craft,
he lies; he slanders by counter-aspersion. To be sure it is wrong
to misstate, to distort, to suppress or color facts; it is wrong to
employ the evil passions; to set class against class, the poor
against the rich, the country against the city, the farmer against
the mechanic, one sect against another section. But his oppo-
nents do it, and if they will take advantage of men's corruption,
he must, or lose by his virtue. He gradually adopts two charac-
ters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of
his party he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he
is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients.
As a man, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a politi-
cian, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous; anything for party.
As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he
employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the
flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles
upon it, in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man
he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man
of whom victory may be gained can be too bad. As a citi-

of the forest oak and maple I walked silently to a path that led to the house where I was to deliver my message. At length I saw the young lady seated as usual in the Bower. When I arrived she arose and greeted me with a smile; it went like a dagger to my heart. She then repaired to her room; I presented the letter all red with my heart's blood, she gazed with mute astonishment, uttered a deep sigh, and then retired to her room. A month more, and you might have seen a group of mourners standing on yonder hill-side, weeping over the remains of one who once occupied the now deserted Bower.

F. B. ROLFF.

Paris, June, 26th, 1853.

Agricultural.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN

2 VAN XXXIII. 4

Tar wind doth move, with the cold rain falls, And the garden blooms no more, But the dark clouds fly O'er the winter sky, And the sweet flowers now that decaying lie Shall the spring restore.

So care may come with a blighting breath, And the hopes of life decline, But the tear and sigh With the hour flies by, As the wind and rain from the cloudy sky, 'Neath the bright sun-shine

And Death his shadowy wings shall spread O'er the young head, fair and gay, As the flower shall fade 'Neath its baleful shade, His youth in the bed that the worms invade For the mouldering prey.

In vain the wind and the rain shall beat O'er the dreamless sleeper there; Though many a year Shall the water here Return with the howling tempest d ear To the sons of care.

Howl on—for the winds be calm to him, And his grave sweep softly o'er; On his darkened eyes Shall a dawning rise— The sun of a cloudless paradise, To set in storms no more

THE WEATHER during the past week has been quite cold, accompanied by occasional flurries of snow, of a few inches deep; no sleighing as yet. The wind has been generally north or north-west. The ground frozen hard. The Toronto and Hamilton Bays are not yet entirely closed against steamers. The roads are beaten level with travel. Large quantities of pork are coming in and selling at rather low prices. Poultry is abundant and selling at high prices. The display of meat in the Toronto markets is very good,—a credit to the butchers, Toronto and Canada. We must now expect some cold weather to make up for the three weeks of warm weather in the beginning of the month.

IMPORTATION OF GOATS INTO WALES.—Singular as it may appear, yet it is perfectly true, that large flocks of goats have recently been imported into Wales from the highlands of Scotland. This step has been rendered necessary by the almost total extinction, in many parts of the principality, of one of the original inhabitants of the country. This scarcity of the goat has arisen from the extensive enclosures of barren and waste lands for the purpose of agriculture, and the number of plantations made of late years; these, joined with the fact that the tenants have been discouraged from keeping up the breed, have materially operated in rendering scarce this hardy animal. The importations have been with a two-fold object; but the principal one is that the milk of the goat is very nutritious and large in quantity, and, as the animal can easily be kept upon herbs and garden refuse, it falls within the power of any poor cottager to keep a goat, which, in return, would afford a full supply of milk at comparatively no expense. In the neighbourhood of the iron-works flocks of these animals would prove of great utility and economy.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Make it a rule never to allow the haulm leaves, etc., of plants to remain on the ground when the crop is gathered; a convenient place outside the garden should be appropriated for the garden refuse; and ere the leaves, etc., are wheeled to the heap, let a sprinkling of ashes or charred refuse be placed over each layer, by which a heap of valuable manure will be formed; when the ground is dry proceed with digging up vacant spaces, throwing it into ridges; that the land may the more effectually be exposed to the influence of the frosts; it should be a rule to double spud or trench land each alternate year at least; but when two crops are taken off the same piece yearly, trenching should alternate with digging each time the ground is cropped. Potatoes, carrots, and other roots stored away, should be examined to see how they are likely to keep; turn over and trace up onions on wet days; and when a fine day occurs, take advantage to finish earthing up celery, tying up endive and lettuce for blanching, and stirring the soil between growing crops.—Gardener's Chronicle.

