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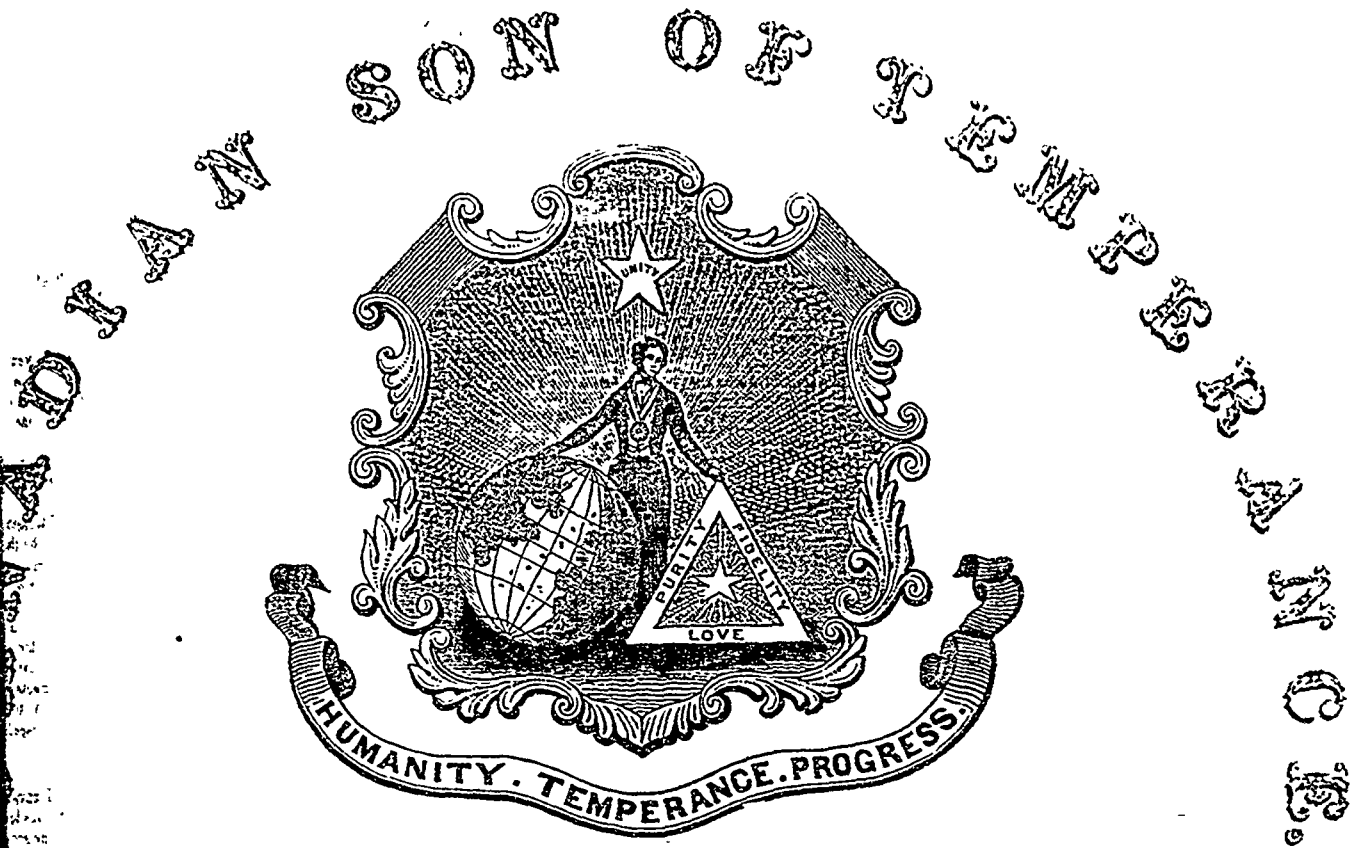
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[ORIGINAL.]
HAMILTON MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

When we first knew Hamilton, and even as late as the year 1835, the mountain, under the brow of which it is now adorned with the pine-needle forest. Pines and hemlock-trees and elms, which had been shaken by the winds of many centuries, stood there in dense array, looking upon the valley of verdure below, and on the glorious old blue lake that rested in its arms. Upon a warm Summer's day it was a glorious sight to view the receding landscape—the winding ancient forest—the distant hills and the blue waters of Ontario, mingling with the Summer breeze. Seated beneath a thorn tree's shade it was delightful to listen to the thousand songsters, whose enraptured notes and harmony, filled the mountain foliage with melody. But the more beautiful to view the scene in its splendid majesty, out of the heart of the old Ontario. The balm of morn—the voice of the expanded landscape of twenty miles of forest surrounding hills—the scream of the wild geese in the silver bosom of Burlington Bay, crimsoned with the blood of morn—the insects that arose to meet this life; all conspired to make the view from the mountain so lovely—sublime, and glorious. With this scene we have been familiar since our infancy, and there our infant eyes first beheld nature's beauty and loveliness, when entering on the theatre of life. Now the old forests are gone, and the mountain rocks yield the materials for the construction of the wealthy citizens' palaces.

WRITTEN AT HAMILTON IN 1835.
TO HAMILTON, MY NATIVE PLACE.
When my infant feet have trod,
O'er Hamilton thy mountain sod,
I'd fain'd when Spring was blooming—gay,
Among thy woods, thy hills in play.

'Twas on thy mountain's verdant brow,
Among thy groves and valleys low,
Where first my mind began to think,
And nature's beauties inward drink

There gazing on thy woodland vale,
My budding soul did first inhale,
An ardent love for nature's face,
Her beauteous scenes, her bloom—her grace.

When all was green upon thy hills,
Whose forests old sweet music fills,
And Spring and flowers and song birds strove,
To fill the world with peace and love.

'Twas grand to see the golden sun,
In splendor rise his course to run;
And from Ontario's waveless breast,
Come forth a sphere in glory drest.

Ontario then seemed all a blaze,
Of burning fire and glowing rays;
A shout from nature rose on high,
As the beams of morning kiss'd the sky

'Twas then the voice of music sweet,
From all thy hills did softly greet,
The Orb of day, whose golden beams,
Fill'd darkness with resplendent gleams.

Rapt nature seemed in concert loud,
To welcome forth her monarch proud,
The mountain nodded its assent,
And the forests old adoring bent.

MENTAL OCCUPATION OF THE OLD.

Observation shows, that any sudden and radical change in the mental occupations of persons of advanced years, are liable to be attended with serious and often fatal consequences to the mental and physical health, and even to life. The melancholy end of both General Harrison and General Taylor, are admissions to that effect, and a multitude of cases equally striking, might be adduced. When the machinery of the mind has run for some sixty years in a customary channel, it

is dangerous to turn it on a new course and put upon it new lubrication.

It is equally as dangerous to allow it to cease its action. It may be kept bright while it is running, but in a state of rest, it is sure to die. Often, professional and business men, having arrived at advanced age, and need a quietness, think fit to retire and cease from the labors which have marked their previous years. Some have done so with impunity, but those who have, it will be found on inquiry, pursued as a pastime and recreation, some paper and continued mental effort, of a character not violently counter to the employments they have abandoned. Others have straightway fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, and shown that lamiable can Linnæus where "the grasshopper shall be a burden," so aptly described in the Bible.

The old, as they value the gift of intellect, should never permit the employment of the mind, in customary exercises. It was made for action. It is the talent, one or ten, as the case may be, mentioned in the parable. The penalty for making it in a napkin is, that it will become imbecile and finally perish.

The following incidents in the lives of men eminent in literary, scientific and professional pursuits, will furnish an argument to all, to continue the cultivation of the intellect until the clock of life strikes its last hour—

Socrates in his old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato at eighty, learned the Greek language, and Plutarch at about the same period of life, commenced the study of Latin. Theophrastus, at the extreme age of ninety, commenced his admirable work on the Characters of Men. Arnold when past eighty, translated Josephus. St. Henry Spillman, at the age of fifty years, sold his farm, which he had spent his life in cultivating, and took to cultivating his intellect. "The old" was good and he became the most learned antiquary and lawyer of his day. Colbert, the French minister, at sixty, returned to his Latin and Law. Dr. Johnson studied the Dutch language but a few years before his death, and at seventy-three, when speckled by paralysis composed a Latin prayer. De Saint Aubert, the French Anacreon, commenced at seventy, to write, poetry, full of spirit, dexterity, and sweetness. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were finished in his sixty-first year. Montaldeo wrote the memoirs of his times, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen. Ogilby, who translated Homer and Virgil, was not

master of Greek or Latin at fifty. Franklin commenced his philological researches about the fiftieth year of his age. Dryden, the most prolific of all the English poets, was not visited by the muses until he was seven and twenty, his most pleasing productions being in his old age. At sixty-eight he proposed to translate the *Iliad*. There is a design by Michael Angelo in extreme old age, representing an old man in a cart with an hour glass, with the inscription, *I am yet learning* Sir Christopher Wren, after he was eighty-six, spent five years in literary and scientific engagements. Necker says "the era of three score and ten is an agreeable age for writing." A French author thus opens a learned treatise.—"I should but ill return the favours God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life." Rodmer was occupied on Homer until after eighty, and Wieland on Cicero's Letters to a like age. Hobbes published his revision of the *Odyssey* in his eighty-seventh year, and his *Iliad* the next year. Adam Smith observed that "of all the amusements of age, the most grateful, is the renewal of acquaintance with the favorite studies and authors of youth." Mason wrote his most beautiful sonnet on the attainment of his seventy-second birthday. The great Chatham died in his seat in Parliament, in the midst of a speech which rivalled in brilliancy and power the most complete efforts of his earlier manhood. And so John Quincy Adams died in the Hall of Representatives with his harness on, never having exhibited more of the freshness and power of intellect, than within the last years of his eventful and useful life.

From these lessons let the old take courage, and the young draw instruction.

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT

In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labour can scarce be estimated. A late traveller saw a troop of them at work near Colombo, in the Commissariat timber yard, or civil engineers department, in removing or sowing logs and planks or rolling about heavy masses of stone for bunding purposes. I could not, (says he,) but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony. The lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe these uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunks lift it up on logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth was touched, but the difficulty was no sooner perceived, than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber placed one end of each piece on the ground, with the other resting upon the pile, so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four legged labourers rolled up the slope they had just formed, the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were placed perfectly square with the rest. The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weaknesses in the jungle bridges thrown across some of the streams of Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge, to try its strength, and that feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed, until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal, and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

THE PRINTER BOY.

WORDS BY JESSE HUCHINSON.

(Written for the ALLEGONIANS and sung by them at a Printer's Festival.)

I'll sing the song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing CAPITALS,
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who in the days that freed men's souls,
In Freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And bated for the right.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

And it was that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder clouds on high—
And brought the forked lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And trained him for the chase,
'Till now he's driven safe by Morse,
Right into the printer's Case.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and the sage,
Who fully justified by felix,
Was proved by every page;
His form corrected and revised,
Is now corrected and pressed;
A new edition in the shole,
A star among the best.

All honors to that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And now my brother Typos, take
'This reader for your guide,
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside—
Be frugal, chaste, and temperate,
Stick to the golden rule,
And you shall stand among the stars,
In the Printing Office school.

Just imitate the Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

'DOING' A DANDY.

BY G. L. BALLARD.

As the cars were about leaving a village in the interior of Massachusetts, not a long time since, a rather gawky specimen of humanity in the form of a Vermonter, was seen making big tracks for the depot, which he reached just in time to jump aboard the train as it departed. After for a moment drawing breath which he had lost in the race, Jonathan walked boldly into one of the cars, containing some twenty or thirty passengers, and pushing on with long, ungainly strides, seated himself by the stove, and after taking a long stare at the passengers around, commenced warming himself.

In the same car was a young man belonging to that class generally known as 'city dandies'. His person was small and thin, yet he was dressed in the extreme of fashion, his upper lip, as well as a portion of his face, was covered with sandy colored hair, while a stuffy starched collar, reached nearly to the top of his head. Indeed, he had a most execrable air, and whenever he spoke, his words were peculiarly mincing.

The dandy sat looking listlessly out of the window, as Jonathan entered the cars. Turning around and observing the character of the intruder, he seemed convinced that there was a rare opportunity for fun, which he determined not to let pass, and accordingly, Jonathan found himself the subject of the dandy's wit. But he could not help the laughs and jeers of the dandy, and seemed in fact unconscious of what was going on, until the latter nearly exhausted his fountain of blackguardism, when Jonathan for the first time looked towards the seat occupied by the dandy. As his eyes fell on that personage, he looked surprised—his face grew radiant, and relaxing his bronze features into a sort of a grin, he arose and strode across the car towards him.

"Well, I s'ow!" commenced the Vermonter; as he grasped the dandy's skinny hand within his own, and gave it a tremendous squeeze 'who'd a thought it didn't hardly know you at first. I say, old feller, how d'ye do? I'm really glad to see ye'.

Here a shriek from the dandy, uttered by a volley of curses, as he drew his almost crushed hand from the grasp, caused Jonathan to halt suddenly in his exclamation, and commenced apologizing for his rudeness.

"I s'ow, I did n't mean to hurt your hand, but it does seem good to meet old 'quandabees, especially among strangers 'praps, though, you c'dn't remember me, but I do you, and that's just as well!"

