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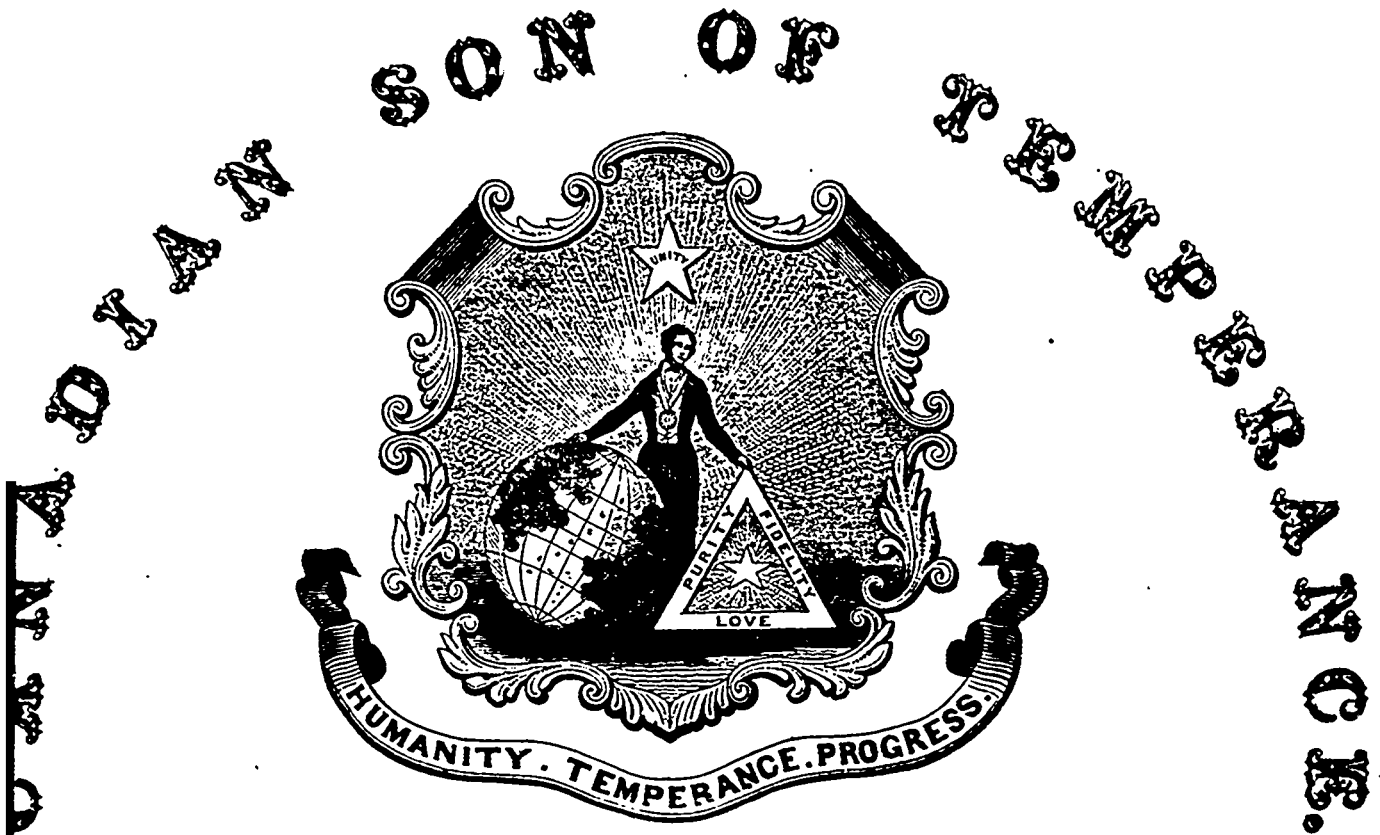
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DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Oh! if the love of mingled souls
Shall pass the mighty deep,
And in the army death enrolls
Its ceaseless vigils keep.

If parted hearts again unite,
Beyond the swelling tide,
And love resumes its fading light,
As passing ages glide.

If dual souls one being form,
One perfect blessed whole,
I tremble not, earth's wildest storm
May not affright my soul.

For this has been my darkest fear,
And this my deepest woe,
Lest I no more thy voice should hear
In the land to which I go.

But now I joy, the love we share,
Need fear no mortal change,
And only finds perfection where
Angelic spirits range.

THRILLING TALE OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY ONE OF THE ACTORS.

A few days since, my eye fell upon a thrilling de-
scription of a contest with wolves. The details stirred
my bitter memories of the past. The very name of
Carry, causes a shudder to creep over me, and brings
a train of most bitter associations. A dark, hor-
rifying vision falls upon the inward soul, its freezing
beams being as vividly portrayed as when enacted
years ago.

Reader, indulge an old friend in a brief tale of facts.
Draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you a
few of other days which will stir your blood.

Did you know Carry Mason? Why do I ask the
question, for years have gone by since she died. I
remember her and loved her. Who could know her and
love her?

Carry! I turn back into the past when the world
was all a paradise and she its loveliest angel. She was
beautiful—how beautiful! No thing of earth was ever
more so. I will not attempt to describe her. No light
cloud tracing the summer sky, was ever more graceful,
no snow-flake ever purer, no warbling bird or dancing
stream, ever more happy or gleeful. And yet she had
a spirit which soared, and her blue eye as mild as the
depths of a summer sky, would melt in tears or flash
indignantly at a tale of wrong. She was surpassingly
beautiful in form, and angelic in mind. Such was the
guiding star of my youth—the lovely flower which
beamed out in the then wilderness. Do you wonder
that I loved her! I love her now as embalmed in me-
mory and bow in silent homage to her pure spirit as it
lingers around me in the winter of life. The Carry
Mason of earth, is dead. I know that. But the Carry
Mason of Heaven, lives, and I love her as I love the
things of Heaven. Years have swept by and sifted
the snow among my locks and my eye looks dimly out
upon the world; yet that one bright dream lingers as
freshly in the heart as when treasured there in the
spring time of life.

Closer with your chair. Heap on more fuel, for chills
creep over me as that blast goes by. I can hear the
snow sift thickly against the window pane. I know
that a thick, white snow-shroud is silently wearing over
the leafless, bladeless, flowerless earth. So has time
woven a shroud over all the bright hopes of my
youth.

The drifts are piling up! Away back of the village
church, the heaps lie upon the graves of the dead
Carry lies there. I see the spot now, even as I watch
the blaze and listen to the wind without. The snow
there gathered is not purer than the spirit of Carry.

That was a fierce one! The night winds have a
language. I understand it. Long—long years I have
sat here and listened. As they go past, they whisper,
and I wander in thought until the ashes gather on the
waning hearth.

How the winds shriek and wail! They have a
touching moan. It makes me sad to hear them sigh,
and I people the night air with spirits of grief. Now a
faint, solemn dirge goes by. Theirs' back to a shriek
which leaves a freezing sense of some fearful crime
committed. And yet the wrens are company for me.
They have been my sole companions for years.

Let the winds murmur, for I should miss their faintest
whisper.

Forty-eight years ago!
Time has fled fleetly. It seems but a day, and yet
I look in the glass across the table and see the withered
features of an old man. Is it myself that is old? I
draw my hand over a face of wrinkles and then lay it
upon a smooth bald head. Around the ears, are thin,
white locks, and a well worn staff glisten in the fire-
light.

Years have gone by, while the heart has been dream-
ing as though there was no winter after the spring time
of youth.

Forty-eight years ago, as I said, my father's family
settled in one of the counties of central New York.
All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located
fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer "clearing."
The shadows were around us, the tall trees and the
picturesque mountains.

Many a summer's day have I toiled up the rugged
mountain sides and looked out upon a sea of green as
it swayed and rolled in the summer breeze, or watched
the waning sun as it lingered to bathe the whole wild-
erness in a flood of gold and crimson. All was very
beautiful.

The axe had opened a space in the forest, and a
cabin of that good old time, afforded us shelter. It
looked new and comfortable, and its chimney-smoke
curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of
the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled,
and deep in those wild-wood solitudes, the wilderness
blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow har-
vests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at
earliest morn, and the deep river near the door mur-
mured sweetly at night-fall. There were gentle whimp-
erings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the
winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples
where Nature breathed fresh and pure from the hand
of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very
door-stone, and the deer stopped in the forest edge to
gaze on the smoke of the chimney top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness!
The spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day
when a settler came in and purchased land across the
river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer
bears, and by the steady agency of pioneer hands, a
comfortable log-cabin perched out from the dense wood-
land of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from

its open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upward from the fire-side where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke and dreamed as I watched—until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shimmering silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreamy hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened and the birds returned we were to be married.

I was happy.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts there to be found.

Carry and I were invited to attend the party. A rude "jumper" had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old-fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall. But we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered hush! "The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines, which shot upwards and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip, and he moved briskly through the woods.

Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rush quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrific, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! A pack of wolves were around us! In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment, my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder, and I awoke.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened animals were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

That was a vain chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin and the happy hearth at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment, a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so cold and devilish a yell, I never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to the heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared on like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Firmly grasping the lines and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, the infernal chains again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept peering forward to speak to Carry. I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carry, but stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of the seat.

God! It was horrible. We were to be eaten alive!

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam. We went at a fearful rate. The stumps, and roots and uneven places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles ahead! O, for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to the clearing, than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with the sleigh.

On we sped! that infernal pack neck and neck with us, and every now and then, jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons! Once around that angle, and I hoped!

How madly I shouted to the noble brute! We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead and hung in dark masses ahead. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilishly than ever.

With a swoop the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sunk as I heard his quick foot steps dying out towards home!

But I had no time to think. In truth, I can remember nothing distinctly. It all seems a nightmare which I can never forget.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career. In an instant, they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks at the cabins. I had not time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at bay for a moment; but fierce and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth of the pack with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of danger—I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches, and breathed freer, as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along the trunk to our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm! I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry! O for help—for a weapon—for a foothold upon earth, where I could have grappled with the monster.

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing as the wolf continued to make sure of his hold. O it was horrible. I bent him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, cursed, wept, prayed; but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless—insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carry's waist slipped from my clinging grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but as if aware of danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled. The body of the wolf hung downward like a dark mass into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and danced and flashed across my eye-balls. The corded muscles of the hand would relax and as they closed convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I began to gasp for breath. The black mass beneath me and wrenched, as if to deepen the hold. A crackling mingled with the humming noises in my ears, and the dress parted at the waist! I shrieked in and the swooping sound of the fall of the black and insidious victim, as they shot down, down into the abyss. I heard something like the bay of the old dog and the firing of guns—and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away, before the delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, was prematurely old. The raven black locks of my youth, had changed to the silvery ones of eighty years of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It withered. I never have raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and am covered with the cold, clammy sweat that gathered on me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse, as he dashed into the ring, had aroused the people at home. The engine broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and a house dog, they rushed to the scene. They found senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and feeling his way towards me. In turning at the moment of their approach, he slipped and went down to his death.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason but did not find her until next morning. They then went to the ice, and found her corpse. The wolves had picked her crushed bones—I thanked God for that. The fall had partially broken the ice, and the water had frozen and fastened her long black hair had floated out. The wolf had not released his grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure shoulder.

The spring sunshine, and birds, and green leaves come again, as I tottered out. My sisters led a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my hopes, and of all that I loved. The wild-flowers already starting on the sacred mound. I wept and blessed them, for they were blooming upon the grave of Carry.

Such was the fate of my first and only love.
—There never was but one Carry Mason!—
Chief.

Items of News—Foreign and Domestic

A resolution has been introduced in the Board of Health of New York city, to require a certificate from the public institutions under charge, except in cases prescribed by physicians.

At a recent Conference of Churches in Boston, Mass., the identical Bible used by Joan Rogers, martyr, and carried by him to the stake—one of the leaves of which bore the marks of the flames—was brought to the Conference by a descendant of the martyr.

Tall Drinking.—They have a bar-room in California one hundred and fifty feet long, in which forty bar-keepers are employed 14 hours out of every 24, in retailing liquor, at twenty-five cents a gallon.

Chicago is the most rapidly growing city in the Western country. It has now a population of 600,000 (although but 25,000 in 1850,) and real estate selling at higher prices than can be obtained anywhere else. Its supremacy as the great metropolis of the West will not be long a matter of dispute.

Three hundred prisoners in the State Prison at Charlestown have petitioned the Legislature of the Maine Liquor Law. There are now 499 in the institution. Upward of fifty convicts in the New York prisons had already been total abstinence men.

The people of Indiana are petitioning the Legislature for the passage of a law which shall prohibit the wife, and all others injured by the sale of intoxicating liquors, may maintain an action against the vendor who furnishes the liquor.

Miss Antoinette L. Brown, was introduced by Theodore Parker, to his congregation on Sunday in Boston, and she conducted service by prayer, the preaching of a sermon from chapter 14 of 1st John, 34, 35. She is a graduate of Oberlin University, 21 years old, and rather good looking.

