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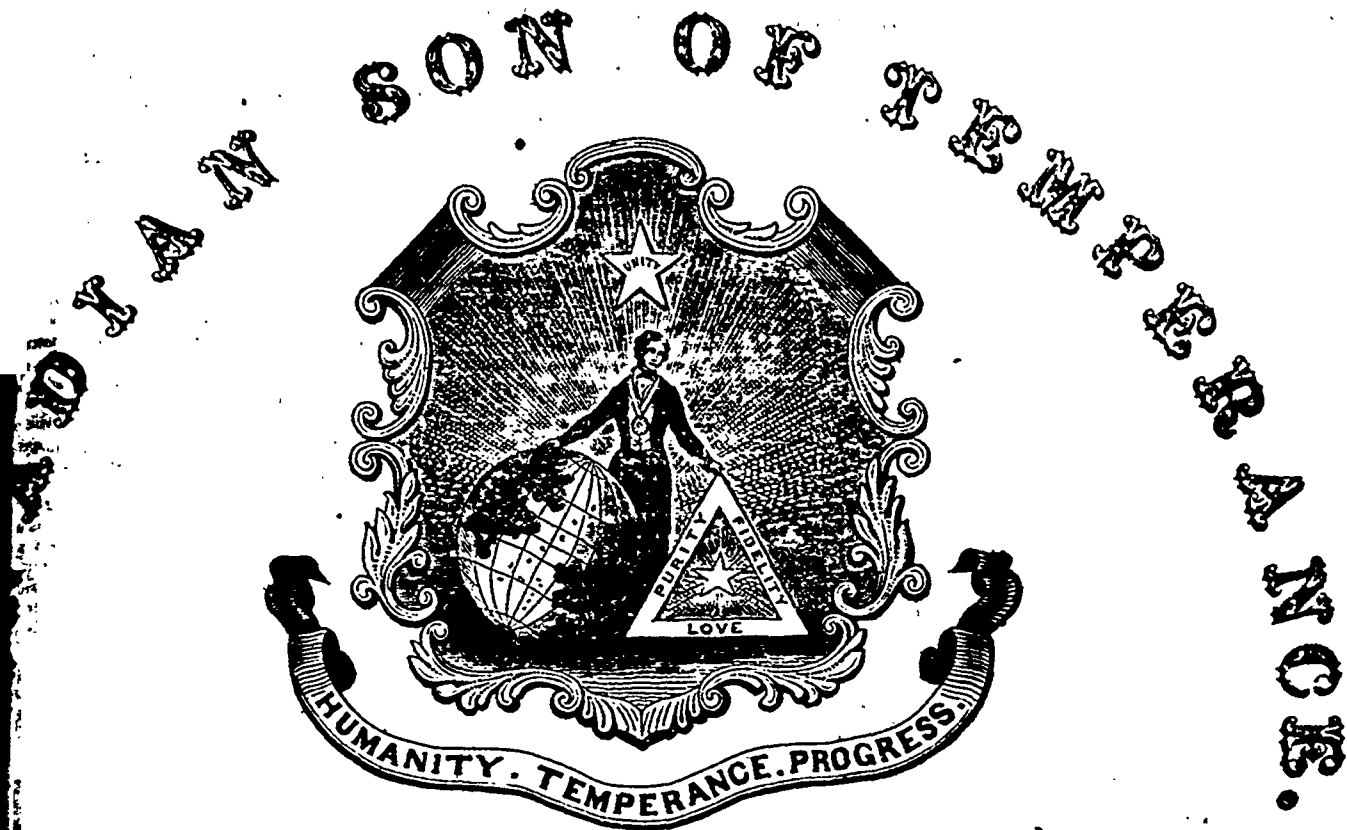
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MAY VERSES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do you hear the wild birds calling—
Do you hear them, oh my heart?
Do you see the blue air falling
From their rushing wings apart.

With young swallows they are flocking,
For they hear the laughing breeze,
With dew fingers rocking,
Their cradles in the trees:

With nature's bosom holds,
Till the wintry storms are done,
Little violets white and golden,
How are leaning to the sun.

With its stars the sky is florid,
And the wind-flower, sweet to view,
Lies uncovered its pale forehead,
To the kisses of the dew.

While thousand blossoms tender,
Lie so sweetly as they,
Are wearing their wild splendor
In the blue eyes of May!

In the water softly dimpled—
In the flower-crowned sod—
How beautiful exemplified
Is the providence of God!

From the insect's little story,
To the farthest star above,
All the waves of glory, glory,
In the ocean of his love!

EUROPEAN NATIONS—THEIR ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY.

can be more interesting to Europeans, and those who spring from them, than thoughts and their antiquity. Europe when first discovered by civilized man was settled by numerous savage or demi-civilized tribes of an en-

retic and warlike disposition. Italy and Greece are in Europe, but we speak of the more northern portions of it, now inhabited by the most enlightened people that ever lived in the world. Julius Cæsar was the first man who really said or knew much about the ancient Europeans. About fifty years before the appearance of Christ, he invaded many portions of savage Europe, and finally succeeded in conquering the greater part of it, even including England and Ireland. The population even then was dense and warlike and often worsted in combat the brave and unconquerable hosts of Cæsar. The races at that time seemed to be pretty much of the same origin and appearance. Indeed there is little doubt, but that all the modern nations of Europe spring from the same stock, and that the Greeks and Romans were also of the same origin. The characteristics of this race, called the Caucasian or white race, are peculiar, and have been marked for at least three thousand years. Beauty of person, mental vigor, power and vivacity of thought, romance and courage or warlike disposition, have ever distinguished them. When Greece fell at the feet of Rome, and Rome fell at the feet of the Vandals of Europe it was but brothers conquering brothers. When northern Europe, was invaded by Cæsar many millions of people inhabited it, and even extreme Norway and Sweden were inhabited. Man had lived in those countries then at least a thousand years. He had made but little progress in the arts and sciences, but was warlike and advancing in civilization. He was in about the same state as the Savages of North America when discovered by Smith in Virginia. The people were idolatrous, worshipping imaginary Gods, and erecting stone temples and altars to unknown Gods, upon which it is said human beings were sacrificed. In the conquest of Europe by Cæsar and the Romans and in the subsequent appearance of Christianity, and the embracing of that religion by Constantine the Roman Emperor; producing its spread over Europe, one can almost see the visible hand of the CREATOR. God had an eye of love for this mighty Caucasian race, by which it would seem, that the whole world was to be civilized and christianized.

The poor savages of the days of Julius Cæsar have conquered the world, and outstripped all men in knowledge. A few thousands of them not long since conquered Rome, and held it in bondage.—Such are the mighty transmutations of nations.— [EDITOR SOX.]

Translated from the French by H. Meigs.
HISTORY OF THE CELTS.

The Celts originally knew not how to read and write. Almost all Europe was inhabited by one and the same people—that is to say, the Celts—named, however, generally from the country they inhabited, Scythians, as the Greeks styled all those who lived along the river Danube, and from that to the extreme north. The Scythians and Sarmatians occupied all Europe. The ancients understood by the name Hyperborean those Celts of the north beyond the Rhiphean mountains.

When the Romans penetrated beyond the Danube they found that vast country inhabited by a people entirely different from themselves, and whom they called, some Celts, some Celto-Scythians, Iberians, Celtiberians, Gauls, Germans. The Sarmatians, or Sauromatians, these speak at this day the Slavonic language. Such are the Bohemians, Poles, &c. The Celts had cavalry, and wore the linear dress—a short mantle, which they called a *segum*, much like the dress of the mountaineers of inland. The ancient inhabitants of Spain, Portugal and France, were Celts.

Julius Cæsar tells us that in his day the Celts occupied but a third part of Gaul, (France,) and that there were three different languages among them, (say three dialects of the same language,) that the Celtic language was divided into an infinity of dialects, so that Celts sometimes removed from each other did not understand each other; that the Teutones (lastly Dutch) was only a Celtic dialect. Pausanias says that all the Gauls were formerly called Celts, that this name is a generic one.

The ancient Germans were Celts, as the Greeks said, *Keltos*. Strabo (A. D. 13) says that they differed a little from the Gauls. They were more ferocious, of greater stature, and whiter; but in other respects had the same traits, customs, food, &c., that the people of Scandinavia—namely, Sweden, Denmark, Norway are Celts, that there were Celts in Poland and Muscovy.

Old geographers call the Scandinavians Teutons, Teutch, or our Dutch. The Estions (now Prussians) were Celts. That the people of Great Britain were Celts—first named Albion, then Britain, because the word *bratton* a Celtic word, signifies to paint, or to brighten. The Britons and Gauls had the same usages, religion, names of princes and cantons, (or counties) and the same tongue.

There is a little more difficulty with regard to Ireland. But Diodorus Siculus (A. C.) said that the inhabitants of Ireland were the most ferocious of the Gauls. The Getæ, (Goths) Dacians, Bastarnes, Visigoths, Gepides, Vandals, Heruli, were all Celts. They are supposed to be descended from Japhet, through his son Gomer and his grandson Assenar. This belief is of high antiquity—that the Parthian Celts, or Gomerites, are Saces or Saxons.

Cuvier has demonstrated that the Celts anciently occupied Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain. He should have added part of Poland and Russia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Italy, and Sicily, that Asia Minor was full of Celts.

The German language is the remnant of the Celtic language. The Celts were famous for their valor, their ferocity to enemies, perfect hospitality, fidelity to their friends, and to their word, love of liberty; they lived simply, and never had been long subjected. They met in assembly, and decided all questions by the vote of the majority. For fear of some one acquiring undue power, they refused to have cities or fortresses. The climates which they occupied were, for the most part mild. The men were of great stature, fleshy, white skin, bright blooming cheeks, blue eyes, hair flaxen and thin, their looks fierce and menacing, of a robust temperament, resisting hunger, thirst, heat, cold, fatigue and labor.—They appeared to the Greeks so tall and stout that the German poets described them as monstrous giants.—The Latin writers do so too. Sidonius said that the Burgundian Celts, were seven feet high. The ancients thought the great stature and flesh of the Celts were owing to their great eating, and more especially to their great drinking, particularly of beer. Aristotle says that their blue eyes are caused by the excessive cold of their countries. Historians agree in their having fair and often reddish hair. Aulus Gellus says that the children of the Celts, when first born, have hair as white as old men precisely. The Celts were great sleepers, and very neat in every thing. They painted on their skins the figures of all sorts of animals. One distinctive custom was to wear their hair very long. They often dyed the hair reddish. They have no money whatever. They kept herds of cattle and slaves. They deemed all labor, agricultural or mechanical, base. More Celts died of drunkenness than by war. Their fidelity and courage were such, that the Emperor Augustus fortified his body-guard of them, his successors did the same, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and many others. Caracalla confided in them, not in Romans. Juba, King of Maunania, was guarded by them. Herod the great also, Cleopatra too.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.—Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we should never have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, a conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of every-day life, how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the differences of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect show us that beneath all the noblest elements of our human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in a man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life led us to suppose. The world, after all, is better, in many things, than we take it to be.

If you would enjoy good health, wear flannels, and attach yourself to thick shoes. As our statesmen say of the snakes of the Mississippi—remove them and away goes your constitution.

Carrying pointiness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

SINGULAR COMBAT.

DESIROUS of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze, an animal some what similar to the ichneumon of Egypt, I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented, as these men generally carry snakes and mungoozes with them, and led us out into the compound a field which is attached to almost every house in the cantonment.

Having expressed our fears that some one in the party might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous pheasant coop of worked wire which stood unused in the court-yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, as our suggestion, the first snake taker in the morning was selected for the encounter.

The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the cover suddenly withdrawn.—In a moment after, the snake, a cobra capella, the most poisonous and deadly of the serpent tribe, darted out. The hedgegry pot was then taken away, and the edges of the coop let down. For two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all around the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape, but, finding this impossible, he most philosophically coiled himself up; freeing however, his insignificant head from the fold, and remaining in a listening attitude.

Presently the man produced the mungooze, and let him at his adversary. Never was I so astonished. This was the first time I had seen a mungooze and I expected to see a somewhat powerful opponent. Never would I have fancied that so small an animal would venture to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind. Such, however, was the case. The little creature who now snuffed around the edges of the coop was about half as large again as a rat, of motley color, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal, had it not been for his tail, which was large and bushy, and near the centre almost as large round as the little body to which it was attached.

For a time the mungooze ran about without appearing to see the snake, which, however, on perceiving its tormentor, had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly the tiny creature, which seemed to be little more than a mouthful for his adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitating, ran at him. So apparently an unequal a contest I never beheld. The cobra capella had reared itself and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape or collar, which it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks about its eyes resemble a pair of spectacles. Its marble stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage whose fiery eyes seemed suddenly to glow like red hot cinders, as it rushed towards its mighty enemy and bit it.

