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THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

A WILD WESTERN SCENE.

"Oh, how the mother loves the child she nursed!"

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in a brook that ran before his father's door—He was an only and beautiful child, his mother almost idolized him. There he was with his trowsers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye glancing out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength, tugging at a stone in the bottom of the stream.

"Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't ye?" said Hannah, in a tone half-mother and half-mate.

"N-o-o-o, I guess not quite yet," said Samuel.

An acorn was floating down the stream. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and 'reckoned' in his mind there were more up in the 'gully,' and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for across.

The gorge of the mountain, into which he was about to enter, had been formed (by the work of centuries) by the attraction of the stream he had just been playing in—and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of a hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattering bushes and trees sought nourishment from the level above, and excepting their assistance and the uneven surface of the rock, the path seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About one-eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist, in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank, cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, that they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the field where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked the coming fear with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When the father came, neither he nor his men knew where the child was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed,

"He is lost! he is lost! my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them all but her husband, to search in different directions in the forest. To him she said:—

"Scour every field, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge."

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah!"

"He would go anywhere," she knew not why, but the presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself that the dreadful birds were tearing her child to pieces—and frantic she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo with screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunders of the cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temple. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me?" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feeling of a mother's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "On my boy—my brave boy will die;" and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of 'hope deferred,' had strained her heart strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as though the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water on her pale face, and strove with all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, staring wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, 'all tears,' a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She was herself again. Half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"Oh mercy! mercy!"

The crag upon which the boy stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy at the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother seemed immovable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with her head and hand not to throw. Yet with the fearless mind of childhood and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious beast. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Joseph!"

The poor man started not. His eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear.

His wife leaned from her stand, and placing her hand upon her husband's shoulder, looked in his face and cried, "Are you a man, Joseph Eaton? Do you love your child?"

He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent, with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking, only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, she struggled in her agony. The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother's approach, true to his nature he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backwards, as Hannah touched the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she laughing deliciously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy, but we won't part," and sinking on her knees before him—she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his station. This time he was more successful. His forefoot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us mother, he will!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal was struggling to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," she shrieked, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer, still closer he came, his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her face. At this awful moment, she hears the faint report of fire-arms in the gulf below, the panther's foot-hold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Joseph Eaton.

The sun's last ray glanced on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees, the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer given to their Guardian for his mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

THINGS TO BE LOOKED FOR.

Sincerity—in patriotism.
Friendship—without interest.
Love—without deceit.
Charity—without ostentation.
Honesty—in parish officers.
Fair play—among gamblers.
Beauty—without pride.
An advocate—without a fee.
A parson—who practices what he professes.
A fashionable man—without foppery.
A sanctified look—without hypocrisy.
A blustering man—without dice.
Opposition—without sinister views.
A subaltern officer—without money.
Administration—inattentive to private matters.

All thoughts that we do not share, in time turn to sadness.—*Lamartine.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BARD'S PLEA.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

My harp they say our songs are sad
That thou and I are never glad;
That melancholy gives a voice,
To all the songs that are our choice.
But they forget the pen must speak,
The language that the heart supplies,
And thus my harp, thy murmurs break,
As joy sends smiles or sorrow sighs.

But though we grasp the poet's pen,
Which ne'er may smile with joy again,
We dare not write with leann art,
Aught but the impulse of the heart.

A soulless sympathy we hate,
That mocks us with an artful guise;
That only seeks its sneers to state
And pities but to criticize.

But go my heart be joyous thou,
We'll sing in strains more glad some now,
What tho' the heart may sorrow bear,
The mask of joy we'll let it wear.

Yet had they known how oft I've rung
With trembling hands thy plaintive chords
They'd chide me not because I sung,
Those songs that oft my joy affords.

Alone (like me,) they did not brave
The wrath of life's tempestuous wave;
Of all my loved ones here bereft
Sole son of my race I'm left.

Then wherefore should my soul be glad
With all my lov'd ones unreplaced I
May not this heart indeed be sad,
Where death so deep his footsteps traced!

UNEASY JOE.

Joe Bunstead was one of those uneasy beings, who are never quiet for a minute, whether awake or asleep. He was always twisting and turning, always uncomfortable, and he was universally known among his companions as Uneasy Joe. Sometimes used to play off practical jokes upon him just for the fun of the thing, but generally speaking, if we let him have his own way, he made mirth enough by "teasing himself." Among his numerous dislikes, Joe detested rats and mice. Indeed he said they seemed born to existence only to annoy and tease him. When a rat he was bitten by a mouse, and severely, too for the reason he always dreaded them. If Joe had occasion to visit a new house, or to sleep in a strange room, he never failed to give the premises a careful investigation to assure himself that there was no mice about. He roomed together in New York, and I laughed a little for his watchfulness and close examination before retiring.

"Is it all right, Joe?" we asked after he had peered behind the furniture, and in every corner of the room.

"Yes, there can't be mice here, that's sure," he replied at last.

"Well, blow out the light then, and go to bed, you, Joe?"

"Yes, here goes!" and Joe suited the action to the word, and leaped into bed.

It must have been nearly morning when Joe awoke us with—

"Hist! hist! don't you hear that noise there?"

"Not a bit of it, Joe. You are dreaming," were the turning over to get a fresh nap.

"There it was again."

"What?"

"Why, the mouse."

"You are making all the noise, you uneasy thing you. Can't you let a feller sleep quietly?"

"Look here," said Joe, "it's all well enough for you who don't care a farthing for rats or mice, but you know that I have a natural horror for the vermin thereabouts. Didn't you hear that?"

"Joe, lie down and be quiet; you took that peck of strong last night, and hav'n't more'n time to sleep before morning."

"Pough! You hav'n't any feeling for my nerves!"

"Not you for mine to wake me out of such a good sleep for nothing."

Joe slipped noiselessly out of bed, and seized one of his patent boots, which he felt for some time on the floor before he found it.

“Be quiet; is you up to now?” said we.

“What are you at the table, don’t you hear it pit-pat, pit-pat?”

“Well, it does sound like a mouse.”

Joe balanced the boot in his hand so as to bring the heel to bear as a weapon, and felt his way to the table at the head of the bed, where the noise was heard.

“That little rascal is nibbling something which has found here.”

“Let him have it, Joe, and then keep quiet for Heaven’s sake.”

Following the sound, Joe soon got within good striking distance, and poising his weapon he brought down the heel with unerring aim upon his victim. Sure enough the pit-pat was stopped, and after congratulating each other he crept back to bed again.

Next morning, Uneasy Joe found that he had smashed his gold repeater into the shape of a pancake.

THE WISE MONKEY.

Mr. Pollard states, that in his drinking days he was the companion of a man in Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at five hundred dollars. He always took him out on our chestnut parties, and took off all our chestnuts for us; and when he did not shake them off, he went to the very end of the limb, and knocked them off with his fist.

One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of whiskey was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the liquor. Soon he was merry, and began to sing, and danced, and set us all into a roar of laughter—Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and Jack drank again, and have sport all the day.

“I called at my friend’s house the next morning, and went out for Jack. Instead of being, as usual, on the porch, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a corner. ‘Come out,’ said his master. Jack came out on three legs, one of his fore-paws being upon his head. Jack had the head-ache; but he said that was the matter with him. He felt just as if he had many a morning. Jack was sick and could not go, so we waited three days. We then went, and had a glass of whiskey provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. ‘Come out and drink,’ said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened he slipped out and in a moment was on the top of the roof. His master went out to call him down; but he would not come. He got a whip and shook it at him; Jack sat on the ridge pole and refused to obey—his master got a gun, and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack stepped over the back of the house. His master then got two guns, and stood pointed from each side of the house, and the monkey, seeing his predicament, at once jumped upon the chimney, and got down into one of the flues holding it by his fore-paws. Thus the master was beaten—He kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whiskey.”

What a lesson does this teach to all poor drunkards! We hope that this will be read by many of them, and that they will be abandoning the intoxicating cup.

HOW TO DRAW THE SINNERS.—Several years ago we were president of North Western Indiana, near the Texas. The people there, as a general rule, were not much given to religion. An itinerant preacher happened along in the neighbourhood during a search of religion, and set about repairing the wants of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. He never had a dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighbourhood, he procured several hand-bills, and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the District which read to the following effect:

RECTOR’S NOTICE.—Rev Mr Blaney will preach on Sunday, in Dempsey’s Grove, at 10 o’clock, A. M. at 4 P. M., Providence permitting. Between the times, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of five hundred dollars.”

That had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the excitement following the

challenge. He preached an eloquent sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for a race. The purse was made up by five of the planters, an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel, and won the day, amid the deafening shouts, screams and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and at its close more than two hundred joined the Church, some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher was a good fellow. The finale of the affair was as flourishing a society as could be found in the whole region thereabout.—*Spirit of the Times.*

AMERICAN DOINGS AT THE FALLS.