The Toothache.—“L'Union Medicaire,” a recent review of New Orleans, mentions the success of a new remedy against the toothache. It consists in the application of a piece of cotton dipped in collodion to the cavity of the tooth, to the shape of which it adapts itself while soft, and when it becomes hardened adheres strongly to the tooth, and is not liable to be affected by liquid taken into the mouth.

The By-Law respecting Tavern Licenses in New Orleans has been amended, and the price reduced to \$100, instead of \$200. The number of licenses to be issued is restricted to 20.

When do you apply a sovereign remedy for tooth? When it is “a King.” To what town should he go to have it extracted? Putuska.

A revolutionary relic, being a human hand with a musket ball rattling within it, was thrown up by a person digging a grave in St. Andrew's Church at Mount Holy, N. J., a few days since.

Here is a puzzle. Can any one solve it? Two gentlemen each have a daughter; each marries the daughter of the other; if children arise from the marriages on both sides, what relation would they be to each other?

Gov. Ujhazy's daughters, who are highly educated, and were raised in the most refined society, it is said, be seen daily at work in the corn-field with a hoe, on their farm, at New Buda, Iowa.

Circus.—The feat by Professor McCormick, of walking on the ceiling of the Bovey Amphitheatre, downward, was accomplished last evening without accident, before an immense concourse of the curious. A slab of polished marble upon which he exhibits this feat of locomotion is elevated thirty feet above the ground, giving a good view to all. The means by which he resists the law of gravitation are not perceptible, and the secret the Professor intends to keep to himself.

The secret consists in the pressure of the air on the floor, from which the air is extracted, leaving a vacuum.—Ed. Sox.

The dog population of the United States is estimated at about two millions, and the expense of supporting them at upwards of \$10,000,000, per annum.

“Fifty sewing machines driven by steam” are said to be in operation in New York. How driven by starvation?

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following written on the envelope:—Please hasten the delay of this letter.

A despatch from New Orleans dated the 10th ult. says:—“We have summer-like weather here, with a southerly wind to-day at 80 deg.”

There are at present in our Primary Schools 11,862 pupils, and 1,196 schools. Of this number, 665 are of foreign parentage.—Boston Paper.

The Jury have awarded N. P. Willis \$100, for damages sustained by him from the assault on his person by Edwin Forrest.

The journeymen house carpenters of New York have resolved to demand \$2 per day for services from the 10th of March to the 10th of November next.

The Cincinnati Gazette says Kossuth contracted with two or three manufacturers in that city for 1000 saddles at \$12 each.

The opponents of the Maine Liquor Law in New York, are to hold another mass meeting in that city soon.

The Mississippi Senate has passed a bill to prevent the introduction of slaves into that State.

The New Jersey assembly have rejected the Maine Law, 53 to 46.

A bill has passed the Senate of Georgia to prohibit the sale of deadly weapons.

The public debt of the United States on the 29th of November last, \$62,569,395.26.

The New York Times says that half a million dollars worth of Kossuth hats have been sold.

L. Brandreth, the man who has advertised so extensively, has purchased a site—for \$120,000—in New York, on which he will erect a magnificent building to be partly occupied by a new bank, of which the Doctor is to be President.

Travellers and newspapers are cut off from Hungary. Letters from Vienna state that no passports are now granted for travel in that direction, and no symptom of a foreign journal allowed to be mailed—China and Japan have been successfully cut off from “progress” by the same system of isolation.

Suicide.—A man hanged himself the other day in Massillon, Ohio, on the 20th Feb., on account of his daughter having married against his will.

The “Rappings.”—A few days ago, in the Town of Massillon, Ohio, a young lady “medium,” was arrested for causing “mysterious rappings” in church during divine service. These “rappings” were similar to those heard in Rochester, and Oswego, Canada. The congregation was much excited.

Mlle. Frederika Bremer is about to publish her impressions of England during her recent visit.—She is understood to be engaged also on a more elaborate account of her residence in the United States.

A person named Norman Ramsey was found frozen to death on Thursday last in Puschich, near Galt. A bottle nearly full of whiskey was found near him.

Curious Incident.—The *Cleveland Herald* says that a boy who was recently passing through the woods near Sandusky, met a couple of deer, whose horns were locked so closely that they could not disengage them; whereupon he took a rope, fastened the antlers tightly together by tying them, called assistance, and captured them.

The total length of finished railroads in the United States is 8797 miles, which cost 286,155,078 dollars.

The length of telegraph wires in the United States is 22,000 miles.

The extent to which gaming is carried at Hamburg, the German bathing place, may be understood from the fact, that the cards used last season cost 6000 florins, and the removal from the town of persons who have lost everything by play, cost 36,000 florins.

Love is a mystery whose subtle essence neither philosopher nor metaphysician has defined.—Its disciples give implicit faith to what their reason cannot fathom, their utmost knowledge therefore being to feel that they know not what they feel.

The Quebec Journal says that it will cost £40,000 to supply the iron pipes for the new water works of that city. They are being cast in Gascon, a portion will arrive by the first vessels, and will be laid down during the summer.

It is stated that the circulation of the Times since the commencement of its attacks on Kossuth has fallen 6,000. Whether this be true or not, there has no doubt, been a considerable decline.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CHANGE OF SALUTATIONS—PETER PYE.

I have just perused the “Gem” of the 23rd instant, in which was inserted a letter from “Peter Pye” on a radical improvement. He requests to be enlightened upon the various points commented upon in his article. I shall attempt to clear the matter up in some degree, so that friend Peter will not endeavour to supercede a time honored and hallowed custom by any thing which might be derogatory to his penetration, or prejudicial to the interests of correct social feeling. I am an ardent admirer of progress, in whatever department, because I feel convinced that truth and right will never suffer from open investigation. But while I would advance to the uttermost of my abilities, any cause which would ameliorate the condition of mankind socially, morally, or physically, still I would be cautious how I permitted sound principles to give place to doubtful and metaphysical abstractions. In this respect I am conservative, but in every other respect I am in head and heart a true son of progress. It requires an unbiased and sound judgment to perceive what principles or customs should be preserved, and what should be changed, particularly in an age so pregnant with wonderful inventions and incredible mutations. Nothing is too astonishing for the

nineteenth century. Society is being up-rooted from its lowest foundations. Opinions which were once deemed infallible have given place to ideas the very reverse, so that we can truly affirm, that we live in an age of unprecedented progress. But while this state of things has given birth to a good incalculable in its nature and extent, yet from the very nature of the case, many evils unavoidably originate from the unparalleled development and gigantic strides of mind. There are some things as old as time itself, which we cannot improve, from the simple fact, that their chief excellence and highest beauty consist in the most natural and un-studied exhibition of sentiment. The heartfelt greeting, which the unsophisticated mother bestows upon a long absent child, could never be improved by a Mrs Siddons or a Fanny Kemble; and all the artificial modifications which the world could make, would not supply a word so talismanic, so complete and effective as the simple one “Good bye.” It is associated with some of the purest and holiest feelings of the heart, and we cling to it as to some hallowed dream of youth, or as a priceless jewel, comprehending the whole of past joy and sorrow. With these few introductory remarks, I will touch the point under consideration. I admire the salutation of “Good morning,” “Good evening,” &c., now so universally used; and I will give you my reasons for it. In the first place it is a sort of mental telegraph, uniting the social feelings of the parties at each end of the wire. It shows that the wish of each party is a good one; no matter how disadvantageous the circumstances under which they meet, or how lowering the prospects, the wish is, that the day may prove good or beneficial. It is a short expressive and concise phrase, and therefore mathematically considered the best, if no more concise or expressive phrase can be substituted. If we view it in a more extended light, it will be found to answer every purpose for which it is designed. It advances the interests of genuine christianity, because it makes us trust implicitly in the goodness and wisdom of an overruling Providence. The day is disagreeable to us, but does not the Creator who surveys the infinite works of his hands, and gives us the light of the Sun, and the refreshing showers pronounce a good day? The feelings cannot be an index to what is good. If they were, what would seem pleasant at one time, would be unpleasant at another, and we would be continually involved in a maze of speculations as to the nature of good. The man who watches the terrific ravages of a thunder storm in the Southern Hemisphere, would pronounce them a fell curse, if he were guided by his feelings alone. But every intelligent person knows that they are prolific of immense benefit, by clearing and purifying the atmosphere of those deadly miasmas, which, if allowed to remain, would cause an universal death. I would advise friend Peter then, in all respect, when he gets a wet jacket, to look beyond the narrow circle of self, and be willing to believe that the operations of nature's laws are good, although he may prove the sufferer. And he will find, that by smiling his neighbor invariably with an honest and lasting “good morning,” &c., he will in time believe that there may be a good in which self is not concerned, and prepare him to meet disappointments in life, with christian fortitude and resignation.

Yours, with respect,
A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Brockville, 23rd Feb, 1852

The California Fever.—It is stated that 6,000 persons are in New York, waiting for a passage to California. The rush for El Dorado grows more wild and reckless every day. Thousands are on the isthmus waiting there too for a passage up the Pacific side.—Provisions are scarce and high on Panama. At no period since the discovery of gold in California has there been such a prospect for future disappointment and suffering as at present. It is impossible that one tenth of those who go out this spring should succeed.

A bill before the Louisiana Legislature, proposes to place individuals habitually intemperate, in the same category with lunatics and minors, by giving them curators, with powers of administration, and rendering them incapable of suing or being sued, being members of a corporation, or being executors or administrators, or managing their own property or family affairs.

A mother's penury refines the child's mind and manners.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE SIGHS.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Oh how I love those deep, deep sighs,
That sad their voices ring,
But when the heart with anguish throbs
A soothing balm they bring;
But every sigh is not so sad
As 'tis in soulance breathed,
Joy has its sigh as well as woe,
And love in sighs is breathed.

And yet when sorrow loads the soul,
And bows the heart with grief,
How welcome to the surcharged breast,
The sigh that gives relief;
Oh yes, when all is sad within
And every thought is gloom,
There's pleasure in that deep, deep sigh,
That bursts from nature's womb.

And joy may sigh a deep, deep sigh,
And feel for sighs a zest,
For more than language e'er could tell
Is in a sigh expressed.
The sigh of joy has once been mine
Tho' now forever hush'd,
But oh, the soul the image bears
Of those deep sighs that rush'd.

And love has sighs, deep breathing sighs,
The least may not control,
Affection's breathing laden with
The language of the soul;
Love like love, a bashful maid may hide,
The voice—the least—the eye,
But leaps to pour his secrets forth
Upon the burning sigh.

The sigh the deep deep burning sigh
How sweet its mystic power,
Unchanging is its sympathy
In every needful hour;
First born of mercy oh be mine
In every transport sigh,
Ah Angel form invisible
Art thou—deep breathing sigh.

Deep sighs, ye calm, ye calm the soul,
Ye tranquilize its joy,
To love to breathe its brightest hopes,
And thoughts without alloy,
And oh when woman breathes her forth
Love on bright plumes flies,
To weave a veil of sympathy,
And catch her deep-breathed sighs.

Issued, March 15, 1892.

HOME AND WOMAN.

Our homes, what is their corner stone, but the virtue of woman, and on what does social well-being rest but on our home? Must we not trace all other blessings of civil life to the door of our private dwellings? Are not our hearthstones guarded by holy forms of conjugal, filial, and parental love, the corner stones of Church and State, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble and our academies decay, let our public edifices, our halls of Justice, and our capitals of State be levelled with the dust, but spare our homes! Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover up two hearts dearer

to each other than all the world—high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being—and the place for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home, and here is the birth-place of every sacred thought. Here the Church and State must come for their origin and support. 'O' spare our homes!—The love that we experienced there gives our faith an infinite goodness, the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our fore-aste and our earnest of a better world. In relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve a name compared with those whom a birth gave us! One mother is worth a thousand friends, one sister truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth—under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood—do we not find that years only make more sacred and important the ties that bind us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate; different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strong spark in our expiring affection.

—Christian Enquirer.

Co-operation of the Wife.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unite in mutual endeavors or reward his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he know he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointments enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

Paris Milliners and Dress Makers.—There are 879 millinery establishments in Paris, 876 of which are managed by females. The business for Paris alone amounts to 13,000,000 francs a year, and gives employment to 2,717 workwomen. Under the head of millinery is included the making of bonnets of different kinds, caps, head dresses for soirees, and fancy articles for the toilette. Gloves, ready-made linen, embroidery, and dress-making come under other categories. The articles of millinery above mentioned acquire all their value from the labour of the workwomen, the originality of the cut, and the grace of a bow, which belongs exclusively to French taste. All this fine taste and skill commands but 98 cents a day in the shape of wages for each workwoman. There are in Paris 1,171 dress makers, of whom 86 employ more than ten workwomen; 1,219 from two to ten; 3,203 work alone, or only employ assistants at certain periods. The number of workwomen in this category may be, therefore, reckoned at 10,000, and are perfectly distinct from those we have mentioned above. They are employed in making dresses, cloaks, and such like articles. The average rate of their wages is less than that of the milliners, being only 1fr. 50 cents a day. The stay-making business is carried on by 653 principal establishments, which occupy 2,998 workwomen; there are only 33 men employed in the business. Paris only makes stays to the amount of 5,000,000 francs every year. Nearly 3,200,000 corsets are every year made for exportation. The ready-made linen trade is one of the most important ones in Paris. By this business is understood body linen, baby linen, and table and house linen. The ladies of Paris attach more importance to fine linen than even to the richest silks and velvets. The production of this trade amounts to 27,000,000 francs a year. It is carried on by 2,023 persons of both sexes, and employs 10,150 workwomen.