The snake darted at it, squeezed it, inflicted its dreadful wound, and then drew itself back. The mungooze was evidently disabled. Faint and almost dying, it retreated. Many of us supposed that the battle was ended, and regretted the untimely fate of the courageous beast. After limping about for some minutes and even lying down faint with exhaustion, the mungooze began to pook his nose on the grass. What it swallowed none have ever been able to trace, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery. What the herb is which the animal takes as an antidote to poison no one can tell, but its effects are, certainly, almost miraculous; for no sooner did the little creature imbibe the sought for antidote than it suddenly recovered its pristine strength, and again attacked the serpent.

This scene was enacted no less than seven times; and each time the cobra capella appeared weaker and weaker, till actually tired out. The mungooze at length succeeded in catching the monster by the throat and destroying it, to the surprise and admiration of all present.

THE PROCESS OF TATTOOING.

The Samoan Reporter from which the following description of the process of Tattooing is copied, is a periodical issued half yearly by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, in this group of islands in the great Pacific.

Until the young man is tattooed, he is considered in his minority. He need not think of marriage, and he is constantly exposed to taunts and ridicule, as being poor and of low birth and as having no right to speak in the society of men. But as soon as he is tattooed,

he passes into his majority, and considers himself entitled to the respect, and privileges of mature years. When a youth, therefore, reaches the age of sixteen, and his friends are all anxious that he should be tattooed. He is then on the lookout for the tattooing of some neighboring chief, with whom he may unite. On such occasions, six or a dozen young men may be tattooed at one time; and for these there may be four or five tattooers employed. Tattooing his a regular profession just as house-building, and well paid.

The instrument used is an oblong piece of bone (*os ilium*) about an inch and a half broad, and three inches long. A time of war and slaughter was a pretext for the tattooers to get a supply of instruments. The one end is like a very small toothed comb, and the other is fastened to a piece of cane, and looks like a little serrated adze. They dip it into a mixture of candle-nut ashes and water, and, tapping it with a mallet, it sticks into the skin; and in this way it punctures the whole surface over which the tattoo extends. The greater part of the body, from the neck down to the knee, is covered with it, variegated with which, when they are well oiled, makes them appear in the distance, as if they had on black silk breeches. As it extends over such a large surface, the operation is a tedious and painful affair. After tattooing and bleeding for a while under the hands of the tattooers, the patience of the youth is exhausted. They then let him rest and heal for a time, and then returning to him again, do a little piece on each of the party. In two or three months the whole is completed.

"KING'S EVILS," OR TWO IN A BED.

Good stories are now so scarce, none should be told and the following, told us by Mr. J. H. M'Vicker, the Yankee comedian, is among the best we have heard:

At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen (who were, by the way, nearly all strangers to one another) together, and requested that they would be partners. Stage coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Mr. M'Vicker, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the Register, he entered his name, and remarked, "I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the 'King's Evil' and it is contagious." "The King's Evil!" said one; and the landlord, looking "thunder struck" remarked, as he eyed Mac rather closely, "I'll see what I can do for you by yourself." In a short time Mac was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who stepped on the floor to accommodate strangers.

In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast a fellow-traveller accosted the comedian with "What, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night."

"The nature!" drawled out Mac, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"Yes, sir. I never heard of such a disease before."

"Why said Mac, brightening up, "I thought you one knew. It is a disease of long standing. It's appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men in the country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kosciuszko in this country, it has broken out in many places."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I confess I have never heard much of it."

"Perhaps not," said Mac, "for it generally goes by another name."

"and what may that be?"

"REPUBLICANISM!" laughingly replied Mac, and he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast.

A simple Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the poor, used to pray in these words every night when he was in his hammock.—God be thanked I never killed any man nor any man killed me, God bless the world and success to the British Navy.

[ORIGINAL.]

HOPE AND PLEASURE.

Fair pleasure's winning smiles oft steal,
The cares of life away,
And 'neath gay gilded clouds conceal,
Death's dark and low'ring day;
Yet, rosy pleasure's hours can tempt,
To tread their flowery ways,
The young, the old—none are exempt,
From scorching at their blaze.

All, all by times her power must feel,
Yet often those who seem,
Within her gayest rings to wheel,
Start as from some sad dream!
They feel that sorrow haunts them still,
Even while around them plays,
The brightest joys life doth dispel,
Bright beauty's brilliant rays.

For deep deep hidden is the heart,
That's crushed, neath broken thought,
And few are they who know the art,
That school men's rules ne'er taught;
To read upon the open brow,
Or in the listless eye:
The burning thoughts that within flow,
While all without seems joy!!

Yet fewer still are they who show,
Compassion for the blind,
That melts not, for fair fancy's glow,
Or shrubs its scorching wind,
Which shrinks as from the Simoom's blast,
For pleasures' balmy breeze;
To feed on sorrows long long past,
Or mourn lifes destinies.

For often thus the fondest heart,
The merriest to the eye,
In secret feels grief's madd'ning smart,
While pleasure's flitting by;
And to the thoughtless, untroubled gaze,
Seems decking it with glee,
But could we read thoughts wild'ring mass,
We'd crave oblivion's sea.

Aye crave with earnest heart-felt prayer,
To be gulf'd in that gloom,
Which shrinks from earth and earthly care,
The inmates of the tomb;
Would it but banish from the mind,
Thought's ever gnawing worm,
Or free us from the withering wind,
Of deep remorse's storm.

And oh what earthly power can stay,
Its ever rushing stream,
What magic wand produce a day,
To break thoughts' dreadful dream?
Is there a power an earthly gift;
Dares with remorse to cope?
A wretched mind from gloom can lift
There is a power—'tis Hope!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

1859.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—The Washington Telegraph gives the following anecdote of a dog in that city: A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman with whom we are acquainted, was sent a few days since to a neighbouring house for a garment that had been left there by her mother. The two houses were within a few of each other, a common intervening. On entering the garden of the house to which she had been sent, she was attacked by three dogs, and thrown down; her clothes were torn, and one of the animals seized her by the foot. At her home there was a big, good-natured dog, who had never manifested any other positive qualities than a good appetite. But he seemed to have apprehended the danger the child was approaching; his eyes had followed her, and on the first intimation of the attack, he bounded forward, reached the scene of the scene in time to rescue the child, and sent her assailants away howling. As she entered the house he forced his way in beside her; and when the lady attempted to send her the article for which she had been sent, he sprang between them; and in no other way could the child procure it than by taking it up from where it had been laid after the family had left the room. When she departed, the dog took his position between her and all possible assailants; and as she emerged from the premises, he took his place behind her, and followed closely, and with a defiant air, until she had regained her own home, when he threw himself down at the threshold, with his face towards the theatre of his last exploit, and relapsed into his accustomed reverie.

TOO TRUE.—One man through poverty and misfortune fails to pay a twenty-five dollar debt at the time promised. The community are shocked at such conduct and mark him. Another man deliberately lays his hands and fails for thousands, putting his property into the hands of some friends and cheating all his creditors both rich and poor. His failure is not so serious a matter.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide,
Beside the stilly waters,
Our erring footsteps guide;
'Tis pleasant thus believing
Their ministry on earth
To know an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights, on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing,
She turns me with a tear;
'Twere base to alight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her the loving angel
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passion's dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles.
It may be unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife. O brothers,
An angel hovers below;
Alas, your eyes are holden
'Too often till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have passed from earth.
O cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SPRING.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

Spring, glorious Spring, is opening the "treasure house" of the year; and "bringing out things new and old," to decorate our earthly temple. I always loved spring. Not that winter was unpleasant to me; nor merely for its beauty, though the soul which retains the impress of its Maker, must love the beautiful; for God's nature is beauty and love. Love, oh! that it is which gives spring its great charm. The cold blasts of winter, which swept by, freezing and palsyng the great heart of vegetative life; hushing the voice of gushing waters; stopping their playful gambols, which made earth so cheery; driving sweet song birds to other climes, and binding in silent death universal creation—silent save the sighing of winds, and the hoarse moan of the frost wreathed forest. All this is saddening; for who can feel without an effort, that nature does not really suffer like human beings, in this universal eclipse and death.

It is saddening; but the spell of that sadness is quickly broken by reason, which tells us that there is in nature, no real death or suffering; that

"Change is the life of nature; and the hour
When blight and storm recal lone autumn home,
That hour the seeds of life within she bears."

which sleep but for a season, to make their resuscitation more welcome and beautiful, by the wholesome change. But there are sad thoughts connected with winter, which grow more sorrowful upon reflection—thoughts of real suffering and human ills, during the inclement season of frosts and snow. The miserable hovel, where the haggard children of want, shiver over the waning fire. Old age destitute, homeless, or cowering in some wretched shelter, sickness aggravated by constant exposure to its chills; and suffering childhood—oh that is the saddest, to think that the young heart should so early learn the gloomy lesson, that all earthly is fraught with ill.

Gentle spring comes; and the balmy south wind breathes over the earth. The genial warmth is raiment to the ill clad child of want; and makes the broad earth, in open air, a home for the homeless—a home more beautiful than the palaces of kings—carpeted with fabrics more highly wrought, and more richly colored, than all the products of eastern looms. Embroidered with flowers, art can only roughly imitate, with dancing fountains, bright cascades, leafy isles, and stately columns of forest trees, enlivened by sweet and varied music, and such a ceiling—the great, glorious, unpillared arch of heaven. Even starvation half forgets its pangs, in the satiety of other wants.

Spring can heal the sufferings of the physical man, but woe to the mental. For that, as yet, comes no glad spring. The dark winter of despotism, last through this genial season. Suffering millions, groaning beneath

its iron hand, find no alleviation in this time of beauty and love. We rejoice for ourselves; but we weep for our eastern brethren. Europe is hushed in deeper calmness—a more fearful spell, than that of winter,—the silence of mortal terror. Tyrants "sitting in the place of God, rob him of his right—the free will offering of humanity. Oppression, famine, suffering, death, reign over that doomed land, changing the voice of joy—spring's heritage, to the wail of woe; the stifled imprecation, or the silence of despair. We have watched, hoped, and prayed, that the spring time of renovated liberty, might have dawned, ere this, in that unhappy clime; but every mail brings tidings, that those chains grow firmer; and their iron pressure seems fast crushing out the life blood of freedom and justice. Yet still we have faith. Did we, a few weeks since, when spring delayed her expected coming so long; when winter seemed to renew his energy, and frost, snow, and blighting cold came, instead of the usual warm sunshine, and refreshing showers of April; did any doubt that the time of buds, flowers, and ripened fruit, would come? Did any fear, that winter would last forever! No, the most timid dreamed of no such thing; for all know that God had so constituted nature, that it was impossible. Even so the earnest student of humanity, fears not for the eventual triumph of freedom and right; though he may mourn that the advent of that peaceful reign, is so long delayed. Humanity as a whole cannot retrograde. Her destiny is progress—eternal progress; and woe to him whose puny arm essays to annul God's ordinance. Though he triumph for a while, he is but making more fearful the hour of retribution. Each act of oppression, while it adds fresh horrors to the conflict—pangs to the new birth of humanity, hastens its coming. But while with awe we wait its advent; let us not neglect the preparations, which can prepare us as a nation, to stand, unabashed, in the full light of that glorious day of perfect justice, and above all, remember that the reformation of the mass, can be effected only by reforming the individuals which compose it, and that we, ourselves, are reckoned among them.

Brookline, April 25th 1852.

A GOOD STORY.

The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it—he exclaimed—

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is so easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however if you don't want the whole you needn't have it, I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I will take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skin milk cheese for the price of wool.

A NUTTY FLAVORED ANECDOTE.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still persisted, the elder getting tired of it, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, he raised a quart of shavings on the floor, making a great noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

"Man," quietly responded the youngster, looking composedly, "see what you have done."—*Banker Blade.*



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

JENNY LIND.

BY MRS. MALINDA SMITH, OF NORWICHVILLE.

Just now I take a little time,
My days work being done,
I'll set my thoughts to work awhile,
And see how they will run.

A lady gay, of talents rare,
Called Jenny Lind by name;
They say she's noble and she's fair,
A gentle, modest dame.

Her voice, it charms both young and old,
Attracts both great and small;
So siren-like as I am told,
It's sure to please them all.

Her fame it spreads both far and wide,
So sweetly she doth sing,
Her graceful form I've never spied,
This charming Jenny Lind.

The humble one she never disdain,
But plies and reflects,
With smiling heart and honest gain,
Both them from misery saves.

A paper now and then I get,
But never fail to find,
A word or two in letters bright,
Concerning Jenny Lind.

If I could see her lovely face,
Tho' better I could tell:
But now you see, I write by guess,
And thus my pages fill.

Though man may talk, and make his boast,
Yet all, when said and done,
It's woman's voice that pleases most,
When rightly set in tune.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

The New-York and North American Grand Unions held their semi-annual session at Fountain Hall on the 3rd and 10th May inst.