"What do you mean you impudent pup?" exclaimed the dandy, his pallid face crimsoned with anger.

"Oh, Mister, there's no use in flashing up, you c'dn't deny it."

"Deny what?" demanded the dandy emphatically. "I say Mister," continued Jonathan, not heeding the interruption, and with a knowing wink of the eye, "so long since you got out?"

"Do you mean to insult a gentleman?" shouted the dandy, springing from his seat.

"Be quiet, friend," said Jonathan, and then continued "didn't they use you well there—give you good looks eh? or wasn't your cage large enough?"

"Begone, you scoundrel!" shouted the dandy, in kily.

"I say Mister, have you got that ring off your finger yet?" continued Jonathan, seizing hold of the dandy's starched collar of the other with such force as to cause it from its foundation, and cause it to hang by one ear down the dandy's back.

This was too much, the dandy could not endure. Pale and trembling with anger, he attempted to speak but words failed him.

"Look 'ere friends," said Jonathan, addressing the amazed passengers, while he took the dandy by the collar and turned him round two or three times, so as to expose him to their view, "praps you don't know it, but this is the very Ourang Outang that was exhibited at the Menagerie that came up to Vermont a month ago."

The roars of laughter that rang through the car at this announcement were really alarming, every one was seized with consternation, and the conductor ran into the car to see what was the matter. At the station the dandy left the train, with bitter curses on his lips.

CURIOUS THEORY RELATIVE TO THE DELUGE.—The clergyman of Cincinnati, Rev. Mr. Stuart, has advanced a somewhat novel hypothesis respecting the account of the Deluge. He insists that it is an allegory and assumes that the ark is intended to represent a church established by Noah and his posterity, in which was incorporated every principle of doctrine and duty necessary for the salvation of man at that time. To enter the ark was to be confirmed in the life of piety which it represents. The flood of waters which is the emblem of an inundation of evil and unbelief, is alluded to in various passages in Daniel, Isaiah, and the New Testament, for the purpose of showing that the encroachments, fallacious reasonings and false principles are not only compared in the scriptures to floods of waters, but are actually called floods and overflowing of rivers. This, he argues, is the real import of the flood in the time of Noah. The perdition of the millions by the Deluge is so understood, that in a spiritual sense, as the perishing of souls by the overwhelming influence of sin. In a lecture on this subject, delivered by Mr. Stuart, he advances the plausible a guments in support of his theory. A flood, like that described by Moses, the Reverend gentleman says, could not have taken place. His audience reject as an absurdity the idea of a universal deluge having occurred since the creation of the world. Geology utterly confutes this supposition. The Rev. Dr. Buckland, the orthodox Doctor Hitchcock, and many others equally worthy have abandoned the notion and stand out for the literal flood except a small few who make the omnipotence of God the support of physical impossibilities. These are Mr. Stuart's views as we find them reported in the Cincinnati papers and we give them as somewhat startling inasmuch as upon the general belief, without expressing any doubts as to their soundness.—*American paper.*

Infanticide prevails to a fearful extent in some parts of China. Some parents spare only one or two or five of their daughters. This inhuman practice prevails more generally among the poor, but is confined to them, the rich not unfrequently commit the same crime. The civil law seems to take no notice of it. One reason assigned for this practice, is the expense of giving the daughters a respectable education.

How grand and impressive is the sublime midnight, where "millions of suns" shower beauty on the sleeping earth in silence. In each an hour, waking mind must commune with itself, with the past, and with the future. Long pen-up thoughts flash on fresh comminglings with the past, the present, and the future, occupy their place. A Divinity is seen, acknowledged, above, within, and around us, the quiescent pulse of nature seems emblematic of a rest beyond the tomb.

THE WOODFLOWER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

White was thy winding sheet, sweet flower,
And dark and cold thy wintry tomb,
But genial sun, and gentle shower,
And warbling birds again have come

Gay birds, that cheered a sunnier clime,
Above thy head now rear their brood—
And buds, long cased in winter's rime,
In fragrant blossoms light the wood

Unfettered streams thy praises hum
While o'er their pebbly path they trip,
Where verdure to the vine has come,
With berries red as beauty's lip

The butterfly has burst its shroud,
And down far from its silken tomb,
Softly as snow flakes from the cloud,
It lights too kiss thy vernal bloom.

Thou plying wild-flower, bloom for aye,
O'er the grave of her so early even,
From a heart that bleeds as fresh to-day,
As when she first went up to Heaven.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

THE BROKEN VOW;

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

(Concluded)

She left her no more; for it was evident that the
of the invalid were nearly numbered. Her
was fast waning; yet she never spoke of dying.
Gertrude endeavoured to lead her to that subject,
and invariably complained of pain or weariness.
She was like a spectral child, whose constant wailings
of the mental and physical anguish of its mo-
found in her a gentle and unwearied nurse.
One night as she watched with the invalid, Maurice
came home late, drunk. Helen was very weak and
and Gertrude feared her end was near; yet
her husband jested with them rudely, laughed
sardoniously, and sang obscene songs. What a
was that for the chamber of death! Helen
silent, with contracted brow and compressed lips.
Gertrude entreated him to be silent or leave the
room but to no purpose. At last he sank into a
fitful sleep. Helen still lay with her eyes closed,
and Gertrude thought she too slept, as she sat with
her head upon her lap, humming a low lullaby to
his fretful wailings. Suddenly the invalid half
awoke herself in bed.

"Gertrude," said she in a strong but hollow voice,
"I am dying."
Gertrude hastily handed the child to the nurse,
and went to the bedside.

"I am dying"—continued Helen, "dying with
the guilt of a soul's ruin upon me."
Her features were convulsed with agony. Ger-
trude attempted to speak, but she prevented her by
a hurriedly.

"Not now. Let me talk while I can. Do not tell
me of forgiveness. I have repented, but it would
be a base selfish sin, to ask forgiveness with
a wreck before my eyes." She pointed to the
wrecked form of her husband.

"What good would it do him if I were forgiven?
He must be lost—he is my victim and I must share
his fate; and oh Gertrude! what will that fate be?"
She clasped her arm, as if to shield herself
from his horrors.

"Oh Helen, God is merciful!"—began Gertrude,
Helen interrupted her—

"If there was hope for him," said she, "there
would be hope for me; for my repentance has been
proud bitter. Look Gertrude—look at that wreck,
tell me is there one ray of hope?"

Gertrude looked at the sleeping inebriate. The
light fell upon that face, once so noble and manly,
now bloated and disfigured; but the high massive
features told of feelings, which, by their action might
purge and purify humanity.

"He was too noble once, to be beyond hope,"
said she. "He cannot be morally dead. His

better feelings but sleep; why may they not be
roused?" "Helen," she added aloud, "I believe
that there is hope."

She had sunk back in bed, and covered her face
with her hands, but at those words she looked up
earnestly, but incredulously.

"I believe that there is hope," continued Ger-
trude. "He was too noble, to be beyond hope so
soon."

"He was, he was," echoed Helen, starting up
again. "Gertrude you can save him if any body
can—you whom I have ridiculed as a parson—you
self sacrificing angel, can save us if it lay in the
power of mortal. Tell him of my repentance—of
my agony. Plead as you can plead; oh Gertrude
save us."

"I will do all I can dear Helen."

"God bless you," she murmured faintly. She
gasped, and the spirit of HELEN HERBERT was with
its God?

When Maurice Herbert awoke from the stupor
of drunkenness, and learned that Helen was no
more; his agony was beyond description. He still
loved her deeply, though the wizard spell had num-
bered his better feelings; and now that he knew that
she was dead—that she was lost to him forever, that
stupor passed away; and love, remorse and despair,
stirred his inmost soul. As he sat alone, late the
next evening, in the deserted and lonesome sitting-
room, the door opened, and Gertrude entered. Her
face was very pale; and her eyes had an expression
which awed him. In a solemn voice she bade him
follow her. He obeyed, and she led him to the
chamber where lay the mortal remains of his wife.
A small table stood at the head of the corpse.
A lamp burned dimly upon it; and pen, ink and
paper, lay beside it. Gertrude uncovered the face.
The features were sunken and haggard; and a dull
yellow tinge had superceded the once peerless
complexion.

"And this is all which remains of the once lovely
Helen Lisle," she murmured. "Oh God, has not
her punishment been ample?"

"Maurice," she added, "let us talk of the past."
Then she spoke, so eloquently, of the past—of the
well remembered scenes of other years—of Helen,
as he first knew her—of their marriage—of the
vows she then heard him utter. And then she told
him of her dying agony—of her fears, and last re-
quest. He listened with bowed head and clasped
hands, trembling, while the great drops of sweat
oozed out from his pale brow.

"Then she thought she must share my fate," said
he in a husky voice, "oh if she could—if I could
have bid her hope—"

"Maurice, she did hope," said Gertrude, laying
her hand upon his arm, I bade her hope; and
oh will not her spirit, in the agony of such sus-
pense, wait to see the consummation of that hope.
It may not be too late to give her rest. For her
sake—for the sake of the child she left behind,
make now the solemn irrevocable vow, neither to
touch, taste, or handle the unclean thing more."

"I do, I do," said he falling upon his knees beside
his wife and pressing his lips upon her cold hand.
"Hear, spirit of my murdered Helen, thy Maurice
will meet thee in Heaven."

Gertrude placed the pen in his hand. He under-
stood her; and there, still kneeling, with that cold
hand still in his own, he signed his name to the
pledge. Gertrude cut one of the dark curls from
Helen's brow, and gave it to him.

"Wear it," she said, "and if tempted, look at it
and remember this hour."

Need I say the talisman was sufficient. Ever
among the most devoted and earnest Apostles of
temperance, was found MATRICE HERBERT; and
GERTRUDE, the saving angel, became in after years,
the companion of his labors.

BROOKLIN, May 17, 1852.

There are two things which cannot be too short—pic-
ture and communications for a newspaper.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

From the Boston Evening Traveller, July 2.

Our readers will remember that about two years ago,
two idiotic Indian dwarfs were exhibited in this city,
under the name Aztec children. They were represent-
ed as belonging to an almost extinct race of Aztec
priests and kings, and to have been taken by some ex-
traordinary means from an excluded city in Central A-
merica, where a remnant of the Aztecs still lived, utter-
ly shut out from all the world, and perseveringly and
successfully resisting all intercourse with the people by
whom they were surrounded. This story was too im-
probable, not to say absurd, to make much impression
here. There were some circumstances connected with
the exhibition, too, which were not calculated to in-
spire confidence in the representations which were made
in regard to the character and history of the children.
The exhibition itself excited in minds no other than
feelings of compassion and disgust. The American
Academy of Arts and Sciences here undertook some
investigation of the subject. Their example, however,
was partial, and resulted in no conclusions which just-
ified the pretensions set up in behalf of the exhibition.
The National History Society investigated the matter
more thoroughly, and with much more conclusive results.
A report, embodying these results, was published in the
columns of the *Traveller*. The general conclusion
arrived at was, that the children were nothing more
than idiotic dwarfs, of a degenerate Indian race, and
that there was no ground for representing them as Az-
tecs, or as in any other respect remarkable or interest-
ing. So decisive was the report, that the exhibition
here was almost immediately closed, and the poor chil-
dren were removed from the city. If we remember
right, they were soon afterwards exhibited in Lowell,
and subsequently in other places in the interior of New
England. It is a significant fact, however, that they
were not now called Aztec children, but were exhibited
rather as *Jesus nativa*—monsters or curious specimens
of the human race. After having for some time
been concealed, comparatively, from public observation,
these almost unconscious dwarfs were again exhibit-
ed in New-York, with all the original pretensions to
their origin and character, and, to our great amaze-
ment, the people of New-York were so thoroughly in-
fatuated by the cheat as to extend to the exhibition their
marvellous admiration and continued support for per-
haps a year. Our New-York contemporaries sometimes
tell us that all the fools live in Boston; but this case
does not confirm that view of the dispensations of nature.
At length the exhibition has been removed to
Philadelphia, where, we are rejoiced to learn, measures
are in train which will be likely to expose the imposition
which has been so long and so successfully practised
upon the New-York public in regard to these Indian
children. It seems, from the following paragraph from
the *Philadelphia Ledger*, that an application has been
made, by legal representatives of parents of these chil-
dren, to take them from the custody of the persons by
whom they are now held.

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT—A Cat Nursing a Rat—
The annals of natural history often disclose singular
facts, at variance with the known habits of the animals
about which the facts are told. We have a most interest-
ing incident of this nature. At a house corner of
Kneeland and Hudson streets, is a cat which has recently
been blessed with an addition of five responsibilities,
awakening maternal love in its strongest action. Three
of the kittens were doomed to a watery grave before
the mother's eyes were familiarized to her treasures.
The morning after this ruthless act had been consumma-
ted, the family were surprised on visiting the quarters
appropriated to the maternal grimaldin, at seeing an
infant rat suckling with the remaining kittens, and the
mother appearing to be immensely fond of her new
and strange charge. The cat, if the rat and her kittens
are taken from her, betrays the greatest anxiety, and
the rat is always the first object that claims her attention.
She is proud of it, and will nurse and fondle it more
than she does her own progeny. How did the little
fugitive get in such a position, and how become the
object of such dangerous love, are questions of interest
to naturalists. The fact is true as we have related it,
and can be attested by many who have seen it.—*Bos-
ton Herald*, June 26.