Influence of Woman.—The following, on the influence of Woman, is from the pen of the great Sheridan. 'Women govern us—let us try to render them perfect, the more so shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women, depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on our hearts. People can judge of it as they please. NATURE said, 'the future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.' We think if the mother were heeded oftener, there would be more good men in the world than there are at present.'

Influence of Example in Education.—Example has great importance in the education of children, in consequence of their natural propensity to imitation. The influence of this propensity is not sufficiently attended to by parents and children. Dugald Stewart has abundantly treated this subject and shown its great importance in education. 'Not only should the propensity of children to imitation be regarded in teaching "accomplishments" and every thing connected with grace;" but in forming the moral character also. Every person knows that the imitation of any expression strongly marked by countenance and gestures of another person, has a tendency to excite in some degree, the corresponding emotion in our own minds; and when it is considered that prone children are to imitate, we shall feel the importance of habitually exhibiting, both in looks and actions only such feelings as we wish them to exhibit. Parents who are constantly manifesting fretful and unhappy dispositions, will do much towards producing like dispositions in their children. From these observations, it is evident that the educating of children, cannot fail to be the importance of the example they set them; they also reflect that whatever is inculcated upon children of trifling consequence compared with that which they learn by example, and if they wish their children to possess a spirit of benevolence, kindness, and humility, must cherish and cultivate these virtues in themselves, and be particularly careful not to let any contradictions exist between their expressed opinions of the value of these dispositions and their own habitual exercises of them.—Mass. Teacher.

Extraordinary Longevity.—Eight years ago boarded at a house in the city of Toronto where a colored woman named Long, who had attained a good old age of 112 years. Her hair was as white as the driven snow, and looked remarkably strange contrasted with her skin, which was perfectly black. She could at the time read the testament without aid of specs, and for a woman of her advanced age was remarkably active. About the time of which we write, she left the city and went to the country to her acquaintances in Toronto supposed that her grimage in this world had come to an end, as they not heard any tidings of her for so long a time, they were mistaken. About four weeks ago the lady returned to the city, on a visit to her old acquaintances, who were not a little surprised to see her enter into the house with a stick in each hand to enable her to bear up against the pressure of 120 years. "Go Long" as she is familiarly called, is well known to many of the old inhabitants of Toronto; she has lived there for upwards of fifty years. She is doubtless the oldest woman living on the continent of America. *Bowmanville Messenger.*

CROCHET FOR LADIES.—Take a small thread of white cotton, spin it out as long as you can, and wind it about a reel as rapidly as possible over the reel of fancy; tangle it with the aid of a variety of meshes; put about the reel of as many of your female friends as will stand the operation performed, and the result will be a small piece of crochet work, which will be of the same service as a pattern—to be universally avoided.

A NUN'S WISH.—Southey, in his "Omnia," has the following:—"When I was last in Lisbon, a lady had made her escape from a Nunnery. The first question for which she enquired, when she reached the house, was, 'What was the name of the nun?' which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

Powerful Effects of Imagination.—When the children of Glastonberry were at the height of their reputation in 1751, the following story was told by a graduate of character:—An old woman of the workhouse named Yeovil, who had long been a cripple, and made of crutches, was strongly persuaded to drink of Glastonberry water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse presented her several bottles of water, which had such a powerful effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and, after a few days, the other. This was extolled as a most wonderful cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched her from an ordinary sprug. I need not inform you that the force of imagination had spent itself, and that she relapsed into her former infirmity.



Youths' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SONG OF THE CADET.

I am a little true Cadet
With love and virtue for my shield,
My motto shall be temperance;
This password I will never forget.
My stand for truth I'll never yield.

Lo the world I meet with brothers,
Marched under banners bright,
With virtue love and temperance:
Peace we have and peace to others,
Is our motto—struggling to be right.

Lo order is our golden rule,
To quell the follies of our youth,
And discipline the erring mind;
The Section room's, the truest school;
We knowledge crave—we seek for truth.

C. M. D.

CADETS.

CHURCHVILLE, 18th March 1852.

MR. EDITOR—I want to let you know that we are not here, but fighting against the enemy. The Sons are getting some of the hardest cases to join them. We started our Section with a very few and have doubled our numbers, and have lost as yet but two or three—two of our number are going to join the Sons now—Editor I will ask you a question about the Cadets. A Cadet wishes to leave, and goes to the Secretary or Treasurer and gets his name taken off the books, and he goes and smokes and drinks, is he breaking the pledge?

In conclusion I would say we lately had the London Club here, to lecture and also on the 1st of March had one of the brethren from George Town at a meeting. We have some taverns here, doing much mischief.

LACEDMUS, A CADET.

[We suppose that a Cadet's pledge is not perpetual. When he leaves the Order we presume he may smoke and drink. It is so with the Sons of Temperance.—When the name of a Son is regularly off the books and a current quarter is up, we no longer have any control over him.—Editor Son.]

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS—CADETS DUTY.

Temperance in children is commendable, and is a proof that they have power over their appetites, but the thing of far more importance, is respect and obedience to their parents. He is only a true Cadet who temperate in his behaviour, language and habits generally. Discipline of mind is the first duty of a child, temperance merely a secondary thing. Show us a boy made his speech—disobedient to his parents, forward to his seniors insulting and noisy: and although he may abstain from the use of tobacco and alcohol, his Cadetship is not worth a straw. Worthy Patrons should every where express on their cadets, the great necessity there is for good behaviour in and out of Sections. A Cadet can as easily learn to abstain from all behaviour and bad language as from other vices. When this is done in connection with temperance principles, a boy will grow up a good citizen, able to face a wicked world.

Power should not be employed to do wrong, but to punish the doers of wrong.

[ORIGINAL.]

A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

My children do attention give
Unto my counsels while you live,
They'll give your bodies strength and health;
And store your minds with wisdom's wealth.

Shun things that wicked men pursue,
Be ever sought by one of you,
Strange phantoms will disturb your sleep,
And round you constant vigils keep.

Let no base passion rule your breast,
Nor enter there a welcome guest,
All wicked thoughts drive from your mind,
And let them no communion find.

Should you despise what good men teach,
Be vulgar and obscene in speech,
Profane the name of God on high;
You'll end your days with many a sigh.

LYNDEN, February, 1852.

J. S.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

Does the temperance community realize the immense benefit which will result from this youthful order. If they do why is it so little thought of? Why is it that the Section room is so deserted by those whose duty it is to be with them, and cheer their young hearts in the good work? They not only pledge themselves to abstain from the use of alcoholic stimulants, but from profanity, gambling, the use of tobacco in every form, and all that can have a tendency to corrupt morals. Friends of temperance, encourage this nursery of temperance, for, rest assured, that the Cadet who is faithful to his pledge, will be a devoted friend to all the temperance organizations of the day. Go into the Division room, and you will see the good effects of his order. Go into the Watchman Club, or any temperance meeting, you find the fruits of the order there. Go to our colleges, to our seminaries to our churches, and you will find those who have learned the lessons of virtue, temperance, and morality, in the Section room. We have in the state of Massachusetts but 14 Sections and 100 Divisions of Sons of Temperance. In the city of Boston with a population of 140 000 we have about 50 Cadets. Although the number is small, yet they are true and will never give up the ship. Come friends of youth, rally around the Section and give it your cordial support. If you are fathers, you are doubly bound; if you feel an interest in the welfare and prosperity of the community, if you wish our country to be free from the curse of intemperance in its thousand hideous forms, encourage the Cadets.—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

A Pattern Boy—A subscriber in the interior of this State writes us, that when she first took *The Organ* she used to loan it to a widow's family, who took great interest in reading it. Now her son Henry, 13 years old, takes it himself, and pays for it with his own earnings. As showing the influence of the paper, she states: that on New Year the widow and her son visited their relatives in the place, and were often asked to take some intoxicating drink which was refused. At an uncle's house the boy was urgently pressed. His uncle was vexed at Henry's refusal and declared he should not leave the house till he drank. But the lad was firm. What is the reason of your unwillingness? inquired the uncle. The emphatic answer was, "Sir, I read the *New-York Organ*, now." Well may that widowed mother thank God for such a son, and reasonably may she expect him to be a credit and a comfort to her declining years.—*New York Organ.*

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN VERSE—One of the boys of the Chauncy Place School, on reading the account of the marriage of Jenny Lind, was prompted to versify the story of her courtship and wed-lock. His effort, although not strictly poetical is amusing. We extract from a copy now before us the two following verses, which will serve as a specimen of the poetry of the school-room.

"And will you have her Otto,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Otto,
"And love her all my life."

"And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

STRANGE RAPPINGS AT WHITBY.

The *Whitby papers* for some weeks past, have been amusing the public with accounts of the supposed manifestations of spirits by rappings, similar to those heard in Rochester, of which we gave an account in the early part of our first volume. When in Oshawa, a few weeks ago, we conversed with some young people who were mediums, and very innocently told us, that they were wholly unconscious of the cause of the visitations. For sometime past, we have paid but little attention to the rumours of rappings, either in the States or Canada, being disposed to believe them all humbugs, so far as an intercourse with another world was concerned. We are not prepared to say, however, that there is not such a truth as the science of biology, or the power of mind on mind as such; whereby, it is possible for men to know the thoughts of those near them. In this matter there is some mystery as yet but dimly seen. The rappings at or near Oshawa, are made through mediums who are young men and young women. Where one sees falsehood, mixed up with truth, as we did at Rochester in the autumn of 1850, with the original rappers there, it is difficult to believe them supernatural manifestations. Time will develop things.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

THE POSTAGE QUESTION—STOUFFVILLE DIVISION.

SIR AND BR.—At the last meeting of our Division, the following resolution, introduced by Br. Richard Knell, and seconded by Br J. T. Barnes, was adopted unanimously, and ordered to be sent to the "Son" for publication:—"Whereas, this Division is at considerable expense on account of the frequent unpaid letters received from other Divisions.—be it therefore resolved—
"That this Division do not take any letters out of the Post-office which are not pre-paid,—except those from the Grand Division; and that this Division do henceforth pay the postage on all communications sent by it to other Divisions."

I embrace the opportunity, which the transmission of the above affords me, of acquainting you that the position and prospects of our Division are at present most encouraging. We have recently had a most important accession of new members—important not merely as diminishing the opposition ranks; but because they are men who are possessed of means, standing, and character; and who, from their social position, are well calculated to exert a salutary influence in furthering the objects of the order. Propositions of membership are still continuing to be recorded weekly, and these too from individuals who have hitherto been no friends of the Temperance movement, which demonstrates beyond a doubt, that the mass of hostility, prejudice, and indifference, so long arrayed against the order, is now decidedly on the decline, and that the beneficial results—moral and physical—which are seen to flow from a constant and steady adherence to the principles of our organization, are making no slight impression upon the minds of all classes of the community. Let the Sons of Temperance continue to exhibit consistency in their general conduct, firmness in adhering to their obligations, and devotion in the extension of the cause, and the time will certainly arrive, when drunkenness shall be exterminated from among us, and sobriety reign triumphant throughout the length and breadth of our land.

I remain, fraternally yours,

JOHN DODGSON, R. S.

March 11th, 1852.

DIVISIONS IN KINGSTON.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I am happy to state the Sons are increasing in this City in the most satisfactory manner. We have now three good Divisions all doing well. I have opened two new Divisions during this quarter, which have not been reported in the last returns. One at the Village of Scott's Corners, about 6 miles from this City, on New Year's day, which is named Elginburgh Division; the other in this City on the 5th of January last, named Mechanics Division. In fact there is quite a good feeling at the present time in this City and neighbourhood in favor of Temperance.

I remain yours in L. P. and F.,

WM. RUDSTON, D. G. W. P.

April 1st, 1852.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]
FIRST BIRD OF SPRING.

First bird of spring, first bird of spring,
Whence comest thou on joyful wing?
From sunny climes the news I bring
To Canada again to sing!

First bird of spring, in infancy
I loved to hear thee chirrup free,
As sitting on some verdant tree,
Thou sangest blithe and merrily.

Then, bird of spring, thy heart was young,
And loved the song so sweetly sung,
From grassy fields and leafy sprays,
By little birds in June's bright days.

Oh things there are I love to hear,
They stir the heart, they start the tear;
Sweet memories of boyhood bring—
The songs, the songs of the birds of spring.

They tell of happy scenes gone by,
Of flowers and groves and sunny sky;
Of the dearly loved who passed away,
Of balmy morn, sweet closing day.

When as a boy in the forest wild,
I loved to view as nature's child,
The daisy pluck, and the lily see,
That grew by the brook that danced so free.