On the 26th—7, 8, and 9th days of July, the American people visited the Niagara Falls in vast numbers to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Lundy’s Lane, fought on the 26th July, 1813. Upwards of 4,000 men in the two armies, militia and regulars, were engaged in the battle from six o’clock in the evening to 12 at night, in the warmest part of summer. A horrid butchery of nearly 1500 human beings, besides wounded men took place. The battle was a strife between nations in whose veins the same blood ran—American against American—Irish against Irish, and English and Scotch against the children of their countrymen. As a consequence the battle was one of doubtful result. The Americans being on a stranger soil, retreated the next morning, and the British burnt in the midday sun of July, hundreds of their fellow-beings like the stubble of the field. Such is a result of war—such is its horrid glory. The battle of Lundy’s Lane as an event, was highly creditable to the bravery of both parties concerned, but it was not a victory in either. It is probable that 20,000 Americans visited the Falls during the last week of July to celebrate the event. Immense numbers of ladies and gentlemen came over the Suspension Bridge to visit the battle ground and the Canadian Falls. They came over in carriages—persons from all parts of the Union were there; from the far-off prairies of the West, and from the East and South.—On the 28th, we twice crossed in a carriage with our family the Suspension Bridge. As one gets to the middle of the bridge, and sees beneath a mighty rushing river 200 feet below, and reflects that only a few planks protect from the awful abyss and eternity, it causes an involuntary shudder to pass over the soul. Oh! upon what a slender thread hangs our destiny at times. Yet, on this bridge, on that day, trusting in the skillfulness of art, you might see hundreds—yes thousands of forms of gaily dressed men and women, passing and repassing, and even gazing over into the awful chasm without any apparent fear. On the American side all the hotels were crowded with visitors, neither beds or food could be got by hundreds who came there. The railroads could not convey the mighty hosts of the West and South thither. Hundreds strayed into the country for accommodation; many came to the Canadian side, and many tented out in the woods. Many gaily dressed Indian women were there; numerous companies of militia, with music, banners, and cannon were there; several platforms were erected, from which *Scot orators* poured forth their eloquence in favor of the hero of Chippewa, Lundy’s Lane, and Mexico, to listening multitudes.—All the small taverns and large hotels on the Canadian side were thronged with visitors. The weather was unusually warm and dry, and the Falls looked grander than we ever saw them. No sight on earth exceeds in grandeur, so far as water scenery is concerned, the view of this scene from the Clifton House on the Canadian side, as you walk to the bathing-house near the Falls. The white fall on the American side—the green rushing waters on the Canadian side—the two rainbows rising into the heavens near each fall—the foaming waters beneath—the awful roar—the lively green scenery—and the thousands of visitors all blended together form a *coup d’oeil*, which is at once sublime and beautiful. Every year adds fresh attractions to this most health-

ful and beautiful of all American summer retreats. In ten years time it will be visited by thousands where only hundreds now visit it, and large cities will exist on both sides of the river. The Canada side is far the most beautiful, but yet the least adorned artificially, always, excepting one spot the Clifton House. This movement will do Scott much good no doubt.

FRONTIER DIVISION, 212, IN WELLSLAND—

Has 19 members, is a Country Division, on the River Niagara, six miles south of Chippawa; meets on Wednesday. The country in this neighbourhood is rich and good for fruit and agricultural purposes. There are many good members in this Division.—We met here with Brother Gander, whose family have lived in this locality since the year 1800. His mother, a venerable old lady of the age of 76 is in good health, and possessed of all her mental faculties. She recollects the father of the Editor of this Paper as far back as the year 1810, when he owned the Badgewater Mills, burnt the next day after the battle of Lundy’s Lane by the American army. The mills were then leased by Clarke and Street. She says she recollects the scarcity of grain in Canada, when the inhabitants were obliged to live on roots. The retreating Americans passed her house after the battle of Lundy’s Lane.

NEW DROP DIVISION,

Situated in Crowland, five miles west of Chippawa, on the Chippewa River, has 24 members, meets on Wednesday, and has many good members in it.—Brothers Peter Dell and Maran Dell are active members in this Division. It is doing tolerably well. In these Country Divisions members should in the summer months meet only twice a month, and then initiate and have a short temperance lecture given.

CROWLAND VILLAGE.—COOKSMILL DIVISION.

This Division is large, numbering about 60, and is doing well. There is also a Union of Daughters here. The friends of Temperance here are quite numerous and the people appear to be comfortably off. There is a small Temperance Inn kept in the Village by Alexander Dean, who seems desirous to accommodate the public, but his house is too small. The Village is four miles south of Port Robinson, and has a Post-office.

ST. JOHN’S DIVISION AND VILLAGE.

This Village is situated among the *short hills* in quite a romantic spot; has a post office, several mills, factories, stores and churches. The Division seems to be in a bad way, and is about to be given up, a rally should be made to keep it up.

The Divisions in St. Catharines we are happy to hear suit progress. The Cadets hold a source, in reality, and under the able management of Capt. Hamilton, their Patron, are doing great things in the way of advancement. Captain Hamilton is a retired half-pay officer, who has in the most becoming manner discarded the habits and customs of fashionable society for the good of his adopted country, and with sincere zeal and energy, devoted his leisure hours to advance Total Abstinence. Principally under his able management the Cadets of St. Catharines are rising into a most useful juvenile Society of Temperance friends.

In Niagara, on the 28th ult. the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, delivered to a crowded house an able Lecture on the Maine Law. Twenty-five and upwards of the Soldiers here belong to the Division. The Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment, the balance of whom left here, now amount to about 200 men, are the finest body of soldiers in Canada, they have a splendid band—a large school for the children of the soldiers is in operation in the Garrison, where the little creatures are trained into habits of sobriety and useful knowledge.

We regretted to learn at this place, that Brother Hart, a most active and useful member of the Niagara Division died about a month since. He was one of the founders of the Division and its most useful friend.—Peace to his spirit, and honored by his memory.



Ladies' Department.

TRIFLES.

How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word, nay, e'en a look unkind,
May darken all life's day
Oh, in this world of daily care,
Ten thousand that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word

The man who with heroic heart,
Can stern misfortunes meet,
Indoctrinably perform his part,
And struggle 'gainst defeat
With faith unshaken—yet can lose
His temper, e'en for aught
Which fills not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought

A woman can forgive—wrong
Which casts her on the world
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurl'd;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want doth spare,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores.

Alex, the human mould's at fault,
And still by turns it elms,
A nobleness that can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul superior power
That conquers ev'n a fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That fails the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life,
The triumphs of our mind.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Our respected contemporary the *North American*, has got into a small warfare of arguments, with our well known correspondent Mrs. Thomas, on the subject of Roebuck's definition of woman's duties. The *North American* in the course of his arguments, intimates that he does not know wherein woman is deprived of any equal rights as compared with men in Canada, unless it be in the matter of voting at elections. Mrs. Thomas attacks Roebuck's position and calls it selfish. With the sentiment of Roebuck all must agree in one respect, but then it does savor as Mrs. Thomas says of man's selfishness. He would not have woman different for his case. Yet woman was by nature intended as the gentle soother of man. Her intellect is more calm and pure, but equally lofty and piercing, when duly cultivated. The sex would be more so, if the same mental and physical cultivation was bestowed on it, that is bestowed on man. We do not understand Mrs.

Thomas to assert that woman should not be man's helpmate and gentle soother, but we presume she means that woman should not be as such, looked upon as inferior in nially or in marital and civil rights. Our laws and customs do look upon her in this way. Not only is she refused the right to vote, but all her personal property on marriage passes to her husband. He can and does dispose of it absolutely at his will. Her landed estate is his for life. She cannot deed away her land, make a will or any contract, without his consent. Her children by him are at his disposal. As objects, she has against these, nothing unless it be protection in his house, perhaps her own house by her lord. By our old *Baronial law* she is technically considered as *legally annihilated* by marriage, and only is set free by her lord's death. One of our legislators proposed even to take away her right to dower, a few sessions ago. Very well, some of this should perhaps be as it is, but yet let it not be said that she is civilly equal. The mind of woman within the last fifty years has made rapid strides, and has proved itself capable of equal mental cultivation, with that of man. More on this subject we cannot now say.

VALUE OF A WIFE.

Not long since a young English merchant took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in broken English (worse than broken China):

"What you give for that wifey-wife yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

"Thus the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure, but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "suppose you give her to me; I give you five thousand dollar!"

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chieftain convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain:

"I give you seven thousand dollar," said he; "You take 'em!"

The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled, at length, to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they once came in their possession—an assertion which the Chieftain was very slow to believe. The merchant afterward had a hearty laugh with his young and pretty wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her; a very high figure, "as wives were going" in China at that time!

Nothing astonishes a Chinaman so much, who may chance to visit our merchants at Hong-Kong, as the deference which is paid by our countrymen to their ladies, and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing American or English ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder why men can so far forget their dignity!

DESPERATE REMEDY FOR A DESPERATE DISEASE.
Dr. Rand was once called to visit a hypochondriac patient who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. On entering the room, the lady exclaimed: "Dear doctor, I'm so glad to see you—I am in such distress—such pain—oh! Doctor, doctor: I've swallowed a mouse!" "Swallowed—nonsense," replied the doctor in his old and pleasant manner—"Oh no, doctor," said the patient, "it is not nonsense, it is a mouse—a live mouse—he ran down my throat when I was asleep with my mouth open and I feel him now, creeping about my stomach, and trying to gnaw out. Oh, Doctor do prescribe something quick, or I shall die." "Prescribe," said the doctor, yes I'll prescribe something that will cure you in a minute. "What is it, doctor?—I'll take any thing you order." Well then, my dear madam, swallow a cat, if that don't cure you nothing will." It was effectual.

EVE'S PUDDING.

We know not to whom belongs the authorship of the subjoined poetical recipe, but we do know that it is a dainty, rightly "got up," are among the greatest of the luxuries. Talk to a New Englander of "living" and out puddings!

EVE'S PUDDING.

If you love a good pudding, mind what you're targeting. Take six pullets' eggs, when bought for a groat; Next, take of the fruit that Eve once did cozen, Well pared and well chopped, at least, half a dozen; Six ounces of bread, let June cut the crust, And let it be crumbled as fine as the dust, Six ounces of currants from the stems you must see, Lest they injure your teeth, and spoil all the spon, Six ounces of sugar, 't will not be too sweet, Some salt and nutmeg the whole will complete, Three hours let it boil, without any flutter, And then, if you please, you can add vinegared sauce

NOTE.

Having followed these rules as well as you're able, Let the pudding be dish'd and serv'd on the table, In good easy chairs let the party be set, While the savory fumes will their appetites whet; Then let them set to, as they've oft done before, And the place that once knew it shall know it no more.

FOLLY—It is folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage. Every woman was made for a husband; consequently, babies are as necessary to her peace of mind, as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If it would take a peep at sunshine look into the face of a young mother."

NOTES OF EXCHANGES.

[These remarks were intended for our last.]
The *Odd Fellow* is the name of a new semi-monthly publication just started in London, C. W. It is the organ of the Cause of Temperance, and is a well got up cheap periodical.