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING CLUB—"If a man has
hold of a uger by the tail, which would be the best for
his personal safety—to hold on, or let go.



Ladies' Department.

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER

BY CHARLES SWAIN

The little line—the recent and true—
Where Mary dwelt was gay with merriment,
For drink and heed in many a strain,
Down vale and moor their notes were flung;
But Mary's heart was dead to song,
No longer she her tears could smother
For she had learn'd—'t was true—
To say one thing and mean another!

'Tis right—the due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving;
In Mary's heart and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth, and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was of the need
To say one thing and mean another.

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed,
How many a day might men be gay
That passeth now, in tears, dejected,
Would all might learn to do all of care
That truth keeps longest friend of brother,
Then men be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing and mean another.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Union of Daughters of Temperance will hold a quarterly session in this city next Wednesday. We have always wished this institution well, and trust that the occasion of this meeting may be an interesting one. The utility of the institution consists in the efforts of females in private parties, social gatherings, churches, and especially in their families, to discountenance the use of intoxicating beverages. Young ladies should let their *polite beaux* know, that the *Sine qua non* of their smiles and favors is strict temperance in their conduct. The married ladies should use their secret influence to talk their spouses out of the habits of tippling. Children should be taught the utility of total abstinence; and thus the real benefits of Unions of Daughters would become as powerful as Divisions of Sons. Let the woman work by smiles, by gentle entreaties at home, and in social gatherings, while the men battle the storms abroad.

Mrs. Lucinda Hall, wife of Mr. Robert Hall, formerly of this town, but now of Worcester, Mass., who received the title of M. D., at the late Anniversary of the Worcester Medical Institute, is the first female who has received a medical degree in New-England.

The last *Examiner* announces the death of Mrs. Catherine Shepard, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Shepard, deceased, an old and worthy citizen of the county, in her 71st year. Also the decease of Martin Switzer, Esq., Illinois, who left the Province in 1837, a very worthy citizen and eminent friend of civil rights.

TRAFALGAR—CENTRAL DIVISION.

MR. EDITOR.—The Sons of Temperance of Trafalgar Central Division, No. 377, held a public meeting on the 30th ult., when the Ladies presented the Division with a copy of the Holy Scriptures and a Flag. We are happy to announce that a large concourse of people assembled on the occasion. After the following address being read by Mrs. Henderson, and reply by your humble servant, the meeting was ably addressed by Bro. Rev. T. Jeffery, M. Dunbar, Wm. Henderson, W. A., and W. Torrey, P. W. P., Nassagaweya Division. We were favored with the attendance of a number of Bro. from Nassagaweya, Milton, Hornby, and Wellington Square Divisions. Our Division is in a very flourishing condition, and aims fair for the total destruction of king alcohol in this locality. Our officers for the present term are H. A. Graham, W. P., Richard Bigger, W. A.; Anthony Fox, R. S.; A. R. S.: Anthony Fitzpatrick, F. S.; John Evans, T.; Thomas Edwards, C.; Michael Bigger, A. C.; John Bigger, Jun., I. S.; John Kenney, O. S.; Andrew Bigger, P. W. P.; and Rev. Thomas Jeffery, Chaplain.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
H. A. GRAHAM, W. P.

ADDRESS.

Worthy Patriarch and Members of Trafalgar Central Division, No. 377, Sons of Temperance.

On behalf of the Ladies of this neighborhood I have been entrusted with the honor of presenting you with this sacred volume as a mark of our high esteem. Words are inadequate on the present occasion to express our gratitude for your endeavors in promoting a cause worthy of the principles of your Order, and the enlightened age we live in, being under the deep impression that you and the members composing your Division are sufficiently conversant with the intrinsic value of its contents, to appreciate the motives that induced us to select the oracles of Divine truth as the most appropriate mark of our approbation.

If your weekly visits to its truthful pages may you be induced to solicit the assistance of its great Author to direct your counsels and assist your deliberations, so that you may be able to defy the scrutiny of your enemies, while they call forth the admiration of the good and great.

May your efforts to reclaim the inebriate from his cup, and restore peace and comfort to the now desolated hearth be crowned with success.

Your tender respect for the memory of the dead, and your willingness to minister to the wants of the widow and fatherless, stand high in our estimation, while they draw forth our most tender sympathy.

Be diligent and persevering in the cause, and may the Lord in his power guide and protect you through all your arduous duties, not only in the Division-room, but in all your walks through life, as it is our earnest prayer, that when you are called upon to resign the regalia of mortality, it may be your well merited reward to receive instead the white robes of purity that covered the glorious and happy company spoken of by the evangelist, when the death-bell of the carred traffic will be banished from your ears forever.

Sir, we further present you with this Flag as a small memento of our respect in behalf of the noble cause you have espoused, and may your unwavering exertions to suppress the evils of intemperance, at all times harmonize with the motto here presented to your view, Love, Purity, and Fidelity; and whenever it floats in the breeze, may all who have yielded to the voice of the temper rally under its folds for a refuge, where they will receive a brother's hand and a hearty welcome. Then will this intoxicating cup be changed for the pure beverage of nature, so liberally supplied from the unbounded resources of the Creator; when the exultance of your virtues will not fail to attract the attention of the thoughtless, by inducing them to flee from the manning addresses of Bacchus's sagons, join your ranks, putting

on the armour of Purity and the breast-plate of Fidelity, blended together in one common cause to Jer the sacred bands of Love.

Finally, we bid you God speed, and may the knowledge you have lighted never be extinguished, until the fallen race of Adam are brought under the benign influence of your Order.

JANE HENDERSON

[To this address Br. H. A. Graham, made an appropriate reply, for which, we regret to say we cannot now find room in our crowded columns.—Ed. Son.

HICK'S CORNERS DIVISION SOIREE.

On Wednesday, 14th July the Hick's Corners Division, No. 312 of the Sons of Temperance, celebrated their first Anniversary, in the grove belonging to Mr. SAMUEL HUNTER. The weather was exceedingly fine, and the turn out, on this occasion was very numerous and respectable. The Soiree accompanied by the Kemptville Brass Band, marched in procession to the grove where a sumptuous repast was prepared for all who chose to partake thereof. After the company had satisfied their appetites, they were entertained with suitable addresses by Messrs. Wright, Woodcock, McEllwood, Armstrong, Archibald and Sumner; the meeting then quietly dispersed. The Sons of Temperance marched in procession to the Division room.

Hick's Corners, July 16, 1852.

A SON

MEETINGS AND SOIREES IN CANADA.

THE BALL ROLLS ON! Since our last meeting in favor of the Maine law have been held at Miramichi, Esquimaux, at which Robert Spence, Esq. presided, resolutions for the law were carried. The various and King meetings were numerously attended. A meeting was lately held at Sydneyham in the Owen Sound settlement; Thomas Lunn, Esq. was in the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith addressed the meeting. At Jackson, Esq. and W. A. Stephens, Esq. took part in the meeting. A meeting of a similar character has been held in Fergus, lately. In Perth, a meeting was held on the 31st instant, attended by the Sons of Temperance in large assemblage, and was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Ryerson. A meeting is to be held soon in Bytown, and several meetings have lately been held in that city, addressed by the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, a lecture employed by the sub-committees of the Grand Division. A meeting was held in Richmond on the 16th inst. near Bytown in favor of the law, numerously attended and addressed by the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, W. H. Debeck and others.

MEETING IN KING.—This meeting was very well attended, there being 700 persons present. Resolutions were passed in favor of the Maine Law. The speakers were Brothers Alcorn, McKinnon, Nixon, and others. No opposition given to the resolutions. Resolutions were forwarded to Mr. Gamble requesting him to support the Maine Law in Parliament; everything passed off enthusiastically.

MEETING IN VAUGHAN.—This meeting was very well attended and resolutions similar to the above were adopted, the same speakers attending. So the cause of York goes.

TOWNSHIP OF YORK MEETING.—A meeting in favor of the Maine Law was held near Lawrenceville on the 19th inst. The meeting was rather well attended, owing to the partial nuisance and the exceedingly busy season of the year. The farmers are all engaged in haying.

THE BATTLE OF CHIPPAWA was fought on the 19th July, 1813, by Scott.—Three weeks after, the Battle of Lundy's Lane, (on the 26th July,) was fought, which Scott behaved heroically and had 1500 killed under him. Both nations here showed that the blood of Saxons flowed in their veins, and the battle was considered by many as a drawn battle. It commenced at near sunset and lasted till midnight.



Youths' Department.

SONG OF THE EARLY BIRD.

The hand of my Father hath over me been,
In the hole of the rock, where I slept—
And the snow from my feathers and frost from my heart,
Through the long dreary winter has kept.

Be sent a bland zephyr to open the door
Of my prison, and bid me go free,
And a sun beam commissioned to aid me again
To my place in the top of the tree.

In the orchard and grove no leaf has appeared,
And the hills and the vales are still bare,
I am the first herald to welcome the spring,
And sing of God's goodness and care.

The sparrows are fed from Thy bountiful hand,
And Thou hearest the young raven cry,
So, also, for me my kind Father provide,
And guide me, wherever I fly.

Protect me, I pray from the murderer's gun,
And the boy that would rob my dear nest
And my voice every morn shall be tuned to Thy praise
Till Thou take me again to my rest.
Massachusetts Life Boat.

CADETS.

We are convinced that in order to render popular and of use to society, the organization of Cadets, more care must be taken to elect elderly and responsible Patrons and Archons of experience. Also that it must be unconstitutional to remain open after 10 o'clock. Sons must visit the institution more and boys must be encouraged to write short essays. To speak on moral and literary subjects, leaving the transaction of their necessary affairs to their Archon, and elderly committee members of the Patron.

THE CADETS DEMONSTRATION—takes place next WEDNESDAY in this city, under the patronage of the Daughters of Temperance. Let the Sons give them a hearty welcome.

GRAND JUBILEE OF THE CADETS OF TEMPERANCE—The members of the several subordinate sections of Cadets of Temperance in Mass., assembled at Lawrence, on Thursday, the 22d of July, to celebrate with becoming festivities the passage of the new Liquor Law, wearing in their regalia, and marching through the principal streets, with music, banners, &c. After dinner, which was served up at an early hour, there were songs, speeches from distinguished advocates, &c.—*Life Boat.*

Mr. Weed says, "In the cars from Vienna, were ten Jewish boys, each about 12 years old, on their way to America, to be instructed in the French, German and English languages, and then to return as teachers to their country." This is one of the signs of the times, a most significant mark of progress—*American pa.*

HOW TO MAKE LARGE CURRANTS—The currant tree is a moist soil and a somewhat shady situation. Downing says, "No shrub shows the good effect of his manure so completely as the currant. If you wish to get a very large fruit, train the bush on the north side of a trellis, and feed the roots with half rotted stable manure."

Put Parch half a pint of rice upon it is brown—then add it as rice is usually done. Eat slowly, and it will be the most alarming cases of diarrhoea.

FRONTENAC SONS.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Aware of your willingness to further the cause of Temperance, I send you the following lines, hoping they will find a place in your respected Journal. We were much gratified on Saturday last, by having the opportunity of attending a "Pic-nic" in a grove belonging to Mr. WILLIAM A. WOOD, near Sydenham, which was got up solely by the efforts of Mr. WOOD, whose indefatigable exertions for the advancement of the cause, claim for him the respect of all who hate the drinking habits of the day. The grove was beautiful, it seemed to be all that nature or art could make it for such an occasion. Having both a choir and band, we were well supplied with music and of good quality. The writer being called by the Chairman, to stand as the first speaker, addressed the audience on the nature of liberty showing that man's great object is happiness, and that true liberty is the privilege of doing what leads to happiness, while being permitted to do what produces misery is not liberty, and closed by exhorting to exertion in view of the important position we now occupy. Next on the stand was the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who reasoned that it was morally wrong to use ardent spirits and doubted whether their use could be supported from scripture. And that the example of good men was not valid now as the amount of light is the standard of moral responsibility—his speech had a good effect and gave general satisfaction. After which they retired to the tables, which were well prepared and on purely Temperance principles, there being neither tea nor coffee, which was as it should be. I do not like to see these (as the *Water Cure Journal* calls them) "worse than useless articles," on Temperance occasions, particularly as they have a tendency to excite the system and vitiate the appetite and prepare the whole man for something stronger. Being again called to our seats we were addressed by the LONDON SAILOR, who by his tact for mirth and anecdote succeeded in exciting considerable interest—he also, gave us some account of the working of the Liquor law in Maine, which I presume, was quite interesting to the audience. The good intention and order that every where prevailed, spoke highly for the good sense of the inhabitants. It is seldom that we find so many (there being about 500) believe so well on such occasions. No doubt the audience retired well pleased with the proceedings and impressed with the necessity of having the evil of drunkenness removed from our land.

Yours, in L. P. and F.
J. L. WILKIE

SYDENHAM, July 12, 1852.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE, for July, which commences vol. 3 of that periodical, appears in a superior style. This number in our estimation contains articles of ability, superior to any of its predecessors. It is beautifully got up and deserves patronage.