The forest wild, ye birds of spring,
Where ye build ye nest and ye sing,
Where ye patient watch your nuptial ring,
And feed with care, unmurmuring tongue.

Oh birds of spring, this forest wild,
I love it now, as I lov'd a child;
Its pictures are of a spotless heart,
And peace and truth do e'er impart.

Ye come with flowers, ye come in spring,
Ye warners bright of light-some wing;
To cheer the old, to cheer the young,
Your throats are tuned, your songs are sung.

C. M. D.

THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

KEEPING TIME WITH THE TELEGRAPH.

We witnessed a curious experiment yesterday at Morse's Telegraph office, which we had before heard of but had never seen. It was nothing less than the ticking of the clock in New York city heard and seen at this end of the line. The experiment was most perfectly performed, the regular vibrations of the pendulum in New York, being registered on the paper at precise intervals, and heard by striking the pen-lever at the same instant. This is done by an operation similar to telegraphing itself. It is well known that the bringing in contact of the positive and negative poles of the batteries, forms what is termed a circuit, and produces characters at the pleasure of the person so bringing them together. One of these wires is connected by a very fine wire to the pendulum of the clock, partaking of its motion; the other is fastened to the side of the clock, so that the pendulum shall strike it in swinging back and forth. When the pendulum strikes, the two wires being brought together, a circuit is formed and a stroke of the pendulum makes a dot upon the paper, and this is repeated as often as the pendulum strikes the wire in the side of the clock: so that the ticking of the clock in New York is heard even more distinctly in Buffalo than in the office where it is placed. Last evening a similar experiment was successfully tried between Bangor, Me., and Milwaukee, Wis., by connecting the wires of Morse's and Speed's lines at this point, and then proceeding as mentioned above. A clock ticking at one place, and being heard between 2 and 3000 miles away, is certainly something curious in this age of marvels.—*Buffalo Express*.

The above is an instance of the rapidity almost inconceivable with which electricity is transported from one point to another. A clock ticks one moment two thousand miles from us, and is known the next moment where we stand. Or electricity in the twinkling of an eye is conveyed two thousand miles. What is this

essence and what is its essential use in creation? That it is a mere passive essence, is evident. Man has made it subservient to his will, and will no doubt within the period of this generation make it still more so. This is the most striking proof that the world has ever seen of the superiority of mind over all other known things. He has also converted magnetism to his use, mechanical uses. Magnetism is something still more extraordinary than electricity. It seems allied to mind. Is electricity a quality of light, proceeding from the sun? There is heat in it, and there is light in it, of the most intense kind. No agent in nature has such sudden and tremendous power as this essence. The power of electricity is more visible—its effects more generally exhibited in very warm climates, than in temperate climates. In the arctic regions it is scarcely ever seen. May it not be a quality of atmospheric air, produced by the heat or beams of the Sun? Oxygen will burn, and light will travel inconceivably fast. It comes 95 millions of miles to us from the Sun in about five minutes; that is, it travels nearly a million miles in three seconds of time. When the burning rays of the Sun are shining upon our air, may it not cause such a state things, as are seen in a thunder storm? But it will be answered, that the powers of electricity may be caused to take effect in winter as well as summer, and at all times it is in being. What are we then to believe? That it is a subtle fluid pervading all nature, the secret spring of vegetable and organic life; more active in the summer than in the winter we know. We must confess that we think it is a quality of light, infused into nature from the Sun; the intent of which is to purify the air and to invigorate life. When its general equilibrium is disturbed we hear the noise called thunder, and see it fly from one point of the heavens to another, like water seeking its fiery level. Is magnetism the same? We must confess, that although there are some things about it inexplicable, still most of its operations are similar to, or may be accounted for by a deep and thoughtful observation of the powers and properties of electricity. We have said that electricity is the main agent in life. Doubtless it is so, but it is very inferior to mind. It has to do only with matter, and life connected therewith.

[ORIGINAL.]
LIFE.

Short seem our days, and yet, forsooth,
How foolishly we spend,
Our manhood's prime, when childish youth
At length has had an end
Our infant days slide on unseen,
Bright boyhood takes their place;
Too soon to fade for darker scene,
Which hurries on apace!

Free'd from the tammels of a Lome,
Life seems a golden scene
But soon we find the guided dome
Is reached by paths of pain!
Misfortune and vexation cross
Each instant on our path,
While round us disappointments toss
Their meteoric of a path!

Dishearten'd thus, soon manhood flies,
On wings as fleet as fate,
To shores where fond regret still sighs
For pleasures come too late
Old age then dims the once bright eye,
With palsy strikes the hand,
Still Hope points to a home on high,
With Expectation's wand!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Dr Dick the Christian Philosopher.—The Albany *Argus* of the 11th inst. publishes a letter recently received by a gentleman in Albany, from Dr. Dick, of Dundee, Scotland. It is dated Feb 17th, and contains the gratifying intelligence not only of his still being alive, but, though past 80 years old, of his being in health somewhat better than he has experienced for some years past. Some eighteen months ago, a report was current in the newspapers that the venerable and excellent old man was dead. This was believed by his Albany correspondent until some three months since, when he heard a

contradiction of the report, and immediately wrote Dr. Dick to ascertain the truth. The reply is published.—*N. Y. Organ*.

We are glad to hear this report, regarding one of the greatest living authors. Some time during the year 1850, a report was current that the celebrated Dr. Dick of Dundee, was in indigent circumstances, which afterwards contradicted. His writings many years were and still are read and admired by every lover of the goodness of God, portraying as they do the grandeur of the Universe, and the manifest goodness of the Author. There is a sublimity, a truthfulness, a grandeur and angelic eloquence and fervor, about his writings which will ever immortalize him as a noble spirit. His mind rises when reading his works far above all materialism, and we almost fancy that we have left this tenement of earth, and are sailing on a spirit's wings among the countless circle of stars that shine in finite space. At the same time the heart is full of reverence, for the all-pervading mercies, and the benevolence of the Great Author of nature. There is a majesty and an originality about his thoughts and conceptions, which strike the soul and elevate from a worm to a spirit of immortality. If we wish to give our children any friend, especially a poetical benevolent young man, we would advise him to read and re-read the works of the great philosopher Dick, of Dundee. They can be had at the Book Store of Mr. Lee in this city.—[Ed. Son.]

[ORIGINAL.]

"THERE REMAINETH A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

—Heb. iv.

Land of sweet rest! for thee I sigh,
And watch, with eager, anxious eye;
Foremost of all—the thought is still
To *earn* and do my Master's will!
That I my Saviour's love may share,
The snow-white robes of Glory wear;
And with the ransomed ones partake
The Tree of Life, for Jesus' sake!

Land of sweet rest! for Thee I long,
With hope untrifling, firm and strong,
I hail Dis-honour's stigma here,
A guardian sure of Glory there!
The pilgrim's lot of woe and pain,
Are heralds of eternal gain!
And those dark hours of gloom shall be
Exchanged for endless joy in Thee!

Land of sweet rest! the Prophet's theme!
The Christian's hope! the Patriarch's dream!
Dearest thou art! Life's pearly treasure,
Thou art heaven's best, the hope of three!
The groans, the sighs, of wasted years—
The wall of hearts, the stain of tears—
All in one fervent hymn combine!
Oh! would that Land of Rest were mine!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. WEST, 1852.

RUSSIA.

Russia contains a population of 54,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom 42,000,000 are serfs—that is, men of the nature of beasts, who are sold like the American blacks, slaves with the land on which they live; passed from father to heir, from generation to generation. This is the land that terrifies Europe. These serfs are made to enter the army like cattle, and drilled into soldiers. Russia can bring into the field in war 500,000 of these serfs, who are good soldiers. The position of these serfs is much worse than that of the slaves in America. They are ignorant, and very much addicted to intemperance and vice. This is the land that Nicholas rules as God—a land where intellect is sold to the common classes—and a winter of sterility reigns among the masses. What is life without freedom and knowledge? How glorious is the position of American freemen, as compared with this—how glorious are the liberties and intelligence of Scotch and Irishmen, and Englishmen! Last but not least, how glorious is the condition of Canada—at present a con-

free, healthy, and prosperous. It is true we require amendments in our laws, but taken as a whole, Canadians have the greatest reason to thank their Heavenly Father for the abundant blessings of freedom, health, and free religion! Let us duly appreciate these blessings and their Author. Let us strive to all equal rights, elevating no one class in property religion over another—and ever remembering how glorious a thing it is to be free and enlightened. Beware of the evil of one man's power! See it in Russia, based on vice, ignorance, and an army. See it in France based on an army, and the vices of an unstable empire. We cut the following from an exchange paper, which in numbers conflicts a little with the above figures. They are both taken from exchange papers. The number of freemen mentioned in the latter is probably high. It is believed that Russia will within this year have possession of Constantinople, and then the power of Mahomet fall forever—

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—The Emperor has now on the throne twenty-seven years. He is fifty-six years of age, a man of fine health, and it is not likely he thinks of giving up the throne. He has a son of five years of age, to whom the Russians look forward with confidence, as he is a friend of improvement. He has projected the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, four hundred and fifty miles long, which was made by American engineers, and others will shortly be built. Russia is a good country for railroads, as it has plenty of them. The present Emperor has three sons and two daughters. The oldest is called Alexander, after the name of his uncle. He is a man of great promise, and better educated than his father. Twenty millions of people belong to the Emperor, and twenty-six millions to the nobles, forty-eight millions bought and sold with lands. Nineteen millions are not serfs. It is the power of the Emperor Nicholas to liberate the serfs, but the power lies in the hands of the nobles, and it is dangerous ground for him to tread upon.

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Wednesday, April 7, 1852.

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

THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

For a far the rumbling thunders roll,
The key is found—down with—down with the bowl;
Hear ye the voices of the people?
Temperance it must—'t must give way,
There beams for man a brighter day,
The thunders roll and will not lull
Temperance will cease—will cease to reign,
The cure is found—'t is in the Law of Maine,
Hear ye the voices of the people?
'T is truth, it will—it will—prevail,
We've found a cure—a balm—for man to fail,
The orphan's cry, the widow's moans to lull—
They come, the thunders louder—louder—roll,
Down with the traffic and down with the bowl.
The Son—the Daughters—daughters come;
The people cry, arouse—ye watchmen on the walls—
We cry to arms and the devil's empire falls,
Ho! for peace—'t is joy to every home!
C. M. D.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

Many questions have been lately started as to the propriety of the Maine law, and the right of municipal bodies to wholly interdict taverns in the community. We are believers in the omnipotence of the public mind, and of self-government in man. If he will only be in unison with his greatest good, we know of no one who ought to stay it. All government is predicated upon the supposition, that it is for man's benefit as a whole, that he should yield some of his individual rights to preserve the others. He yields

them only because it is beneficial to all humanity. Every class in the community holds its privileges by the people's voice. To this on earth there is, and can be nothing superior. This is saxon doctrine, well understood and defined, by the minds of all truly enlightened Englishmen and Americans.—Remembered, the wars of Charles the First, and James the Second of England, fixed in the minds of Britons an everlasting love of liberty—of the right of the majority to govern. If a few living in a community have by an unwise legislation been allowed to claim a privilege detrimental to social rights and human interests at large, they must not and cannot reasonably and justly complain, should the original donors abrogate the evil. A government that will act contrary to the interest and wishes of the majority, or uphold class legislation, to the injury of the community, is a nuisance and usurpation. The pestiferous influence of the sale and traffic in spirituous liquors in Canada is known to all reflecting minds. We speak as one well acquainted with Canada for thirty years. Our people have begun to find out that intemperance is one of the mightiest evils of the land; an obstacle to social happiness and improvement—and the enemy of religion and virtue. A few thousands of men live in our Province by the evil—by a class legislation. The families engaged in the business are cursed by its malaria, for not one in ten die or live happily or in the end prosperously. The traffic is an evil then to the dealers, and a deadly thing to thousands of our people.—Who ought to dispute the right of the people to put it down? Moral suasion is a thing of past utility. The iron hand of the law must abate the nuisance. The only thing in Canada that can prevent, it is want of information and present power. We believe in the right of all Municipal bodies to put down the traffic entirely. It is to us and all temperance men, a matter of deep regret, that Municipal bodies cannot prevent the manufacture of it, and its sale by merchants. In this respect the law is very defective. Merchants are licensed to sell by the quart, by the Revenue Inspectors appointed by the Government, without any control on the part of the Municipal bodies.—Three gallons or above may be sold without any license at all. The law we require is the Maine law. This prevents the manufacture, sale or importation of alcohol, except for medicinal and Manufacturing purposes, to be sold by persons appointed by Government. We commend to public notice in connection with these remarks, the noble conduct of the people of Norwich as detailed below:—

GLORIOUS CONDUCT OF NORWICH—A YOUNG MAINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—My last communication informed you that the Norwich Township Council were on the eve of meeting to determine the number of houses or taverns, at which spirituous liquors were to be retained, and that we were hurrying on a petition, begging of the Council to refuse the right to sell such liquors, as a beverage, to every house over which they had any authority. My letter concluded with the following remarks:—"How we shall succeed, the future must tell. It is an agitation for peace, love and happiness, we are making, and though we may not succeed this year, yet, if the Sons of Temperance be only true to themselves and their principles, our triumph, at no distant day, will be as sure as it will be glorious." And now, sir, I have the pleasure to communicate the interesting intelligence, that the Council has surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine friend of Tem-

perance. They repealed at one sweep, all former By-laws relative to Tavernkeepers, and passed a new By-law "for the regulation of Houses of entertainment, and for the more effectual suppression of intemperance." Making no reference whatever to Taverns; leaving that term to become obsolete, or merely to remain upon history, as a thing to be wondered at, but not again to be revised.