KICKING HORSES.—It occurred to me that a recipe published in your paper for the cure of kicking horses, might be of much service to persons afflicted with such dangerous animals. The operation for cure to be commenced as follows, to wit:

Put on a head-stall or bridle with a twisted W, or twisted straight bits in the mouth of the horse to be cured; then put on a common back saddle, with 12 lugs, or any strap or girth, with loops on either side of the horse, is equally good; then buckle a pair of long reins, open in the middle, into the bit, and pass them through the thrill lugs or loops; one to each hind leg, above the fetlock joint, there make each hind leg, allow sufficient length of rein for your horse to walk or trot, as the operator may think proper. Everything complete, you will have the animal commence the operation of kicking; the first will be a smart kick, the second lighter, and so on till your horse cannot kick

any more. By the above method many now worthless horses may be made valuable.—Maine Farmer.

RAT-PROOF GRANARY.—A late paper gives the following mode of rendering granaries rat-proof, proved by a successful trial of ten years, and founded on the fact that rats are particularly offensive to these little scoundrels. The studs of the outside walls of the granary are "set in," so that a car may pass round between these walls and the outside boarding of the barn. The lining to the floor is first laid; then the first siding board round the bottom; then, for convenience, the floor is finished, and afterwards the siding or walls completed. Tar is placed along the edge of every board as it is fastened to its place, and a copious application of tar given at the corners, where rats are most apt to do their tunnelling. Let the door still be made of hard-wood scantling, and the door be always kept shut, and rats will never see the inside.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

It is said that Lord Eglar is to return again to Canada, and to remain until the Governor-Generalship of India is vacant, he will then go to India. He will open the Session in February next. Further, it is said that the Hon. D. Mack Daly, well known in Canada, is to succeed Sir Edmund Head, Governor of New Brunswick. The Hon. Mr. Daly is an amazingly lucky man, considering the abilities he has. The Quebec Gazette says the weather in Quebec is mild. Late European accounts state that the Turk's Egyptian fleet had been worsted in a battle with the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. A shock of an earthquake was felt at Bouctouche, L. C., on the 28th November, and was accompanied by a loud noise. On the 2nd of December the town of Picton was lit with gas. The steamer City of Glasgow, sailing from Philadelphia on the 10th inst., had \$1,000,000 in specie. Loud complaints are being made at the illegal issue, by Mr. Hincks's Government, of \$9,000,000 of debentures, to favor Jackson & Co's Grand Trunk Railway. This is the clause in the act of Parliament, that authorized it. The guarantee, according to that proviso, may be given to the extent of Twenty Thousand Pounds Sterling, so soon as it shall be ascertained, by the Report of the Engineer, appointed for that purpose by the Governor, that one hundred thousand pounds sterling have been actually, and with due regard to economy, expended on the same Railway, by the said Company, in works or materials delivered on the ground, or both conjointly. It will be seen by this that it is necessary that this Railway Company should do a certain amount of work on the road before they can ask for a guarantee. No lawyer or man acquainted with the construction of language could take any other view than this of the Railway act in question. This being so, if the Government of Hincks were to issue \$9,000,000 of debentures without the prior necessary outlay on the road, it would deservedly earn the execration of every true Canadian, and should be hurled from power. Moreover, every member of it should be impeached. The papers say the act has been done. If so, let public meetings be called to denounce it. The Grand Trunk Railroad is all well enough; but our country must not be sold to a parcel of English railroad adventurers by a corrupt Minister like Hincks for a consideration. There has been a small filibustering expedition got up in California by a Captain Walker against a Mexican province bordering on California. About 40 Americans—pirates, they should be called—landed and drove the Mexicans from the town, killing some and wounding others. Such freebooting attempts to wrest land from a weak nation should be put a stop to by the United States. The evidence against the Tomlinsons and Levins, of Markham, is suspicious, but not strong enough to convict. L. V. appears to be a very bad man from all accounts. Mr. O'Leary lectured on Phrenology in a crowded house on Thursday evening last, in the St. Lawrence Hall, and speaks very strongly on the subject of the necessity of strictly temperate habits. The True Witness, a Catholic paper of Montreal, is out very strongly against the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. The Erie mob spoken of in our last was occasioned by the rowdy part of the inhabitants of that city turning out and attempting to make the Erie Railroad desist from altering their line so as to prevent any depot being placed at Erie. The Belleville Tribune copied a piece of poetry from this paper without editorial acknowledgment. The Ohio Organ copied a short time since a long letter from this paper without any acknowledgment. The Vermont Standard in a late issue copied an article from this paper without any acknowledgment. The Globe recently copied an article from this paper without any acknowledgment. This editorial want of courtesy is not right. Credit is always given by us if we know from what paper the article proceeds. Russia has refused to negotiate any more of the Turkish Question. A great meeting has been held in New York City in consequence of the arrest of a clergyman for street preaching against Popery, and strong resolutions were passed denouncing the encroachments of Popery. E. K. Rathbun has been appointed a director in the Northern Railroad in room of Mr. Scobie, deceased. Addresses in condolence have been sent to Mrs. Scobie from the Board of Education and from the Toronto Typographical Society. The Mazeppa now runs between Toronto and Hamilton daily. News and startling facts, exhibiting the baseness and selfishness of Hincks and Bowes in the debenture £10,000 job, came out last Friday on the examination of Mr. Radou, before the Court of Chancery.