The *Burlington Cadet*, is the name of a monthly sheet, just started in Hamilton, in the interests of the Cadets in that city, and westward. This makes the fourth Cadet paper now in Canada. It seems to be a well got up for the price, 1s 3d per year, monthly issue. We fear however, that there is too much competition this way. So many papers of one kind cannot create for the printing of them, much less remunerative trouble. An over stock of papers will tend to defeat by giving a very divided support. We wish this and other similar undertakings success, but can assure young and old friends, that our paper although very generally supported, barely pays its expenses, affords no remuneration so far to the editor. One cause of the sad neglect of hundreds to pay their subscriptions and the constant loss of subscribers, leaving the editor refusing to pay in any way or another.

The *Temperance Magazine* of Cincinnati, Ohio, is got up monthly Magazine, the organ of the Temperance Honor, is received, issued monthly at \$1.

The August number of the *Anglo American Magazine* is received. The paper and general appearance of this number are superior to the last. Its contents are interesting. It contains a very good view of King's.

The August number of the *Maple Leaf* is received but the *Snow Drop* does not come to hand. We stop sending our paper unless the exchange be sent.

GOVERNOR'S SPEECH has just come to hand. It is rather of a non-committal character, yet contains some good points. It recommends an increase in the representation. 2nd. An extension of the elective franchise. 3rd. An act to register all voters before election. 4th. An improvement in the management of the Lunatic Asylum.

5th. An amendment in the emigration laws. 6th. An alteration of the system of feudal tenures. 7th. A despatch concerning the clergy reserves pronounced, but a studious silence is observed on a general question.

8th. No reference is made to the Temperance question.



Youths' Department.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Playing on the carpet near me
Is a little cherub girl,
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl.
For a book is open lying,
Full of grave philosophising,
And I own I'm vastly trying
There my thoughts to hold;
But, in spite of my essaying
They will ever more be straying
To that cherub near me playing,
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxyen
She is charming to the view.
Then her voice to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirl;
Oh! to be forever near it,
Is a joy untold;
For 'tis ever sweetly telling,
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affliction fully dwelling—
Only two years old.

Now her lips and honied kisses
(Honied, ripe, for me alone.)
Thrill my soul with varied blisses
Ye've never yet had known
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me
Never to grow cold.
Oh! there's not this side of Eden,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden,
Only two years old!

Written for the Son.
ON TOBACCO.

A DIALOGUE.

William.—Well Thomas, how are you to-night; I have been looking for you during the last hour, and was about giving up in despair; but here I find you at last, the same sober fellow that you have been for the last year.

Thomas.—The same sober fellow that I hope to be for the coming year, only much more abundantly, and as many years as may follow.

William.—You really then, have no inkling of desire to return to your old companions, frolics, &c.

Thomas.—Not in the least I assure you William, so far as the frolics &c., are concerned; but to my old companions *whenever* and *wherever*, I think it possible to persuade them to become with me, Causes of Temperance, and raise their arms and voices against the common enemies, Alcohol, and Tobacco.

William.—That is just the point, I had made up my mind to join your ranks, until I heard that you were not permitted to use tobacco.

Thomas.—surely you will not permit such an obstacle as that to keep you from our noble Order. A mere, for the time, gratification of a diseased appetite.

William.—But I only use a little now and then in the form of a cigar, and I am sure it don't hurt me. Only fancy a nice cinnamon scented principle: O! am always so happy when lost in the beautiful fragrance and deliciously smelling fumes thereof.

Thomas.—Indeed, William, I am not so sure that a little tobacco used even as you say, now and then, in the form of your boasted principle is so very harmless or naturally delicious. Let us see. How do you relish the first whiff or lesson on the principle you so much admire? *William.*—O, I was a little sick to be sure, at first, but it did not last long.

Thomas.—Allow me my dear fellow, to remind you that I was your companion, and class mate in that instance; and suffered the like consequences of such a filthy lesson. Well I remember the oppressive, nausea, sickness, dizziness, headache, the loathing and vomiting, with weakness, amounting to inability to walk or even stand; while sweat stood in big drops upon our bodies.

You must recollect how willingly we declared it should be our last lesson, as it was the first. This I think proves that it is not naturally delicious or agreeable.

William.—How is it then, Thomas, that we ever find it agreeable seeing it is so very offensive to nature; and produces such a serious train of evil effects.

Thomas.—I think it is from a wise though unmerited provision of Providence in the first place, by instituting a protecting or repelling power of nature, which is plainly exhibited in the vomiting and free perspiration: thus freeing the stomach and system of a good amount of poisonous matter, which it not thrown off would produce disease and probably death. This should be a sufficient argument against its use, as it was intended by the wise Creator. In the second place, by perseverance, the accommodating powers of nature render the system less, and less sensible to the baneful influences exerted upon it by the narcotic poison.

William.—Well I must confess you have told me much that I cannot deny; but have not satisfied me as to why it even becomes so very bewitching, as I have often heard you acknowledge it to be.

Thomas.—In the same way that opium becomes so to the opium Eater, the Chinese, and for the same reason. Because of its agreeable, stimulating effects, or influence upon the nervous system; which only are palpable to the careless observer, after appetite, so vitiated has once been formed. General custom impels us to conquer our natural repugnance to the weed, wisely designed by Providence, then appetite acquired, and habit sits supreme in command.

William.—But I cannot see how habit or custom makes it agreeable; so I must plead unconverted as yet to your mode of thinking.

Thomas.—They do not, but only promise its agreeableness, for if it should never become more so, than at first, it certainly would never become a habit.

William.—Now Thomas, unless you can establish your point better, I shall not at present become a Cadet of Temperance.

Thomas.—Hold one minute! If I do that, and even more, will you give me your name for proposition to-night in our Order?

William.—if you meet one condition more, I will.

Thomas.—Name the condition and I will do my best.

William.—Prove to me that the use of tobacco is injurious, as you declared in the beginning, after the first violent effects cease to be produced, upon a continuation of its use.

Thomas.—Right gladly will I; having just been reading on that subject from good authority, an eminent Physician.

CULARO.

Wellington Square, July 1853

To be continued.

A BET AND A DOUBLE BITE.—One day this week, a couple of chaps thought they would diversify their existence a little; and to do it, decided to take a turn down by the Bay—fishing a little, by way of variety. This last they did for some time without much luck, when it occurred to them in a pull at "black betty" might give a more favorable turn to affairs. This being put to vote, was carried unanimously; and the poles were accordingly protruded from the boat, made fast, and the matter, in hand taken hold of. One dram made them feel considerably better, and having so declared, it was argued that a second pull must tend to render the matters, still more agreeable. In fact one drunk brought on another till fish and fishing were forgotten, and "black betty" nearly deprived of vitality. But all things earthly

must have an end, and so did this bottle confabulation. It was remembered that a bet was pending, on the number of fish each would take, and as none had been caught hitherto, it was likely to prove a draw game, unless they were more lucky for the short time the sun would yield them the smiling of his countenance. Accordingly "black betty" was eased of the last "clapper"—thrown down as useless, and the fishing sticks resumed. There was a contemporaneous pulling up of hooks—each party asserting that he had got one, but when the water was cleared it was found, much to the amazement of the parties, that their hooks were down the grottoes of the same fish! Here was a case, not laid down in the books, and as they had not time to decide the matter that evening, the question of superiority in the piscatorial art was reserved for another trial.— *Rochester Advertiser.*

One—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed will put back all the business of the year. One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will do to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock. One unruly animal will teach all others in company, bad tricks, and the Bible says, "One sinner destroys much good."

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

The wife that is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get, will look pleasant if she will talk about something else.

One husband that is penurious and lazy and deprives his family of necessary comforts such as his neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

DUTY AND FREEDOM.—The struggle between duty and feeling for the moment, is hard, very hard. We can hardly believe it is not for the best to obey our present feelings. We always like to make great allowance for them; to believe they are right, and best to be followed. Yes, even when we feel that they are opposed to duty. But how wrong is this. Duty above everything, above feeling, desire—everything. And though we may not see how this will accomplish for us a dear object, yet we should remember that there is a God in the world, and that he can bring to pass what is for the best, and in a way not our own. *Let everyone do his duty, trusting in God, and he can live no higher life; no, not in Heaven.*

People think that Heaven is the future world; but they can make it even on earth, if they will.

To Adam, Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, home is a Paradise.

A YOUNG convert got up in church, and was making his confession somewhat after this sort:—"I have been very wicked, indeed I have. I have cheated many persons, very many—but I will restore four fold," when he was interrupted by an old lady thus:—"Well, I should think before you confess in court, you had better marry Nancy Stubbs, as you agreed to."

Seven hundred boys and girls of Harrisburg, sent the Legislature recently a petition in these words:—"We the subscribers, boys and girls of Harrisburg, respectfully petition the Legislature of Pennsylvania to pass a law like the Maine Law. We do not feel afraid of becoming drunkards now; but all who are now intemperate were once children such as we are, and if that law had been passed long ago, all these would be sober people. By passing such a law you will save us from the risk of becoming drunkards, thereby blessing our parents and society.—Good!"

Mrs. HIGHTLYER was terribly alarmed last week by finding a strange baby in her bed, which, upon having its face washed, proved to be her "own dear Sallie." Moral: Let children and soap be better acquainted.

We are informed that a company of Americans have purchased the lot on which the ruins of the old Donegana Hotel are still standing, and propose to erect thereon a new hotel, which in size and magnificence, shall be unrivalled on the continent.

EMIGRANTS FOR WISCONSIN.—Six hundred and fifty German immigrants were brought to Chicago on Monday over the Michigan Central Railroad. With their baggage, they filled forty cars, which was the largest passenger train ever run west of Lake Erie. The Tribune states that a large proportion of these immigrants are destined for Wisconsin.

Dr. B. Rowland Burr is going to Quebec to do what he can with the members for the Maine Law. He is a member of Ontario Division.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FALLACIES OF LIFE

*Wealth, is the sov'reign remedy for all,
And e'er'yll that can our steps besfall!*

The man of grandeur and of birth,
Whose purse is golden lined;
Is held a magnet of the earth,
The happiest of his kind.