In this admirable and model By-law, containing the most sound and salutary regulations, the following stringent enactments are contained:—

"No Keeper of any such House, his wife, child man or maid servant, or other person, about the premises, shall sell or give or in any way traffic in, any alcoholic, spiritous or intoxicating liquors whatsoever, or allow any person or persons to drink any such liquors as a beverage, on his, her or their premises."

"11th And be it further enacted, that all persons keeping such houses of Public entertainment shall have full power to make and seal, all temperance drinks, or drinks for medicinal or cooking purposes or mixtures, and no other."

Who shall describe the outcry and the uproar that ensued upon the final adoption of the By-law? By the Grog vendors and drinkers, the Council were denounced, as robbers of women and children; as violators of human rights, as legislative simpletons who knew not the confines of their authority, as unfeeling despots, who would deprive the travelling public of shelter and refreshment; as brutes, who had no feeling; and as fools who had no knowledge. The Township would be ruined; it would become a laughing stock and a by-word to the surrounding country. And the Sons—oh the Sons of Temperance, who might have been respected, had they minded their own proper business, had now sealed their doom, and become a common nuisance. Truly the Council, the Sons, and all the friends of Temperance had to encounter a storm which no ordinary nerves could weather. For a time the cabal was lulled by the assurance that the affair was unconstitutional, and that the aggrieved parties would have right to bring actions of damages against the Township; and by closing up their doors, barricading their stables, and locking up their pumps, refusing all accommodation to man and beast, they would show to what a desperate and deplorable condition the Council had reduced the township. With the vinegar of their anger, they mingled the gall of their derision, by sending travellers and their teams to the House of a person who had, as they thought, taken an active part in the movement; and loud peals of frantic laughter, accompanied the instances of this kind which occurred. In a few days, however, this assurance lost its foundation, and this merriment was changed into gloom. The Grog vendors had counselled with lawyers and were informed, after much legal research, that there was a remedy and that they might still keep open Tavern and vend the "oh be joyful;" but, for that only remedy, they must wait a little while. How long? Ah! what was their chagrin when they were told: "Until the next Ward meetings, when a more respectable and enlightened set of councillors might be elected?"

In the meantime, the friends of Temperance presented a requisition to Mr. B. S. Whitney, the respected individual whom the Grog vendors had pestered in the manner alluded to, which requisition was as follows:—

To Mr B S Whitney of Norwich, Township of Norwich:—

Sir—As the late Tavernkeepers of this Township have refused to take out Licenses under the By-law recently passed by the Township Council, in consequence of which, the travelling community are greatly accommodated, we consider it has become a duty on our part to solicit some respectable person, to open a house of public entertainment.

We the undersigned, therefore, having confidence in your fitness for such a business, and believing that you are prepared to provide all necessary and reasonable accommodation, request, if agreeable to your views, that you would take out license under the well intended By-law of the Council, and open the House of Public accommodation required.

(Signed.) JOHN McKEE, and 30 others: Norwich, March 5, 1852.

With this requisition Mr. Whitney readily and cordially complied, and the circumstance operated like the explosion of a bomb-shell in the camp of the "Legion," The Grog sellers, seeing clearly that the machinery of society was about to be kept in undisturbed motion without their agency, and that they did not occupy

that *sine qua non* position which they assumed, began to show signs of surrender. Some of them had discharged much offensive matter from their mouths for many days before: But alas! for human nature, on this occasion they markedly bowed their faces to the dirt, and lapped it all up again. They also came before the Inspectors, with petitions to keep houses of public entertainment, under the new By-law. The Council had decided that only two such houses should be kept in each of the five Wards, and those two, should be the two first qualified applicants. The result was that Mr. Whitney and one of the former Tavernkeepers were licensed for this village. Eight Taverns, with their Bar rooms, and all their dark paraphernalia of spirit stirring demonology; of laughter loving and grief inflicting performances, were thus shut up and closed. closed, we think for ever.

The grog men now declare that the days of the Council are numbered. At every gathering of them in Stores and in the Streets, a stranger to the place would think that the Council were indeed "damned to everlasting fame." And that they, with the Sons, and all other active friends of Temperance, were hardly safe in the place. But there is nothing to fear, all is right. Let but the same stranger enter the houses of the quiet and industrious farmer or mechanic, and there he will hear quite another tale; there he will breathe another air, and receive another conviction altogether.— There he will find that no ignorant and narrow views, and no ill will prompted the late movements, that so far from wishing to wrong or to injure the late Tavernkeepers in their persons or their property, their only object was to purify the Township from shame and disgrace; to prevent drunkenness, waste of property, crime, disease, and untimely death. And there he will also learn that in the future elections for Councillors, if the Grog-selling interest will still persist in reinstating the ban which is now put down, all minor differences, and all party political distinctions, will be at once dropped. The struggle will be with Reason against Rum; and when these two principles shall divide our votes, we have no fear but that the former will at any time and at all times, triumphantly prevail.

Shop keepers licenses are now being taken out, and liquor is vended plentifully by the Gallon, Quart, &c., and the utmost is doing by some reckless souls, to carry the conviction that there will be more drinking now than ever. But let no man believe this. This is not the case. The Sots must now stand about in the Streets, in Barns, Stables, Sheds, or in some degraded dwelling house, prostituted to the purpose, to suck and lament over their persecuted "Blark Betty,"—dearer to them, even in her reverses, than mother, wife, or child, and it stands good to reason, that such stealthy and uncomfortable ways of taking comfort, cannot be carried to the extent it was before.

The selling of liquor however, by the quart, by the Shopkeepers, over whom the Council have no controul, we feel to be still a very great evil: affording still very great facilities to intemperance; and until public opinion shall be generally prepared throughout the Province for the adoption of a law, similar to the liquor law of the State of Maine, no reformation to any great extent can be expected. This however, is no argument against the suppression of the traffic in any particular locality, where, as in this Township, public opinion is prepared for it; for within that locality the benefit might be as complete, as it would be, if the change were universal. The law, we assume, was conceived in wisdom, that gave to each Township the power to manage its own local affairs through its Municipal Council, according to its well understood wishes, expressed by majorities, through its representatives. This is Responsible Government carried into localities, and extending the privileges of self Government, security, social and political happiness, as far perhaps, as human skill can extend those privileges. In this view of the case, it is plain, that in a matter which so deeply concerns the happiness of the people as the unchecked use of ardent spirits, all connected with it; the distilling of it; the traffic in it; and the drinking of it as a beverage, ought all to be submitted in the different localities, to the entire controul of the Municipal Councils. It is unjust to force upon a decided majority that which they rationally consider to be a curse, and which they justifiably desire to put away. Then it should be promulgated throughout the length and breadth of Canada, that until a law similar to that in the State of Maine can be safely adopted in this Province, it is the duty of the Legislature to give to the various Municipal Councils in all the

Cities, Towns, Villages and Townships in the Province the full controul over liquor licenses of every description, in their particular jurisdictions. This will place matters in respect to the Temperance movement, as it should be, and no cause of unfairness, under the circumstances, could then exist. The field would then be open and fair for the moral struggle to obtain those prohibitory laws to relieve the Province from a pestilence which is constantly sweeping over the land, from the Taverns and the Distilleries; worse by far than the deadly Simoon or the withering Sirocco.

Yes from the Taverns and the Distilleries. They are the prolific sources of idleness, poverty, mental prostration, crimes of every die from mendacity to murder, vulgarity, obscenity, shame, disease, premature death, and heart rending accidents. To which may be added the degradation of the entire nation; for, long as Jehovah reigns: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people;" more especially when that sin is within the bidding of the authorities, and they suffer all these evils to exist under the avoidable imperfections and indulgences of their laws.

Yours in L. P. and F.,

JOHN A. TIDEY, P. W. P.
Division, No. 284.

Norwich, March 21st, 1852.

P. S. Since the above doings our numbers have increased rapidly. In this and the Otterville Division, there are nearly 200 members, all initiated within one year. They include among them many returning prodigals, and many of the most respectable persons in the Township.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

NEW MOON DIVISION, VAUGHAN.

As I have not as yet seen any communication from this Division in our valuable organ, "the Son of Temperance," and as you wished to hear from all Divisions, I now send you a short account of this. We were organized on the 18th of April, 1851, by Brother Dyer, D. G. W. P., with just enough to open the Division. We were very stationary through the summer, but were determined to conquer. We had opposition from every quarter, but were not at all surprised to find the Tavern keepers opposed to us, but were surprised to find so much opposition from our rather much Religious neighbors; some of them objecting one thing and some another as you are used to hear. Some of these silly and foolish objections it would be useless to insert here. But our cause was good and we were fighting against the Prince of Darkness, therefore we feared not what man would do unto us or say about us. He that is for us is more than all that is against us. Some of our weaker brethren were fearful lest we should fall, but they were taught to think of the beautiful lines of the Poet

"Behind a frowning Providence, God hides a smiling face"
By degrees we began to prosper, and now the New Moon Division, is shining forth, and its light is seen by the inhabitants around, its influence is felt too by the retailers of poison. We annoy these individuals very much, and have prevented some of them from getting License this year. We want a good Temperance law, and must have it. How are we to get it? Can we not have a great Mass Meeting this spring, get up Petitions and inform the Legislature that nothing short of such a law as the Maine law will satisfy the country. We would like to hear you say something more about such a meeting as this. I would inform you that we have a Division here of the right stamp, Sons, true and valiant soldiers, and they are determined to kill and bury the creature called Alcohol and a large funeral company shall accompany him to the grave.

Yours in L. P. and F.

GULIELMUS.

Vaughan, March, 1852.

THE TESTIMONY.

MR. EDITOR.—How often do we hear it said that the drinking of Alcohol is conducive to health. I have lived in the world twenty nine years, and have arrived at the height of 6 feet, and weigh 200 pounds. I never needed to call a physician in my life, I never drunk a pint of spirits, nor a half pound of Tea, and never used a bit of the narcotic weed in any of its forms. Yet I can travel as far in a cold day, talk as long as I as loud as the most of people, and enjoy life with all its charms. Like the flower, I drink nothing but dew.

A SON OF DIVISION No. 79.

[ORIGINAL.] THE DRUNKARD.

The drunkard hath stepped in the fountain of we
A fountain from which nought but evil doth flow,
To drink of that demon which always doth prove
A barrier to Purity, Friendship and Love,

That demon, the primeval author of strife,
Which causes disgrace in all stages of life,
Which he has now chosen his secular god,
To console and bestrid him above the green sod.

But ah! it from him all honour hath stripp'd,
He's now with blue-devils' armour equip'd;
To the tavern he wanders to beg a sweet feast,
In the form of a man, though worse than a beast.

He is a sad outcast, deprived of a home,
He is now detested wherever he doth roam,
Yet when in his youth, he was honoured by all,
Before that he did on King Alcohol call.

He is a provoker of God who is just,
An abuser of mercies in which he should trust,
He is his own enemy which well he doth know,
Likewise his own shame, destruction and woe.

He is his wife's grief and his children's disgrace,
His neighbour's contempt in every place,
His family's ruin in every condition,
And likewise a traveller to endless perdition.

Alas! for the state of his immortal doom,
When hurried beyond the confines of the tomb,
The regions of hell he surely will merit,
For the kingdom of God he cannot inherit.

H. A. GRANT

LAÇONIC, JUST AND NOBLE.

The Grand Division of Western New-York recent great gathering at Albany, adopted this sobriety resolution; one that should be the rule every Son in Canada, and of the whole array of 400,000 members that compose our Order:—

"Resolved, That this G. D. is in favor of the Liquor Law, and we pledge ourselves not only to here, but to be so at home, in all our various residences and especially when called upon to elect Representatives to the Legislature, until a glorious triumph is achieved."