The Daughters are working noiselessly but energetically and successfully in the "Great cause of all mankind." During the last term the Grand Union chartered and organized nineteen subordinate Unions in this State, and one in Kentucky. They have labored hard to procure the enactment of the Maine Liquor Law. Temporary defeat has by no means disheartened them. They are determined to prepare for another campaign, and never to relax their efforts so long as our statute books are disgraced, and our country cursed with a law to sanction, encourage, and protect the demoniacal work of dealing out liquid poison to destroy the peace, the happiness, the minds, the bodies, the souls of men.

The change of officers in the Grand Union, will be noticed by members of the Order and many others with mutual interest. To every Daughter of Temperance the name of Lucy Graves is as familiar as household words. To her is due the honor of originating the Order. She was the first initiated; was installed the first presiding officer of the first Union, the first pre-

siding officer of the first Grand Union, she has ever been an active, untiring laborer in the cause, and during the last five years she filled the important office of Grand Secy. Not ten years ago, when listening to a lecture explanatory of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, then new, Miss Graves mentally exclaimed, "If Sons of Temperance can do so much good, why cannot we have Daughters of Temperance also to do good?"—She went to work to put in practice the suggestions of her own mind. Behold the result. In the short time that has elapsed, the Order has not only spread over nearly the whole of this country, but has extended into others, and the New-York and North American Grand Union, acting as the head of the Order, has associated with it eight other Grand Unions, with over four hundred subordinate Unions. Other duties have called Miss Graves from the office that she has so long held with profit to others, and honor to herself. Success attend her.

We copy the above with pleasure from the N. Y. Organ. Miss Lucy Graves therein spoken of formed the first Union of Daughters of Temperance in Canada, about a year ago, and there are now about 50 Unions in operation.—[Ed. Soc.]

LASKEY DIVISION, KING.

On the 15th April last the Ladies of this village and vicinity, presented this Division with a beautiful Bible, and read the following address:—

ADDRESS OF THE LADIES OF LASKEY.

WORTHY PATRIARCH AND SONS OF TEMPERANCE,—We the Ladies of Laskey and Vicinity respectfully present you a copy of the Holy Scriptures, feeling assured that you will kindly receive so appropriate a token of our esteem. Words fail to express the gratitude and approbation we feel towards you, for your endeavors in promoting such a good cause, and in trying to dispel such a prevailing evil. We are delighted to observe the rapid progress the cause is making, not only in our neighborhood, but throughout the world. We have cause to rejoice at that which has been accomplished through your influence, yet there is work to be done; for intemperance still lurks in our land. Cease not in the noble work until that deadly foe is extirpated. As it is one of the rules of the Division to read a portion of God's word every time you meet, we wish you to accept this volume for that purpose, and may its divine precepts be deeply impressed on every mind, and may its principles guide and direct you, not only in the Division room, but also in your public and private walks of life. We wish you to remember the words of Scripture, to be kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love in honor preferring one another, and when time is no more, may we meet around the throne of the Most High, and join in the song of glory to God, peace and good will to man.

MRS GRANGER,
(In behalf of the Ladies.)

REPLY OF THE DIVISION.

MRS. GRANGER, AND LADIES IN THE VICINITY OF LASKEY.—The Sons of Temperance of this Division, acknowledge the kindness and respect you have shown to our Order, in presenting us with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. We are fully convinced that this act of kindness on your part, has originated from the purest motives. We rejoice to see you so interested, we require your co-operation, not only in the Temperance movement, but in all others which have a tendency to improve the human family. Our happiness and yours, is so blended together by the ties of nature, that whatever man does in a public or private capacity, is also felt by you, and very frequently you are the sufferers. In all ages of the world, among civilized and enlightened nations, woman has held a high position, and is capable of doing much good. Many a man who has been immortalized after death, for his good deeds, owed his first rudiments to an affectionate mother. Although you are not allowed to fill the places of Statesmen and Orators, yet our Allwise Creator has blessed you with intellectual faculties and endowments, calculated to work out his glorious designs. The spread of the Gospel, the Missionary Fund, Bible Societies, Tract Societies, with other benevolent institutions, which are rendered useful for the improvement of mankind, owe their prosperity in a great measure to your exertions. As a proof of these remarks you have shown this day by presenting this Di-

vision with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Our Order, an Order founded on the Holy Scriptures, and its design, is to improve mankind in morals and knowledge, that he may become a more rational being, a better man, a better neighbor, and a more useful citizen. We have for our motto, Love, Purity, and Fidelity, with a strict adherence to these virtues Religion itself prospers.

The Temperance movement is now moving the minds of a people over a great part of the enlightened world, though its commencement was small. When we look into the workings of Providence, how often is it the case that the weak things of this transitory world confound the mighty. The best and wisest men are now the advocates of this Temperance movement. Ladies of our country be with you as it is now with the Ladies of the United States, you will be called upon to urge the necessity of a MAINE LAW in our own country. May you prove yourselves worthy of the Cause you are advocating, is the earnest wish of this Division.

JAMES VANEVRY, R. S.

Upon the same occasion a very well written reply was read to the Ladies by Br. Wm. Irvine, which we had not room to insert.—[Ed. Soc.]

THE ROSE AND THE GEM.

BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows out for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour show;
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to sooth, and then—to die.

My father, when our fortune smiled,
With jewels decked his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,—
But ah! they had no charms for me;
A trifling tear bedewed my arm—
I felt it—and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

TRAFALGAR, MILTON, SONS AND LADIES.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—It is cheering to learn by your numerous correspondents the progress our Order is making in all parts of our land, and I am glad to say that Trafalgar is not behind in this benevolent enterprise. I had the pleasure of instituting a new Division on the 13th inst., called the Trafalgar Central Division No. 377 with 22 charter members.

We have now 3 Divisions in Milton District, in Milton Division No. 69; Nassagaweya No. 37; Trafalgar Central No. 377; all doing well, numbers increasing. We have also a Section of Cadets with 11 members.

The ladies of Peru a short time since presented this Division with a splendid copy of the Holy Scriptures with the following address, read by Mrs. J. Laidlaw:

LADIES OF PERU (ESQUEJINGO) ADDRESS.

To H. E. WILMOT, W. P. OF MILTON DIVISION No. 69.

SIR,—The Ladies of Peru and surrounding neighborhood deeply impressed with the usefulness of your Order, and as coadjutors, representing as they do their husbands, brothers, and sons; present this copy of the Holy Scriptures, with the psalms in verse, to the Milton Division of the Sons of Temperance, as an expression of their approbation of your principles, and unwearied zeal in promoting the cause of Temperance. That your constant efforts to preserve the thoughtless from the path of destruction, may be crowned with success, is, and should continue to be the fervent prayer of us, your friends, and well wishers; and when in the vicissitude of time your course is run, may the great SHEPHERD embrace you, and say, "naked" and ye clothed me; In the meantime may the Holy Spirit guide and direct your words and actions. Our prayers at the throne of God will be offered up in furtherance of these aspirations. Finally we bid you God speed.

REPLY.

RESPECTED LADIES OF PERU AND VICINITY,—I feel highly honoured this evening in having the pleasure of receiving from your hands, on behalf of Milton Division, your invaluable present, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and in responding to the noble and christian sentiments expressed in your address.

Allow me in reply to say that we receive this gift with

our free will offering to our noble Order, as not only expressing your approval of our organization, but, of your belief that it is founded on the Bible, the book which is evidently designed to give us correct information concerning the creation of all things by the Omnipotent God, and which makes known to us the state of happiness and happiness of our first parents in Paradise; and our dreadful fall from that condition by transgression against God.

To the Christian this volume supplies a surer guide than the Israelites enjoyed in the pillar of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night; it unfolds the consoling doctrine, and the directing precept; the warning threat and the cheering promise. It exposes our guilt, proclaims our danger, and reveals our duty, and hoists a guiding star through the pilgrimage of life, extending the horizon of our moral existence into the boundless realm of a happy eternity.

Ladies, we hail your appearance amongst us this evening as a token for good. It is encouraging to know that we have the countenance and influence of the Ladies, whose prayers and well wishes of the virtuous and good, are engaged in this moral enterprise. And that our efforts to suppress the evils of intemperance may be blessed, we unite with you in saying, may the Holy Spirit guide and direct our counsels and actions; believing that except the Lord conduct the plan, the best concerted schemes are vain and never can succeed.

May the Bible ever be the man of our counsels, the guide and director of our lives, enabling us not only to be soberly, but righteously, and Godly in this present world.

In conclusion Ladies we would thank you for the Bible, and your kind address, hoping that you and us may dwell beneath the benign influence of Him, who is the author of that book, and when our days on earth are numbered, may we be so unspeakably happy, as to set around his throne in Heaven where parting shall do more.

H. E. WILMOT, D. G. W. P.,
Of Milton District, No. 69.

Milton, April 30th 1852.

BURYING ALIVE.

Some years ago we were cognizant of an occurrence of this kind, which was of a most heart rending character. The wife of a gentleman was taken suddenly in church, and was carried to her home in a state of collapse. In a few hours she partially recovered, but immediately relapsed, and never again showed any signs of consciousness. She lay in this condition nearly ten days baffling the skill of the physicians, and then she was thought, and as there was almost every reason to believe, died. No signs of breathing could be detected, the limbs became rigid and cold, and the eyes remained open with a fixed and glassy stare of death; there was no change in the color of the skin. This was the only reason in the world for supposing that dissolution had not taken place. The poor bereaved husband, almost frantic at the loss of the young and beautiful wife whom he almost idolized, clung with desperation to the hope linned in her face, and long resisted the unanimous decision of the physicians, that she was certainly dead. They told him, what is doubtless true, that it sometimes, though very rarely happens, that there is no discoloration for days and even weeks after dissolution has taken place. But still he resisted, and it was not until three days had passed without the latest signal of change or sign of life, that he finally gave up, and suffered the burial to take place. She was entombed in a vault. Months passed. A cemetery being laid out, the husband purchased and beautified a lot, erected an elegant monument in it, and when all was ready, superintended the removal of the body of his wife to its final resting place. When the vault was opened he remembered the circumstances of her death, above detailed, and a desire suddenly seized him to once more behold the corpse. By his directions the coffin lid was removed. The spectacle which presented itself was unconceivably horrible, for it showed that she had been buried alive. She had turned quite pale upon her side, she clutched her nails into the coffin and her fingers had bled, portions of her grave clothes were torn, and on her horrid struggles she had contrived to carry her hand to her head, and had plucked from it a mass of hair with portions of the cap that covered it!

The poor man never recovered from the shock of this awful spectacle. He was borne away senseless, and for the rest of his weary life was an utterly broken and miserable being.—*Albany Register.*



Months' Department.

(ORIGINAL)

THE COURSE OF LIFE.—CHILDHOOD—AGE.

Look thou upon the bounding step
Of childhood, blythe and free!
No curl upon that laughing lip,
Its voice rings merrily!
No cloud upon that fair bright brow,
No moisture in that eye,
While pranksome Hope is spreading now
His golden wings of joy!
Yes! look upon that picture bright:
Doth it not give thine heart delight?
Now look upon that aged man,
Whose scant and grizzled hairs,
Above the brow, tell he has run
The race of eighty years!
His form is bent—his step is slow—
His eyes are bleared and dim—
His voice is feeble, weak and low—
What joy is left for him?
Yet he was once like yonder child,
As laughter-loving and as wild!

'Tis so with all beneath the sun:
Life opens with a dance!
And Hope and Pleasure woo us on,
With their enticing glance!

Spencerville.

F. WRIGHT.

THE WAY TO FORTUNE, OR "BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEG."

Let no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar loudly craved for "a few coppers for a night's lodging." The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man, and enquired "Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging." "Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment." "Nonsense," replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will."

"Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a half crown piece, and said to me, 'Work and don't beg; God helps them that help themselves.' I immediately left P——, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me his help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchase and profits became larger and larger, and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this, I have kept from drink and tobacco."

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and let me never see you begging again. If you do I will hand you over to the police."

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance until one day when travelling through P——, he entered a respectable looking book-

seller's shop, in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many minutes in conversation with the bookseller. Before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "are you not the gentleman, who several years ago gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?"

"Yes! I remember it well."

"Then sir, this house this well stocked shop is the fruit of that five shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence on God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags to selling papers and tracts in the street, then to keep an old book store, and ultimately to be the owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy family separated the large old family bible was brought out of which a Psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments silence, intermingled by subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events which was ascending to heaven.

When they arose and bid each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true, 'God helps those who help themselves.' It is better to work than to beg."

THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A preacher many years ago was journeying to a village where he was to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, the third was a mere looker on.

The grave and devout man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? did you ask God to bless you in your undertaking to-day?"