Ah! little think the cov'ous crowd,
Who fain would wealth procure.

It hides beneath its golden cloud
The poorest of the poor!

'Tis not in gold and silver riches lie,
The heart alone true wealth can e'er supply.

*Power and might, how wondrous is your sway,
Man fain would rule, tho' 'twere but for a day.*

'Tis not where downy pillows are
Ambition lays her head,
And those who golden crowns do wear,
On slippery places tread.

Ambition is a fearful guest
Commands, however sweet,
A rankling bear with their behest
They move unwilling feet

Tho' man obey, the stern command,
'Tis Love alone wins heart and hand!

*Pleasure, the foremost wish of every heart,
And mirth and joy each others counterpart!*

Pleasure, at its height is pain!
In velvet garment drest,
Whose softening touch subdues the strain
That else might rend the breast.

Joy is but anguish in disguise,
And laughter, smiling tears,
Mirth strives to rend it, as she flies,
The veil that sorrow wears!

True Joy, alone, is found within—
The spotless heart devoid of sin.

*Hope, the talisman of Life—that bears
The wretched up, and dries our falling tears!*

Frail barrier! against the sea
Of troubles, that await
The engine of man's destiny,
Moved by untoward fate!
Doubt treads upon fruition's track,
Unstable as the wave,
Man hasting forward, yet, looks back,
And falls into the grave!

Hope! like a phantom in the gloom
Of night, is never seen at home!

*Love! the fond passion—that beguiles,
Is said to live in Woman's smiles!*

Vain the illusion—ah! how vain,
Let anguish'd bosoms tell;
Who from a smile can wisdom gain,
That frowns teach not as well?
Let Love—his painted wings employ,
To far, some dreamer's heart;
Grief lurks about the cunning boy,
And all must feel the smart!

Early and late—'twill be confest,
Love is but hate in rainbows drest!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. W.,
June 24th, 1832.

THE WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

A LIZARD IN A MILLSTONE.—A short time since, as David Virtue, mason, at Auchtertoo, a village four miles from Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, was dressing a millstone from a large block, after cutting away a part, he found a lizard embedded in the stone. It was about an inch

and a quarter long, of a brownish yellow color, and had a round head, with bright sparkling eyes. It was apparently dead, but after being about five minutes exposed to the air, it showed signs of life. One of the workmen very cruelly put snuff in its eyes, which seemed to cause it much pain. It soon after ran about with much celerity; and after half an hour was brushed off the stone and killed. When found it was coiled up in a round cavity of its form, being an exact impression of the animal. There was about fourteen feet of earth above the rock, and the block in which the lizard was found, was seven or eight feet deep in the rock, so that the whole depth of the animal from the surface was twenty-one or twenty-two feet. The stone had no fissure, was quite hard, and one of the best to be got from the quarry Cullaloe, reckoned, perhaps, the best in Scotland.

In one of our numbers of last year, we gave an account of a Frog found in a similar situation to the above. Incredible as such incidents are, they are yet true. The eternity of animal life, to use a new term, is strikingly brought to view in these things. The time that has elapsed since the egg was deposited in that solid rock, which at the time must have been merely clay, is almost inconceivable. The frog alluded to was found in a similar situation. One would almost think that animal life could be preserved in this way for millions of years. There was nothing apparently to have prevented the animal from living on its state of eternal torpor for millions of ages. Scotland was doubtless once under the ocean. Her rocks were formed out of various soft materials, and this animal in embryo was deposited there in an egg among the mud. It came to life and assumed organization in its prison or dungeon, but could not get out. The clay hardened into rock in the ocean. The waters over it subsided, and the bare rock reared its dreary head to the wintry and summer winds. The waves dashed over it and the fowls of the ocean shrieked above it. Thus ages rolled on ages—until earth and vegetation covered it. The wild beasts of the forests—the agile roe—the cunning fox—the fierce wolf—the bear and the elk passed over it. The eagle screamed above it, and the timid partridge darted over it. Man came there. The bold and hardy Northman—the Pict. Ages before Rome witnessed the tragedy of Lucretius—the patriotism of Cincinnatus, the savage Pict possessed the hills of Scotland. His race gave way to other races or was altered so as to be entirely civilized, yet all this time, this animal of eternity breathed in a solid rock. The lizard tribe was one of the earliest of earth's inhabitants. Their remains can be found in rocks that may be over a hundred thousand years old. This animal existed when the vegetation that composes our immense coal beds, grew on the earth. It swam among the tall grasses and reeds and deposited its eggs in the mud. Vegetable life in seeds will endure forever. It is said ground taken up from immense depths and placed in the light of the sun will bring forth plants. The bowels of the earth seem to be full of suspended life and vegetation. Among all the wonders of life we have never heard of any to exceed these two instances in the rocks of Scotland. An animal that never breathed the air, that never felt pain or saw light of the sun, or experienced the pleasures of motion, upon being taken from its bed of eternal rock, where it had passed perhaps a hundred thousand years, at once exhibited all the consciousness of life, the power of motion, and the feelings of pain!!

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING

A very remarkable circumstance, on an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited, in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of

acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind at one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange propriety of mind; for, if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also accelerated; so that, almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined a regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—*Dr. Winslow's Psychological Journal.*

REMARKABLE DREAM.—The Bradford (Eg) Observer of a late date, records the following remarkable fulfillment of a dream.—“During the night of Tuesday week, Wm. Jackson, a railway labourer, residing at Green Hamerton, near Knaresborough, dreamt that he should be killed on the railway. He awoke and told his wife of the circumstance, whereupon she implored him not to go the morning to his usual labour on the line. Notwithstanding this, he did so, when, strange enough to state he accidentally fell from a ballast train in the neighbourhood of Flaxby, and was run over, his legs and right arm being crushed in a dream manner. He was brought to the Wheatsheaf in this town, where he expired three hours after his arrival, in spite of all human efforts to save him. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death.” The poor man has left a widow and children to bewail his loss.”

Dreaming is a strange phenomenon of mind, and according to our notions of things is wholly unaccountable. When asleep we are mentally and physically at rest. When dreaming we are not in real and deep sleep, but in a state between it and wakefulness. We dream soon after sleep comes upon us, or just as we are about to awake. We dream after being disturbed at night. In dreams, space, time, and mental and physical consciousness, apparently do not exist. The judgement is incorrect, also the memory. We dream we do things at which our wakeful judgment would revolt, and even in the dream we feel ashamed.

Dreams in our opinion are of two kinds—one pertaining to physical nature, common to men and brutes, for it is well known that dogs and other animals dream. Dogs will bark, growl, and whine in sleep. It is a phenomenon then not confined to rational beings.

Another sort of dreams is mental—of the spiritual—that state in which the soul is when freed from mortal bonds. At times during this kind of sleep, visions of future events flit before the mental eye, and are garnered up in the soul's memory. In no other way can many well authenticated dreams of events, that afterwards came to pass be accounted for. Man's nature is dual in many respects. It is so in body, matter, nature, and spirit. It is so in our animal, or irrational and rational natures. So we have our mental dreams in reference to mortal life, and our dreams partaking of the character of another state of being. The majority of our dreams are more of an animal kind than spiritual. Yet the

phenomenon of dreams more surely proves our immortal nature than anything else. It is asked why, because when the senses are shut out from the light of nature—when all is still as death—in the silent watches of the night, there is within a casement of sensible matter—the human body—a thinking spirit at work, which at times can foresee things that will come to pass, and at other times can reason, compare, judge, and determine without the aid of muscle or nerve—the movement of limb or body. When the whole theatre of the soul's action is the mind. Or it may be said to act as if in effect wandering in that state of spirits wherein time is unknown—space annihilated, and the things of mortality shut out for ever.

Mortality is to immortality, what immortality is to mortality. At times faint glimmerings of the world of spirits is dimly seen in the dreamy stillness of night. To immortal spirits, it is permitted perhaps, (in which we individually firmly believe) to look for a moment on mortal things, and then have the veil drawn before them. Dreams then are of two kinds, making of the mortal and immortal—the body and the mind. We can never know exactly how mind acts in sleep, but we can see we are wonderfully and fearfully made, and that it behoves us, to keep the spirit pure and wise, assimilated to its great AUTHOR.

HOW WONDERFUL IS INSTINCT.

While sojourning at the east a few days last summer, I was informed by a friend, who is a close student of some of the departments of Natural History, that a pair of robins had built their nests and reared their young for several years in succession in an apple tree in his garden, very near the house. He observed one day that the male bird came home to the nest, which contained the young just from the shell, and appeared to be very much excited. The female watched the bird, supposing that something had happened. After having made several movements, hither and thither, the bird took one of the young ones from the nest and carried it a short distance to an oak tree, where another robin had just hatched a little brood, and placed it in the nest, and returned and removed another in the same way. The third, for there were three in the nest, was the person who observed this transaction, ascertained that the mother robin of the first named nest, had been destroyed in a neighbor's garden. This to us, is an exceedingly interesting fact connected with the prescience of instinct, if we may so call it. That there is a difference, and a wide one, between reason and instinct we must fully believe. It requires a clear minded metaphysician, like Locke, to distinguish readily between all the operations of reason and understanding, and between the operations of reason and instinct. How did this robin know that he could thus remove his little family into a neighbor robin's house?—It should be a lesson to some of that species of men that monopolize reason, and call themselves philosophers, yet, unlike the robin, shut their doors on the orphan and the poor.—*Rural N. Yorker.*

TO TELL THE NUMBER OF DAYS IN ANY MONTH, by counting the knuckles on the hand, with the space between them as follows:—Jan. (1st space), March (2nd), April (2d space), May (3d knuckle), &c. The months with thirty-one days will fall on the first, while those with thirty days, or less, will come on the second space.—*The Student.*

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, August 23, 1853.