THE MAPLE LEAF, of Montreal, for July, a new monthly literary journal, is on our table. It is got up in the style of the *Snow Drop*, and seems to be in some respects a rival of it. Subscription price 5s. per annum, 32 pages each number.—devoted entirely to literature.—Its appearance, style, and selections are very creditable.

NEW BRUNSWICK LIQUOR LAW—Asa Coy, of New Brunswick, denies that the Queen has disallowed the New Brunswick Temperance Law. We hope it is so, but fear that what we said in our last number may be true. A report of that kind in the English and Canadian papers is generally believed to be founded on truth. It would delight us to find that we were mistaken, since we wish to see the Queen of England, who has set so bright an example of morality to her subjects generally, not opposed to the great moral reform of Total Abstinence.

DR. MOORE of Sharon, is trying the experiment of a cold water cure establishment, and we hope he will be successful in his undertaking.

THE OTTAWA CITIZEN AND THE MAINE LAW.

The *Ottawa Citizen* of the 10th July, 1852, in a list of about fourteen lines, approves of the Queen's Cabinet disallowing the "New Brunswick Temperance Act," and says a similar one passed in Canada would meet with the same fate and *very PROPERLY*. Of such stuff are our thoughtless, milk and water Newspapers of Canada made. A people on the continent of North America pass an act to regulate their own internal affairs, a law that necessarily affects their private morals and as to the constitutionality of which they are the judges; and are told in effect, that they do not know what is good for themselves. If the Queen can properly disallow such an act, why may she not disallow the incorporation of Bytown or the improvement of the Ottawa? Why not refuse to sanction any other law. Yet at this day a paper professing liberal opinions, can swallow such a transatlantic veto without one murmur!! The same paper says "when men once become sensible of their duty towards God, their neighbors and themselves, there will be no need of Temperance Societies or Maine Liquor laws." Yet when will that be under the tutelage of such men as this Editor. Has not the experiment of trying to make men abandon the liquor traffic on religious grounds been tried for a century with little effect? Is not Ireland at this time notwithstanding the efforts of Father Mathew and others again relapsing into drunkenness. Are not thousands of Christians and hundreds of Christian ministers yearly expelled from their societies in Great Britain for drunkenness? And why is it? because temptation surrounds them on all sides in the shape of taverns and the traffic in intoxicating drinks. No! while thousands of distilleries send up their smokes in the land and tens of thousands of gin-palaces exist, men will disregard the duties of Christian worship and the precepts of their religion. It is only such a law as the Maine law that will or can effectually check it. And as to the propriety and constitutionality of such a law, the people who pass it and who are to be affected by it are the best and only proper judges. If we cannot regulate what is to be sold in Canada, what right have we to say poison shall not be sold unless labelled? What right have we to put on a license on the sale of liquors? What right have we to say that people in all of our townships shall refuse if they choose to license any inn? What right have we to say that salmon, deer or woodcock, shall not be killed at certain seasons? The liquor law is unconstitutional, says the Colonial Minister, because it prevents her Majesty's English subjects from selling to our people what destroys them. And if the Parliament of Canada believe the *Maine law* necessary for the good of all, the Queen, says the *freeminded citizen*, has a perfect right through her ministry to say NO; because a few English importing merchants are interfered with! We believe in no such doctrine of Colonial rights.

THE LONDON DIVISIONS OF SONS have come forward in the western papers and vindicated their decision as to the editor of the *Prototype*. The editor of that paper is universally known to be one of the foulest slanderers in Canada. In a Division cannot eject from its ranks a man who is treating its pages by his slanders, and who is opposing all its efforts to do good, there is little use in its existence. We heartily approve of the noble stand of our London brethren.

WE HEAR COYNTAINS mad, that this paper to some Post Offices, is not received regularly. We can assure our subscribers that it is always regularly mailed in Toronto. During the summer it is issued but twice a month. If there are any misdeeds, they lie at the door of the Post office.

RICHMONDVILLE TEMPERANCE HOUSE—kept by By H. Sanderson is well worthy of patronage, and we hope his will be successful in his undertaking.



The Literary Gen.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

Young Genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent—the wayward—the wandering thing
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing.
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gazed for a while on its beauties, and then
He cut it and snapped it, and called it a pen.

For its magical use he discovered not yet
Till he dipped its bright tips in a fountain of jet;
And oh! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame;
While its master wrote on, like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted or fired,
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The peaceful—the pure—the victorious pen!

Young Genius wept forth on his rambles of yore
The vast sunless caverns of earth to explore!
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
As he mouldered the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crown'd with success,
For an engine uprore and he called it the Press

The Pen and Press, blessed alliance combin'd
To soften the heart and enliven the mind,
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the end of the earth.
The battles of truth were triumphant, indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed,
'They were made to exult us—so teach us to bless
Them invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press.

—Am. Tem. Mag.

THE CANADIAN CANARY BIRD.

This is a beautiful little bird, about the size, only a little plumper in form, of the tame Canary. It resembles the latter in its habits, the sound of its voice and notes, and its colours. The similarity is so striking that one cannot help but see it is but a variety of the same genus. This beautiful little songster is common all over Canada and North America, visiting us early in May and leaving us very late in autumn, as late sometimes as November. Its colours are beautiful and its notes very musical and pleasant. The orchards and gardens with us are its loved resorts. It builds in low bushes, often preferring a small apple tree, the nest being composed of soft twigs, grass, hair and down, lined inside with feathers and down. It builds its nest early in July or late in June and lays four whitish eggs we believe. Most of our birds lay but four eggs. While the female sits on the nest, the male will fly above it in the air, sometimes uttering his pleasant chirp and sometimes singing. At other times he will set on an adjacent tree and sing. His notes are much shorter than the tame Canary but equally sweet. We consider the notes of the wild Canary—after the Cat bird, Thrush and Wren, as the most musical of any of our Canadian song birds. When flying he passes through the air by ups and downs or jerks, sending forth his sweet little trillings. This bird will feed on worms or seeds, but always prefers the last even when the former are quite common. We have for some time past observed it feeding on the seeds of the garden columbine which are yet green. So light is its form, that we see it before our door, alight on the stalk and open the pod, on which three weeks ago, grew the lovely flower.

The colour of the male is of a beautiful yellow on the breast, neck, back and shoulders of the wing, whitish on the lower parts of the abdomen, wing and tail feathers black—crown of the head velvety black—beak flesh colour and thick, like birds that live on seeds—eyes black. It is between four and five inches long. The female is of a greenish yellow colour, except the tail and wings which are slate colour. The cries of this sweet little songster are some of them exactly similar to the tame species, and it could no doubt be domesticated with the greatest ease. The bill is however thicker, and the plumage more gay. These little birds seem to converse together in the sweetest manner at a distance, by their plaintive notes. The male loves to speak to his mate from the top of some tree, or whilst on the wing in a clear bright day.

THE CUCKOO OF CANADA.

Of all our Canadian birds the Cuckoo has the most aristocratic, and self-sufficient air. He flies through the woods and sits in some leafy bower, in the hottest days of July and August, like a Prince amongst his serfs, proud in air and superior in attitude. There is nothing in plumage or voice to warrant this, for his colour is plain and his only cry very harsh. His shape is long and very elegant, and his attitudes are proud. He will sit sometimes for an hour in one position of dignified beauty, all the time quite motionless. He does not hop about like other birds but sits in peculiar positions, generally with the body a little bent forward, the long tail slightly erect, and the wings compressed to his neat body.—His colour is dark slate above, and of a lighter slate or dun colour below. No difference in colour or size is observable in the male and female. This bird visits us in June and leaves in August, and can be heard upon any warm day, generally in the warmest days, uttering his peculiar cries of "hoo-ho hoo-ho" or "cuckoo-cuckoo," or sometimes a guttural noise of a more disagreeable kind from the throat when close by. The tail and wings are very long, and the bird is about the size of a common thrush, only of a longer form. The beak long a little curved at the point and black—the eyes prominent and black. It seems to be in nature, a link between the singing birds and the carnivorous tribes, something like the Butcher bird and King bird. Yet it lives wholly on insects. I never found a nest of this bird, but can describe one and its eggs, from the information of one who once found them. An idea prevails and I think correctly, that the Cuckoo uses the nests of other birds, in which to deposit its eggs to be hatched, by the labour of strangers. The Dun bird described in the last number of this paper, seems to be the bird used generally for its helpmate in incubation. I once found the nest of the Sun bird, in which there were two eggs, one nearly double the size of the other, and the colour of those of the Cuckoo. A friend once informed me that he found a Cuckoo's nest in a pine bush near his house. It was made of small twigs laid across each other, and the nest was rather rudely and slovenly built. In the nest there were two eggs only one of which he thinks belonged to the Cuckoo, there being quite a disparity in size and colour. The Cuckoo's egg was a little larger than the Robin's and greenish; the other egg was about

half the size of a round shape, dusky spotted with brown. He supposed the small egg to be that of the Sun bird. He saw another small bird sometimes in the vicinity of the nest, and even in Company with the Cuckoo. The Cuckoo both sat on the nest and was flying about it backwards and forwards. He seems to think that the Sun bird and Cuckoo use each others nests alternately, how this is I cannot say—my experience to some extent confirms this idea.

The DUN BIRD or SUN BIRD described in our last lays four eggs, whitish spotted with brown at the larger end. The nest is generally built on low trees very much concealed, stuck to the limb by thick, the inside being lined with fine pine leaves. The outside is composed of fine bark or hemp threads and small leaves firmly glued together with some sticky substance. I found a nest in June many years ago. The birds approached uttering piteous cries. In the nest there was a strange egg of a larger size than the others, and of a greenish colour spotted with black specks at the large end. I observed Cuckoo in the vicinity. The nest of this bird is built something like that of the Baltimore Oriole—and built from the bough to which it is fastened.

CRUELTY TO DUMB BRUTES.

We frequently see teamsters and others beating poor dumb animals in the streets of Toronto, just as if they had no feeling. How unfeeling is such conduct, and how far beneath the proper conduct of a being deserving the name of man. Because man has the power over a dumb animal, that has the same nervous feeling that he has, how inconsistent and wicked it is in him, whom God has blessed with a superior reason and a soul, to act more cruel than the animal who sweats and toils for his happiness and ease!! Let not such an one think that he can with impunity wantonly trample on the happiness of a poor animal, whose tongue is dumb. He will reap a just reward for his unfeeling tyranny. God's creatures were given us for a good purpose, not to vent our cruelty on. This cruelty can be witnessed every day in our land, generally towards horses and cows and often towards dogs and cats. Every man and boy guilty of it, when his passion cools feels ashamed of it. Our Maker gave us reason to teach us to be kind to all the creatures of his earth.

ÆROSTATION.

This science is making great progress in the world and its utility and practicability are being daily more developed and seen. Like many of our sciences and improvements, it is comparatively a recent discovery. Fifty years ago the world knew scarcely any thing of Ærostation. Successful experiments are being daily made, and we believe that within the next fifty years the science will be brought to such perfection, that balloons will be propelled by gass and machinery over seas, mountains and mountains with the same ease that a bird can fly. No difficulty is now experienced in ascending to any height or in moving in a horizontal direction for a short period, and examining all above, gazing on the nether clouds, laughing at the flashing lightning and noisy thunder miles below, while the Sun in his glory is shining upon the Earth.

er weeks since in the United States a successful experiment of this kind was made. A balloon went up above the clouds and a raging storm, raged with terrific thunder and lightning. The balloon arose three miles into a calm scene and fell down upon the raging elements, like a man gazing on a troubled world. All above was bright, the sun bright and the air clear and pure. We believe that the time will come when man will traverse the air at the rate of miles in a minute by means of complex machinery, aided by gas or steam; and will pass over the seas and from continent to continent within as short a period as it takes him to travel from Toronto to Chicago or from England to France. Thus he will go from England to India in a week, from New York to London in a day or at least forty-eight hours. The wonders of the railroads, the steamers and telegraph—the discoveries of the microscope and telescope are all as surprising as that of Aërostation, and the latter is as likely to be improved as any of the former. The Telescope will be improved daily, and will be so improved as to show the moon and the map of the heavens twice as near as they are for observation. The inventive, creative and imaginative powers of the human mind are almost infinite. Man's soul being a spark from the ALL SEENING SOUL of the ALMIGHTY, partakes to the extent of his infinite attributes, in every way, of the deity and *inventive*. If he seek after wisdom, he seek to be really and truly wise and moral, he looks to GOD his great FATHER for help, there are few things that he cannot learn or do. Aërostation is as yet in its infancy and the chief difficulties experienced in it, is to propel oneself continuously in a straight line. Food and fuel may be taken up sufficient to last for a week or more. The whole fabric of the balloon is light, healthy and apparently of simple construction. There is danger to life but not more than there is on the railroad or by steam. Within a few years we expect to hear of a telegraph of gutta serena and wire, being laid from Liverpool to New York, when on the wings of lightning, the news of Old England will be conveyed to Young Columbia in the twinkling of an eye. Is it then too much to say that within this century, before the year 1900, Aërostation will meet each other in the air, in these Airships, pass a good morning—ring a bell, play a flute and sip their coffee above the clouds? The gay and happy woman will laugh among the distant clouds, and man will ride triumphant over all the elements of earth.