If this Resolution were faithfully and manfully carried out, how soon would we see all the contemptible paper trucking; trucking of Councillors and calling themselves Sons, creep into oblivion in Canada. A manly tone of feeling like this is worthy of our worthy of deep consideration and universal imitators. In Temperance, we always hated and we act in all our walks as Sons should do. Let not at Council Boards with a milk and water spirit, but with holy principles to please innkeepers and Retailing Merchants. We would rather see our little of 20,000 Sons in Canada, reduced to 10,000 men, than to see half of them whining, half half inclined to drink members, incapable of appreciating the beauties and benefits of the glorious industry with which they are connected. In the language of this Resolution let us be Sons in truth, not only at home, every where; at the inn, the voting party and with our jovial companions. How delightful was to see at least 50 true Sons at the Cameron nobly rise and drink all the toasts in nature's pure age! Ashamed! Why should any creature of God be ashamed to prefer the healthful and pure water, to the poisonous drug called wine? Why any mechanic or laboring man, prefer the filthy water or drugged beer of the bar room to the pure milk or the tea of his quiet household? The one makes him a beast, the companion of rowdies, whilst the other cools his brain, surrounds his soul with thought, poor though he may be with his brown crust, but that he is a man, as good as a king. Poverty may us from the halls of the rich, but it cannot chain the soul nor stay the soul in its communion with its maker. That the poor and the ignorant, would but know how to truly value true sobriety! Of all the of the poor none can equal drunkenness. Was

of Canada resolve "in all your various relations" void the dram shop; associate not to pull down the or overturn society, but to keep yourselves sober— thoughtful and industrious. The power of religious and tical deepots, consists in the facility with which they arouse the ignorant prejudices, feed the appetites of poor and unthinking. Napoleon, the false traitor to ty, who now rules with an iron hand grovelling nce, urged on his minions the soldiery, to butcher citizens of Paris in December last, by the free use of e and promises of extra food and pay.

the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.
CAYUGA DIVISION, GRAND RIVER.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—A word with regard to our sion. It is now nearly a year since this Division organized, and now numbers nearly fifty members, although our numbers have exceeded that amount, we are determined to go a-head. For the last two ths our division has not done so well as I should h, seldom initiating any, on the contrary, expulsions e been very common, but I am very glad to be able y, that we have now taken another start up hill positions begin to be handed in, our meetings are er attended, and every thing seems to go on flourish- ing as before. Our enemies here are very strong, e being no less than seven Taverns besides Stores, re Alcoholic liquors are sold; and amongst them, m very sorry to say) our late Temperance House; for all we are determined to stick to the Ship as as she will hold together. Our meetings are now d in the Grand Jury Room, the use of which has a very kindly granted us by the Sheriff.

Yours &c., in L. P. and F.
PETER McLAREN, W. P.
Grand River, March 23d, 1852.

the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.
SMITHVILLE DIVISION.

MR. EDITOR—Smithville Division No. 148, held a mperance meeting on the 5th March, at Mr P. Buck- y's large room. The public was admitted at 7 o'clock, the room was soon filled. The meeting was opened our highly respected Worthy Patriarch, B. T. W. Con- ue, M. D., who explained the object of the meeting, benefits arising from such meetings, and concluded inviting those who are opposed to our Order to state r objections openly. Several of the brethren spoke some length; their speeches were full of interest, scribing the advantages of Sonship and the disadvan- ces of Drunken-ship. These brethren spoke from ex- perience—"they have been through the mill." They had own drunken-ship in practice and theory. Their simony speaks volumes for Sons' up. The Chairman serring several of Her Majesty's Justices of the ace present, and being a loyal subject, wishing to ow his respect to his Sovereign, and courtesy to her ants, invited one of the said J. Ps to give his opin- on on Sonship. He responded to the call and stated belonged to the Old-ship of Temperance, and did exactly agree with the system of requiring any kind Fees from those whom we profess to make better n; and to illustrate his position, he quoted the para- of the good Samaritan; strove to prove the Old mperance Society the Good Samaritan and the Sons, Priest and Levites, Comment is unnecessary— remember the old adage "There are none so blind, hose who will not see." Our Scotch friend and puty Grand replied and proved to a demonstration, at the Public functionary had in his hurry, while these Noble Ships were moored side by side, in Buckbee's y, endeavoring to disseminate the principles of Tem- perance, among the Leiges, stepped into the wrong at, and he was pretty well used up, at all events there as not much of him left. Such meetings are very inter- esting, and I trust will convince the Public that we are t such dangerous Secret Societies as they thought. his Division intends holding these meetings monthly.

In the Bonds of the Order,
THOMAS LUFFE, W. A.
Grimsby, March 22, 1852.

[ORIGINAL.]
A CHILD WEeping FOR HIS FATHER.

A scene of tears I here relate
Which is of very recent date.
It happened in our village streets,
In sight of all our grog retreats;
Where liquor's sold and money's taken
Well named the synagogues of Satan.

One day a neighbor here was seen,
His actions strange showed where he'd been;
For what he drank did make him reel,
Turn and twist upon his heel.
He staggered home along the street,
Somtimes down—then on his feet

The boys did laugh and snow balls throw,
The venders joined with holla-halloo;
And from their halls of vice they laughed;
Where into this victim poison quaffed,
A victim of their hellish trade,
A fool from whom their bread is made.

But there was one who saw that scene,
And wished he some where else had been;
His little heart with shame did throb,
To see the jeers of the liquor mob;
To see a father scorned by men
Who made him drink within their den.

With flushed cheek and tearful eye,
His father's step he strove to steady,
To hide his parents shame did try,
With helping hand o'er ready;
But ah 'twas sad, that sight to see
The child in tears—the vender's glee—

A YOUNG SON.

WATERDOWN, March, 1852.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THORNHILL.—We have on our table a letter from Br. J. P. Rupert, R. S. of Thornhill Division giving a full account of the celebration of the anniversary of this Division on the 1st March. It gives a glowing account of the meeting, but is too long to insert at length. The meeting was held at the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel which was filled to excess by Temperance men and by those opposed to the cause, who came there to laugh and to jeer, but who laughed out of the wrong corner of their mouths before they left. Br. Cook, W. P. of the Division, was called to the Chair, which he filled with credit. He made a few opening remarks, enlarging on the folly of those who had once joined the Division and then left it, to indulge in their old habits of drunkenness, contrasting the difference of their conduct now and when among the Sons. He attributed this to the habit of Sons frequenting taverns where they were led astray.

Br. Diamond, of Yonge Street Division, then arose and addressed the meeting with much enthusiasm. His arguments were good and convincing to all true minds. Whilst he was speaking, the rowdies of the meeting, commenced their insulting expressions; not able to advance any arguments, like all fools they resorted to blackguardism. It must have been very consoling that night to them to reflect, when communing with their God, how well they had done their duty in opposing a just cause. Two of the Cadets then recited a piece each, which was done with talent, putting the blush of shame on the old opponents there; "for out of the mouths of babes were they condemned."

Br. Rupert enlarges on the usefulness of the Order of Cadets, when well conducted. He justly says "prevention is better than cure."

Br. Sweetman, once a chartered member of this Division, now a member of the Ontario Division in this city, then addressed the meeting at length. He remarked that he was glad to meet at this anniversary with those who with him had set the ball to rolling here. That he had ever rejoiced that he had joined the Sons. He turned his attention to the noisy persons in the room and gave them advice which silenced them with shame and ex-patiated on the great benefits of the Order of the Sons.

Another Cadet was then called on to recite a piece, which he did with much talent. The Chairman then closed the meeting with the benediction.

THE CORE OF THE RUM QUESTION

We hear much talk of the Maine Law as interfering with men's natural rights, subjecting them to inquisitorial searches, reducing the profits of landlords, breaking up the business of distillers, &c., but no man has ever yet asserted, so far as we have seen or heard, that Crime, Misery, Pauperism, Vagrancy and the other fear-fully increasing Social evils of our time, would be in-creased by the passage by our Legislature of the Maine

on the Prayers of over 200,000 petitioners. On the con- trary, if the Rumsellers themselves were examined suc- cessively and compelled to make answer on oath,—“Do you not believe that our Jails, Prisons, and Poor-Houses “ would be largely depopulated by the passage of the “ Maine Law ?”—we believe a majority of them would “ be constrained to answer, We do !”

Of what avail, then, are vague abstractions in the presence of such fearful facts as the Rum Traffic invol- ves? Men in thousands are burning up their bodies and burning out their souls with the liquid madness, which fills their homes with unspeakable wretchedness and dooms their children to shame, destitution, and vice; yet we stand pattering over foggy-generalities as if it were a question concerning the rings of Saturn or the mountains in the Moon.

We protest against this cold-blooded way of viewing the matter. The question on which our legislators are called to pass in considering the Maine Law concerns the happiness of families, the prevalence of Vice or Virtue, the safety of human life. Of the last hundred murders in our State, it is perfectly within bounds to say that ninety would never have been perpetrated but for Intoxicating Liquors. Of the sixteen hundred criminals in our State Prisons, fully seven-eighths are either the children of drunkards, or themselves maddened by Li- quor when first impelled to crime. Of the eighteen thousand persons in one year arrested on charges of crime and misdemeanor, less than fifty were Total Ab- stinents while a large majority were excessive drinkers. Of the denizens of our Alms House, nine-tenths have either been upplers or were reduced by the tipping of others. Our gaming-houses and haunts of infamy float their victims to perdition on a river of strong drink, without which they could but meagerly exist. Yet, in full view of these appalling facts, journalists coolly chop logic about the perils of excessive legislation, the prone-ness of law makers to intermeddle with what is none of their business, &c. They might as well call on our firemen to listen to a disgraceful and silvery-toned speech in the midst of a vast and spreading conflagra- tion.

Patriot! you profess to love your Country, and are ready to pour out your blood in her defence. But “He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;” and a People who have thoroughly conquered their own vicious appetites need fear no foreign enemy; The general adoption of the Maine Law by our States would add more to the strength, wealth, vigor, industry, and prosperity of our Union than a new Bunker Hill or half a dozen Buena Vistas. Help us for your Country's sake, to carry the Maine Law.

Christian! when you pray “thy kingdom come,” do you really mean anything? How is the kingdom of God to come except through the banishment and over-throw of social and moral evils? Can it ever ally come into a world filled with grog-shops and their concomitants unless these shall be cleared out to make way for it? How can you be indifferent or sluggish in view of the contest now in progress?

Moralists of all creeds, Reformers of all shades, Phil- anthropists of every name or nature, we claim your assistance, we ask your earnest co-operation. The triumph of this cause requires effort and sacrifice, but it is richly worth them, Help us to carry the Maine Law! —New York Tribune

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

On Monday the 16th February, a great juvenile demonstration of temperance boys took place in Lon- don. About 4000 boys attended, and an address was presented to Prince Albert, which we will give in our next. A great movement is taking place in England and Scotland just now, to encourage juvenile temper- ance.

Great activity prevails in Edinburgh in the temper- ance ranks, 100 persons being added to their number every Tuesday.

On New Year's-day temperance Soirees were held in various towns with good effect.

The temperance League in London have delivered 100 lectures in one month of the year. Leagues to en- courage temperance have been lately established in Liverpool and the Midland English counties.

In Glasgow about 4000 persons have joined the ranks during the year past.

The Scottish Temperance Review, an ably conduct- ed monthly Temperance Magazine, published at Edin- burgh, is full of interesting news, detailing the progress of the cause, and containing some interesting well written articles.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!!

The following letter has been sent to us, depicting the present condition of Toronto as to Rum shops. We are sorry to say the picture is not over drawn. Our Mayor, however, has but one vote, and we have reason to believe that individually he is not opposed to Temperance; and would had he power curtail the license system. The majority of our Council Board are to blame, and it is disgraceful to see the miserable Inns or rather bar rooms opened in all parts of Toronto to sell grog in only:—

OUR CITY INTERESTS.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—If the following remarks are worthy a place in your valuable paper, please insert them; if not, then consign them to the flames.

Fellow Citizens and Voters of Toronto—Believing the true and legitimate objects of all Municipal Governments to be, the preservation of the public health, the promotion of morality, good order, and social happiness, the protection of individual rights, and the fostering of all legitimate business interests; believing also that it is the dictate, alike of sound sense and humanity, to adopt measures for preventing social disorder, individual pauperism and misery, the formation of vicious and criminal habits, instead of restricting our Municipal action to a mere system of palliating the effects of these evils, when fully formed; we would fulfill our duty as citizens, by calling a public meeting to remonstrate against intemperance, and meanwhile ask your serious and patient attention to the following considerations.

1st. It is the sacred duty of every voter to exercise the important trust reposed in him, as one of the agents in the carrying out of just and efficient municipal regulations, not only by just voting, but by always doing it with deliberation, and under a full sense of the responsibility necessarily resting upon him. In thus acting, it is his further duty to keep in view all the important interests of the community in which he lives. In this rapidly growing city we have important commercial interests, relating directly to a proper regulation of our harbour, wharves, channels of trade, &c.; we have educational interests relating to the fostering of schools, and the proper training of children; we have sanitary interests relating to the preservation of public health, by enforcing street cleanliness, sewerage, and securing an adequate supply of wholesome water; we have police interests designed for the protection of life and property, and the detection and punishment of crime. All these are interests of importance to our city. They have engaged the attention of municipal authorities heretofore, and they will continue to engage the attention and elicit the action of whomever shall be the official agents of the city hereafter.