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

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to the heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And o'n the rude bucket that hung in the well
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coldness it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar the fabled god sips,
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
A sigh for the bucket that hangs in the well,
The old oaken bucket the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

WHAT SHOULD OUR LEGISLATURE DO IN TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.—WE HAVE SENT PETITIONS.

Great exertions have been made and are still being made, to bring prominently before the Upper Canadians, the subject of the Maine Law, now in operation in three States, and one of the Territories of the United States. Unprecedented success has cheered on the agitators of this measure. Upper Canada by the wisdom and energy of the Grand Division, was last May, divided into four districts, for the purpose of agitation; and lecturers at small salaries employed to lecture in favor of this law. An immense amount of good has been effected so far by this plan, and the lecturers employed, especially by the Rev. R. E. Ryerson, east of Kingston. The efforts of Mr. Clure in the country about and west of London, were frustrated to some extent by the clamor of a few enemies of the cause in that vicinity. In Hamilton, about Guelph, and in Halton, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith has done much good as a lecturer, Mr. Ryerson, east of Kingston, has held many large meetings at which although composed of the opponents of total abstinence and its friends, in numbers frequently equal, he has uniformly succeeded in carrying nearly all with him in favor of this glorious law. The moderate drinkers and drunkards see its utility. They see it is aimed at the license system and traffic, and does not in any way encroach on private rights, or dictate the diet or drinks of society, apart from the license system, and are therefore convinced of its humane tendencies. Their secret thoughts and good sense tell them that the monster evil of society amongst us, is drunkenness; and that something must be done to stop it. The plan adopted by our lecturers has been such, that the prejudices and animosities of Canadians, have been dealt with kindly instead of aroused. Their reason and pa-

triotism have been appealed to. They have been asked as Canadians to come forward for the good of their country, and put down a system that demoralizes society. Violent names and buffoonery in the discourses given have been abandoned, the subject calmly reasoned on, and the question put to the consciences of all men; IS IT NOT BETTER FOR US TO PUT DOWN THE EVIL CUSTOM OF SELLING AND MAKING ALCOHOL TO KILL OUR PEOPLE. The response with all classes has been, WE THINK IT IS TIME,

In all parts of Canada, as an accompaniment of this agitation, our numerous and glorious little Divisions, filled with ardent brothers, have circulated Petitions and obtained the names of all classes of Society. In some parts of our country nearly every adult person in the community has signed the Petitions in favor of the Maine Law. It is impossible at this date to tell the number of Petitioners—this we hope to communicate in our next, but we would say that there cannot already be less than 50,000.—If Upper Canada could be fully canvassed, at least three-fourths of its adult population would be found in favor of the enactment of this law. The sentiment is common among liquor dealers and drunkards as well as total abstainers. THE PEOPLE WANT TO THROW OFF THE INCUBUS.

Our Legislature may be in doubt what to do in this matter, but something must be done; for ourselves we wish to see the Maine Law enacted at once—to go into OPERATION PROSPECTIVELY, that is to say after a certain notice and warning to all engaged in the trade of vending and making intoxicating drinks. Let it go into operation fully, say some time during the year 1853, or at farthest on the 1st day of Jan., 1854. Let those engaged in the trade get out of it as fast as they can. All importations into Canada for sale should cease at a certain date, and no license sell liquor should be granted in this Province after the year 1853. As to the granting of licenses to in 1853, let the law provide that every locality may absolutely refuse the same, upon a majority of the legal voters or householders petitioning against it.—Our Legislature should address the Imperial Parliament, stating the evils resulting from the traffic and sale, manufacture and importation of intoxicating liquors in Canada, and request the repeal of all imperial acts authorizing the collection of revenue from, or encouraging the licensing of merchants or other persons. This is what we wish to see done—if we cannot get this done, let us at least have a large instalment in the shape of a law, giving the people more power to check the license system—to prohibit the sale of spirits on the Sabbath, on steamboats, limiting localities to one licensed inn within certain spaces, and increasing the amount of license and all penalties for selling without license. But we must confess that all such palliatives with so great an evil, will prove abortive. We may pass a temporary law of this kind, but it will prove merely a trifling check. If the judgment of the country be for the ABOLITION of the system, we think it should be obeyed, by passing a fair open act, to go into operation prospectively.

It was our intention to have given a synopsis of past legislation, and also a statement of the present position of the law, in reference to the manufacture and vending ardent spirits in Canada. This we will

try and do in our next number. In the mean time let there be no delay made or exertion spared in forwarding and getting up Petitions.

PETITIONS should be sent in triplicate to the Governor General in Council—the Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. All persons should sign with their own proper hands or with their marks. The petitions should be all uniform, and sent either with some member friendly to the cause, or to the Grand Scribe, to forward to Quebec before the first day of September.

THE COMMITTEE ON PETITIONS met in Hamilton on the 5th August, and discussed the propriety of sending a person to Quebec to lobby with members for the passage of the Maine Law, and to arrange the petitions. On account of the great expense it would incur, it was thought advisable to delay any action in this matter, until the positive necessity of it from representations from Quebec, was ascertained.

THE MAINE LAW—INDIANS.

With respect to this law, considerable difference of opinion prevails. While many view it in the most favourable light, others look upon it as an interference with private rights and individual liberty. In the case of the Indians, the Maine Law, and something more, has been in existence in Canada for several years. If the sale of intoxicating liquor is, therefore, ruinous to Indians, is it not equally so to Europeans? And if it be not an interference with private rights to prevent the Indian from being destroyed by strong drink; neither can it be an interference with private rights to pass a law for the same purpose, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors to Canadians, native born or otherwise.

In an act passed by the Legislature of Canada in 1840, it is laid down that "it shall not be lawful for any person to sell, barter, exchange, or give to any Indian man, woman, or child, within this Province, any kind of spirituous liquors in any manner or way, or to cause or procure the same to be done for any purpose whatever, under the pains and penalties to be inflicted by this act." (A fine of £20, one half to be paid to the informer.)

The provisions of the Maine Law are not so stringent as the above, because by that law liquor can be purchased for all purposes, with this single exception, it cannot be purchased and re-sold to be used as a beverage. Neither does the Maine Law prevent persons from having liquor in their own houses and for their own use, as there is an express provision contained in the act that no dwelling house can be entered or searched unless upon the oath of a person that intoxicating liquor has been sold within the premises, within a month from the time of making such oath.

Maine Law, or no Maine Law, a man may still take his wine or toddy as comfortably as ever, in his own dwelling or at the house of a friend, as the law only prevents the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, to be used as a beverage, within the state. There is, therefore, in this, no interference with private right or individual liberty.—*Brockville Recorder*.

The objection raised by many of our Canadian opponents is, that the principle of the Maine Law is arbitrary. It is arbitrary because, say they, it forbids the traffic in intoxicating drinks. It has been long the custom both in Canada and the United States, to forbid the sale of liquors to Indians, and in some cases to minors. This is upon the ground that their appetites were so strong, and their reason so weak that they could not withstand the habit of excess and drunkenness. None of our anti-Maine Law croakers thought such enactments peculiarly

arbitrary. They would not perhaps think a law that made it penal in any person to sell intoxicating liquors to a notorious drunkard, or to a man intoxicated proper; such a law however, does not exist. But we are believers in prevention, and think it better to save a man from a destructive habit, incurred by the existence of taverns, than to cure him afterwards. We cannot look upon any law as arbitrary, that preserves life, morals, and domestic peace.

In the enactment of the Maine Law in Canada, we would only be carrying out the principle of our legislation towards the Indians, and the principle of our legislation in reducing lawyer's fees. Not long since an Indian travelling from Hamilton to Brantford, got intoxicated at some of the Inns, and was so stupefied that he fell from the top of the stage and was killed. Would this poor creature have been killed had the Maine Law been in force? Where did he get this stupefying poison? He got it where all these poor creatures get it who are daily dragged before our police courts, and over some of whom inquests are held. The arbitrary law against which our Provincial press croak so much, is one that would take from such poor creatures their place of resort. We give below a few extracts from some of our Provincial papers, detailing heart rending scenes, that have come under their observation within a few weeks. Not long since in Toronto, in one day, a poor drunken family were divided as follows:—The children went to the poor house, the father to gaol and the mother to the hospital. Here was a pretty consummation of ram's work. Yet the work begun in licensed inns, where intoxicating liquors are sold, generally ends in one of these three places, or in the grave. Will our contemporaries continue to call a law that prevents such horrid misery, arbitrary?

WHISKEY'S DOINGS

This week we witnessed two incidents of a painful nature—whiskey the cause. On Tuesday evening we saw a woman lying at the side of one of our streets stupidly drunk. Two children were with her—girls; one about four years of age, the other a suckling babe. The eldest was a pretty, interesting child, and painfully thrilling it was to hear her with a tiny arm on her wretched mother's neck, say, "Mammy, mammy, come home, I'm hungry! Alas! poor child, that 'mammy' is unconscious of your affectionate pleading. She is drunk, stupefied, besotted, depraved, unwomanized, by some demon licensed by law to do so. 'The little babe, what of it? It, reader, lay on one arm of this poor being, seeking the breast of a drunken mother. We throw no imagination into this, there was, alas! too much of reality. We attempted to raise the woman—she was too drunk; but a passer by assisting she was got on her feet, the little girl crying and telling us, 'don't hurt my mammy'; while the poor babe nestled itself closer to the bosom burning, not with a mother's halcyon love, but with the scorching flames of the fire-water. Who is to blame for this? We left the woman, reflected, and with reflection one objection was removed to the Maine Liquor Law.

The other incident we noticed yesterday. A poor aged squaw was brought to the Station House, on a dray, stupidly drunk, too, and this too at nine o'clock in the morning! Poor wretch! She was a sad object to look at. "Alas! the poor Indian!" what has the civilization of the white made him! That squaw might answer "Where did this poor outcast get liquor? are our policemen too lazy to find out? But what would it avail! the punishment of one would not change the license system. We reflected again, and two objections to the Maine Liquor Law were removed.—*Kingston Herald, August*.