There is an excitement prevailing in California just now on the subject of getting up an expedition on the Amazon country. It is thought extensive mines exist here. Olive Branch Section, No. 5, Cadets of Temperance, was organized on the 15th Nov. Some friends has set out the California Temperance Organ and Sacramento Union of the 15th Nov. 1853. The Ohio Organ, General S. F. Carey editor, is to be irregularly colored on the 29th January, 1854. This paper thinks that the next great Temperance battle will be fought in Indiana next October, 1854. It also says, that out of nineteen Senators in the State of New York, who voted against the Maine law in 1852, only one was elected. The Hamilton Spectator says that the Erie Railroad company had presented Sir Allan N. McSh with the sum of £10,000 and £500 a year for five years. The sum presented is £4000, and £500 a year for next year's services. This is rewarding the E. R. of railroad politics fully. The Township of Sidney has passed a bye-law, which is to be submitted in January to the Township voters, as to the propriety of refusing all licenses.

The American papers assert that the Irish patriot Mitchell is not now a Roman Catholic—he renounced that religion in 1848. The State of Iowa is four times as large as Ohio. A woman has been fined in Virginia for teaching negro children how to read; \$1 and six months imprisonment. Land of Washington and Jefferson where is your liberty? There are two things we wish to see in the United States. The passage of the Maine law, and the repeal of the fugitive slave law. Until then a curse lies on that country from God. The Promethium from California that brought out Mr. Mitchell brings much California news also. It seems murders and Lynch law scenes are constantly taking place in that immoral country. California seems as full of crime as ever. The Jews all over the world are very much excited at the Emperor of Austria in depriving 500,000 of their people of their privileges in his dominions.

The city of Council Bluffs in the Western United States has been nearly consumed by fire. It is reported that the Emperor of Russia has ordered five Polish Catholics to be shot for refusing to fight the Turks. Italy is on the tip-toe for rebellion. An Arabian Chief has offered the Sultan 5000 armed Arabs to fight at his own expense. The Bathurst Courier says the Globe is opposed to the secularization of the Reserves—this is exceedingly unjust towards Mr. Brown. He is a thorough voluntary in religion. Mr. McKinnon has received £1000 for his mills burnt at Caledon from Insurance Companies. Many of the Canadian papers comment severely on the sale of liquor in gaols to prisoners. The Pilot of Montreal says that there is at present no such officers as gaol inspectors who have power to inspect gaols. There certainly should be. Quite an excitement prevailed in London, England, lately on the trial of a Miss Cantwell, a Roman Catholic school teacher, for a small theft. She was accused of stealing some ribbon from a store, and the friends of the lady created a great fuss about it. The conviction has not yet taken place.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND MR. HINCKS.—The following article is taken from the Mines and Mining article of the New York Herald of the 10th.

Letters from Sault Ste. Marie announce that the canal a progressing bravely. There are only to be two locks—350 feet long and 60 wide—the one with a fall of ten and the other of eleven feet. It is confidently expected that vessels will pass through it next season. When they do, every foot of mining land will be doubled in value, and the canal company, which now hold 240,000 acres, will have made rather a good thing. It is said that the bulk of the stock is held by five individuals, of whom the Hon. Francis Hincks, Inspector General of Canada, is one.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

Among the items of news from the interior, is the usual number of casualties, murders, and other outrages. A man has been hung by Lynch Law in El Dorado county. A shooting affair took place between a woman and a man in the same county, in which both were wounded—the former receiving three shots, and the latter (as is supposed) a fatal wound. In San Luis Obispo, the jail was entered by an infuriated mob, and another hardened criminal hung by them to the post of the prison.