2nd. But while all these should receive their due share of attention, there is another interest in this city, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be estimated. An interest which involves the character, the happiness, the property, and the most sacred rights of thousands of our citizens, of both sexes and ages. That interest is the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. We have now in the city of Toronto over three hundred houses, licensed and unlicensed, where liquors are drunk, of all grades, from the filthy "hole" that can be imagined, up to the most imposing specimens of architecture. Careful inquiry shows that not less than 100,000 pounds (currency) of the hard earnings of our citizens are annually swallowed up for liquor alone. An actual loss, by the way in a single year, of a sufficient sum to erect the most ample hydraulic works for supplying the whole City with pure water, as free as air.

This loss, taken, as the greater share of it is from the laboring class, has filled the City Hospitals to overflowing, furnished an ample supply of victims for the Provincial Prison, the Orphan and Lamentable Asylum, the Medical Faculty, with subjects for the knife of their Students, and the Gaol is filled with the victims of Intemperance (according to Law) besides leaving to-day in our midst more than a thousand helpless mothers and children, bereft alike of their means of support, their happiness, and their every right that was dear and valuable in life. Yes, reader, when you are perusing these lines, there are hundreds of domestic slaves and a thousand mothers and children whose rights are as sacred as yours, whose afflictions were once as strong

but who are now despoiled of both by that curse of man, —Alcohol. And what action has this monstrous evil, this accumulation of human wretchedness and woe, elicited from the men who have charge of the Municipal interests of this city? Have they espoused the cause of the weak, wretched and oppressed? Have they vindicated the rights of the weeping mother or the suffering child, who have been despoiled by the dram shop? Have they finally protected the public moral and enlightened the burdens of pauperism and crime, by an honest and earnest effort to remove their chief cause? Oh, humanity, let thy cheek be mantled with a blush of deeper shame while we confess the humiliating truth, that here, in this goodly City, in sight of churches, whose spires point Heavenward, and in a community calling itself Christian, our Chief Magistrate and Council have not only turned a deaf ear to the cries of the destitute, and the wretched, but they have deliberately licensed over two hundred men among us, to literally hold the intoxicating draught to the lips of their neighbours; and when poor infatuated victims have drunk so much of the very liquor licensed as to lose their reason, they have been dragged to the Gaol or Watch house, robbed of what little money they had left in the form of a fine, while their wives and children were only saved from starvation and nakedness by the agents of the Relief Society or some other hand of charity. Nor is this all, Candidates for the highest offices in our City, have repeatedly and deliberately deposited money in these dram shops, for the express purpose of inducing men to drink. And we have seen men who had drunk to intoxication, liquor thus paid for. Nay more, we have seen the mother with her head bruised, swollen and bleeding from blows inflicted by the father of her children, while thus intoxicated; and, that too, within the past twelve months. And yet we talk about the wickedness of slavery and boast of our freedom at the very time that we are thus leaving the helpless mother, the innocent child, and the infatuated father, husband and brother, all at the mercy of the ranseller.

Yours, truly,
C. J.
(To be Continued.)

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE GUILTY.

There is a kind of magic power in words of kindness. Their mild and holy influence sweep through the chambers of the heart, and like the voice of Jesus as he stood upon the bosom of the tempestuous sea they hush the raging elements. Kind words seem to fall upon the heart with a kind of softening and warming power. As the stray sunbeam flies from its far off home and melts the crystal ice and causes the rivulet to flow and give life and beauty to the verdant vale; so do kind and gentle words warm and expand the human heart; and cause the streams of joy to flow through the soul. But angry words are like the cold breath of old Boreas, as he comes from his icy cave, with a beard of frost and hair of scurfs, freezes up the tender feeling of the human heart and throws a cold chill around the warm emotions of the soul. It matters not, although a fellow mortal has done wrong, and gone astray from the path of rectitude and truth. Gentle words are more apt to find alimony in his heart than words of bitterness and revenge. How oft in the case of the drunkard whose heart seemed steeled against all the eloquence of the Oration, and the teachings of his judgement, has a kind word from some loved one like the bright wing of an Angel, swept the cloud from his mind and reason has poured its light down into the deep chasm of his soul. The guilty soul at times feels its deep depravity and would fain throw off its load and be free. At such moments kind words breathe a sort of heroic fortitude into the mind and aid it in its struggle for freedom. It aids not the drunkard in his efforts to reform, to pour upon his mind in burning streams all his former guilt and woe.

"But if thou wouldst his soul redeem
And lead a lost one back to God,
Wouldst thou a guardian Angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod,
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentle words win him thy own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till thou the demon van de throne."

Love and kindness are the sunshine of life. Without them this world of ours would be a moral waste, the streets and public walk of life would be a mere vista of

moving statues as repulsive and cold as those who adorn the last resting place of mortals. It matters not how the principles of love and kindness seek development, whether it be in the bright and simple, the friendly shake of the hand or the sympathetic tear which glistens in the eye, there is an eloquence in them which reaches the heart. Then speak gently to the guilty, impart to his mind the joys of his once loved but now disordered home. Carry him back to his halcyon days of youth, to the time when the soap pleasure fell delightfully upon his ear. Tell him the friend of his speaks, and bid him beware of the false glass, although it may sparkle in his sight it is a false light which glazes within the dark chamber of death. The rubies which flash upon your sight hide the spectre of death which flits beyond. The path which leads you on is a false light. It is deceiving you, that shore which is strewn with wrecks of more than all the material universe. The wail of the shroud warn you. The death moon which comes every passing breeze from that gloomy shore. Ah! to which none should be heedless.

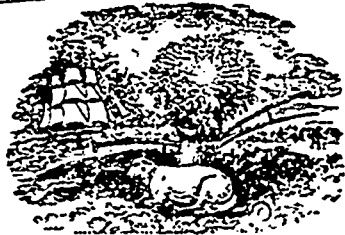
F. B. ROLE

Orono, February 5, 1852

ACTS PROVE A MAN RELIGIOUS.

"Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you a thing, is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good to do evil? to save life or to destroy it?—St. L. chap. 6, verses 1 to 9."

Sometime since we met a company of Sons who were asked this question—"Is it right to help a sick man on the Sabbath under peculiar circumstances? As in our neighborhood became sick in the summer of 1851. He was a farmer with a large family, dependent upon crops. His grain was ready to cut and was likely to be ruined if not to be ruined by delay. All of his neighbours were busy in their own harvest fields during the week and none could spare time. The Sons of the District to which the sick man belonged determined to help him and for this purpose assembled on Sunday, during the busy time of harvest, and in a day, cut, put up and housed the sick man's grain. Some complained of the impurity of the act, and thought it wholly unjustified whilst a majority approved of it, as excusable, good, and approved of by God. The motive was good—the result good. The Brother died soon after, and his orphan and widow, caught the bread saved by the hands of his neighbors, voluntary labor on the Sabbath, given of necessity. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It is a day set apart for rest, and wisely such such, and one in which to worship God. Is it right to do an act of the kind above alluded to?" If such an act be had, the angel of God who records it as such would drop it on upon the record and effect it forever. It has been often said by eminent divines, that the eternal proofs of the divine character of the Religion of Christ, are no less strong than the historical and miraculous ones. One of the first is the fact that Christ repeated denunciations, aimed at one of the most common faults of human beings in all ages of the world. That fault consists in, laying greater stress on ceremonial prayer or mere passive worship, than in good and in manly acts. The world is a passing scene of struggles, and trials of life and death—all is motion—affording in the nature of things a grand theatre of acts and omissions. Christ acting in unison with the interests of human society, ever laid great stress on good and disinterested acts. It was the motive he looked for, not the profession or the form. The instances of the widow's mite—the good Samaritan—the sinner's prayer—after all—the buried talent and others, all go to prove that God judges of the heart by its acts. Faith is necessary, but its only proof are good acts. The incidents above referred to occurred among the Sons of the Broomfield Division.



Agriculture.

GET UP BEFORE THE SUN.

Get up before the sun, my lads,
Get up before the sun!
This snoozing in a feather bed,
Is what should not be done.
Between sunrise and breakfast, lads,
Rise, breathe the morning air,
'Twill make you look so bright, my lads,
'Twill make you look so fair.

Get up before the sun, my lads;
Shake off your sloth—arouse!
You lose the greatest luxury
That life has, if you drowse,
Between sunrise and breakfast, lads;
Arise then, do not lose
The key to health and happiness,
By lying in a swooze.

Get up before the sun, my lads,
And in the garden hoe,
Or feed the pigs, or milk the cow,
Or take the scythe and mow;
'Twill give you buoyant spirits, lads,
Give vigor to your frame—
Then rise before the sun, my lads,
And these rich blessings claim.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTORIES IN CANADA.

We have long been the advocate of domestic manufactures. It has always seemed to us that a country to be truly prosperous, must combine various interests—be engaged in various callings and trades. A country having agricultural interests alone, without domestic manufactures, cannot be as independent or prosperous as one in which both of these interests are united. For these reasons when in the United States, among the whig and democratic politicians of that country, although we generally differed from the whig party, we coincided with them in the necessity of fostering for their common country's sake, their domestic woolen, cotton, and iron manufactures. We do not wish to be understood by this as opposing reciprocal trade; on the contrary, the policy would be in our opinion, eminently beneficial to both frontiers. Our policy in Canada should be to build up a strong manufacturing interest amongst us, at the same time assisting thereby its great agricultural welfare. There cannot in the nature of things be any hostility in interest, between agriculture and manufactures, for the one assists the other. As a Canadian it would be a gratifying pleasure to us, to see every town and city of our lovely island, with its woollen cloth factory, its cotton and iron works, and its machine shops—to see every stream giving employment to numerous mills, and our farmers, merchants, millers, and manufacturers working into each other's hands. Then we would behold a country at once independent, and prosperous. We have taken some pains to obtain data whereby to form an estimate of the usefulness amongst us of woollen manufactures, a few of which we now give, promising on a future occasion to revert to the subject. There is a letter from Mr. R. Burr, who has had some experience in Canada, in manufacturing woollen cloth, which is well generally. After that a statement given of the annual amount of wool used at the Mills at Etobicoke, owned by Mr. Garbutt. Then a statement of wool used and cloths made at the mills at Lakelse, belonging to Mr. McKinnon. These

letters show the vast amount of wool used at even three establishments, and the employment given to men and women. It must be remembered that there are many such establishments in Canada.

According to your request I will give you a little information respecting manufacturing woollen cloths. When I commenced manufacturing cloths, the material was as high a price in the market as it now is, and our manufactured goods were worth at least one third more. But we can make good profits at the business now, as you will see by the following statement.

For every 100yds. of cloth 1 1/2 lbs. of wool each,	
25 cents or 1s. 3d	£7 16 3
Wood, candle, light, oil, Soap, Dye Stuffs 25s.	1 5 0
Rent, Insurance, repairs, wear and tare, 25s.	1 5 0
Sorting wool, 2s. 6d., picking, carding, 5s., skeining, 7s. 6d.	0 15 0
Working and Beaming, 3s. 9d., weaving, 10s., Scouring, 2s. 6d., fulling, 2s. 6d.	0 18 9
Skeining, pressing and rolling up, 5s.	0 5 0
Sundries	0 7 6
	£12 12 6

The above sum is about the cost of making 100 yds. when the machinery is in good order, and can make 100 yds. per day. That will make 15 ounce cloth on an average, but the work at that rate must be mostly done by women, boys and girls, which may be had in abundance. When we can get 2s. 9d. for good Gray Cloths and cash sales, with wool at 1s. 3d. per lb., we can make it pay. I believe good cloths are now worth 3s. per yard, at wholesale on a short credit. I believe the time is not far distant, when Canada will send many thousands of yards of her Cloths to the United States and other countries. All manufacturing men know, that where the people can live the cheapest, there manufacturing can be done the cheapest; and when we see that Canada sent in 1850 £610,972 13s. 4d. worth of wheat and flour, 13,757 sheep, and 276,691 lbs. of wool, Butter, Beef, Pork, Hens, Beans, Peas, Tallow and Lard, to the United States, quite sufficient to afford all the supplies to make up all the cloth that the wool will make; and that we can get labor much cheaper in British America than in the United States, saving all transportation, there is reason to believe we can compete with Americans. I imported the first good woollen machinery ever imported into the British Provinces. I have had some experience in the business of milling and manufacturing, for I have owned and worked four flour mills, ten saw mills, and six woollen mills.

ROWLAND BURR.

MILTON WOOLLEN MILLS, ETOBICOKE.

We consume of wool annually about 27,000 lbs., which will make about 23,000 yards of Cloth, Saunettes, Tweeds, Flannels and Blankets, or about 9000 yards of Full Cloths, and about 14,000 yds. in nearly equal proportions of the above mentioned goods. There are 17 men, women and children employed, earning from 5 to 26 d. wages per month. We use dye stuffs, oil and soap, to the amount of £250, and Saunett cotton waxes to the amount of £80.

In addition to the above we card about 8000 lbs. of wool for the surrounding farmers, and full and dress about 3700 yards of cloth, which the farmers get made in their own houses. These are all the particulars I can remember at present.

JOHN MCINTOSH,

March, 1852.

Overseer.

CALEDONIA WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

The quantity of wool used in this factory in the course of the last season (all wool) for two months yet to come has been 40,000 lbs. The quantity of Cloth manufactured, (being of the coarse kind) including blankets, has amounted to 26,000 yards. The factory has been in operation only a year.