WHISKEY.—A pensioner, named Thomas Atkinson, who resided on Adelaide street west, near the new market house, died very suddenly yesterday morning. About 6 o'clock he was perfectly well, and in about two

hours after he was dead. He was a native of Lancashire, England, and was a pensioner from the 15th regiment of foot. We regret to say that he was much addicted to drinking, and to this fact, it seems, his death may be attributed. A tavern close to the house where he stopped helped him with drink at all times. He deceased was about 44 years old, and has left no family behind him.—*Globe*.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Mr Duggan held an inquest yesterday, at Dr's Tavern, Queen Street, on the body of Julia Fowler, and the Jury returned a verdict, that she died from external injuries, intoxication, and continued prostitution. Elizabeth McMullen, John McPhy, William Thomson and Francis Tierney were implicated in the causes of death, and the Jury presented them for manslaughter.—*Globe*.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—On Tuesday Dr. Raymond held an inquest on the bodies of two small children in Centreville a place commonly called Slab-town. The facts that came out in evidence were, that Bridget Burns, a most profligate drunken woman, had two children, as she says, by a Patrick McCoy, of that place. She lived in a shanty, and the two little illegitimate children, with her, the eldest, James, a little over three years old, and the youngest not eleven months. The mother was drunk during the day, but built a fire within six feet of the house on the outside, went off between eight and nine o'clock, and left the two little ones sleeping between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Some persons discovered the shanty to be on fire, and before any one could give assistance the roof had fallen in. The mother arrived very drunk, just in time to witness the remains of her two children burnt to a cinder.—*St. Catharines Journal*.

Since writing the above we have seen the *Montreal Gazette*, from which the following melancholy catastrophe is taken. Our land is full, east and west, of instances of this kind. Is it not necessary that some law be made to stop this evil? What law do we get to do it? Will our enemies permit it? We see by late accounts that last year nearly 1000 deaths occurred in the city of New York from opium and alcoholium tremens.

An inquest was held, on Wednesday, before the Coroner of this District, on the body of one Mary Ann Turner, who was severely beaten on the morning of the 23rd ult., by one Mary Ann Graham, in consequence of which beating she expired on the morning of the 13th instant. The Jury, having heard the witnesses produced, and after a deliberation for about an hour, returned a verdict, "that the deceased came to her death, in consequence of blows inflicted on her body by the said Mary Ann Graham, on the morning of the 23rd ultimo." Said Graham was immediately fully committed for *Wilful Murder*, to be tried on the first judicial day of the next Court, at the Queen's Bench, holding criminal jurisdiction in this District. It appears that a chol was the principal cause in this affair.—*Montreal Gazette, 13 August 1832*.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance
A CONTRAST—MAINE LAW—USURY—
LEGISLATION—ARSENIC—THE TEMPERANCE
CAUSED BY DRUNKENNESS—DUTY OF
PARENTS.

SIR,—As the subject of petitioning the Legislature to enact a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Canada, is now engaging a considerable share of public attention, permit one who lays claim to superior powers, but yet would desire to be guided by common sense, through your useful pages to make a few remarks. All that is necessary in order to obtain universal support for this measure is to tell the naked truth, in plain and simple language. FIRST THEN, what will it do for us? I answer, it removes from society the most prolific source of crime, without entailing on ANY CLASS any REAL DISADVANTAGES. Many reforms have been enacted and deemed expedient, because the majority were benefited thereby, while great numbers in the minority suffered by their operation; but not only will a law effect for good the MAJORITY, but the whole without exception. Some will object that it does man good against his will or for GOVERNMENT

dictate to him what he shall eat or drink, is supererogatory and taking upon itself a power, which it should not, and consequently amounts to tyranny. Such an interference it is said presupposes man to be incapable of governing his own actions. Now, I would ask, why the indiscriminate sale of certain poisons is prohibited by law? Should an individual through any caprice of appetite desire to eat a large quantity of ARSENIC, and this intention be even suspected, he cannot obtain it, and he who supplies it is made accountable for the consequences. There the law interferences directly with what a man desires to eat. But the vendor who refuses to sell the PROPERLY SUICIDE, the means of ending his career, may direct him to a neighboring rumshop, and say, you obtain without any legal restrictions, and as much as a deadly poison. Here are two cases exactly parallel. The law now forbids the sale of poison under any name and authorizes it under another.

If a law be necessary to retu the indiscriminate sale of arsenic, surely one is much more necessary to prohibit that of alcohol; the evils resulting from the latter exceed those of the former. Where one commits suicide by means of the first, fifty do by means of the other. Again, why does Government pass laws which prevent the user from receiving more than a fixed price for a certain article? What is its object? It is merely an extension of an alleged PROTECTION, which it is the duty of every Government to extend to its subjects; that they may be protected not only collectively, against foreign danger, but individually against one another: and in this case a man is protected AGAINST HIMSELF. Our legislators have in their wisdom directed that money shall not be worth more than so much, and the borrower, WE WILL not permit him who borrows money, to receive from you for its use, more than we think it is worth, lest you may be deceived.

But these same legislators will permit a man to receive from him as high a price as he can give for an article that defrauds, depraves and debases him. It takes away from him not only his money, but every thing that elevates him above the brute creation. And without as in the other case a single redeeming feature. To place this in a clearer light; suppose a rumseller who has accumulated money (as many have out of the food and clothing of destitute families), were applied to, by a merchant or tradesman in pecuniary difficulties for a loan at legal interest, does any one suppose he would grant it!!! Not at all. The law will not allow men to receive more than six per cent for money, but it allows the rumseller to turn that money into alcoholic drinks, and sell at a profit of 200 per cent, or less, as much as is desirable, with the certain knowledge, that the buyer not only does not receive the value for his money, but that the transaction has a tendency to involve and ruin him. He must not sell one article at a higher price than the law says, though it may frequently be worth more to the purchaser, but he may sell another to him which cannot possibly benefit him in any way, and bring in no gain whatever, but is certain to do injury, both to himself and society. It is a pity to interfere with what a man eats or drinks.

Tempers! O manners! How closely our Gentile legislators resemble the PHARISEES of old; for they demand "Straw at a gnat and swallow a camel." The names of Wilberforce and his colleagues, who freed the shackles to fall from the captive, and the heroic voice of liberty to re-echo to the remotest ends of the British Empire, will receive a place among the greatest philanthropists, and be held sacred by posterity among the dearest friends to humanity. But have we not the slaves of alcohol here in Canada! Are there not thousands bound down by far more cursed and debasing slavery, than that under which the NEGROs groined in the West Indies? How would we wonder at the idea, but it is actually the case. And can Canada produce no philanthropist, of sufficient moral courage and greatness to release them? No demand is made on the public purse to accomplish it. The public funds will not be diminished but augmented; for as crime would decrease on the expense of punishing that crime would de-

crease with it. It is a pity but that public men would lay aside their prejudices of custom, the intrigues of party politics, the opinions formed without due reflection, and take a candid unbiassed view of this question! Would they but do this we could not fear the result. It has been said by some one, "they are happy who know the causes of things," but he might have added, if they only make a practical use of this knowledge. We know the cause of nine-tenths of the crime in our country,—yet, alas how little it has benefited us! But the people have the power left them—for them act, and the thing will be accomplished. It is a duty that every parent owes to his children. Ask each father what he most desires to bequeath to his children, he tells you in one word he desires their happiness; and we see him toiling with unwearied diligence from day to day, that he may be enabled to bestow upon them, houses, lands, or money. Yet, alas how seldom does he reflect that in these happiness does not always exist, or how soon they may vanish if they be not otherwise endowed! Does he endeavour to remove from their path the temptations and allurements to vice, with as much zeal as he endeavours to place them above the reach of poverty? Would he direct that darling son along a road that ended in a frightful yawning gulf, over which he might be precipitated; would he suffer him to fondle and caress a poisonous reptile, or come within the grasp of a voracious tiger? Oh! no. Yet, dangers of far greater magnitude await him in the snares of taverns and drunkenness.

Yours truly,

ABSTINENTIA.

YORK TOWNSHIP, August 3rd. 1852.

[We were obliged to curtail this article.]

COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me,
To drown my soul in liquid flame,
For if I drink the toast shall be
To blighted fortune, health, and fame;
Yet, though I long to quell the strife
I hot passion holds against my life,
Still boon companions though you be,
But comrades fill no glass for me.

I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care,
I know a heart that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have nestled there;
Then while tear-drops nightly steal,
From wounded hearts that I should heal,
Though boon companions you may be,
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

When I was young I felt the tide
Of aspirations undefined,
But manifold years have wronged the pride,
My parents centered in their child
Then by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions you may be,
Ah! comrades fill no glass for me!

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

THAMESFORD SONS, MISSOURI TOWNSHIP—THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS' LOVE OF ALCOHOL—THE EVILS OF WINE AND OLD CUSTOMS.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I beg leave to transmit to you a brief sketch of the past and present history of THAMESFORD DIVISION, No. 346, that your readers may be made aware of the existence, in this remote quarter, of a flourishing band of Brothers fighting manfully against the fell enemy of our race's earthly happiness and eternal prospects. Thamesford Division was organized on the 26th December, 1851, by Brother D. G. W. P. Boyd of London, who initiated into our simple system, 19 members on the night of organization. Of these, some

Had quaff'd the care-dispelling draught,
"Till naught but bitterness was left.