The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, they said, "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the gospel," was the reply, "but what little money I have shall be given to you." A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well then give it to us."

In taking the watch from his pocket his saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you here?" was the question again.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also."

"We must have them."

The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of and no further demand made. Instantly the preacher began to undress on his great coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, "Will you have my great coat?"

"No," was the reply, "you are a generous man and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows.

"I have given you every thing you asked for and would have given you more than you asked for. I have one favor to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"That you kneel down, and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf—to ask him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them.

"Nor I either," said another of them.

"Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags, if we have anything to do with you the judgement of God will overtake us."

So each article was returned. That, however did not easily satisfy the sated man, he urged prayer upon them. He knelt down, one of the robbers knelt with him, one prayed the other wept and confessed his sin, said it was the first time in his life he had done such a thing, and that it should be the last.

How far he kept his word is known only to him to whom the darkness and the light are equally alike—to him whose eyelids try the children of men.



The Literary Genu.

(ORIGINAL.)
HOME.

BY SYLVICOLA.

My home tho' the proud and the wealthy disdain thee
Tho' few be thy comforts—thy pleasures confin'd,
For the blessings which gold cannot purchase I prize thee
Loved home of my heart, thou art enshrin'd.

I seek not their wealth, for enervated their pleasures,
Since home hath the joys, which no wealth can impart,
There my spirit can feast on the bliss which it treasures,
There life takes its hue from the light of the heart.

Aye e'en tho' the gloom, and the tempest shroud me
While o'er the wide waste of the world I roam,
I still in joy's hollow'd cavern may hide me,
And pillow my head on the bosom of home.

And there tho' the tempest around me hath broken,
Tho' night for a while o'er life's pathway hath set,
Hope breath'd by the lips of the loved shall awaken,
The forecast of raptures to dawn o'er me yet.

Ah! leave but that home, and tho' miseries press me,
E'en down to the grave, yet I'll never repine,
Ah! leave but the loved of my bosom to bless me,
And joy—even joy to the last will be mine.

Unprov'd by the world, unknown, and neglected
I'll mourn not the fame which the world medonates,
While the joys which I give to my home are reflected,
Again o'er my soul from the hearts that I prize.

Ah surely that scene is an emblem of Heaven,
Where love, brightest link of enchantment thou art;
Where the bosom enjoys all the bliss it hath given,
And kindness unaltered gives tone to the heart.

Ah leave but that home, and tho' miseries press me
E'en down to the grave, yet I'll fear not the blast
Oh! leave but the loved of my bosom to bless me
That home where my heart would have clung to the last.

ISSUED, C. S.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.

A great deal has been said during the present spring about our climate. Complaints have been made on all sides of the lateness of the spring, and the severity of the past winter. For some years past people have thought that the North American winters, were getting gradually milder, but the past season has dispelled such ideas. The severity of the past winter has not been exceeded within the memory of man in North America. The cold has been felt as far as New Orleans and Washington city, at both of which places snow fell, and ice was formed to a considerable extent. We have noted the variations of the weather for the past twenty-five years in Canada, and find upon reference to notes in 1830 that the climate was then upon an average, the same as now. From 1800 to 1830 the oldest inhabitants of Canada say that more snow generally fell than since—that the springs were more sudden, and the winters set in earlier. But even this notion, has been set at naught this year, for winter commenced early; immense quantities of snow fell and spring commenced very suddenly about the first of May. Vegetation is as forward now, with two weeks very mild weather, as last year. Now the fact is that geological facts and the proof of experience show, that our climate does not change much, and has not changed much for many thousands of years. At the time when the ocean covered all of North America, the climate was the same as now to a great extent. This is proved by the falling of boulders from floating ice bergs,

which floated from the north to the south, and east. These ice bergs detached in May, or June floated south, south-west, and easterly, and when they came to our latitude, the heat melted them and caused them to lose their burden of stones. When they went further south they were diminished, and had still fewer boulders; and at points about New Orleans, and higher up we find few or no boulders. The remains of animals, shrubbery and trees, also prove that the climate was about the same many thousand of years ago. The Mastodon lived in a temperate climate. Our climate with all its faults is decidedly a good one, for duration of life and enjoyment. Its greatest fault is coldness in March and April, subjecting the people to lung complaints, but if we have these, we have less fever, &c. Let us be content with our lot, and the blessings we enjoy.

BIRDS OF CANADA.—THE SWALLOW TRIBE.

There are four species of the swallow tribe in Canada. Properly speaking the bird called the whippoorwill should be classed in the same tribe or genus. There are habits and appearances about this bird, similar to the swallows. His flight, shape, beak, and actions, in the air, or when seated still on a tree or on the ground, are also so. He lives on flies caught in the air, and loves the clouds, to soar and scream on the wing. He loves to skun the dewey grass, the verdant meadows. However, we will not speak of the bird further on this occasion. The four species of the swallow genus, are the large purple Martin, or house swallow, the chimney swallow, the barn or red breasted swallow, and the cliff or water swallow, of dun and whitish colour.—These interesting birds are well known to every boy born in America, and are welcome visitors. "The first swallow does not make a spring" is an old saying in America, but the first swallow is the surest harbinger that spring is near at hand. The barn swallow sometimes appears as early as the tenth day of April, but generally not before the twentieth or last of the month. It frequents the barns of our farmers, or old houses and sheds, and builds a nest of mud and straw, lined inside with feathers and down, which it makes fast to the roof or rafter of the building. The eggs are whitish with brown spots on them. Its colour is a bright and glossy blackish purple on the upper parts—ochre colour on the breast, and whitish on the abdomen. The tail is forked and aids the bird in adhering to the roofs of buildings. It breeds in June or July, and leaves us in August. This little bird never soars very high. It loves the grassy lawn,—the garden, the cow yard, the sheepfold or the smooth pond of water. Its joyous little twittering on the wing, or when entering its nest, is very pleasing to the ear. Gentle bird, it comes in sunshine and leaves with the glowing suns of August.—The infant mind is first attracted by it, for like the house sparrow and the robin, the homes of our children are its haunts. Whilst we are admiring our gardens, our farms, or our stock, it dashes around and before us—plays on the wing with the sheep, the dog, or the poultry, and seems to say let us enjoy this day of our life, for storms will come to-morrow. The large black swallow or martin is more than double the size of the first kind.—The plumage is of a deep glossy black with a blueish tinge on the upper parts, and lightish below; the female being smaller and less showy. It frequents large buildings and is generally seen about cities, and the habitations of man. We do not know indeed that it is to be found elsewhere than about the habitations of man.—This bird builds its nest in high positions on buildings,

appears early in April and leaves late in August. Its peculiar harsh cries are well known. This bird has the same familiar and gentle habits to recommend it to the barn swallow. It is more shy in its habits, although it is a thing of domestic life, living in the haunts of man. It breeds in June, and seems to suffer with the breath of cold—it lives on flies, and uses the little bait-tations prepared for it by man. The next species is the chimney swallow, a variety differing as much from the two former as does the whippoorwill from all of them.—Its wings are unusually long, tail forked—plumage of a sooty black, lighter beneath. In breadth of wing cannot be less than fifteen inches, although the bird is light and small. Nothing can exceed the activity of the bird on the wing. It darts through the air as if by magic. The highest regions of the air are also its domain. Whilst soaring in the upper air at a distance of several hundred yards, it will come with the speed of lightning below and enter the chimney in which it has its nest.—It utters a quick chirping noise while on the wing.—These birds seem to be playing and holding converse in the upper air on the wing. They delight in building their nests in old and unused chimneys, fastening the nest to the sides of the chimney by a gluey substance. The nest is composed of small dry twigs and sticks with a little downy substance, and differs materially from that of the barn swallow. When entering the chimney a roaring noise is made by the long wings of the bird. In habits it is shy. This species comes later than the others and leaves us about the same time.—We have often in the warmest days of June and July, watched the lightning speed of this bird in the air, listened to its twittering in the silent blue heaven, darting with tremulous wings in all directions about a chimney nest. Its eggs are white we believe. The species is the cliff or water swallow, of a light dunish colour on the back, and whitish on the breast and abdomen. It frequents the cliffs of lakes, rivers, and ponds which are surrounded by high sand banks, delighting to skun the surface of unruffled water, playing with its own figure in the mirror; burrows in the sand-banks for the purpose of incubation. Hundreds of these holes may be seen together on any of our lakes or rivers. This bird delights in being near water and it is said, of which we have no doubt, buries itself in September and October in the bottom of marshes, where it remains for six months or more in a torpid state until May suns call it to life and activity. It appears in Canada early in April and leaves late in September. We do not know what the colour of the eggs is. This species is the smallest of the race and has a tail a little forked.

POETRY.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Every one who is fond of beautiful poetry has heard of Bryant, and read his poetry. There is something about his verses incomparably sweet and natural. He combines in his style the masculine and feminine, partaking of the poetic characters of Mrs. Hemans and Lord Byron. His ideas and imagery are true to nature—his thoughts are bright and reach the inmost heart—and a truth and pureness surround his verses. We once met with this Poet in the prairie West. One would hardly suppose him such as he is, from a passing acquaintance or look. Phenologically we noticed nothing about him striking. His look is common place, and one would pronounce him at first sight to be a man of third rate mind. He is of slender form, above fifty years in age by look, and rather reserved and distant we should say. Yet with all this, Bryant is one of the most natural and greatest living Poets, a man of great imagination and intellectual vigor. He was a short time since, and per-

is still, the Editor of one of the leading New York
The following lines should immortalize any man
they are but a sample of his many beauties. Deep,
—striking imagery—the heart's truth and origi-
—are his characteristics:—

THE SPRING—MAY.

The May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave—
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave—
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave—
Low in her grave.

The music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies
Within the grave—
Low in the grave.

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, May 18, 1852.

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

The following lines were originally published in the *New
Zealand Tribune*, they being, however, but a small part of the

SPIRIT RAPPINGS IN MAINE.

I hear that kind of rapping, and the welcome friend whose
name is that Mercy, like an angel, stands to guard the poor house
door;
Brotherhood that ever, by a holy, pure endeavor,
leads our fallen sons to scatter from the monster vice of gore,
to the father, mother, children, see the gloomy poor house
door,
Or the prison nevermore.

As the Sheriff does the rapping, and the spirits hear the tap-
ping,
they tremble in their lodgings, in the corner of the store,
and the noise of axe and hammer, with the people's shouts and
clamor,
the Spirits start and stammer, for they know their days
are o'er,
they blush, as they had ought to, for their bloody race is
o'er,
Making maniacs nevermore.

FORMS OF PETITIONS—GUELPH ADVERTISER—IGNORANCE OF THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MAINE LAW—THE DUTY OF PATRIOTIC EDITORS AND CITIZENS.

We have frequently been asked by correspondents
to draw up or recommend, a form of Petition to the
Legislature for the enactment of the Maine law in
Canada. Lengthy verbose Petitions we dislike. Such
are not used in any part of the American States.
Nothing to the point, short, expressive and truth-
ful would suit us, and we presume all Temperance
men too, much better. The following form now in
use of circulation, at or near Guelph, seems to
be long enough and quite sensible and intelligent.

We recommend our Canadian friends to circulate a
Petition to the Legislature similar to that, for present-
ment at the meeting of the approaching Session of
Parliament:—

TO THE HONORABLE THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF
THE PROVINCE OF CANADA, IN PARLIAMENT ASSEM-
BLED.

The Petition of the undersigned inhabitants of the Town
of Guelph and vicinity,
Humbly Sheweth:—

That your Petitioners regard Intemperance as a great
moral and social evil—destructive of health, virtue, and
happiness, and producing only disease, lunacy, and
crime, entailing heavy burdens on society, and erecting
a fatal barrier in the path of individual and national
progress.

That your Petitioners regard Total Abstinence from
the use of intoxicating liquors as the only effectual
means of prevention or cure of this great evil: but, while
rejoicing that many thousands of their fellow country-
men in this Province are persuaded of the truth of these
statements, and act on such persuasion, your petitioners
regret that many, from interested motives consequent
on their peculiar avocations, or from the blinding influ-
ence of vitiated appetites, are, in this matter, still un-
moved, and apparently unmoveable by the remonstrances
of moral suasion.

That your Petitioners deem it the duty of a wise and
patriotic Government, in such circumstances, to protect
the community from the immense pecuniary sacrifices,
the mental and physical maladies, the outrages on life
and property, and the moral contamination, consequent
on the use of alcoholic beverages.

Your Petitioners therefore pray your Honorable House
to pass a Legislative enactment, prohibiting the manu-
facture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medi-
cinal or mechanical purposes.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

This form of Petition appears in the *Guelph
Advertiser*, of the 6th May, and in inserting the same,
the Editor thinks proper to use the following lan-
guage in reference to the Maine law:—

"Although we give publicity to the petition, we do
not endorse all its sentiments—but believe that the
Maine Law contains an arbitrary principle which is con-
trary to the fundamental rights of man, and punishes
the innocent for the sins of the guilty. We publish the
petition, however, and our readers may form their own
opinion upon it."