D. FRASER,

March, 1852.

Overseer.

Transplanting Trees—In taking up trees for transplanting a regard should always be had to their size, and a due proportion should be preserved between the size of the tree and the amount of root attached. A deficiency of root may be partially, but not wholly com-

pensated for by a diminution or entire removal of the top, but there should always be root enough to supply nourishment to the body, (which if large, requires the more to sustain it, and top enough to digest it. A deficiency of top, however, is less fatal, especially in the early part of the season, than a deficiency of root, for if there be enough of the latter, the tree will readily make enough of the former as fast as it shall be needed; but if there be a deficiency of root, although the tree may live and even grow for a time on account of its innate vital energies yet it will probably die before the close of the season. It is for this reason that many trees that "start well" are often found to die in the latter part of the summer, notwithstanding all other circumstances seem to favor their preservation. It is a mistake to suppose that if a tree once begins to grow all risk is at an end. The first season will not always decide, for if that should be peculiarly favorable, a small root may sustain a tree through it, but the consequence of a small root may be a correspondingly small top, and of both, a dead strip running the whole length of the tree, occupying, perhaps, one-third or one-half of its whole circumference. Some trees have a much greater tenacity of life than others, and hence may grow with a much smaller root, or even with none at all. But with these exceptions there should always be a direct proportion between the size of a tree and its root, and an inverse proportion between the root and the tenacity of life; i.e. the less the tenacity of life the greater should be the root.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Salt for Animals—Professor Simonds, Veterinary Inspector to the Royal Agricultural Society observes, in relation to the action of salt on the animal economy, that it is exceedingly beneficial in moderate quantities, but prejudicial in large ones. He thought horses might take with advantage from an ounce and a half to two ounces of salt, daily; but that an excess of it would render animals weak, debilitated, and unfit for exertion. Similar facts were applicable also to oxen, which accumulated flesh faster by the judicious use of salt, than without it. He cited Arthur Young and Sir John Sinclair, to show that salt had a tendency to prevent the rot in sheep. Prof. S. added as his own opinion that salt by its action on the liver, and the supply of soda it yields to the bile, leads to a greater amount of nutriment being derived from the food. The substance, he said was also well known as a vermifuge destroying many kinds of worms in the intestines of animals and conferring a healthy tone of action which prevented their recurrence. Several members of the R. A. Society, Col. Challoner and Mr. Fisher Hobbs, stated that their experience led them to agree with Prof. Simonds in regard to the value of salt for animals. In reference to the mode of giving it, the practice of placing large lumps of rock salt in fields or yards where it was always accessible to the stock, was mentioned with approbation.—The practice is now adopted by many farmers in this country, and after several years trial is preferred to the former mode of giving salt periodically. When animals are only allowed to have salt once or twice a week it is sometimes the case that they eat too much at once, but by having it constantly in their reach, they eat in such quantities as their systems require, and it assists digestion and promotes health and thrift.

The Gentleman at Home—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not shown as furnishing a house for immoderation. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keep him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impudently, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would dare to do to any other female; except to a low and common one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest portions of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be reserved, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his household is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium, between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no plain exchange in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the well loved sacred bonds of eternal love.

ATTENTION TO THE CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.—We are persuaded that much mischief arises in Divisions, and most of the disputes and misunderstandings, from a want of attention in members to the Constitution and By-laws which they are all pledged to sustain. The first duty of every Son is to become acquainted with the Constitution and By-laws of his Division and to strictly abide by them. If any of them be wrong amend or repeal them. His next duty is to yield cheerfully to the majority, and if he wishes his Division to prosper, he will attend at least once in two weeks. Another important thing is to respect and sustain the officers on duty, for they are the choice of the majority. If all would adhere strictly to the observance of their By-laws and manfully sustain their officers, how beautifully every Division would work. Another important thing is to elect officers, well qualified to discharge the duties that devolve on them. Putting incompetent persons into offices, greatly hinders the good effect of our excellent ceremonies. Divisions should feel it a duty to send at least one Deputy to the Grand Division, and where they are very weak and low in funds, let them instruct some person going, to carry out their wishes. The Officers of all Divisions should feel a pride, upon assuming the duties of their offices, at once to learn their parts thoroughly by heart. These are suggestions now thrown out to be enlarged upon more fully hereafter.

NEW DIVISION IN KING AND LASKEY DIVISION.—On the 22d March, Brother James Bowman, the active D. G. W. P. of the Laskey Division informs us that he had just organized (assisted by members of the Laskey Division,) a new Division on the 9th concession of King with 70 members. It is likely to do well. Its number had not yet been sent on. The name is to be HAMMONTVILLE DIVISION. William Hamby is W. P. and Thomas Lewis R. S. The new Division meets on Friday. Brother Bowman says that Laskey Division is very flourishing during the present quarter. They have admitted 10 new members within a short period.

The Ontario Freeman of the 31st March, which by the way is a very well conducted paper, descends from the views of Mrs. Troxas of Brooklyn, on the science of Phrenology. We caution our cotemporary not to fall into the power of this literary Amazon, as we are persuaded, she is able to make good her position. We cannot say that we think her views on Phrenology, as stated in that letter, erroneous.

We regret to hear that our esteemed brother and friend Dr. Russell, well known in this community as a philanthropist and friend of Temperance, leaves for California immediately, to seek his fortune, at the solicitation of a brother resident there. His friends gave him a dinner on Monday Evening last. The order of the Sons and friends of literature, will generally feel the loss of this citizen in this city.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—It is reported has passed a Liquor Law similar to that of Maine, but as yet we have no authentic confirmation of it. The Temperance Telegraph of the 18th March, does not say so. Since writing the above, we see it stated in the Watchman of Monday that a friend had sent word by Telegraph, that the Law is passed in New Brunswick.

AGENTS WILL NOTICE.

That for subscribers of 1851 we cannot take less than 6s 3d per copy per year; and for those of 1852 who have not availed themselves of our offer to pay within January, February, or March, 6s 3d will be demanded.

At the commencement of vol. 2 we stated our terms to be 5s in advance, or if paid in January or February. We afterwards extended the time to the end of March. After March we cannot for old subscribers take less than 6s 3d per copy. New subscribers are charged 5s in advance, or 4s in advance in clubs of 5, 10, or 20. These terms have been repeatedly stated by us—and it is strange that any should misunderstand them. Refer to No. 1 of 2d vol.

NOTICE.

A Mass meeting of the Sons, Daughters, and Coverts of Temperance, will take place in the Temperance Hall next Monday evening at half past seven o'clock. Members of Divisions will please appear in regalia. Addresses by leading Sons will be delivered. It is got up to agitate the Maine Law question.

UNITED STATES TEMPERANCE NEWS.

MAKE WAY FOR MINNESOTA.—This young limb of the United States has passed the Maine Law with a proviso that it be submitted to the public for sanction. *Well done daughter of the far West.*

On the 23rd March, a large meeting was held in Utica in favor of the Maine Law, at which Gerrit Smith made an able speech in favor of the constitutionality of the Law, and at which a letter was read from Chief Justice Savage, late a judge of the Supreme Court asserting his belief in the constitutionality of the law. Stringent resolutions were passed and an efficient committee appointed to go to Albany at once and agitate for the passage of the law.

The Maine Law Bill in the New York Legislature was to be the special order for debate on the 31st March. It was expected that a great debate would take place. The Bill introduced is one prepared by Col. Snow of New York City who was lately so shamefully chivalled out of his rights in the Legislature at Albany.

It is said the rum-sellers of New York city are to start an Organ to oppose the Maine Law.

Dr. Jewett is to spend the month of April in lecturing, in favor of the Maine Law in Massachusetts.

Mr. Gough is lecturing in Connecticut, and P. S. White in South Carolina.

In Massachusetts as soon as the liquor bill passes the legislature, lecturers are to start to all parts of the State to lecture, called minute men.

The Boston Brilletin, a very able temperance journal lately published in Boston is merged in the Life Boat, now one of the best temperance periodicals in the New England States.

The Rum-sellers are using great efforts to change public opinion in the States. Hell seems opening with fiends to advocate the drink of death. The advocates of rum advance money, and in this respect they set a good example to temperance men, who seem unwilling even to pay for a paper. A cause to be successful must be helped with work and money. The Rum-sellers have raised \$100,000, in New York city alone it is said. When did temperance men act thus?

Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, has been publicly thanked by the temperance Societies of Great Britain for his advocacy of temperance.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A great agitation of the temperance question is going on now in this State. The friends are very active there, 40,000 signatures in favor of the Maine Law having been just presented to the Legislature at one time. Altogether 100,000 persons have signed the petitions, against the traffic. The New York Organ from which we take these particulars, says that the friends of the temperance cause are sanguine of the passage of a good measure to put down the traffic. The issue there at the next election will be, "Liquor Laws, or no Liquor Laws."

The Maine Temperance Watchman of the 27th March, says that the glorious Maine Law has passed the Pennsylvania Senate, by a vote of 19 for it, to 14 against it.

Portland city Maine voted yesterday in favor of the upholding of the present Anti-liquor Law, and we trust nobly did its duty.

In Louisiana a stringent liquor law has been passed, which comes up part of the way. One lift more will do it.

At Boston the Massachusetts Liquor Bill moves on slowly in the Lower House, amidst much opposition, but will finally pass.

The late elections in Maine, have generally terminated in the support of men favorable to the Maine Law.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

G. J. Vansittart, Esq. has been held to bail in Woodstock on the infirmation of the Hon. Francis Hincks, for Libel, to be tried in May next.

A meeting to memorialize the British Government for the release of Smith O'Brien and his comrades has been held at St. Catharines. It is high time these men were released from Australian bondage. The Hon. W. H. Merritt made an able speech in favor of those noble Irishmen.

A schooner, the first of the Season, loaded with freight left the Port of Whitby some two weeks ago, for Oswego.

THE CHINESE FAMILY.—We saw the of this interesting family on the 27th March. Lawrence Hall in this city. We propose to mention extended remarks on them. They are well liked by all who admire the curious. Their manners are very good, particularly the performance flute. Upon beholding them a striking resemblance upon our own aborigines and the Chinese. A great similarity exists in appearance and thought of course, the latter are much more polished.

BELVILLE CONVENTION.—This Convention the 15th March, pursuant to the notice we refer our eighth number, and a number of stringent measures were passed in favor of active measures for the cause of Temperance. The Resolutions are similar to that of Maine, and the Convention broke up, resolved itself into a County Convention, if room permit, insert some or all of proceedings in our next.

A rumour has been prevalent in Canada Lord Egina had tendered his resignation to Ministry in England. It turns out to be without authority.

NIAGARA.—We see by the Mail that especially the Clergymen, are active in agitating "Maine law" question.

The Spiritual Rappers have actually held a convention in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Knights of Temperance of the town doan have recommended the 24th day of May (Queen's birth day,) as a fit day to circulate for the enactment of the Maine law in Canada.

NEW DIVISIONS.—Are opening in all parts of just now. W. H. Farnam, D. G. W. P. writes he a few days since opened a large Division in Gower near Kempville. It inaugurating 31 members with. Well done—who can beat it? same occasion a fine Temperance meeting was held. The Canada Christian Advocate of Hamilton, learned from the Grand Scribe, that new Division been opened at Seneca near Caledonia, No. 34. Whitefish Division No. 354, Johnstown District Delaware Division No. 365, J. S. Lancaster, also Escondido Division No. 366, also Carlisle No. 367 in Hallow; Safeguard Division in Essex 368, Hammondsville Division in the county No. 369 and Atlantic Division 370 in Reservoir.

GALENA SOBS.—A soiree was held the 12th March, by the Sons. It seems the Division have established a reading room in connection with their operations. The Rebekah held a pleasant Temperance party not long since. The Port Burwell New Division—A new one is opened at this place on Lake Erie. Brother, late of Hamilton, writes us to this effect, and are fair prospects of the Division doing well.

The Canada Christian Advocate mentions the Maple Leaf Union of Daughters of Temperance held a very interesting Soiree in Hamilton on the 27th March, at which 300 persons attended. Also Monday the 29th March, a great meeting was held that was in favor of the adoption of the "Maine Law" in Hamilton.

A Tunnel is proposed to be opened under the railway near Black Rock, in order to build a road now in progress thereon, between Black Brantford. This Railroad, it is said, is to be built to Goelph.

In our next issue we will give a fuller account of the cause of Temperance in Britain.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Protestant Missionaries have been expelled from Hungary by the Austrian Government.

A Sub-marine Telegraph is to be built between England and Belgium.

Sir Edward Sugden the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is the author of the book, known to lawyers as the best treatise on landed property. "Sugden and Purchasers." He is said to be the best Lawyer in England. His own ability and energy raised him to what he is—be having been the very poor man.

In Burma to India a great war is now raging. The new Colonial Secretary Sir John Pakington is said to be a man very ill qualified for his duties. The labor of the office will fall on Lord Stanley's father the Earl Derby.

Maurice Patacki an Hungarian lawyer was