But the greater part had either been good moderation or temperance men before, or were only entering on the career of folly by an occasional "speer." This was a cheering commencement, considering the difficulty experienced for several months previously in obtaining the names of a sufficient num-

ber to constitute a Division. Considering also the newness of the country, and the consequent frequency of BELLS, at which whiskey had hitherto been deemed an indispensable requisite—the tables in this respect, however, are now turned. The *claret* which attended our successful organization, and our steady advancement week by week, has already exercised a most healthy, and cheering influence in the surrounding section of country. Buildings re being put up without much risk of the builders coming down; LOGGING BELLS are conducted without mon rolling over the logs or being rolled over by them, and men whose means or credit, had they not joined the "Sons," would never have procured a deal box for their mortal remains to have their last rest in, are now getting up COMFORTABLE HOUSES. Our Division now numbers upwards of fifty members—good men and true, and we are constantly adding to the list. You passed through our embryo village lately, and your own observation will enable you to judge that this must embrace a large proportion indeed of our community. And so it does—with the exception of a few respectable old men who have passed the giddy vortex of temptation—two or three *hard cases* whose destruction is inevitable, and a class to which I shall more particularly refer hereafter, we embrace almost every individual in the village *worth the having*. The other class which I reserved for special remarks, compose a large influential, and in their way, a respectable body, and consist, I am very sorry to add, mainly of my own countrymen, THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS. These are apparently impenetrable, and indeed inaccessible on the subject of temperance, as many, I might almost say all of them, regard alcohol as one of God's mercies; and before they sit down to their libations, blasphemously invoke Divine blessing on the unhallowed cup—or as the London sailor would say, *ask God to bless the drink!* Notwithstanding this, these SONS OF THE HEATHER, have a quasi morality of their own—are famous for prayers and graces of most clerical dimensions, will tremble at the utterance of a profane expression, will go any distance, despite of wind, weather, and roads, to attend "Ordinances," and many of them retire thence to the ——— I cannot for very shame fill up the hiatus. Blame has been very often attached to clergymen for not giving the influence of their example and precepts in aid of Temperance; but in the case of these people, they are without the palliation, if any it were, which the bad example of their Pastors might plead. Their Pastors, settled and itinerant, are, I believe, without exception Teetotalers, and yet there appears no sensible impression made upon them. Some three weeks ago the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at a village not many miles hence, glorying in a somewhat cacophonous contraction of the name of the modern Athens, and such drinking and rioting, and desecration of the Sabbath it is to be hoped is seldom to be witnessed in any country on any similar occasion. However sacred the ordinance—however time-hallowed the simple and impressive usages of the Presbyterian Church, to which these people generally profess adherence, however sincere may be the piety of some of its members, conduct like what I have mentioned brings contempt upon the church among other denominations; may bring religion itself into disrepute among the unthinking people.

THE CADETS.

You will be glad to learn that we have recently had a promising Section of Cadets organized here. On the 10th instant, I believe; sixteen members were initiated on that occasion, and three more at their next meeting. This is a good beginning, and I confidently hope that they will double their numbers ere many weeks. The installing officer on the occasion was D. G. W. P. Roderick McDonald.

I am, worthy Sir and Brother,

Yours in the bonds of our Order,

P. W. P., 346.

July 16, 1852.

[For want of room we were obliged to abridge this letter.]—Ed.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance. LINCOLN TEMPERANCE MILITIA.

SIR AND BROTHER—In consequence of this being a very busy season of the year, when the farmer is anxious to devote the most of his time and energies to the fields, he must not neglect the interests of his family who have a prior claim.

The Division, and Section, formed in procession in front of the Division room, preceded by the "Smithville Amateur Brass Band" to the Court House, Hand playing, colors flying, ladies smiling, and hearts rejoicing.

The Division, and Section, formed in procession in front of the Division room, preceded by the "Smithville Amateur Brass Band" to the Court House, Hand playing, colors flying, ladies smiling, and hearts rejoicing.

That our noble ship Temperance, shall sink in Smithville? The far ones are coming from every direction, To enroll themselves Daughters, and seek your protection.

BURFORD SONS, DAUGHTERS, AND CADETS.

In some portions of Canada the Divisions do amazingly well and in others they languish. In a few places they cannot hold their ground. When the secret of this difference is examined into, it will be found that the cause is in the activity, zeal, and energy displayed in different localities.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—The following is a copy of an Address from the Ladies of Burford to the members of Claremont Division Sons of Temperance, No. 185, together with the reply on the occasion of a presentation of a Banner, which took place on the 19th of May last.

Fraternity yours, L. D. MARKS. Burford, July 26th, 1852.



Agriculture.

THE SONG OF THE TROUT.

Down in the deep, Dark holes, I keep; And there, in the noon-tide, I float and sleep; By the hemlock log, And the springing log, And the arching alders, I lie in cog.

TO BUTTER MAKERS.

SALT.—Use fine salt ground from Turk's Island, having first been thoroughly washed and dried. This salt has recently been prepared and introduced into our country, and may be had of the merchants. Avoid using the Onondaga Salt.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN VENICE.

The following extract from Mr Wood's last letter from Italy describes a curious custom. He says: At 2 o'clock, we returned to the Square to witness the novel and interesting ceremony of "Feeding the Pigeons."

Did God set his fountain of light in the skies? That man should look up with tears in his eyes; Did God make this earth so abundant and fair, That man should look down with a groan of despair?

"Hundreds of people had collected with the object. The pigeons, in flocks, were coming in various directions and lighting about the windows and...

"To-day we went again to the same place. The pigeons began to collect a quarter before two, evidently as usual upon their dinners as the same number of children, children of a large growth would have been...

"We say that the Government provides the food for the poor. Others say that a lady, centuries ago, provided her will for the feeding of the pigeons; but none know when or why the practice originated.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

"And your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine...

"EVERY FARMER.—Two farmers having a dispute as to the land, an action at law was commenced to settle it. On the day fixed for the trial, one of them called on his opponent to accompany him to the court...

"MEASURE OF LIFE.—Measure not life by the hopes and expectations of this world, but the preparation made for the next rather looking forward to what you shall be hereafter to what you have been.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.—A curious circumstance occurred a few days since at Gaillerelle, Eure-et-Loire. A small farmer had in a field about 256 beehives, containing a vast number of bees. He sent a man with a cart drawn by five horses, to remove some earth from the field near which the hives were placed...

others rolling about furiously. His cries attracted several persons, one of them attempted to drive away the bees, but they attacked him, and he had to plunge into a pond, and even to place his head under water for a few seconds, in order to escape from them.

"CONJUGAL HAWKS.—The male of all hawks I believe, feeds his mate while she is sitting on her eggs. Whilst I was fishing in the Findhorn, at a place where a great many kestrels breed, one of these birds came flying up the course of the river with a small bird in his claws.

"TO STOP BLEEDING FROM THE CAVITY OF AN EXTRACTED TOOTH.—Noticing the case of Mr. Locke who bled to death in consequence of the extraction of a tooth. Dr. Addington of Richmond, Va., says he never fails to stop the bleeding by packing the alveolus from which the blood continues to trickle fully and firmly with cotton moistened with a strong solution of alum and water.

"WORTH KNOWING.—A young lady, while in the country some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail which ran through her shoe; and into her foot. The inflammation and pain was of course very great and lockjaw, apprehended. A friend of the family however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the garden and pounded fine, to the wound.

"QUAKING PRAIRIES.—The prairies of Attakapas are neither more nor less than large tracts of land formed in the course of ages by trees which have either fallen or floated upon lakes, since deserted by the rivers of which they once were portions. These deposits have in time formed a compact surface, and present the appearance of portions of solid land, so that lean-tos and shanties may be built, and cattle reared, and men may ride upon them.

"HATCHING SALMON.—At one of the late sessions of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Coste took occasion to remark to the Society that he had succeeded in hatching salmon and trout from eggs brought from a distance. He exhibited a glass globe, half-filled with water, with a bed of sand at the bottom. A multitude of reddish, half-transparent creatures were darting from one side of the bowl to the other.

"SIMPLE REMEDIES.—At this season, we shall do our patients a service by laying before them two very cheap and simple remedies.

"Dysentery often proves fatal. It can easily be stopped by applying proper astringents. A preparation of cicuta is getting to be a common remedy among Physicians, but it is dangerous stuff. The best remedy is parched rice—burned like coffee. After it is well browned, cook it by boiling in the usual way, and let the patient eat of it. It digests in an hour, and therefore has a tolerably quick effect.

"For Costiveness—a thing that leads to painful and often fatal diseases—there is no better laxative than salt (chloride of sodium) dissolved in water. Take a glass of warm water and dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in it, then cool with ice, and drink it off. To empty the contents of the bowels, it is the safest and best cephalic known. It does not disturb the mucilage of the intestines, and causes no pain or weakness.

"APPEARANCE OF A TEA PLANTATION.—When seen at a distance, a Tea plantation looks like a little shrubbery of evergreens. As the traveler threads his way amongst the rocky scenery of Woo-ee-shan, he is continually coming upon the plantations, which are dotted on the sides of all the hills. The leaves are of a rich dark green, and afford a pleasing contrast to the strange and often barren scenery which is everywhere around.—Fortune's Visits to the Tea Districts of China and India.

"STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated being and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls on five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An Elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild male of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary Lleon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.—Bucke.

"EXISTS OF THE COUNTY OF YORK.—The total Population of the United Counties is—

Table with 3 columns: County, Males, Females, Total. Rows include York, Ontario, Peel, County Population, and City of Toronto.

"Total Population, 134,954. In 1850, the population of the County was 87,750, and of the City, 25,166 together, 112,916. The present return shows the enormous increase of 21,947, or nearly 20 per cent—an enlargement of population almost unprecedented in any country.

"The principal religious denominations in the county, are the Church of England, which numbers 27,720, the Methodists, numbering 24,560, Presbyterians, 21,880, Baptists, 3,267, Congregationalists, 1,498, Christians, 1,946, Quakers, 1,723, and Roman Catholics, 11,715.

"A SWEETLAX DIRT.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune tells of a little girl, ten years of age, whose only subsistence since infancy has been sugar and milk—some obstruction of disease of her throat having led her always to refuse anything more substantial. She is stated to be as large as children usually are of her age, and as healthy, bright, and active as those whose food would be considered more invigorating.—Exchange.