This language in effect says no good man—no
wise man could sign such a Petition. Indeed what
good citizen should sign a petition in favor of the
passage of a law "*which Contains an arbitrary
principle, is contrary to the fundamental rights
of man, and punishes the innocent for the sins of
the guilty?*" The Editor no doubt utters these sen-
timents honestly, and has a perfect right to exercise
his judgment in the matter, but we believe he does
it hastily and in utter ignorance of the law he op-
poses, as well as of the evils it would prevent and
the good it would effect. An Editor of a paper
should be careful of his *diction*—he is a public
author and thousands read his sentiments and are thereby
affected in their actions. Advice or opinions like
the above, may prevent many from doing the noblest
act that a man could do in Canada. The Editor of
the *Advertiser* is merely one of a class in Canada
who think as he does, in our opinion without due
examination or deep reflection. We allude to him
simply to elicit truth without any unfriendly feeling
or motive. We will first examine the assertions of
this Editor that the Maine law contains an *arbitrary
principle* and secondly that it strikes at the *funda-
mental rights of man*. We are not going to write

an essay on this subject, but simply to refute some
unsound arguments and unjust objections. Before
doing so we would remark that the *Quebec Gazette*
of the 7th instant, in speaking of the license system
at Quebec indulges in a strain of argument nearly
similar to that of the *Advertiser*. We had supposed
that the *Gazette* was favorable to the Order of the
Sons of Temperance, and to the entire prohibition of
the traffic in intoxicating drinks. There are many of
our supposed friends who will smile on us, who will
speak a cheering word—who will publish accounts
of our meetings and praise our debates and soirees—
who will yet turn upon us a cold look, the moment
we attempt to carry into practice thoroughly and
manfully those principles which as true teetotalers,
we are bound to do. All true Sons of Temperance
and teetotalers believe in the necessity of the cessa-
tion of the license system. They may differ as to
the time and mode of effecting this, but all aim at that
result. Thirty years exertion and experience have
fully proved in America and Great Britain that moral
suasion alone cannot and will not reform society as
to drunkenness or effect any thing permanent. The
system of prohibition cannot wholly reform the adult
generation, but it will to a great extent do so, and
will at all events prevent the rising generation—the
children of drinking men from becoming drunkards.
THE MAINE LAW CONTAINS NO ARBI-
TRARY PRINCIPLE. It protects Society against
an admitted evil, and Governments and laws among
men are constituted and made simply for the purpose of
protecting man against man—of causing those things
to be done which are likely to further general hap-
piness, morality, social comfort and peace. If then
drunkenness in the community, which is and always
will be the necessary result of the license system,
be an evil—be productive of immorality—of crime
—of social discord—of death lunacy and pauperism,
upon what principle of sound reasoning, or in the
eye of common sense, can a law that tends effectually
to prevent drunkenness be said to be against
man's *fundamental rights* or *arbitrary in principle?*
Is it arbitrary to legislate for man's greatest good?
Do not common sense—morality and religion, call
upon us to do so? Is it arbitrary to protect man
against his wicked passions and vices and to enact
laws for the promotion of peace, health and industry?
What so effectually destroys these as drunkenness?
Every licensed tavern—every distillery or brewery
allowed, is a premium held out for drunkenness—is
the manufactory of drunkenness. Is it arbitrary to
put down brothels or gaming houses? The *Adver-
tiser* and his class of reasoners will say NO NO.
The one injures the marriage institution and corrupts
the morals of both sexes. The other begets idleness
—causes suicide—encourages swindling and unlaw-
ful games. Yet by nature some will say man has a
right to do with his person or his money what he
pleases; so he has a right to drink, manufacture,
and sell what he pleases. No—he has no such un-
qualified right. The right is subject to the proviso
that it be promotive of the public good. No man
for individual profit, by DIVINE or MUNICIPAL law,
has the right to do what will injure his fellow men.
As one of an association of human creatures he
should so conduct himself, that his fellowmen may
be made wiser—happier and prosperous. The
MAINE LAW stops at the right point; it leaves *hom*

and individual action to itself, man personally to his free will, but says that the law shall not sanction or allow what is evil, either for sale or manufacture thereof. Consistently with the law a man may for his own use brew his beer—make his cider—his currant or grape wine, for his own use and not for sale. We pronounce the assertion that the Maine law is arbitrary, to be hasty and untenable, and challenge him to prove it. His assertion that the law is destructive of fundamental rights is mere verbiage, incapable of proof. On the contrary it sustains man's original rights—which are the enjoyment of just and wise laws to protect Society, in health, property, peace and morality. Man without a good government carried on for his happiness at large, free from class legislation, is better without any. The only advantage of civilized over savage life, is the protection of moral and wise laws. Inns as such for the accommodation of weary travellers are necessary and blessings, but when they are licensed to sell poison, or what makes man unhappy and vicious, they become public nuisances and pests. Two-thirds of the spirit houses, gin and beer shops, of America and Europe are not licensed as Inns of accommodation to travellers, but as stations of drunkenness—places in which to sell spirituous or malt liquors. Now we will venture to say that if a commission were to issue to-morrow from our House of Assembly, to examine all the Judges of Superior and Inferior courts, police officers and magistrates, keepers of poor houses, Lunatic asylums and goals in Canada, the result of such examination would be ANSWERS CLEAR and distinct, that the USE OF SPIRITUOUS AND MALT LIQUORS in this Province, causes directly and indirectly at least three fourths of all its CRIME, SOCIAL MISERY, and TAUPERISM. Yet the *Advertiser* says it is arbitrary to pass a law to prevent this—it is contrary to man's fundamental rights. A law is not arbitrary that prevents man from destroying himself. Drunkenness is sure to end in speedy death. Yet the Maine law does not interfere with individual action, or personal liberty at home. It makes the traffic contraband—puts the heel of the law on the sale and manufacture for profit. Our friend of the *Quebec Gazette*, in a leading article of the 7th May holds this strange and injurious language, labouring to make respectable the taverner's sale of alcohol.

"They (the innkeepers) consider themselves as the APPOINTED OFFICERS OF THE LAW to effect a certain POLICE DUTY of vast importance to the HEALTH and MORALS of the community, in relation to the regulated supply of alcoholic and other liquors, which supply it had been necessary to place in the hands of a SELECT BODY OF PERSONS known to the law."

Now these lines deserve on the part of innkeepers, to be written in golden letters and hung in every licensed grog shop in America and Europe. Hence forward we must view all licensed Innkeepers as POLICE OFFICERS, bound to GUAGE the appetite of the community—the gauge being dependent on their sense of duty, in relation to the interests of their pockets. Capital route officers experience will prove them to be. Whoever knew an Innkeeper make a customer drunk? Whoever knew an Innkeeper to give a well known inebriate a second glass? He does not do this, although his income is

made up of the tears of children and widows, of the money of laboring men, spent on Saturday nights—of the debaucheries of city rakes and brainless young gentlemen, who spend their father's or their employer's money, over midnight revels in these police stations, gambling houses, or city brothels. A tavern is a beautiful place to deal out a REGULATED SUPPLY OF ALCOHOL. Our experience for thirty years tells us that these innkeepers' police stations, are not in the habit of refusing a second, third, or even fourth bottle when called for by their proteges of the public? Their supply of alcohol is regulated by the SUPPLY OF CASH always. Alas for the discrimination of the Press of Canada! In the face of teeming instances of deaths by freezing—by accidents—by drowning, by man's own hand—by murders—in the face of numerous lunatics—domestic quarrels and innumerable larcenies, assaults and paupers, papers can be found which will justify the license system from which all this misery flows!! We have now lying on our table one hundred and upwards of cases of horrid crimes and accidents, all happening within a year in the circuit of a few hundred miles, from the effects of the use of alcoholic drinks, supplied by these regulating police Innkeepers.

BURFORD CLAREMONT DIVISION—SOIREE— DAUGHTERS AND CADETS.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—I take the liberty of giving you a short account of what we are doing as a Division. We obtained our Charter I think on the 14th of Jan., 1851, and at the commencement made a vigorous onset upon the ranks of the enemy. The menials of old king Alcohol took alarm, and raised the cry that the Sons were madmen, fanatics, carrying their measures to extremes, but said they, wait a few months and it will all be over. These same Sons will soon be back again lounging about the Taverns, playing the requiem of the Claremont Divisions; but Mr. Editor, time has sped on, and proven them to be false prophets. Our Division is nearly 16 months old, and in so short a space, we have grown from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood; and now claim a position among the most vigorous, influential, and important subordinate Divisions in Upper Canada. We number 120 strong, of as active energetic Sons, as any Division can boast. Our watchword is ONWARD, and we are determined to stem the torrent, until we succeed in our efforts to obtain the MAINE LAW. As an evidence of our prosperity, I will state that we have initiated 25 MEMBERS the present quarter, and still they come; but the best part of my story is yet to be told. THE LADIES of Burford have come nobly forward to our aid, and have given their valuable council and influence; encouraging us on in every good word and work. Their precepts and examples have given us an impetus to our labours, and stimulated us to renewed action. Last spring we received at their hands a copy of the Holy Scriptures, accompanied with a suitable address, and now they have provided a superb Banner, at a cost of between £25 and £30, which is to be presented on the 19th of the present month, when we are expecting to enjoy a high day. In your last letter you signify an intention of visiting Burford soon. If you can make your arrangements so as to meet with us on that day, we should be very happy to be favoured with your services. We flatter ourselves, that the day of our probation is at an end, and that we have gained a complete victory, so far as popular opinion is concerned. In connection with our Division, there is a flourishing Section of CADETS, and there will soon be a UNION OF DAUGHTERS established. I believe upwards of 30 Ladies have signed a requisition for a Charter. Hoping soon to see the accomplishment of the object for which we aim, viz. the adoption of the Maine Law.

I am, Yours in the Bonds of the Order,

L. D. MARKS.

Burford, May 3rd, 1852.

[ORIGINAL.]

ADDRESS TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Let the temperance car roll on;
Nor dare its progress to impede,
Lift up thy voice—and lend thine aid,
'Twill be a glorious noble deed:
To raise the fallen Brother up,
To succor those who're in need;
To break for ever the diabolical cup,
Will bring a rich reward indeed.

Then "Sons" arise glad on your shield,
With valor meet the daring foe,
And never for a moment's field
Until he's banished far below;
Then raise a shout in victor's camp,
With loud acclaim the trumpet blow;
And nil with out the temperance lamp,
And bid its light forever glow.

What pleasures must you—"Sons" enjoy
Reflecting on the good you've done,
And on the evil you destroy
Good—'tis transcendent as the sun,
To many fair lies you have sent:
To evils—black—black—like the evil one—
You— you— from end to end have sent,
And yet your work is just begun!

Before you leave your noble work
A thousand hearts beat audly yet,
And grief—tell grief—fills full the breast!
Let love a holy love beget,
And truly to thy fellows say,
"Come go with us—and pain forget.
The tempter's voice that bids thee stay:
Come—come you never will regret!"
"Sons" thy borders wide—wide extend!
A glorious work you have begun!
To gain thy foe—to guard thy friend,
Let every feeling be unstrung,
No longer slumber! round you stand
Immortal souls, who're deeply stung,
By 'toxication's withering hand!
And from whose breasts sad cries are wrung

O cheer the weak ones in their walk!
And waft contentment to each home,
'Advise—console—the fallen rascal!
Stretch out thine arm—save those who roam,
With listless steps in death's dark way!
And smiranthine crowns you'll wear,
In that bright realm of endless day,
When 'leased from earth and doubt and care.

J. W. CALDWELL BROWN

Uxbridge, November 23, 1851.

QUESTIONS OF W. H. FANNING OF KEMPTON.
What is meant by the question "Can any brother who has this gentleman is a member of this Division regular standing?"

Nothing we apprehend more than in substance—the brother good on the Books; that is, is he under suspension, process of reinstatement, expulsion, &c. A brother whose name is off the books, although ordered to be reinstated, can not be admitted until he has paid his fine and resigned the Constitution—except the purpose of performing those acts. A brother suspended for non-payment of dues, fines or on charges cannot be admitted as a regular member.

And also, what is meant by Section 11, article 11 of the Constitution by the words "after erasure of name, &c." what is meant by "et cetera?"

By this we think is meant merely the performance by the offending brother of sundry small acts, such as payment of fine, explanation, voting to reinstate, &c.

LONDON DIVISIONS AND GREAT MASS MEETING, 27th May, 1852.—A great celebration is to take at London on the 27th May, at London at which it is expected the Divisions in Canada will be represented, if possible by a deputation. A circular has been issued inviting the attendance of all Divisions, with regalia and Banners.