OPACITY OF A SOAP BUBBLE.—A soap bubble as it floats in the light of the sun reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of colors. Newton has shown that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, viewed, in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colors. Near the highest point of the bubble before it bursts, is always observed a spot which has no color, and appearance black. Newton showed that the thickness of the bubble at this black point is the 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now as the water at this point possessed the properties of water as usually, as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the molecules forming water must have less dimensions than this thickness.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Monday, July 26, 1852.

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

NEAL DOW AT THE HELM.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

In a wake of light, with canvass as white
As foam on the waves of the sea—
The TEMPERANCE SHIP is making her trip
From Maine to all lands that are free.

A flag is tied fast to each tapering mast,
The flag of the free and the brave—
Shake earth with "uzzas for banners of stars,
And the good old ship on the wave.

On the firm deck stands our musical bands,
With clarion, trumpet and horn—
'Mid canvass they crowd, like choirs in a cloud
On a bright and beautiful morn.

Let billows o'erwhelm, with Dow at the helm,
Our vessel outrides every gale,
Though tunders should roar, and waves bite the shrou,
Not a thread will be torn from her sail.

A steamer moves off at the end of the wharf,
With the booming of cannon and drum,
She's armed for a fight, with sails that are white,
Her barrels are barrels of rum.

The battle is won, the steamer is gone
To the depth where such things should be,
With all hands on deck, all shot in the neck,
But our ship is queen of the sea.

THE NAPANEEL BEE AND THE SCRIPTURAL SIN OF THE MODERATE USE OF INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.

Sometime since we copied into this paper an article from the New York *Organ*, an extensively circulated Temperance and Literary journal of the city of New York, in which the doctrine was maintained that, according to the Scriptures, there is no sin in the moderate use of intoxicating drinks, apart from views of expediency. We did not then think that we would be asked to defend the position of another journal, by our approval of it. The *Napanee Bee* in a friendly way challenged us to do it. We gave in brief terms in our first June number our views of the question. The *Bee* took up the subject at length in its number of the 25th June, and in its own estimation demolished every vestige of our theory by the power of truth. No cause let it be ever so good, ought to be sustained by the perversion of truth, for the sake of furthering it, and if the temperance cause can be rationally discussed and recommended to the public favor, without an overstrained construction or fanatical views of the Scriptures or sin, we hold this course should be taken. The editor of the *Bee* is a minister of the Gospel, so is the editor of the *Organ*, and so is the author of the pamphlet which the *Organ* was combating. We are a layman and no professed theologian, guided in our views by reason, common sense, and what we consider a fair construction of the Bible. We might fairly cry out, "WHERE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL DISAGREE who shall decide." "The expounders of Scripture differ on this abstract question, and were we to consult our private inclinations the matter would rest where it is,—but our position has been pronounced wholly untenable, and we disbelieve the assertion. Our approval of the doctrine was not hastily given, and a few words on the matter may seem to be called for from this paper.

We have seen no offer on the part of the *Organ* to discuss the point. This matters but little as our faith is not pinned on any man's skirts. The *Bee* denies the morality of our views of expediency on this question, and asserts that moral duty has nothing to do with expediency. He asserts this in the teeth of Scripture. He grounds his idea of the absolute sin of the temperate use of any beverage that will intoxicate on Scripture, and quotes it to uphold his position. Scripture in this matter is like a two edged sword, it cuts both ways. Not that there is anything inconsistent in it, but to carry out *far fetched doctrine*, its true meaning is perverted. Nothing is plainer than that the Old and New Testaments allowed, as compatible with morality and duty, the moderate use of wines that would intoxicate, and on the other hand, nothing is plainer than that drunkenness and excess are denounced, and so is gluttony, as sin. Both Testaments also lay down the doctrine of expediency in diets and drinks. We believe the good men of those ages if living now, would on the ground of expediency, be total abstainers from all intoxicating beverages. The circumstances of this age and the ages of the men of the Bible are quite different. Wine fermented and the fresh juice of the grape were then the only beverages in use manufactured in Judea by man. The first would intoxicate, the last not, yet both were in common use by kings, priests and people. Wine fermented was used at times to excess, and the good of that day condemned it. Wine of all kinds could be used moderately without any supposed moral sin.—Drunkenness was very uncommon, except among a few of the rich. History does not tell us that taverns then existed as now, or that drunkenness was a prevalent vice. Few crimes were committed under the influence of wine, and *delirium tremens* was perhaps unknown. It was not thought necessary therefore to form *Total Abstinence Societies* then any more than it is now to form *Anti-gluttony Societies*.

Peter and Paul deemed the use of certain meats, according to Jewish laws sinful, yet views of expediency dictated the allowance of their use to the Gentiles, and the vision of Peter on the house top is to this effect. Christ lays down the doctrine that what entereth the mouth—the belly, doth not morally corrupt, but what proceedeth out of the heart, or the thoughts alone are what constitute an act of the mind sinful or good, according as they may be used. What is physically injurious is not necessarily sinful morally. Circumstances may create relative duties, which under a different state of things might not become such. In this age various kinds of spirituous liquors, generally adulterated with poisonous drugs as bad as alcohol, exist and flow like rivers in Europe and America. Whiskey, gin, rum, brandy, a dozen kinds of poisonous wines, drugged beer and ale, and a multitude of other intoxicating beverages are made and sold in Europe and America. All men see their effects are injurious to the moral and physical well being of Society, and that the only way to check the evil, is to abstain and prohibit the manufacture and sale. Circumstances make it a relative duty in all to abstain. But if all ranks of society were temperate, and alcohol used simply as in the days of Christ or Moses, seldom to excess and only in the shape of pure wine, that the same relative duty would not exist for all to abstain entirely. Now it may be said that the Jews only used the fresh juice of the grape, and none other is recommended by the Apostles and Christ, or in the old Testament;—but this is not true, for the fresh juice of the grape will keep in a warm country like Judea but a short time. To preserve it, it must

ferment like currant wine, and the Jews kept their wine in this way,—and it was used by priests and laymen. A book called *An-Bachus* and other authorities have tried to show that a different word is used in the Scriptures when intoxicating wine is alluded to from that used for fresh wine, but Greek and Hebrew scholars, know that the same word “*Oinos*” and “*Methus*” are used interchangeably, when applied to fermented or unfermented wine. No general distinction is made.

The word “*oinos*” is used in conjunction with the verb “*methuskati*.” “*Yahin*” wine in Hebrew is applied to wine that intoxicates as well as to the fresh juice of the grape. And the word “*oinos*” is applied in the New Testament to all the wines therein alluded to.

Noah was drunk on wine. Lot was made drunk on wine by his daughters. “*And thou shalt bring for a drink offering half a hin of wine, for an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord.*”—Numbers, chap. 15, verse 10. Here wine recommended by the law of Moses to be used by priests is in Hebrew and the Septuagint, called by the same word as that which made Noah drunk.

“*God give thee of the dew of Heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine*”—Genesis, chap. 27, verse 28. In the Hebrew the word “*Tirrosh*” is used for wine here, and “*Oinos*” in the Septuagint in Greek. The roots of the word “*Tirrosh*” come from words that denote at times excess. In the Septuagint Noah’s wine is termed in Greek “*Oinos*,” so is that made by Christ out of water. We merely allude to this to show that the terms were used interchangeably, and that no true conclusion can be come to, as to the condemnation or approval of intoxicating wine, by reference to the words used in Hebrew or Greek, denoting old or new wine. Rivers of ink have been wasted on this useless controversy, when the question should have turned on the different situations and customs of man in the two eras.

Now such passages as these are certainly as strong as any that can be found or quoted by the *Bee*, to prove that a moderate indulgence in wine in Judea was not *absolutely sinful*—“*And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the spirit*”—Ephesians, chap. 5, verse 18. “*Likewise must the deacons be grave not double tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre*”—1st Timothy, Chap. 3, verse 8. “*Drink no longer water but use a little wine for the stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.*”—1st Timothy, ch. 5, v. 23. “*The aged women likewise not given to much wine.*”—Titus, ch. 2, v. 3. “*Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth man but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.*”—Matthew, ch. 15, v. 11. “*Here is expediency. “All things are lawful for me but all things are not expedient, all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not.”*—1st Cor., ch. 10, v. 23-27. “*But meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse.*”—1st Cor., ch. 8, v. 8. Paul here places his abstinence from meats on grounds of expediency. “*If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend*”—1st Cor., ch. 8. Apart from views of expediency there was no sin in eating any meats. So he would have argued with regard to wine used moderately. A man takes one glass of wine. It does him no good, yet if he would go no further, and all would do as he does, there would be no sin in that act. How does it then become sin? It becomes so relatively in view of the example set, in view of the circumstances of his country. It becomes expedient that he should abandon the use of what in itself is not essentially sinful, to save his fellow men from weak errors. The same thing cannot be said of fornication, adultery, theft, covetousness, perjury, idolatry, or taking God’s name in vain. These are sins of the soul—the mind is concerned in them—and without the action of thought no sin can take place. It is only because we have rational thinking souls that we are answerable for sins. Alcohol is a product of chemical action—a

manufacture; so are a hundred other things which we use as innocent in the shape of food, medicine, or drinks. It becomes sinful relatively to use anything to excess, and when duty, for the good of one’s country, requires the abandonment of a custom like that of the use of alcohol, opium, or tobacco, in itself not necessary or useful to man, then it becomes a sin relatively to the circumstances of the age not to abandon it. It becomes a sin in man to pursue a calling that injures many for one’s good. If that calling could be pursued and no evil result from it, as if all men would be temperate, the tavern keeper’s calling could not be said to be sinful. It is true that the use of alcohol might be injurious physically to some extent, yet so might the use of cakes or confectionary, or fruits of many kinds.

These in short are our views on the subject, and we believe them to be consonant with the Scriptures and common sense. They go as far as the moral reform of Temperance requires us to go, and do not confuse truth with error, overstrain the meaning of or create a new idea of sin. Controversialists and formalists are too apt to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Theory with some is more important than practice. This mode of acting and thinking has filled the world with hypocrites. If total abstinence cannot be placed on the platform of common sense and truth, abandon it. We believe it can, and that we can recommend it to our fellow men, without asserting that it is an absolute sin, essentially wicked, to taste the substance called alcohol.

As a Son of Temperance another duty would make us refuse to taste. *We have pledged our honor not to do so.* Sons of temperance become such in view of their relative duty to their country. Some may hold to our view and some will differ, as we know they do on this abstract point, but that cannot affect any man’s honest view of the necessity of total abstinence in this age of the world.

The position of the *Bee*, is that every man that takes a glass of wine or beer commits a deadly sin—and that Scripture holds the same doctrine. Our position is that the mere act of itself where excess is not indulged in, is not absolute sin; but that it is so, in view of expediency “*LEST I MAKE MY BROTHER TO OFFEND*” I will drink no wine. The position of the *Bee* is extravagant and would render every Sacramental table sinful for the past eighteen centuries. It must not be understood by this that we are in favor of the use of alcoholic wine in the Sacrament. No, we believe that a less objectionable substance could be used.

THE NAPANEE BEE.—Since writing the above the *Napanee Bee* of July 16th, 1852, has come to hand in which there are some remarks in reference to the point in dispute between this paper and it. We observe an inclination in that paper to narrow or rather what we call to shirk the question in issue. We are made to say or mean what we did not, nor did the *New York Organ* mean what the editor of the *Bee*’s language would infer. We are quite able to sustain the position we have assumed and want to see our meaning fairly construed. The *Bee* has courted the issue. Yes, pressed the issue, let him stand to it; let there be no insinuations or misrepresentations. We want to involve no extraneous issues or discussions excepting what necessarily arise in the course of the argument.

We sustain teetotalism upon grounds of common sense and morality, as the good men of the time of Christ would have sustained total abstinence, but we do so not because we think the MERE ACT of taking a MOUTHFUL of WINE or BEER is in ITSELF absolutely SINFUL, which is what the *Bee* contends for, but because in the present age, and in view of the circumstances of this country, upon GROUNDS OF EXPEDIENCY, we contend that all good men should become teetotalers. This we advocate because without it drunkenness cannot be stopped. The *Bee* asks “*upon what other ground we would ask can teetotalism be armed and enforced*” than upon that called HUMAN EXPEDIENCY, or MORAL OBLIGATION, or both united.” Who has denied this? These are our very grounds, and upon

them we stand. *Human expediency* was alluded to by the *Bee* and now he approves of it, and is content with *moral obligation*. Moral obligations arise in view of expediency—as it did in the case of the Gentiles, when the Apostles eat meat forbidden by law to convert them. We do not mean that expediency would justify sin, but expediency may call upon man to abandon the use of such things as the use of alcohol or tobacco, the use of which is not absolutely sinful, in order that no evil may arise. In this way expediency becomes a moral duty. This is our position and we want no qualification of it, and it would seem as if the *Bee* thought the same, or was trying to assume that our position was different.

The questions at issue between us and the *Bee* are simply,

1st. Was the temperate or moderate use of intoxicating drinks, and when would it be used to excess, *absolutely sinful* according to the Old Testament in the days of Judaism?