"Some people may doubt the above, but we know of a stronger case still. We once knew a man over 40 years of age, who weighed 180 lbs., was active and well built—a farmer—who had never partaken of what we call solid victuals, from the time he was some years of age. His principal food was milk without sugar, and sometimes soap.—Scientific American.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An attack with intent to assassinate was made in England during the late elections on Sir Robert Peel, the son of the late Baronet, because he favored the free-traders. This looks a little like the Southern quarrels of the United States. Louis Napoleon has been making a tour over his Empire in July. He was, reports say, well received every where by the people, especially the peasantry. In one place a large number of peasant girls, beautifully dressed turned out to honor him. Alas human nature!! This man is a base traitor to all his liberal professions and rules France with an hireling army. The ignorant people honor him on account of the military glory of his uncle, who waded through rivers of blood to accomplish his selfish ends, and at last died a miserable exile. Such will ultimately be the fate of this poor imitator of a great but selfish warrior. The Election returns of England have all come in now. It seems from the statements of English papers that the Derby ministry, having abandoned the protectionist doctrine of the old times, will have a small majority with which to carry on the government. In Ireland as usual, great riots and some blood shed took place. The peasantry attempted to prevent the voters from voting, and attacked the officers and soldiers with stones in one instance, and were fired on. Six of the unfortunate people were immediately shot dead, and many wounded by the fire of musketry. This looks a little like Lynch law. The cause of the excitement in Ireland was religion. The Irish Catholics opposed the Derby ministry, thinking them less favorable to the Catholic religion than the Russell party. The elections in England were also stormy and noisy. Drunkenness in such times is the cause of more than half the mischief. Men become infuriated from attending inns, and quarrels and rows ensue. The cholera is reported to be very bad at the Ishmus, and ere this it is probably in California and Panama. It is subsiding in Rochester and Buffalo. No cases have occurred as yet in Canada, and the American States are generally free from it. An earthquake took place in New Brunswick on the 2nd of August, by which the wall of a Court house in one place and the glass in the windows of the houses were injured. The Fishery Question is now in the hands of the diplomatists at Washington, and will be probably settled by a paper war in a few months. We hope that a good measure for reciprocal free trade, may grow out of it, and that the Americans may be allowed the free navigation of the St. Lawrence. Let us endeavor to extend commerce and intercourse by railways, canals and rivers. We are one people, in origin, and why should there be war with identical races on this continent, especially where our interests are so closely connected. Russia has arrived in England without any public reception. In Italy imprisonments and secret assassinations are constantly going on. Jenny Lind Goodschmidt had arrived in Sweden, and had refused to sing on the Sabbath at the request of the King. In the United States the people are all alive to the coming fall elections. It is not true that Webster is running on an independent ticket. The Southern States are opposed to Scott because he is secretly opposed to slavery. He will undoubtedly be elected by a large majority. The American Congress is still in session, but soon adjourn. Louis Napoleon is to be married soon to a German Protestant Princess, who is to become a Catholic before marriage. The cholera is raging fearfully in Russia and Poland.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

A man on the 3rd August leaped from the Suspension Bridge at Queenston, a height of 70 feet to the water. As he leaped from the bridge the wind turned his body a little, and he fell lengthwise on the river which bruised him considerably. He, however, arose in safety and was taken up with a boat in waiting. He now says he will leap over the Niagara Falls. It is said he is fatally injured by his first leap. An agitation is being started in some of the liberal papers of Canada for the dissolution of the present University scheme of Upper Canada, and in its place the substitution of large County Grammar Schools or something of this kind. The Conservative party in Canada it seems, will go for partially secularizing the Clergy Reserves, and also support many liberal measures, even the making the Legislative Council Elective.

Parliament met on the 19th August. J. S. Mc DONALD, Esq. has been chosen Speaker without opposition. We have been unable to see the Governor's speech upon going to press.

The Patriot of the 19th August attacks the Christian Guardian for advocating the enactment of the Maine Law, whilst it approves of temperance in the abstract. It opposes the law because it is tyrannical, and would beget rebellion in Canada. What a trade of folly and ignorance such effusions exhibit. The editor of that paper and others have led on many a brood among the orange people, whom as a body we respect, through drunkenness. Keep men perfectly sober and they will vote and act right.

What has this editor by his remarks or example ever done for temperance in Canada? Has he ever advised the observance of strict temperance by Orangemen? Will he tell us how we are to cause the people to be temperate, whilst we place under their noses in every corner of our cities low groggeries? He has probably never read the Maine Law, or if he has he purposely misrepresents its provisions. At this moment Toronto is full of vice and drunkenness at night, and its police courts are filled daily with equal wretches, the victims of INNS, approved of by the Patriot clique.

We call on all good citizens, apart from politics, to come forward and rescue our city from the pollution of groggeries, and ask them to support the Maine Law, which is a humane and a christian enactment. Does the law cause rebellion or bloodshed in old Massachusetts, Maine, or Rhode Island? No. And it would not do so in Canada.

REMEMBER THE ENACTMENT OF Monday. It would be disgraceful if the large Division of Ontario should not turn out well on this occasion. 200 Sons should assemble as early as half past six o'clock at the Temperance Hall, and March to the steamer with the Band. Increased health and one day's enjoyment are cheaply bought at 6s. 3d. GO AND BUY A TICKET AT ONCE.

BARNEY'S CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION is in Toronto. Have you been to see it? If not, go and see it for 1s. 3d. It is worth seeing and as you did not see the reaty at a cost of \$100, go and see a good panorama of it for a quarter.

FUNERAL SERMON.—At the request of the Toronto Division No. 159, S of T. The Rev. Robert Dick will deliver a funeral discourse on occasion of the death of their late Brother, Dr. GAVIN RUSSEL, in the Temperance Hall on Sunday the 29th inst., at three o'clock P. M., to which Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and the public are invited. The Rev. Bro. Dick enjoyed intimate personal intercourse and friendship with the deceased for many years and will therefore be able to approve the melancholy occasion in a manner gratifying to the friends of the late Dr. Russel, and profitable to all.

MARSHVILLE DIVISION, No. 237.—Br. Chambers, R. S. of this Division, informs us that it was formed 12th April, 1851, with 14 members—has labored against open opposition, but is now increasing and numbers 30 members. The W. P. is Machat. Grabbill. Sons must expect opposition, and from their own ranks as well as their foes. Be not, however, discouraged. The Order of the Sons is a noble and good one, and the Temperance Religion one of the best ever started.

The municipal council of the united counties of Stormont, Dundas, and Glengary, have adopted petitions to the Legislature for the enactment of the Maine Law.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the two Grand Divisions of these Provinces have been holding their quarterly sessions. A brotherly visit was made by one Grand Division to the other; an address and reply made. The attendance at this session was not large, but it seems the cause is doing well. A public meeting was held in Chatham on the 14th inst., to obtain the opinion of the people as to a passage of the Maine Law. The result we have not heard.

THE BARRIE MEETING, to obtain the expression of the people of Simcoe as to the Maine Law, was a noisy. The enemies of the law there being afraid to test the feelings of the people by a resolution at once condemning the law, by a side wind, caused a motion to adjourn. The meeting was ably addressed by several speakers, especially the Rev. Mr. Lowry, in favor of the Law.

The Cadets of Hamilton had a success in Hamilton, on the 12th inst., which passed off well.

New Division, opened since the meeting of the last Grand Division.—Springford, 385, Oxford. Far-

miers, 386, Lennox. East Beverly, 387, Leeds, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

The new expedition fitted out by Lady for the purpose of searching for Sir John Frisoon to sea, from England.

Emigrants to California, Oregon, and Utah suffering greatly on the plains from cholera.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE.—We have but little news this week for American news, but would remark that the law is working admirably in Massachusetts, Rhode Island. The people are determined to stand out, and meetings called by the opposition are against themselves. Boston seems to be the stronghold of the enemy. If this law can be worked in Massachusetts, a State containing a much more thick and dense population than we have, and five cities much larger, with a poor foreign population, why will it not work in Canada? The assertion is an excuse of the enemy. In Massachusetts activity prevails as to the cause. An unprincipled party are trying to divide the people parties on the subject, and out of confusion to possible men opposed to the law in the legislature.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY.

Wm M Quebec, \$1, new subscriber 1852. Stouffville, \$1; H E. Hampton \$1; for 1852, J W, Hornby, \$1, which we find to be as stated; J B Laskey, King, \$2 for subscriber Elora D \$2 for 1851-2; Richmondhill, \$1; S N., Vienna, \$2; J. Mcil, Hamilton, \$1. Subs. at this season owe 6s. 3d. each.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Poetry from Sylvicola is received. Poetry Cobourg, was appear. We are happy to hear him. His paper has been regularly sent to residence. Poetry, Forest Bard's, on the infant of —, is similar to a piece that we last, and will not be inserted. Poetry Mrs. —, is too long and requires some revision we are allowed to revise it, it can be inserted. Letters in this number were obliged to be abridged were too long. We must preserve a variety per. Letter from Kempville and Amherstburg.

TORONTO MARKETS, 21st August, 1852.—6d. to 3s. 9d. per bushel, Oats 1s. 4d.; Hay per ton, 17s. 6d. to 18s. 9d. per bbl., \$9 per 17s. 6d. to 18s. 9d. per lb., Egg doz Hams per 100 \$10, Young Potatoes bushel, Beef, per 100 lbs. \$3 to \$4, \$3 to \$4; Poultry is scarce and high. Fruit and apples, are now selling in the market prices.

The weather for several weeks past has been dry, with very little thunder—the general day. Yesterday was unusually warm. We are all got in well. Wood is at the price last year.

OUR EASTERN TOUR.—We will give a full account of this tour in our next.

THE NAPANEE BEE contains an answer to our published in the last July No. of this paper. We probably advert to the matter in our next. News is brought out by the Bee.

THE ORIGINAL GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, &c. "Sir Benjamin Brodie's Vegetable" for the Cure of Bowel Complaints.

The Subscriber can with perfect confidence recommend the above truly valuable medicine, speedily and certain remedy for the cure of Dysentery, Cholera, Malaria and Cholera (or Summer-complaint of children). It is very pleasant to the taste, as well as curing the above diseases. Testimonials of the medicine, from individuals of the highest ability, residing in this city and vicinity, may be the office of

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