Grand Division meets at London 26th May. It is expected important matters will come up. Let all Divisions be represented. The employment of a Provincial Temperance lecturer—the coloured question—the division of Canada West into two Grand Divisions, and the holding of quarterly meetings will come during the Session.

The Grand Section of Cadets meets in London on the 26th inst. Let it be well represented.

**VISIT TO ST. CATHARINES AND VICINITY—
LINCOLN DIVISIONS.**

We were over for a few days last week among the shores of Lincoln and Welland, and give our notes by way.

Port Dalhousie is situated on the southern side of the Ontario, at the northern extremity of the Welland Canal, about 4 miles from the town of St. Catharines. The land as you approach it is high, -the harbour good. The pier protecting it substantially built. As you go along the canal the banks are high and picturesque. A small village stands on the hill. The Welland Canal is doing a good business this spring so far. We counted vessels at its mouth on the 12th May. The canal is crowded this year at night with lamps; forming a very picturesque appearance. Very substantial improvements are being done to it in the way of stone locks. The *Reinher*, a small steamer, with a number of British soldiers, passed through the canal on the 13th. The business on the canal will constantly improve. As we entered Port Dalhousie, four beautiful blue Cranes, were flying about, the golden Oriole, Kingfishers, Canary birds, and other summer birds, were spotting on the trees about St. Catharines. The trees are all in blossom there. Every thing is a week or two in advance of us on the north side of the lake. The visitors at the Falls are appearing, and substantial improvements are being made on the American side. Catharine Hayes, the Irish songs rest is stopped at the Clifton House, and it is said is to visit Toronto.

The neighborhood of Port Robinson looks very well. We were very much pleased with the country along the Chippewa River, to Chippewa. Our visit did not extend to Pelham. The Falls looked unusually beautiful. Never in our eyes looked so sublime and glorious.—The mighty waters which have thundered to the Heavens for the days of Moses, are still sending up their awnings.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE in this county always exciting Niagara, St. Catharines, Smithville, and Pelham, is not progressing quite as well as usual. The Welland Division has fallen off one half within a year. The Divisions at Chippewa, Thorold, Queenston, Tonawanda, Port Robinson, Beaverville, and some others, some of them stationary, and some rather declining. There is more zeal,—a more punctual attendance at Divisions, more rooms in brothers, to make the work go on right. Members will not attend meetings, and show zeal—if they are afraid to pay a little money; one eighth part of what once was paid for tipping bills, the cause goes down. Our principles and objects are good—true zeal will attract converts.

THE GRANTHAM Division of St. Catharines is a very well conducted Division, numbering 260 members. It succeeded it last Friday and spoke to it for fifteen minutes. The other Division in the town is growing, and numbers about 60 members.

THE CHIPPAWA Division at CHIPPAWA is an energetic and small Division. It has just fitted up a very neat hall. The nextest we ever saw.

THE PORT ROBINSON Division we found to contain about 100 members, many of them very active and zealous. This Division is at present stationary, but stands high. The best and wealthiest men in that community are among them Brothers Abbey, Elliot, Coulter, and the W. P., and Dorington. Duncan McFarlane, late M. P., is very favorable to the cause there. Considerable business, milling, and ship building is going on at the village.

THE TONAWANDA Division has some good men, but it is rather declining. Brothers seem to dislike to pay dues, to pay three or four dollars a year for a good cause.—Some of these men once paid that sum in a month for beer, which was a curse to them. This Division cannot go down so long as a few of its energetic brothers remain there.

THE WELLSVILLE Division is also stationary. Bns. Cockburn, Abbott, Gony, Gordon, and a few others, however, are determined to uphold it.

A very dishonest act has just been done by a Brother:

in that Division, now left for the United States. The poor Cadets suffered at his hands. Such conduct should with the name of the actor, be exposed. A similar thing took place lately at Paris. Sons of Temperance should be honest in all their dealings. Let honesty with them be as conspicuous, as true Temperance.

A UNION OF DAUGHTERS called the DEW DROP, No. 49, a good name, has been opened within a few weeks in St. Catharines. Mrs E. A. Lane is the Presiding Sister. There is a fine opening here for such an Institution.

SMITHVILLE DIVISION we hear is doing well, and contains 80 members. All the Divisions in these counties, should join heart and hand in holding the Grand Mass meeting in June, started at St. Catharines.

THE LINK OF THE WELLDAND CANAL affords a grand theatre for usefulness in the Temperance cause. It is lined with low taverns, kept to lead astray poor sailors. Brothers of Welland faint not. You have an ample field to work on, every sailor should be a Son of Temperance.

HURRAH FOR MINNESOTA.

The Legislature of this juvenile State passed the Maine Law some months ago, referring it to the people. At the election which has just transpired, the law was sustained triumphantly. All the newspapers, we are sorry to say, joined with the grog-shops in the opposition. There were 16 of the latter at St. Paul's all of which hurled death and defiance at the Temperance people; but a day or two before the election they closed their doors. They did not wish to present their living, reeling arguments at the polls! That silence was ominous.—They never breathed again. The vote was most decided. At St. Paul's, 674; at St. Anthony, 306; at Cottage Grove, 42; all but one, for the law! So the vote stands throughout the Territory.—“Extremes meet,” says the adage, and it is verified in the positions of Maine and Minnesota. Now let those States between look out for a fire in front and rear!—*Cruader N. H.*

GRAND DIVISION.

The Session of the Western Grand Division at Fredonia, Chautauque Co., is described by those in attendance as one of general interest. We copy the following gratifying facts from the Report of W. Bailey, the Grand Scribe, as reported to the Grand Division:

Twenty-six new Divisions have been chartered during the past quarter, the greater part of which start under peculiarly encouraging circumstances.

The receipts of Percentage for the quarter have been larger than in any preceding quarter since the organization of this Grand Division.

From the annual returns of the G. S. to the National Division the following statistics are taken which cannot fail to be of interest to our readers:—

Admitted during the year 1851,	7,029
Suspended	1,269
Expelled	2,293
Deaths	113
Violated Pledge	1,185
Reinstated	545
Viol. Plt 2d time	161
Contributing Mem.	17,727
Cash Received	\$55,910 18
Paid for Benefits	\$17,462 17
Cash on Hand	\$35,367 19
Total Expenses	\$16,167 67
Public Meetings	698
Tracts Distributed	26,400
Percent to the G. D.	\$1,689.11
Number of Reps. to G. D.	1,912
Percentage to N. D.	\$84.45

By these returns it will be seen that this G. D. stands second to but one in point of numbers in the National Division, viz., the Grand Division of Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania G. D. has some 20,000 contributing members, but has about twice as much territory as has the G. D. of Western New York.

An adjourned session is ordered to be held at Albion, Orleans Co., the 6th of July, the time of day to be fixed hereafter.—*Cayuga Chief.*

American Brothers, we can beat you. Canada has 382 Divisions at least 20,000 members and has organized over 30 Divisions in the last quarter.—[Ed. Sox.]

THE MAINE LAW PASSED IN RHODE ISLAND.

A law similar to that of the Maine law, has passed both branches of the Legislature of Rhode Island. It goes into effect on the third Monday of July; the *Providence Journal* publishes the entire law. The bill passed the house by a vote of 47 to 23. 22 Whigs and 15 Democrats voted in favor of it, and 7 Whigs and 16 Democrats voted against it. In the Senate the bill passed without discussion, and without a division! Good to Rhode Island forever! So our little neighbor will have the law as soon as Massachusetts, after all. The bill has probably already received the signature of the Governor.—*Life Boat.*

The Wisconsin Legislature has adjourned sine die. The Maine Liquor Law was killed in the Senate.

The Temperance folks of Rochester N. Y. talk of starting a daily paper in that city. They seem inclined to do a little effectual “spirit rapping.”

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America, will hold its ninth Annual Session, in the City of Richmond, Va., on Thursday June 3, 1852.

The National Temple of Honor, of the United States, will hold its seventh Annual Session, in the city of Indianapolis, Ia., on Wednesday June 16, 1852.

A Union of Daughters of Temperance was organized at the village of Wellington Square, on Friday afternoon last, consisting of sixteen members. It is called “Harmony Union”—*C. C. Advocate.*

Sons of Temperance.—The Grand Division of this body meet at London on the 28th inst. The Sons are for the most part composed of working men, and we trust they will see that the price of work given out by contract or tender is such as will enable the employer to pay men for doing the work. Any other course will be suicidal to the interests of the body.—*Brockville Recorder.*

This is a mistake. The Grand Division meets on the 26th inst. What does this paper mean by the “work?”—[Ed. Sox.]

The Onondaga Nation Indians, petitioned the New York Assembly in favor of a “Maine Law.” They closed their memorial with the promise, if such a bill should pass, to be “no more cross, no more ragged, no more fight, but raise corn, wheat, oats, beans, cattle, horses, and some children too; no more get drunk, no more freeze to death—work, and get good things like white men.”

MAINE LIQUOR LAW IN GERMANY.—In Neustradt, in the Grand Duchy of Weimer, the peasants from four villages made a descent upon the mansion of the lord of the manor, and destroyed the brandy and stores in the cellars, and the furniture of his house. The landed proprietors in Germany are distillers on a large scale. Forty of the peasants were arrested.

The Liquor Bill has passed both branches of our Legislature with the reference clause. As we have repeatedly stated, we are, personally, opposed to the reference clause, but we are satisfied this was, at last, the only safe course for the Legislature to adopt. The Senate could not be relied upon for more than one majority without the reference clause, and it was not judged safe to run the risk of attempting to pass it without the rider, lest some friend of the Bill should be absent or sick. We believe the Committee of Conference did the best they could, under the circumstances.—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

One of the best of exchanges is the *Canadian Son of Temperance*, published at Toronto, Canada West. We hope the Sons are flourishing there, and that the “Son” is receiving a living support.—*Concord Crusader, New Hampshire.*

We thank our zealous and talented Temperance brother for his good opinion. The approval of such friends as this, and the talented and noble minded brother of the *Cayuga Chief*, is cheering to the feelings of a co-worker in the great field of Temperance, and human progress.—[Ed. Sox.]

It is now proved, that Paris, the new Mayor of Portland City, is, as was feared, only a half-way man, overlooking branches of the Maine Law.

A New England paper says, that J. R. Gough is coming to lecture in Canada immediately.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT BELLEVILLE.

Resolutions adopted at the Convention held on the 18th March:—

1st.—That intemperance has become so deeply entrenched in the appetites of a large portion of the community, so intricately interwoven with the fashions, customs, and business operations of the public generally, absorbing so much of the commercial and money capital, and involving the pecuniary interest of a large share of the community, and so fenced in and shielded by Legislative enactments, that it becomes the duty of every friend to the peace, happiness, and prosperity of his country, to use all lawful means to break up this combination of influences—remove the cause and counteract the effects of Intemperance.

2nd.—That moral suasion and social influences, are not sufficient to counteract the array of influences which have been growing, strengthening, and expanding for more than a century under the fostering care of legal enactment.

3rd.—That various Temperance Associations have fully proved to every unprejudiced person the social, moral, and political effects of the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating drinks in the community, and have fully prepared the public mind to ask the repeal of all laws licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

4th.—That it has been proved by the experience of individuals and heads of families, that no system of regulations or restrictions can make the use of intoxicating drinks safe in the domestic circle.

And inasmuch as heads of families with full powers to control, and paternal love to prompt, have found it impossible to regulate the use of these drinks, so as to make them safe in the domestic circle, where all their interests are united, therefore it is resolved.

5th.—That no Legislative enactments on this subject can avail anything opposed as they must be by pride, avarice, cupidity, fashion, and appetite, unless prohibition.

And inasmuch as paternal love has banished these drinks from the family circle as the only safety and preventative of Intemperance, therefore it is resolved,

6th.—That it is the duty of a paternal Government to secure the social, moral, and political happiness and prosperity of its subjects, by adopting the same principle which has long since been found to be the only safe one for individuals and heads of families, and which has more recently been proved by Legislative action in several of the United States to be equally applicable to the State.

7th.—That to carry out this principle the Legislature should repeal all laws now in force licensing, regulating, and restraining the manufacture and selling of intoxicating drinks, and that they should enact laws to prohibit the importation, manufacture, and traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

8th.—That the end of all Legislative enactments should be the public good, and those enactments should be of such character as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

9th.—That the Legislative action which has been taken, and is now pending in many of the neighbouring States, affords a gratifying token of the advance of public opinion, and illustrates most clearly the proper steps to be taken by us while the action of the State of Maine presents a standard worthy to be set up as the object of our desires and labors in the glorious cause.

In order to carry out the principles embodied in the Resolutions, the Convention resolved itself into the "Hastings Temperance Association." Officers were appointed, and the Association adjourned, to meet again on the 4th Tuesday in June next.