2nd. Is the temperate use as a beverage of intoxicating drinks in this age and country, apart from the use of expediency, and not in view of circumstances around us, in itself absolute sin? We hold that the *Bee* contended for the affirmative, and in copying the *Bee* of the *New York Organ*, we simply approved of the negative. The *Bee* contends that if all men would remain sober and temperate, yet the MERE FACT of the use of alcohol as a drink is sinful; we say that although the use might be physically injurious to some extent, yet that under these circumstances the same duty would not arise upon us.

Let not any one think that we are in favor of moderate use of any intoxicating beverages. Our education and experience for twenty-five years has forced us to believe the use of the smallest quantity of alcohol as physically pernicious.

It does not follow that because a substance taken into the body is injurious to its health, that it is sinful morally in the sight of God wrong. We eat food that we know will not agree with us. Ministers of the Gospel destroy themselves by neglect of diet—by exposure—by improper food—and are not necessarily sinful?

A man takes a glass of wine, beer, or other beverage and which if taken to excess would be injurious to his health, yet if he takes it in moderation it does no material injury to health. The act of itself is not morally wrong. Suppose it were done on a barren island where the question of employment could not arise, would it condemn him in the eyes of God? Where does it, or how does it become wrong? *I will not do it lest I make my brother offend. It is lawful but it is not expedient.* In view of circumstances and expediency it is immoral. No expediency can make the sin of the mind pure—but circumstances may make a duty immoral and hence its omission immoral.

WHAT HAS THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY DONE?

BY B. PARSONS

Sixteen years ago it was argued that it was less to attempt to propagate the doctrines of teetotalism, because the love of the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, for strong drink was so inveterate, they never could be induced to abandon the practice. One gentleman wrote and printed a pamphlet against total abstinence, and the burden of his argument was that our country-men and country-women were fond of these beverages that it was hopeless to alter their taste, and therefore our movements were futile. But our temperance friends persevered, and have produced such a change in public opinion and morals as have never been effected by any other philanthropic society in so short a time; by a few agents; at so small a cost; and by means that were scorned upon for their supposed manifest inadequacy. Our position now is one of so much advantage and hope that we are not ashamed to refer to the question, “*what has Temperance done*” This interrogator is often put in a taunting manner

we thank our friends, or opponents, for the error, and we trust that before we have done answer, our inquisitors will be so ingenious as to admit that we have not laboured in vain.

Temperance societies have brought out in bold type the fact, that ALL INTOXICATING DRINKS ARE POISONS.

Formerly, this truth was of necessity admitted by chemists, and by all scientific medical men, but it was not generally known, and hardly anywhere was it reduced to practice. Doctors and clergymen drank as much, sometimes even more, than lay persons, and took no more trouble to inform the public that they were killing themselves by these habits, and the people, by their baneful example. The teetotalers, the despised teetotalers, the abstemious—yes, we say, THE WORLD is indebted for the proclamation of the truth that all intoxicating liquors are poisons, and therefore destroy either rapidly, or by slow degrees, according to the quantity used. Under this denomination they include gin, rum, brandy, hollands, all wines, whether home-made or foreign, beer, cider, porter, and every other liquor which, if taken in sufficient quantity, would produce inebriation. Here, then, was a broad light on everything that can intoxicate. And it was not only made the assertion but they proved it in words. They brought the still to the platform, set fire to beer, cider, &c., before the eyes of the people, and they also exhibited in well authenticated cases the deadly influence of these stimulants upon the liver, digestive organs and other parts of the human body; these facts they made so popular that sailors, peasants' wives and children understood them, and in thousands of instances reduced them to practice. Here, then, was a good work done, for as these beverages are deadly in their influence, and are preying upon the vitals of the population, and causing almost every kind of disease, it was of the greatest importance that the people should be informed of the danger; and Temperance has done a good work in sounding the alarm. Nearly all the guardians of the national health and morals were asleep; the foe was approaching with rapid strides; the teetotalers saw the danger, rushed to the aid, and rung the bell, and aroused thousands to arm and resist. First then, in giving publicity and popularity to this one sentiment, that "ALL INTOXICATING DRINKS ARE POISONS." Temperance has achieved a work which merits and shall have the credit of all future ages.

IT HAS CALLED ATTENTION TO DIET, AND ESPECIALLY TO DRINKING.

Scarcely lately the great bulk of the people did not know why they ate and drank at all, and for the most part looked upon those operations as affairs of pleasure, and instead of eating and drinking to live there were thousands who seemed to live chiefly and maintain they might eat and drink. But the temperance men have investigated the matter, and have shown that the body is nourished by wholesome food, by food alone, and the sole design of drinking is to supply the blood vessels with water to carry the nutriment to every part of the body and to float upon the waste. And as common sense teaches that water is the best fluid to fill our canals, rivers, and oceans, so the same reason is obliged to teach that this truth is as applicable to the circulation of our arteries and veins as it is to navigation. No one sees that to pollute the blood with an intoxicating poison cannot be conducive to health, and we have shown that teetotalism is the plain diet of chemistry, of physiology, of diet, and of self-preservation.

We have also proved that those liquors have no nutriment in them worth mentioning. It has been demonstrated that a penny loaf has more aliment in it than a gallon of beer; and that half a grain of corn is more nutritious than a glass of the best old port wine; and further, that by eating the bread and drinking the water we avoid all other deleterious changes in intoxicating beverages. Why then do we pay money on these liquors, and thus pay a dear price for what is deadly when he can procure what

is wholesome at a far cheaper rate? We are thus doing a good work in proclaiming these truths, and though many will not hear us, and as a consequence die before their time, yet thousands have benefited and have been saved from the physical, social, and moral evils resulting from the moderate and unmoderate use of these poisons. And even those who would not be persuaded by our arguments, or who apostatize from our ranks, illustrate and enforce our principles for the sad effects of their drinking speak more emphatically in favour of total abstinence than the arguments of our most convincing reasoners, or the eloquence of our most persuasive writers or speakers.

4. TEMPERANCE HAS EXPOSED THE DELUSION RESPECTING THE MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.

For some years beer wine and spirits were viewed as a kind of "panacea," or "heal all." Let the disease be whatever it might, a pot of beer, a glass of wine, or a noggin of gin, was supposed to be a remedy, and therefore in all complaints people flew to the tankard, the decanter, or the spirit stand; and thus the affection was often rendered incurable, and thousands upon thousands were slain. But Temperance has shown that poisons cannot nourish, so they cannot heal. The only thing that can repair the natural waste of the body, or cure a cut, a wound, or an ulcer, is wholesome blood; but every child must see that blood with a poison in it cannot be healing. It is a well known fact that the liquors we take are not digested, but are strained, or filtered through the absorbents of the stomach, and then flow through the blood vessels. Now as spirit is thinner than water, the filtering apparatus of the stomach cannot retain it, and therefore it immediately rushes onward, and contaminates all the fluids of the human frame; and hence, those who drink these poisons, if they cut themselves or receive a bruise, have flesh (so they say,) very difficult to heal. The fact is their blood is inflamed and poisonous in consequence of the liquors they drink, and not unprofitably the cutting of a corn has ended rapidly in mortification and death.

Temperance has also proved that in case of fever, or other diseases, stimulants are dangerous and kill many, but cure none. Where there is inflammation, they add fire to fire; and where there is a sinking, they only excite and depress; for the revived spirits produced by a glass of wine has to be paid for with heavy interest by the *crani* that invariably follows. As a drug then, falsely called medicinal, these liquors have slain millions, and teetotalism has so thoroughly brought out this fact, that the public faith in alcohol as a medicine is shaken, and even doctors are abandoning them, or using them with caution; and thus, we have another pleasing reply to the query, "what has Temperance done?"

4. TEMPERANCE HAS EXHIBITED THE BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS ON THE MIND AND MORALS.

No fact is more fully established than the connection between body and mind, through the medium of the nerves and brain. Hence, the mind affects the body, and the body the mind. Without a healthy mind the body will become diseased, and without a healthy body, the mind, in its present condition, cannot act properly. You might as well expect a musician to produce perfect harmony on a broken or unstrung harp, as to hope for the soul to give a full development of its powers while its material organization is in a state of disorder. Now, it is admitted by all that intoxicating liquors act almost instantaneously on the nerves and brain, and consequently, upon the mind and morals. Hilarity is produced, the temper excited, the intellectual powers injured, and the passions inflamed; and thus we have a material poison, producing the most fatal disasters upon our immaterial and spiritual nature. The man who drinks these liquors is therefore not himself, he sees through a coloured medium, he reasons falsely and judges under the influence of passion and prejudice. At one moment his mind leaps and exults beyond all bounds; but no sooner has the poison he has taken

evaporated, than he is ready to sink into the earth from melancholy and nervousness. Many of these physical, mental, and moral punishments were formerly viewed as mysteries, and not unfrequently traced to the arbitrary and inscrutable dispensations of Providence; but now the matter is explained and Temperance has performed a noble work for our race by showing that under the influence of what may be called the moderate use of strong drink, the body may become a mass of disease, and the mind exposed to the power of every temptation, and hence those liquors destroy the morals and the eternal prospects of millions.—*Lon. Temperance Chron.*

THE BARTON EXCURSION—BRADFORD SONS—LAKE SIMCOE.

On the 15th instant, the Division of the Bradford Sons chartered the steamer *Beaver* to go to Barrie, to assist in the holding of a Maine Law meeting. It was done as a pleasant way of enjoying themselves, and also to advance Temperance principles. This spirited Division has ever been foremost in the North, in enterprise and good works. It has built a beautiful Hall, partly to aid which the excursion was gone into. Two Brothers of this Division we have observed are ever active in advancing our cause in Simcoe, viz Brothers Drifill and Lawrie. The day for the excursion was very beautiful. Happening to be in the vicinity on business, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of visiting Barrie in company with the good people of the excursion. The little steamer *Beaver* was ornamented with boughs of evergreens, a good brass band, composed of portions of the Bradford and Sharon Bands, was present to enliven the day. A company of upwards of 300 persons, we should think half Sons and Gads, and members of Sons' families, were on the boat; a company just sufficient to leave room for pleasure. The sun shone in all his brightness of a July day,—the lake was beautiful and calm, and the country and vegetation looked fresh and green, after the recent rains. The scenery on the journey was very beautiful, especially North Gwillimbury and Georgina, and the islands that rest in peace in the bosom of the lake. We met with three beautiful islands, called Snake Island, Georgina and Thousand Islands, containing from 200 to a thousand acres each. On Snake Island a few Indian families, about 100 persons, and a Missionary are located. The Chief of the tribe is named Snake. The boat reached the wharf at about half past 12 o'clock, and was met and welcomed by the Barrie Division, accompanied by a Brass Band. Near the wharf a house was prepared, in which refreshments were served up for the company. At about half past one o'clock, the company formed themselves into a meeting, called the Sheriff of the County to the chair, and commenced the work of a solemn and sparkling. We would here remark that it looks exceedingly well, to see the active part that Mr. Sheriff Smith, of Barrie has uniformly taken in the total abstinence cause. We wish all of our officials would set a like example. The Rev. Messrs Rice and Raymond addressed the Meeting and moved resolutions in favor of the Maine Law, which resolutions were carried unanimously. Their arguments were sound and good. The last resolution was moved and spoken to at some length, by our worthy Brother and friend D D Hay of Innisfil. This Brother is one of the members of the Innisfil Division, a merchant, and a most intelligent and active friend of our Order. The time of the departure of the boat with the Bradford Sons was 3 o'clock, and this necessarily hastened the proceedings of the meeting, and closed them sooner than they would otherwise have been. Some 3 or 400 persons attended the meeting. The Bands of Bradford and Barrie played some beautiful airs prior to and at the close of the meeting. As the boat departed some hearty cheers were given backwards and forwards by the two Divisions. The excursion was altogether a very pleasant one, promotive of health and good feeling. Our room this week does not permit us to enlarge on the prospects of this part of the country, but we will do our next. We would remark, however, that the country and crops look well, and the railroad is progressive. The public voice here as in most parts of Canada, would no doubt be against the license system.

WATER.

BY MRS. F. DELIA W. GILLET.

Ho! ye poor feeble, suffering ones—
Racked with the thousands ill
Of coughs, dyspepsia, burning brains,
Fever or ague chills,
There is a medicine for you
Poured from our Maker's hand,
And flowing free as his great love,
All o'er this pleasant land

It sparkles in the broad blue seas,
And in the singing streams
And where the spray of woodland founts
Upon the moss bed gleams.
It nestles in the "fly" cup,
Concealed from human view;
And as it nans'd that little flower,
So will it strengthen you

Go search the green and pleasant vales
Roam o'er the grass grown hills,
Go bathe within the woodland fount
And in the singing rills,
Go forth ye pale leav'd, care-worn ones,
Wearied of woe and pain,
Until upon your wasted cheeks
The red rose blooms again.

COTTAGE HOME, Michigan, 1852

LETTER FROM DR. DOW, SCOTLAND.

To the Editors of the Halifax Temperance Journal.