A riot occurred in El Dorado county, in which some thirty-five or forty men were engaged; pistols, knives, clubs, rocks, and other missiles were freely used, and one of the parties was dangerously wounded. In Sacramento, a prostitute named Mary Lee was murdered, through jealousy, by another named Ida Brewer. In Yuba county, a desperate fight took place between some Mexicans and Chilenos, at a fandango house, in which several were wounded, and one Chileno killed. In Calaveras county a fight occurred between a Chileno and an Italian in which the former was killed.

In Marysville, a Mexican woman was killed by a Chilean woman. A man was hung in effigy in Sacramento for attempting to commit a rape upon a little girl. In a fracas between Baker and Delany, in Auburn, one was shot through the arm, and the other stabbed several times. William Bayley was killed at Moquoumme Hill, by the accidental discharge of his gun. Several inquests have been held in San Francisco.

The mining intelligence from all sections of the State is very encouraging. Mining Water Companies have rapidly increased in all quarters—millions of dollars have been invested in these works, and the water is conveyed through the mines in every direction. A convention of the companies has been recently held, and memorials are now in circulation, praying Congress for certain privileges not at present enjoyed. Instances of individual success are as numerous as at any previous period.

On one part of the San Joaquin claims are paying from \$5 to \$170 per day. Wages are good and laborers in demand at \$75 per month and found. At Park's Bar on the Yuba, claims are paying as much, and in some instances more than formerly. One quartz mining company, in Grass Valley, took out, in ten hours, some seventeen tons of rock, \$1699. In one day the sum of \$10,000 was taken from the Union claim on Feather River, near Bidwell's Bar.

New and productive diggings had been discovered near Seal's diggings, by a green hand from San Francisco. A company of five men have recently taken out between \$15,000 and \$20,000 on the South Fork of Scott river, in the extreme northern part of the State. At Lake Valley, near the Eastern line of the State.

A BY-LAW

For preventing absolutely the sale of Spirituous, Fermented, and Intoxicating Liquors, by Retail, in the Municipality of the Township of Darlington, and for other purposes mentioned therein.

(PASSED DECEMBER 10, 1853.)

Be it enacted by the Municipal Council of the Township of Darlington, in Council assembled, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same in accordance with the Provisions of the Provincial Statute, 13 and 14 Vic., cap. 65, and 16 Vic., cap. 184, That no person shall sell, or cause, or allow to be sold, any wine, brandy, or other spirituous liquors, ale, or intoxicating beer, by retail, within the Municipality of the Township of Darlington, from and after the passing, approval, and adoption of this by-law.

II. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that offences against this by-law shall be summarily punished, before one or more Justices of the Peace having jurisdiction, on the oath on affirmation of any competent witness other than the prosecutor, or any penalty or fine not exceeding Five Pounds, with the costs of prosecution, and collected by distress and sale of the offenders goods and chattels; and for want of such distress, the offender or offenders shall be committed to the Common Gaol for a period not exceeding twenty days.

III. And be it further enacted, That any person selling articles of small value, and at the same time giving to the purchaser intoxicating liquors, shall be deemed an offender against this by-law.

IV. And be it further enacted, That if any witness legally summoned to appear and give evidence at any trial, for any offence against this by-law, shall refuse or neglect to do so without reasonable cause, he, she, or they shall incur a penalty, not exceeding Twenty Shillings; and any person endeavouring to prevent any such witness from so appearing to give such evidence, shall incur a penalty not exceeding Forty Shillings.

V. And be it further enacted, That if any such prosecution be brought in the name of the Municipality, the entire penalty shall go to the general purposes thereof; otherwise, one-half (if claimed) shall belong to the prosecutor.

NOTICE.

The foregoing by-law, which I certify is a true copy of the original, will be submitted to the qualified Municipal Electors, for their approval or otherwise, in the different Wards in the Township of Darlington, on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th of January next, at the same places where the Annual Ward Elections for Councilors are held. The Poll to be opened on the first day, from 11 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M., unless the votes shall be sooner polled. R. WINDATT, Township Clerk. Darlington, December 12th, 1853.