NEW DIVISION—TRAFALGAR CENTRAL.

Mr. Editor and Br.—In conformity with the custom of other Divisions, I have much pleasure in announcing to you, that "another hand is raised to stand in this locality. Br. Wilcox, D G W P, installed our Division on the 13th inst. under the name of Trafalgar Central, No. 377. Br. Atkinson and Boocock, of Hornby Division, assisted on the occasion. We have 23 Charter Members, and expect additions very soon. Our meetings are on Tuesday night, which you will please add to the list, and our Officers for the present term are H. A. Graham, W. P.; Wm. Henderson, W. A.; Anthony Fox, R. S.; Michael Fox, A. R. S.

Anthony Fitzpatrick, F. S.; John Evans, T.; Michael Bigger, C.; Francis Campbell, A. C.; Wm. Beatty, I. S.; John Bigger, Junr., O. S.; Samuel D. Kennel, Chaplain, Andrew Bigger, acting as P. V. P.

I am yours in L. P and F.
H. A. Graham, W. P.

Trafalgar, April 28th, 1852.

THE BACKWOODS DIVISIONS—MEAFORD, ST. VINCENT.

There are perhaps fifty Divisions in Upper Canada, which may be said to be in the Backwoods, to attend which, brothers are obliged frequently to travel many miles over bad roads. It is quite a sacrifice, but we hope they will attend faithfully to their duty, and attend regularly. We can assure them in the end they will find the institution of the Sons of Temperance promotive of their moral and intellectual progress. Temperance to the farmer and working man is of incalculable use, elevating to the feelings, and productive of health and riches. Let none therefore hesitate to make some sacrifices to forward so worthy an organization.—[Ed. Sox.

Mr. Editor and Br.—I suppose you think that I had almost forgotten you, but I assure you that I think of you when I read the Sox, and feel delighted to think that we as Sons, have got such an Organ to advocate our glorious Order; trusting that you may ever continue to carry it on in the same respectable manner that you have hitherto done. I am happy to inform you that we returned 3 Councillors, all Sons, and 2 staunch teetotallers. As I informed you last year, that the Council refused to license any Inns in this Township, as a matter of course they have done the same this year. I am happy to inform you that the Council returned, went pledged to the polls, that if returned, they would withhold the licenses this year; and the result was, they were returned by a large majority. Thus you see we are ripe for the Maine Law. We had a very large meeting to take the sense of the people, and the result was there was no opposition. Thus you see that we are all alive to the cause in the backwoods. We hope that the older settlements may do the same.

I saw in the Sox, I think No. 10, of the glorious conduct of the people of Norwich, and I hope that you will inform them, that they are one year behind St. Vincent. I trust that they may find prohibitory law to work as well with them as it does with us, for here it gives general satisfaction always, excepting a few of the rascals.

I have to inform you, that our Division is in a very prosperous state at present. We number between 40 and 50 members. Our Division extends over a tract of country 10 miles in extent. A great many more would join us, but money is so very scarce, they cannot do so. Our influence is felt over them and they are ever ready to help us in carrying out our principles. Our Village is going ahead this summer. We will have about 20 houses built and occupied this summer.

Yours in L P and F.
GEORGE DAVISON, D G W P.

WELLINGTON SQUARE MEMORIAL IN FAVOR OF J. C. CLURE.

Having employed, and heard John Campbell Gurr, during his very successful course of lectures delivered in Wellington Square, on the subjects of Temperance and the "Maine Law," we feel it duty bound to give our unqualified approbation of the masterly manner in which he handles his subjects.

Every position he takes, is sustained by clear logic, and sound philosophy. His whole soul and energies, we believe, to be fully enlisted in our great and glorious cause,—the cause of suffering degraded humanity. He takes hold of the accursed rum-selling, and flogging systems, in all their phases, and in a manly, independent style, strips them of all their gossamer tinsel, throwing around them by long lightning customs, and damning wagers, and then holds them out to view in all their naked, hideous deformity, to receive the just censure and condemnation of every philanthropic, of every patriotic and Christian citizen.

Mr. Clure, gives a clear, logical, elucidation of the "Maine Law," leaving no necessity for those who bear him to plod through its preamble and details. May the

great Patriarch, above having blessed and prospered cause thus far; bless, with health and strength, Campbell Clure, and other warriors, in the same manner whether in Europe, or on the Continent of America, prosecute their labors of love, and humanity with fatigable perseverance.

DR. J. M. VAN NORMAN, W. P.
J. W. MOORE, W. A.
JOHN WALDIE, R. S.
Comtee.



Agriculture.

SPRING TIME IS COMING.

BY ELLA BURNS.

Spring time is coming,
All blossoming and gay,
The flowers are springing,
For lovely "May Day;"
Then will the May Queen,
In floral array,
With cheek blushing roses,
Her beauty display.

Spring time is coming,
And birds in the bowers,
With chirping and singing,
Shall gladden the hours;
With plumage outwelling
The rabbow's bright hues,
Their first note of gladness,
Tell spring's welcome news.

Spring time is coming!
How lovely the sight,
When trees are in blossom,
To give us delight,
A prelude to dances,
Delicious and rare,
A proof of Gods goodness
His fatherly care.

"Seed-time" is coming!
That promise, how dear,
The "Harvest" will follow,
Why should we ever fear.

—New Brunswick Tift Id.

A HINT IN SEASON

The Orchard now requires attention from the eye of the beautiful and bountiful productions of Pomona. The eye and palate can both be served here, and the hooves all interested to "work" while the sun shines and before it acquires much power. Grafting is now in order. Those who have it to do, or be done, should be on the alert, and attend to it early,—seeing that it is properly performed.

There are hundreds, ay, thousands, in Western New York alone, who could possibly expend time and money in grafting upon their now almost worthless trees, varieties of fruit as are both eatable and marketable, thus rendering their fruitless sources of pleasure and profit. The scarcity and high prices of fruit, is a fact so well adapted to its perfect and abundant production, is a powerful argument against the sagacity and enterprise of ruralists throughout this region. They who have old apple trees, or whole orchards which produce only native sorts, would do well to consult Dr. Clure and figure the difference in the price of such fruit (if it be that of the Spy, Spitzenburg, Swart, Talmans Sweeting, &c.,—remembering that it costs no more, after some care, fairly to grow the latter kinds than it does to produce the fact-sching, pig-eating varieties.

Those of our readers who have land well adapted to fruit growing, and not a tree planted, should make a straight walk to some good nursery, and secure the best varieties. "Delays are dangerous," and we are in the habit to act upon the suggestion, if it is worth acting upon at all.

To persons who have limited grounds, yet want a succession of choice apples, an experienced fruit grower

our elbow recommends the following varieties—*Early and late Summer*—Early Harvest, Early Strawberry, Early Joe, Red Astrachan, Hawley, St. Lawrence, Large Sweet Bough, *Winter Varieties*—Fame, Norton's Melon Red Canada, Herefordshire Pear, Rambo, Pomme Grise, and Northern Spy. We would add the Talman Sweeting to this list by all means.

BEET SUGAR IN UTAH.

The Mormon "land of promise" is looking up, agriculturally and otherwise, if the papers are to be believed already known as a great country for spiritual recreation, and here is another extensive project in the "recreating" line. Vide the subjoined paragraph from the number of the Scientific American: We learn that Messrs. J. W. Coward, W. Collinson and Russell, who have recently emigrated from England, have taken with them machinery for the manufacture of Beet-Root Sugar on the largest scale. They are wealthy men, and have invested \$250,000 in this enterprise alone. Their machinery was made in England, and will turn out two hundred and sixty tons of sugar in a year. Fifty wagons were ordered at Kansas, to carry the machinery to Salt Lake City. The first load was sent out last year. There is no better country in the world for the production of beets, or sugar roots, than Utah. It will be a great advantage to the people to have an article so indispensable as sugar, produced from a manufactory among themselves.

THE ECONOMY OF EVERGREENS.

We have long held the opinion that the character and value of a rural community are necessarily improved by the most interesting of all kinds of rural embellishment, ornamental planting. But for those who cannot appreciate these advantages, we shall present another view of the subject,—the saving in dollars and cents.—The writer had an opportunity of witnessing the best winter in his own case. Nine years ago, finding it a great inconvenience from the sweep of winter winds, to which his residence was much exposed, a plantation of evergreens were mingled with the trees of the shrubbery, then newly set out. About a dozen of these, as many American Arborvitae, and a few white spruce, Norway firs, and Hemlocks, were set, so far as practicable, on those sides of the house most exposed, regard being had at the same time to the exclusion of uninteresting points of view. The rule was adopted in removing the young evergreens, which were chiefly procured from the borders of woods, and which in some instances were brought 20 miles. This was, to take up enough earth on the roots, to protect the tree upright against strong winds, after being set. By this means, not one out of some 30 or 40 was lost by removal. A white pine, then about ten feet high, and six inches in diameter, and several others have made nearly an equal growth. Now, for the economy of this plantation, which some of the neighbors thought was entirely useless labor. It saved, the present winter, by the protection it afforded from storms and wind, at least ten dollars in firewood, and this amount saved is increasing every year as the trees advance in growth. The cost of procuring and setting out the evergreens, is about three dollars.—But farmers, who go on only for "utility" can show as great a percentage of profit in wheat raising or making as in any other business. Whose children would be most likely to seek amusements, grog-shop, and theatre—those who enjoy a beautiful and attractive and beautiful—or those whose minds are bald, bleak and repulsive, from a total want of the deepest and most natural of all means for its embellishment.—*Albany Cultivator.*

BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.

The Scientific American gives the following directions for making a beautiful hair oil, which may be of use to some of our readers:—Take a pint of olive oil and bring it up to 200 degrees of heat in a clean pan, (not iron) and add half an ounce of pearl ash and stir well for ten minutes. Take it off and set it to cool when cold, a sediment will be at the bottom. Pour off the clear through a cotton cloth, and put it up in a bottle for use. The pearl ash sometimes with the tartaric acid in the oil, leaving the skin; this will be free from odor. It can be colored

red with garancia, (a preparation of madder,) but hair oils should never be colored. All the hair oils of the perfumers are either of a red or yellow color. This is to please the eye of the buyer, who mistakes an adulterated for a superior article. Hair oils should be clear and nearly colorless. By exposing the olive oil, refined as described, to the sun, in well corked bottles, it will soon become colorless, limpid as water, and exceedingly beautiful. Any person can thus prepare his own hair oil.

An article in the "Philosophical Transactions," says that if the ashes of vine branches are boiled in red wine, and this (the liquid) applied milk-warm, to the hair every evening it will prevent the hair from falling out.—A mixture of good brandy and olive oil is good to prevent the hair from falling out, by applying it with sponge before going to bed, and brushing the head well. The head must be well brushed when these lousers are applied. By washing the head with a solution of borax, say twice per week, those predisposed to dandruff, will find a perfect cure for it.

PROFITS OF PEARS.

Why don't all the farmers raise pears? A half a dozen prime Vergaleus, says the N Y Journal of Commerce, bring nearly as much in this market as a bushel of corn. Six and eight cents each was no uncommon price for them last fall. The best Seckel pears, small as they were, sold at three or four cents apiece.

"Six and eight cents each!" That is certainly cheap. There were Dutchess d' Angouleme exhibited at our Horticultural Rooms last fall priced at \$4 the dozen and other lots a little inferior at \$2-32 and 25 cents each! The Messrs. Palmer, School street, sold many dozens of the Dutchess, at the above prices, weighing 16 ounces each. Seckels, Glout Moreau, Dix and Van Mons Leon Clerc were sold daily at equally high rates with quick sales. Our Horticulturists set out annually, thousands and tens of thousands of pear trees, yet there is no overstocking the market; the demand at high prices is equal to the supply. A dozen of the Dutchess d' Angouleme pears in the Boston market will nearly purchase a barrel of flour, and a brace of them a pretty fair surloin of beef. This is certainly a great and growing country.—*Boston Transcript.*

VEGETABLE SERPENT—According to some Italian journals, a new organism being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground, instead of a head, has a flower shaped like a bell, which contains a viscid liquid. Flies, and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two respiratory openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

NEVER DO TO GIVE IT UP.—For a few years past the public have been favored with accounts of very large eggs, laid by Cochon Chinas, Shanghaes, or some other incomparable breed of imported fowls. This has at length aroused the common hen to assert her native rights.

Mr. T. J. Wheeler, of Irondequart, has placed before us three eggs laid by a hen of the native breed, that measure 2.5 inches each in circumference, and seven and a half inches around their lengthwise. This is done pretty well, and the imported, aristocratic hens will have to try again.

CLIPPER SEEDS IN ONE CENT ICE.—A correspondent says that the number of clover seeds contained in one cubic inch is 9,053. In that ratio one bushel contains 19,467,571 seeds. Allowing a man to count one hundred per minute, and to work ten hours per day, it would require 324 days, 3 hours, 35 minutes, and 42 S 5 seconds, to count them!