DEAR SIRS,—It being at all times a source of gratification to the friends of Temperance in all parts of the world to know of the progress or otherwise of their beloved reformation, I embrace this opportunity of transmitting a few of my observations during a short visit to this place and line of towns up the Clyde. Campbellton is perhaps the greatest manufacturing town for whiskey in these Western Isles. It is not of very great extent, the limits of the parish extending 11 miles in length from north to south, and the population exceeds a little of 9,000 souls. It is a lamentable fact that this place supports 30 distilleries of no mean magnitude. There is annually paid to the government the average sum of £50,000 duty on the liquor which is there manufactured. This year £60,000—the consumption being on the increase. The rate of duty is 3s. 6d. per gallon, so that the aggregate quantity is truly great being no fewer than 25,714 gallons on an average each year. This quantity is, however, but a tithe of what is manufactured in the whole country. I do not know what quantity of vitriol is used in its production, but I remember when in Ireland a short time back, being told of one distiller whose gross distillation was far more, who paid the enormous sum of £15,000 per ann. for vitriol alone. Taking this at the estimate value of 1d. per pound, it will give the sum of 3,600,000 pounds weight of deadly poison that is circulated through the life-blood of the victims to the accursed habit of intemperance, and with all the unceasing efforts of the friends of sobriety, aided by the valuable mission of the Scottish Temperance League, this baneful traffic is still on the increase. Meetings are periodically held in most of the small towns, but they are much neglected. I attended a meeting in Greenock a few evenings since. The population of the town is 32,000 people. There were fifteen persons present. I asked the reason of this neglect. Said a friend of the cause, We have no good speakers, which I found to be the case upon this occasion. I am convinced that in order to redeem Scotland from drunkenness, it must be considered *unfashionable* to drink whiskey and other liquors. While the whiskey bottle is thought essential in connection with social intercourse, so long there will be slaves to intemperance. Drunkenness in Scotland is not confined to any particular class of society. The man to whom we look for counsel or advice, the man who declares the solemn truths from the Bible on Sunday, often falls a victim to his own appetite. It is a lamentable fact that during my stay in the vicinity of Glasgow, of only a few months not less than eight clergymen have been discharged from their church through drunkenness, one of these was a person

who occupied a pulpit near Glasgow. I have met with him a number of times, his church was most beautifully situated on the banks of the Clyde—the mansion was also delightfully situated—the Society paid him £100, sterling per annum—but, alas! his situation, his annual remuneration, his former reputation, all are gone, lost, and he wanders around the places of his former pleasures an outcast from society. When I saw this man endeavoring to acquit himself of the charge of drunkenness before an earthly tribunal, the passage in holy writ came to my mind,—*No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven.*—Those scenes have given a new impetus to my energies in the cause of Total Abstinence. I sincerely hope and trust that the cause is prospering in Nova Scotia and other parts of British America. It must prosper. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

I am dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
H. Dow, M. D.

Campbellton, Scotland, August 6, 1851.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SOIREE AT SHARON.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

Of a' the lands frae east to west,
I lo'e my native land the best.

All those who can claim the pleasant, beautiful, and healthy little village of Sharon for their native home, may well make use of the above as the language of their souls. Situated, as we are, in a retired part of the country, it may be supposed by some, that we have nothing to break the dreary monotony of life—no joyous times—no festal gatherings and marchings to the cheery sounds of the pipe and drum. Such, however, is far from the case. The society of people who were the founders of this village, have long been accustomed to holding semi-annual feasts, which are days of great gathering and activity here; and since the establishment of a Division of Sons of Temperance in this place, we have added one to the number of Festal days. The last of which I now purpose to give you an account.

Our Division having erected a beautiful and commodious Hall, thought proper to hold a Soiree for the purpose of dedicating the same, hoping also, to derive some pecuniary aid from it in our present circumstances. Saturday, the 12th inst., being the day appointed, a large and respectable concourse of people assembled at the hour named, in front of the Hall, where the Sons and Cadets in proper uniform were marshalled in order, and headed by the well-known and excellent Sharon Band, marched through the village in formidable array, forming a most beautiful and imposing procession. Tea was served in the Hall at 1 o'clock, P. M., when not less than 600 shared the bounties of the table. After feasting the body, the company again formed and marched down to the pleasantly shaded green in front of the meeting House, to partake of a different kind of repast, sometimes called "the feast of Reason, and the flow of Soul." Upon motion, our worthy Br. D. G. W. P., Nixon, was called to the chair, and proceeded to read several communications from invited brothers and friends. Two of which, one from the Rev. Mr. Ramsay, and another from John Bogart, Esq., contained a very welcome portion of the "needful," so logical in its nature, we were forced at once to accept of their excuses. An address from the venerable David Watson was also read, expressing his regard for us and his opinions on temperance matters &c. It was a very good one, and coming, as it did, from a man who has lived long in the world, and speaking the words of age and experience, I would insert it wholly, were it not for its length. I must, however, give a short extract to show how wrong I view are with regard to tipping. After speaking of the miseries attendant on drinking, he uses the following language: "All are not murderers who drink, but they associate themselves with the worst of criminals, the most profane swearers,

and the most forsaken of sense of all God's creatures. After the reading of these, our chairman addressed the audience in his own vivid and attractive manner, and then called upon our Rev. Br. McIlwain, Newmarket, who entertained us for a length of time in the most agreeable and eloquent manner, pointing out the advantages of a "Maine Law" before us in clear and earnest manner. On which Question a vote been taken, (which by the way was for till too late,) I doubt not would have carried unanimously. When speaking was over, the company returned to the Hall, and witnessed the presentation of a beautiful piece of needle-work, set in a frame containing the triangle and motto of our Order, and a Scriptural extract. The work and presentation by Miss Rachel Brannan, who accompanied it with address, which I give below. At last came the ceremony of Dedication, which from the crowded state of the Room, was performed with some difficulty, but on the whole, the day was a brilliant one—the company cheerful and intelligent—and proceedings such as would reflect the highest credit on any neighbourhood or Village in Canada.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
M. A. CORNWALL

Sharon Division, No. 222,
June 22nd, 1852.

ADDRESS OF MISS RACHEL BRANNAN,
Worthy Patriarch and Sons of Temperance.
It is customary in this period of Reformation, to present to the Sons of Temperance Banners, and copies of the priceless and holy Word of God, the best and loveliest gift sent down from the Throne of the Most High. It was my original intention to make this presentation public, but whilst you are receiving so many testimonies of the approbation of good men, and the warm sympathies of the world, and of the favour of Heaven, permit me to present you with this token of regard for your just and noble cause—hoping the counsels of the Lord of Heaven may ever direct and bless the conquering, yet peaceful course of the Sons of Temperance.



Agriculture.

{ ORIGINAL. }
'TIS SUMMER.

The rich and glossy fruit upon the trees,
The deep brown waving grain,
The rustle of corn and busy humming bees,
Upon the buckwheat plain—
Proclaim 'tis summer.

The pleasant smell of the new mown grass,
Upon the verdant mead,
Blooming gardens, as the breezes pass,
Their fragrance round us shed—
Are presents from her.

The busy scythe and the reapers' song
Are heard throughout our land,
A glorious sight in this farmer's throng,
A sturdy, healthy band—
Our country's wealth.

The valleys echo the mowing horn,
That calls him home to meals,
Contentment and health his face adorn,
The age upon him sits:
He's bless'd with health.

Ye honest hosts of laboring men,
That eke him home to good,
What you are now I once have been—
Your worth is understood.

C. & S.

A LIQUID FERTILIZER.

Are our readers acquainted with the *Horizontal* owned by A. J. Downing, and published in the *Halifax* by Luther Tucker? If not we would

use them to introduce themselves thereto through medium of a subscription without delay. The horticultural treatise of Pomology, Landscape, Gardening, Botany, Entomology, and Rural Economy generally, and the name of its conductor (of Europe as well as American celebrity) is a sufficient guarantee that its data on those topics may be fully relied on. From the last number we extract the following account of "A Liquid Fertilizer for Choice Plants":—

LIQUID FERTILIZER FOR CHOICE PLANTS—BY AN AMATEUR.

DEAR SIR.—I am confident that there are many, your lady readers, and perhaps many of the other who are puzzled among the many *new manures*, having failed with some, and injured their plants in others, they end by raising only sickly and stunted plants, when they might have them present in luxuriant and satisfactory appearance—with leaves of the darkest green, and flowers or fruit of the usual size.

Having made a trial for three years past, with a *perfectly safe and satisfactory liquid fertilizer*, which is easy to suit all kinds of vegetation, which is used and easily applied, and procured without any difficulty in any town, I confidently recommend it to your readers, especially those who wish to give special pains to, and get uncommon results from, their favorite plants—either in pots or in the open garden—plants whose roots are within such a moderate compass that they can be reached two or three times a week, if not oftener by the watering-pot.

This liquid fertilizer is made by *dissolving half an ounce of sulphate of ammonia in a gallon of water*. Nothing so good can be cheaper, and the substance may be obtained at almost any apothecary's.

Now for the mode of using it. I may say, at the first, that weak as this solution appears to be, and if plants are watered with it daily, they will die just as certainly as a man will who drinks nothing but pure brandy.

The right way to apply it is to water the plants with this solution *every sixth time*; the other five times with plain water.

The proportion is so simple and the mode of using it so easy to understand, that the most ignorant person cannot possibly blunder about it—if he can get it. If we prepare the solution occasionally, we water our plants in pots *every Saturday*, with ammonia water, and all the rest of the time with plain water, we shall have a safe rule.

The result will, I am sure, both delight and surprise every person who will make a trial of it. It will become such an indispensable thing with me, that I regularly mix a barrel of it every Friday, and use on Saturday, upon any plants that I particularly wish to invigorate and stimulate. I do not know that I have seen a single instance of its disagreeing with any plant—ammonia being the universal food of vegetation. Of course, the more rapid growing plants—those with foliage that persevere a great deal, are most strikingly benefited by it. Of course also, plants that are at rest, or not in a growing state, will not be fed with it; but any plant that is about to start, or is actually in a growing state, will be wonderfully improved by it. Many plants that fall into a sickly state by reason of poor soil, or want of soil, usually, in the course of a month, get quite another aspect, and begin to ceteroipere in dark green foliage. I will enumerate some of the plants which I have had great success with.

STRAWBERRIES.—Beds of indifferently appearing at the opening of the spring, last season, after being watered four times with this solution, grew very luxuriant, and bore a crop of remarkably fine fruit. I have repeated the experiment on half a dozen beds, both foliage and blossoms as well as fruit watered as on the unwatered beds, and with every comparison, I have watered some with plain water also—and find, though rather benefited, that the strawberry loves water, they have none of the depth of verdure and luxuriance of those watered with the ammonia.

EARLY PEAS.—At least a week earlier than those not watered, and much stronger in leaf and pod.

FUCIUSIAS.—A surprising effect is produced on this plant, which, with the aid of ammonia water, will grow in very small pots, with a depth of verdure, a luxuriance, and a profusion and brilliancy of bloom, that I have never seen equalled. Old and stunted plants are directly invigorated by it.

DWARF PEARS.—Some sickly trees that I have given the best attention to for three years previously, without being able to get either good fruit, or healthy foliage, after being watered four times with the solution—of course with the intermediate supply of common water—became perfectly healthy and luxuriant, and have ever since, (two years,) remained so.

DAHLIAS.—Which I have never succeeded well with before, have done beautifully with me since flowering most abundantly and brilliantly, when watered in this way. In all out-of-door plants, if mulching is used, only half the quantity of plain water is needed. For plants in pots, I consider it invaluable, and gardeners wishing to raise specimen plants for exhibition, will find this mode of watering them, *every sixth time*, with the solution, to produce a perfection of growth not to be surpassed in any other way.

Yours truly,
AN AMATEUR.

We endorse our correspondent's testimony to the value of the solution of sulphate of ammonia, applied in the manner he directs, having witnessed its satisfactory effects.—Ed.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish, and, if it be desired to free itself most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding an inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees it will, perhaps, rise in half that time; and, when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it sometimes becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account, more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for cheese, and, in autumn,—the butter keeps better than that of summer,—the cows less frequently milked give richer milk, and, consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

THE ECONOMY OF TIME

is of vital importance in every profession and impetuous on the farmer. Every day has its own duties to perform, which if trifled away in unprofitable amusements is often attended with the most serious consequences. Stephens in his book of the Farm, (a book by-the-by we would seriously advise our agricultural reader to get intimately acquainted with,) thus endeavours to demonstrate its value to the young farmer.

"It is a paramount duty of every farmer of an arable farm to have his field operations in an advanced state at all seasons. He should remember that if by forgetfulness or delay any important operation is postponed for even a week beyond its proper season, it may not be only overtaken by the succeeding bad weather; but he thereby invites a deficient crop. When his field operations are in advance of the season it is in his power to wait a few days at any time for the land to be in the best possible state, and when every operation is finished with the land in that condition he may cherish the well founded hope of a good return.

FARMERS AND INSANITY

In one of our exchanges we find a late visitor to an eastern lunatic asylum expressing surprise at the large proportion of farmers amongst the insane, and adds:

"It would naturally be supposed that tilling the soil, and being exposed to the pure, invigorating air, would tend to regulate instead of to disarrange the balance-wheel of reason.