It is very common to make mush by boiling only a few minutes. This is all wrong. It should be boiled one or two hours, at least. It will be necessary to add some water, to keep the mass thin and prevent burning.

OXFORD PUDDING.—Half a pint of bread crumbs, one pint of milk, six eggs, two ounces of butter, half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of dried currants, sugar and nutmeg to the taste. After the bread, is soaked in the milk, which should be warm, mash it very smooth and add the butter while it is hot. Beat the eggs very light, the yolks first, and stir them into the bread and milk, then add the cream, sugar nutmeg and fruit. Lastly have the whites whisked to a dry froth, stir them gently into the mixture; butter four cups, half fill them with the batter, and bake them in a tolerably hot oven.—*National Cook Book.*

Crowded as England is with a hungry population, forty-five per cent of her soil is not under cultivation.—Yet the proportion of cultivated to uncultivated land, is higher in England than in any other country in Europe. In Russia, less than one-fifth of the soil is under cultivation; in Sweden, only one-seventh; in Austria and Holland, one-fifth, in Switzerland, one-fourth, in France, fifty-four hundredths. There is really no need of emigration. In England, as appears by a parliamentary report, there are sixteen millions of acres wholly unproductive. The reasons why these acres are permitted to lie unimproved is, that as soon as they are enclosed, and before they can be sufficiently reclaimed to produce a paying crop, they become subject to the *uthe and tax*.—Hence only men of large capital dare undertake the task and they prefer to invest their capital where the return is more speedy and more certain.

ANTS IN PERU.—The forests of Peru swarm with ants. The large yellow *puca sisi* is seen in myriads in the open air, and it even penetrates into the dwellings. This insect does not bite, but its crawling creates great irritation on the skin. The small, black *yaha sisi*, on the contrary, inflicts most painful punctures. A very mischievous species of stinging ant, is the black *suechiron*. Its wound is painful, and even dangerous. "C. Kell, my travelling companion, says Dr. Tabacchi, being stung by one of these ants, such severe pains and fever ensued, that he was for a while delirious." The doctor, himself was stung, and says the pain was severer for a few moments than any he had ever experienced. A most remarkable phenomenon is exhibited by the swarms of the species called the great wandering ant, which appears suddenly in immense trains, ceaselessly marching forward in a straight line. The large and strong flank the army, and all look out for prey. These swarms sometimes enter a hut, and clear it of all disagreeable insects. The united force of these small creatures is so vast, that not only snakes but also large animals, such as the armadillo, on being surprised by them are soon killed.

A CURIOUS FACT.—A letter from Minnesota says:—It is a singular fact, that the ordinary field birds and songsters, so common in old settlements, and also the honey bee, unknown here before, have migrated hither with civilized man. The Indians say, that the rattlesnake follows in his wake also. Be that as it may, while they are numerous farther down the Mississippi, they have not yet made their debut into this locality.—In the neighborhood of Sauk Rapids however, some have been killed, where, it is said, they were never seen till recently.

THE SOAP PLANT.—From a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, it appears that the soap plant grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with, in all parts of the country, and, by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is merely to strip of the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. The botanical name of the plant is *Phalacnum pomariidum*. Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America, for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different countries as a substitute for soap.

TO PREPARE LOOK.—Spring is the time to do it, and there are about a thousand ways in which it may be done. This is about the best and easiest we ever tried. Mix one bushel of lime into whitewash, add two pounds of salt, half a pound of cream of tartar, and drop in your eggs gently day by day, until you have as many as the liquid will cover.—*How*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Duke of Wellington has resigned the office of Commander in Chief of the British forces, and the Duke of Cambridge has taken his place.

An International Emigration law is talked of between England and America.

The Austrian Minister Hulseman has left the United States in a fit of anger at Mr. Webster.

Kossuth will visit the Falls, and perhaps Toronto, in June, before he leaves for England.

Prince Louis Napoleon has not dared to declare himself Emperor as was expected. The causes of the deferment of the matter are said to be the opposition of Austria, Prussia and Russia, and the refusal of Rotenschuld to advance a loan of money to the Prince, if declared Emperor.

Four ladies, while playing with a hand cart, were killed by not observing the approach of a freight train near Rome, New York.

By last accounts from England, Flour was on the decline.

BUFFALO THEATRE BURNED.—The Buffalo Rough Notes of Tuesday says:—"At about half-past one o'clock this morning, the Eagle Street Theatre was discovered to be on fire, and before the alarm could be given, the fire had made such rapid progress, that it was impossible for the firemen to arrest it before the entire building and its contents were laid in ashes. The loss must be a heavy one." Lola Montes performed at the Theatre on Monday evening—a few hours before its destruction.

Jenny and Otto Goldschmidt leave New York in steamer Atlantic, June 29th.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, at her private concert in Northampton, last week, had one thousand and two hundred people in attendance, and sold 1165 tickets, at prices ranging from \$1 to \$2 per ticket.

Six patients have been admitted into the Indiana Insane Hospital, within the past month, whose insanity was produced by the spirit rapping.

There are 4,000 groggeries in New York city, kept by German and Irish Catholics. The Tribune calls on Bishop Hughes and the Catholic Clergy to put an end to this infernal traffic.

Rev. Dr. Jonas King, U. S. Consul at Athens, Greece, has been sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen days, and expulsion from the Kingdom of Greece, for publishing a book consisting chiefly of extracts from the Ancient Fathers, showing that the Virgin Mary is not entitled to divine honors.

MONEY, MONEY!—The extraordinary abundance of money in the London market, begins to be felt as a serious evil. The Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to two per cent.

Louis Napoleon's camp of 60,000 men to be formed at Compiègne, is said to be intended to threaten England and Belgium. M. Thiers has been offered permission to return to France but has declined to accept it. An American was insulted by a French officer in the streets of Rome, and on demanding satisfaction, was sent to the guard-house.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Huron Election excitement is all over, and Mr. Cameron has been returned without opposition, under protest from the anti-government party.

Mr. Hincks is expected to arrive daily from England. It is thought parliament will not meet till late in the summer. Several men have been killed at Toronto by accident within a week past.—The Government are about to bring before the country a cheap land system, and a plan for an elective Legislative Council.

The city of Buffalo has taken \$150,000 in the Buffalo and Bradford Railroad.—The iron for the Lake Huron Railroad is on its way to Canada.—Canadian free trade with the States is again strongly agitated, with fair prospects of its being effected.—A Suspension Bridge is to be built over the Falls for the Great Western Railway.—Business has opened very briskly on the railways and in lake navigation. Persons can go now from Montreal to New York city for \$5 in 24 hours.—Toronto city has voted £200 for the agricultural exhibition, to take place next Autumn.

A ship with tons direct from China has arrived at Quebec.—It is said large numbers of German Emigrants will arrive in Canada soon.—The Council of the County of Ontario cannot agree to have a new County. The same difficulty exists in Lincoln and Welland.

SOIREEES.

CUMMINSVILLE.—Our old friend Br. Mathews informs us that this Division is to hold a Temperance Soiree on the 16th June. Our services may be relied on.—Br. Dick will endeavor to see. The Brethren of this Division must keep their lights burning—talk and agitate. Don't despise Brothers.

A Soiree will be held to-morrow in Burford by the Claremont Sons.

JOINT MAINE LAW MEETING IN LINCOLN AND WELLAND.—The Divisions in these counties are about to call a convention, to hold a GRAND MASS MEETING of Temperance men early in June, to pass resolutions in favor of the Maine Law. The matter was started by the Grantham Division lately. It will no doubt result in good.

VILLAGE OF HASTINGS, LATE CROOKS RAPIDS.—Br. Samuel Young writes us that the cause in this place is progressing, that the people are in favor of the Maine Law. We are obliged to him for his kind estimate of our efforts. We may during the Summer visit his vicinity. We can assure him that the cause never stood better than it does now in Canada. He speaks very highly of the labors of the London Sailor.

THE LONDON SAILOR, under date 4th May, wrote us a letter from Norwood, saying the Sons there were few but very zealous. He also mentions that at CROOK'S RAPIDS, there is a pretending friend keeping a false Temperance House—a Blue-light. He says that the people there are all for the Maine Law.

Some of his appointments not mentioned in our last are as follows: He lectures at Rawdon West, 24th of May, Rawdon East, 25th, Madock, 27th, Huntingdon, 29th, Thurlow, 29th, Hungerford, 31st, he then goes East.

OUR TERMS AND NEXT PAPER.

Want of room prevents our publishing the Divisions and Agents lists at present. Our next number will be issued on the 31st May, and will contain the proceedings of the Grand Division at London. Our terms are \$1 in advance for this paper—back numbers supplied—clubs of five or above 4s. in advance. Agents taking less than 6s. 3d. from old subscribers, must account to us for the difference. We cannot wait a year or five months, and receive \$1 for this paper—and quarterly or half yearly subscriptions or payments we do not receive, without special directions. Our first June number will be issued on Saturday, the 12th June.

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Maine Law in our Father land is beginning to attract attention. The two leading and excellent Temperance monthly journals, the Scottish Temperance Review, and the National Temperance Chronicle, London, come out in favor of this Law.

Branches of the New Temperance League continue to be opened in all parts of England.

We advise these Journals to agitate the propriety of establishing Divisions of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, in the three kingdoms.

It seems in England Gin and Beer shops can be kept open on the Sabbath, which causes immense evils to Society and the working classes. An effort is making to get the law repealed.

In all portions of England meetings are being held, but the work with the license system, is palled down as fast as it is built up.

SIR WALTER TREVELYAN, Baronet, has written a letter to the National Chronicle, in which he recommends Englishmen to petition Parliament immediately for a change in the license laws, giving it as his opinion that the evil of evils in England is drunkenness.

Thousands are at work in Scotland and England, for the promotion of teetotalism.

Br. Balmer, of Oakville, informs us that Mr. White, M. P. P., of Balton, has joined the Order of the Sons at Palermo. A sign of the times.

The Grand Division of Nova Scotia has just closed its Session, and is in a very prosperous condition, 500 having joined the Order within the quarter. Nearly all the Soldiers of the regiments stationed there had joined.

ST. CATHERINE'S CONCENTRATED MISTLE WATERS OF DR. CRAIG.—This is a valuable medicine, and we call public attention to it. The Dr. is also a sterling Temperance man.

THE WATCHMAN AND HIS CORRESPONDENT.

As this paper was going to press, we received a lengthy letter in the Watchman, written by a man, a teacher in the Normal School, in relation to the Brougham Sons, and our late remarks. This young man Mr. McCallum is the same who figured conspicuously last Fall in the Watchman in relation to the dismissal of Cadets for taking part in the railroad celebration. We think the man and his correspondent, had better be busy about something more useful, than in getting up religious controversies in the Order. When we were sent to us to publish we told the young man and he should have followed our advice. The Brougham Sons no doubt by their conduct thought they were doing a good act, and its morality rests with them and their Maker. In the community where they are well known to be moral and upright men. We are no bigot in religion, believing more in the efficacy of good acts than religious professions. We respect and admire the insinuation of the Sabbath, and would view it in the same light that Christ did; that is one made FOR MAN, and not FOR IT. The Watchman thinks to make great capital out of the letter, which for lack of Temperance matter, he has introduced with a flourish, as a leader to his paper. His subscribers no doubt he had better be otherwise employed in giving them QUID PRO QUO. We and our readers are well of his enmity, and of the secret, and even the attempts of one of his agents to injure this paper in certain vicinities. We are sorry to have to say this. The whole history of the SUMMER SESSION of the Watchman is not very creditable to its editor though having the conduct of a serious, and Temperance paper, does not act with a degree of openness and fairness we would expect.

The Quebec Gazette, 14th May has a leading article in favor of the License Law. Friend, you reason fairly. Taverns may exist without selling. It is not Taverns we complain of, but their deadly poisonous and useless drug.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY.

From J. J. L. Westminster, \$3 for 1852; R. B. Irtdown, \$3 on acct sub's, J. R. C. Pelham, 1851-2; J. M. Cumminsville, \$3 sub's 1852; R. B. minister, \$1; R. B., Oakville, \$3.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Poetry from J. R. K. is received. Letter from C. H. M. Poet y and Letter from Spencerville, from Pelham, &c. Letter and Poetry, Orono, Crook's Rapids, letter. J. D., Beamsville, letter.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Brother James Sams, of the Ontario Division, killed very suddenly on one of the wharves of the Thursday last, the 13th inst. He was standing on the boat just arriving, when one of the fenders of the boat fell suddenly, the rope having broken, and killed him instantly. He was induced to join the Ontario Division two months ago, and has occupied himself with great propriety as a Member of the Iteyan Methodist Church, and as a Son of Temperance for some months in this city. His funeral was attended by many of the Sons. There was something about the death.