If we might be permitted to guess on the subject, we would say that the causes of insanity are more frequently physical than mental. A sound mind cannot dwell in an unsound body, and the body must become diseased before the manifestations of mind are disordered. We were once credibly informed of the case of a woman taken by her husband raving mad to the Columbus Insane Asylum. The faculty detained him during the night, extracted one or two rotten teeth from the jaw of the patient, who was thereby so much tranquilized that the second day she returned with her husband to her home, and never after exhibited any sign of mental derangement. But instances of insanity from apparently slight physical causes are too numerous to require more than a mention of them.

Now, with all the advantages enjoyed by farmers, of air and exercise, it is notorious to all who have examined the case, that as a class they are woefully inattentive as to the laws of health. We know no other class of people who use so little fruit and vegetables as regular articles of diet as do farmers. Bread and meat and coffee is the American farmer's diet, and by way of variation he takes coffee and meat and bread, then meat and bread and coffee, and so on from one year's end to the other. When we reflect that it is mostly inconvenient to get a supply of fresh meat, and that therefore salt—and hog meat at that—is in constant use, who should wonder they would go crazy? Oh, yes, there is another important article of a farmer's diet, cucumber pickles at all times, and preserves when there are strangers.

These do not greatly improve the healthful qualities of the food, and farmers and their families are not generally healthy. Milk is fed to the hogs, and by them converted into human food: apples, corn, and potatoes share the same fate, and all require to pass the digestive process of a pig's stomach before being rendered fit for table use. In perhaps a majority of farm houses, milk is scarcely seen upon the table, but is poured by buckets full into the swill barrel, hundreds of bushels of apples lie rotting on the ground, and not a dish full baked for dinner.

We remember when we commenced farming how proud we were the first summer of our abundant supply of early vegetables, and with what care we began preparing our harvest dinners, and with what chagrin we found our dishes of best sauce, peas, potatoes, beans, baked apples, &c. &c. left almost untouched, while any kind of bread and meat would be devoured by the dishful, or as much pastry as we could master, vanish like snow in June.

We were quite taken by surprise to find a pitcher of nice cool milk standing on the table without a customer among a dozen of hard working men, and four gallons of hot coffee swallowed in a guffey, when the thermometer stood at ninety in the shade.

With such care, and the general inattention to bathing, it is little wonder that their natural advantages are counterbalanced by the artificial disadvantages.

CURRENT BROOKS.—Having noticed that current bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I have concluded to tell you how I have seen it done. In the spring of 1831, my father commenced a garden, and among other things set cuttings, and as soon as they grew I picked off all the leaves except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about fourteen inches high, and during the summer the sprout grew ten inches. The next spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half way up the first year's growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs about two feet from the ground. It branched well and became a nice little dwarf tree. When it came to bear fruit it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger, it was less infected with spiders, and other insects, being more easily kept from among the rocks—and it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now I would propose that current cuttings be set in rows about five feet apart each way, let them be long and straight ones, and trained into trees.—Nikh. For.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Matters in France are becoming daily more unsettled. The people are becoming tired of the upstart tyranny of Napoleon—his gagging the press, the people and all real liberty. A Conspiracy is on foot to overthrow his government, formed by a number of the Orleans and Legitimist party. The Sons of Liberty have resorted to their claim to the throne, and in 1830, and Dr. Thompson, the heir of the Orleans dynasty has a right to do justice to the family of Orleans. The throne of exiled kings thus agreeing to coalesce to put down the usurper. No change could injure France. The plotters too are getting restive. Austria and Russia are plotting continually against Napoleon. He is using all his cunning with the army and church to keep up his influence. He plays his cards amazingly well. An attempt has been made to assassinate the emperor of Austria. A Pacha of Egypt has lately visited England. Some American Bishops are on a visit to England, and officially visited the University of Oxford. A riot has occurred in England lately between the Catholics and Protestants at Stockbridge, where a Catholic church was burnt, and 60 persons wounded. The Parliament of England is protracted little having been done. The English ministry seem to have abandoned the idea of Protection and also the increase of the Military defences. England is very quiet and everything is in a prosperous state. The gold exportation of Australia still continues—vast numbers of persons are going thither, on a wild goose chase. Europe is quiet and likely to be so until the overthrow of Napoleon, or until he creates a war. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, seem to be in concert to uphold tyranny, their plans being well digested. Liberty must wait a while there. Korsuth's time has not yet come. A strange discovery of a secret society in Germany among the higher ranks of society, was lately made, resulting in the trial of many of the aristocracy. It was of a beastly immoral nature, relating to social morals. A great slander case has just come off in London, and it is the conduct of a catholic priest named Dr. Achilli, charged by Dr. Newman with adulterous conduct, and which has resulted in his being deprived of his office. Sir John Parkington and the Earl of Derby, have made explanations in reference to the complaints of Mr. Hincks, alleging that he was well treated. A dissolution of the English Parliament took place on the 1st July, and the elections are now proceeding. A Roman Catholic synod is to meet in England in July. A revolt of a temporary character took place lately in Greece, in which a priest was chiefly concerned, concerning the Greek church. In Ireland there seems to be a little religious disturbance, owing to the enforcement of some obnoxious clauses of the existing laws on Catholic priests. In the French Revenue there is a deficiency of thirty-four millions of francs—a loan of eight million pounds is about to be made. In India the electric telegraph has been put in operation. The Burmese war with the English is proceeding—it being said that England intend annexing a part of Burmah to her Indian Empire. Price of wheat in England is good no decline. A remonstrance has been made by the British Government against the expulsion of the three missionaries from Hungary. The pope is threatened with droop. A great deal of rain has fallen lately in England. A frightful collision of two steamers occurred in the Thames, by which both were sunk. The Queen protracted Parliament in person, 1st July. The females in England are circulating a petition to the Parliament to elect magistrates to inspect the Nunneries.

UP TO STATES.—Some dissatisfaction prevails about the nomination of General Scott, among the whigs, and rumors that Mr. Webster will be on a separate ticket prevails. There is nothing in it, Scott will be elected. He is a greater General than Jackson of Texas. His military bravery will soon be given a trial. This is no good sign, yet we believe him to be capable and patriotic. The anniversary of the battle of Landy's Lane is to be kept on the 27th inst, with great eclat at the Falls. Congress will probably soon adjourn. Nothing of importance will be done. A very generous offer to help the Montreal sufferers with \$100,000 more, and a great amount of clothing, have been made by the President and General Scott, but it seems that Congress must sanction the gift. Kossuth has sailed for Europe with his family. He will care without any pause. He has been well received by the American people, yet there is not the enthusiasm which one would desire to see, for a man superior in patriotism, eloquence, and greatness, to any living man. The future for Kossuth

looks uncertain, but events may yet bring about the freedom of his country. It is difficult for America to interfere in European affairs. The cholera is prevailing to some extent in the Southern States, and as it is said in New York Hospital. 30,000 persons visited the Governor's rooms in New York city to see the body of Henry Clay. An election has occurred in New York in favor of the Montreuil candidates. The fourth of July was observed with great enthusiasm in the United States. Both parties, whigs and democrats, have agreed to uphold the compromise and fugitive slave law and to stand upon that basis.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Parliament is summoned to meet on the 19th August. The Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau has been returned for the County of Two Mountains, by an immense majority over his opponents. He is like Dr. Ruff, one of the oldest politicians, and one of the most eminent men living in Canada. At times he may be a little factious, but his mind is original and politically fearless. The great Montreal fire is causing a universal sympathy in Canada and the United States. The cities of Toronto and Hamilton have each given £500 to the sufferers, and it is likely this sum will be increased by private subscriptions. It is said 12,000 or more persons have been rendered houseless by this fire, it having consumed the houses of the poor and humble society. The Governor General gave £100. On the 12th of July there was a general turn out of the Orange party in processions in all parts of Canada. Brantford we hear being the only exception. They were allowed to peaceably carry out their proceedings every where except in Hamilton, where an unfortunate collision took place between the orange procession, on its return from Toronto, and the Catholics, in which affray one man was shot by the orangemen, and one orangeman was stabbed. Both parties as usual were somewhat to blame—the one for interfering, and the other for being armed openly and publicly in a civilized country, thus setting aside the arm of the civil law. We do not justify the assault made by the Catholics on the men, for they were returning home peaceably. As a general thing the Orangemen were very sober. The procession in Toronto was large, amounting to at least 2000 men. In Bytown and other places large processions took place. The protestant who shot the Catholic in Hamilton, has been held to bail for manslaughter. Orangemen in America should forget religious differences. The railroad between Toronto and Kingston is commenced. The Bytown and Prescott railroad is progressing very fast. A line of daily Steamboats of a superior class is to be established between Toronto, Hamilton, and Oswego. The first rail on the Northern railroad was laid on the 15th inst, by Mr Barrow, upon which occasion Mrs Warford, the wife of one of the contractors, broke a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE on the track, emblematic of the TOTAL character of the road, which we believe has been built with scarcely any drunkenness. A part of this road from Toronto to Brantford will be in operation in a few months. A new telegraph line is to go into immediate operation between Toronto and Kingston. The weather is just now very warm and favorable to hay and wheat harvesting, the latter having just commenced in some places. One of the strange features of the times is the mania in many of our people to go to Australia in search of Gold. Hundreds of hand bills are spread over our country, inviting the people to venture their lives, on a wild goose chase, in vessels, said to be about to sail immediately for New South Wales from New York city, passage through £20 or £30. Let no one be so foolish as to leave health, home, and friends, to sail round the world in search of rocks that contain a little gold.

BRANTFORD.—The bonds of the City of Buffalo for \$50,000, issued in aid of the Buffalo and Brantford Railroad, were disposed of in New York on the 30th ult, at 110, or 10 per cent premium. The bonds bear 7 per cent interest.

MARKET AND CEREALS.—But little change has taken place in prices in our markets for a month. Wheat is 3s. 9d per bushel, Young Potatoes and Vegetables of all kinds sell at good prices readily, Green Hay is in the market, the Meat market is tolerably well supplied—prices good. Wool is at an average of 1s. 1d per lb, Flax is abundant and brings fair prices, Pottery young and old sells well. Crops generally are an average, wheat in some places below the average.

ONTARIO DIVISION EXCURSION TO THE FALLS.—The Sons of the Ontario Division intend an Excursion on a splendid scale to the Falls of about the 23rd day of August next—tickets & Band of music will attend, and every thing to be so the occasion one of comfort. Let all Large Bills will give the particulars.

DR. SMITH'S TEMPERANCE LECTURES.—We have been informed that Dr. R. J. Smith, Honorary Pathologist, will deliver a Scientific Temperance Lecture at the TEMPERANCE HALL, on Thursday the 29th inst. We hope you see a good turn out. We believe we are well qualified to instruct on this interesting subject.

RECEIPTS OF MONEY.—From H A G. Trisalgar \$1, 1852; J R C \$12, by hands of D; J H, Ashgrove, 3s 9d, on 1851; W J, Stoney Creek \$12, 1851; Crowland \$1, 1852; M McD, Kirkwall P O \$1—papers sent, H H, Brantford \$1, 1852; H H, Brantford, \$64.

RECEIPTS OF COMMUNICATIONS.—"Poetry," of Sylvicola in our next number. "Hornby Communication" is received. The "Hornby" of Br. Henderson, as also copy of Sylvicola and of Br. Henderson, as also copy on hand, and will appear in our next. Letter of Lake—Westwood, giving the account of the of an Indian Divis, and from Brantford will be sent. We have received a letter from Duncan, Esq. enclosing \$1, and approving of the Letters from Thamesford and Westwood received.

Our next number will appear on the 9th.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—Dr. GAVIN RUSSELL, of this city, died it is reported in San Francisco, days after his arrival. We deeply lament this melancholy event.

T. WHEELER, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAN, 10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. COMPANY and LODGE SEALS executed in the best style, and designs furnished if required. OF ARMS found and emblazoned. July 26, 1852.

A set of Emblems and Son's REGALIA, by the Central Division now dissolved, can be had on reasonable terms, by applying to John Brown, Yonge Street, near Lawrence's tannery. Fees apply at the Son office. July 10th, 1852.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 York Street, Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar. W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support he has received. He still continues to manufacture a superior quality of saddlery, such as he has received so many premiums for, numerous fairs in Canada, and which has been orally mentioned at the World's Fair in London. W. S. will sell very low for cash, and articles warranted to be such as sold for. GOOD AND CHEAP. Remember the sign of the Collar.

NIAGARA TEMPERANCE HOTEL, Near the Liberty Pole, BUFFALO. J. H. BAILEY, Proprietor. D. B. HULL, Board—One Dollar per Day. Passengers and Baggage conveyed to and from House free of charge. Accommodation for Board Buffalo, 2nd January, 1852.

PEARCY & MURPHY, House, Sign, and Ornamental PAINTERS, and PAPER HANGERS, West side of Yonge Street, one door south of Montgomery's Tavern, Toronto. Feb 21st.

WILLIAM FELL, ENGRAVER, &c., HAMILTON, ONT. ET Seals for Divisions of Sons of Temperance engraved to Design, on the shortest Notice, and on reasonable Terms. Hamilton, 2nd January, 1852.